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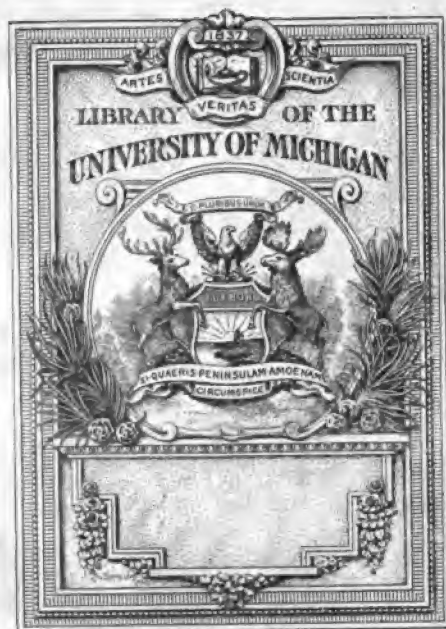
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DUNCH

VOL LXVI



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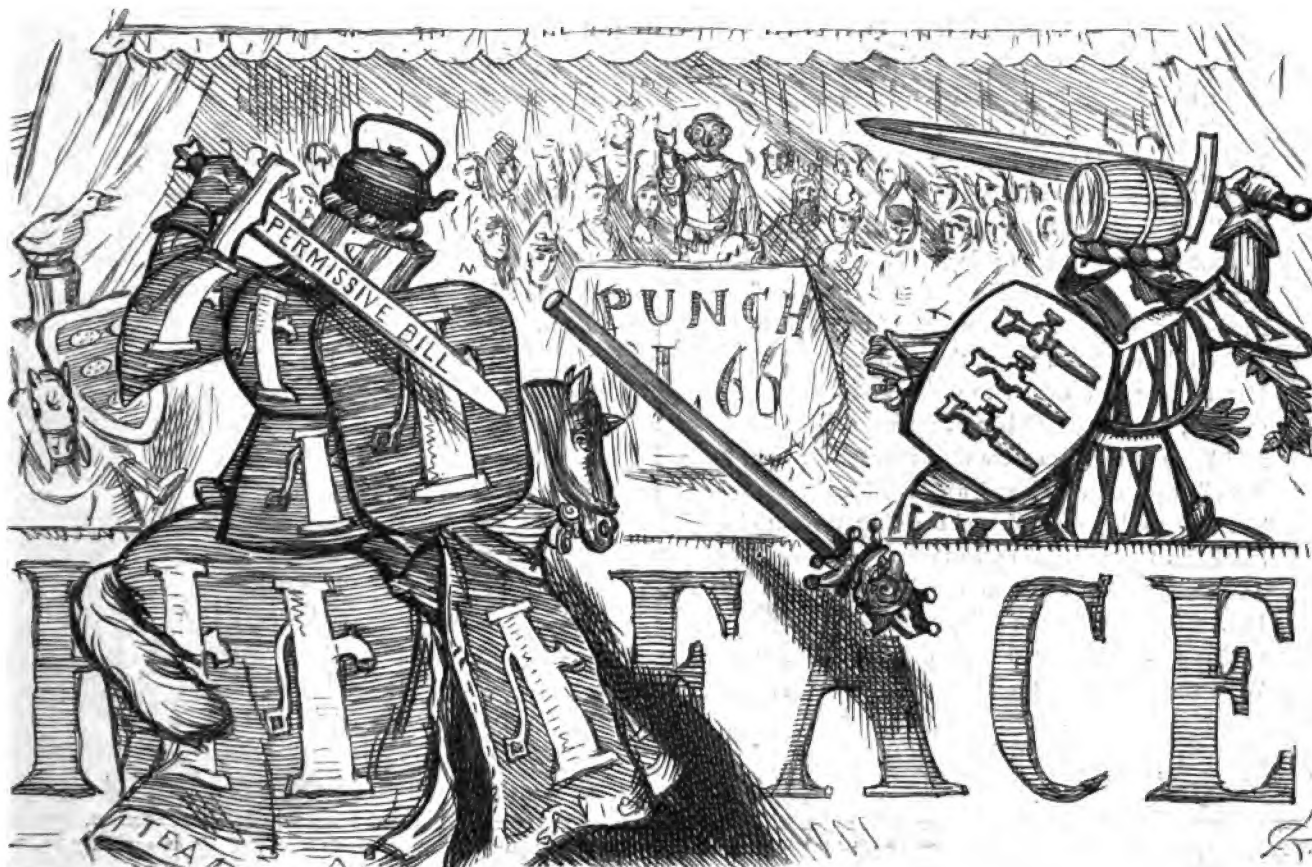
YE CHAMPION OF ENGLAND

LONDON:

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1874.



An Idyll.

SO many times they jousted in the lists,
Municipal and Parliamentary,
All lists that open for all tournament,
SIR WILFRID the Permissive, known besides
As the Prohibitory, or—two names
Of counter-meaning in cross meaning joined—
As the Permissive and Prohibitory,
And he, the Wittler-warrior, stout SIR BUNG.
For once SIR WILFRID, in Caerleon,
Holding high feast with his Teetotallers,
Had sworn to lay SIR BUNG low in the lists,
And after take him captive, and in bonds
Bind hand and foot, for his Teetotallers
To make their mock, and wreak their will of him.
And now, through all the land was blown the shock
Of hobby against hobby, steel on steel,
And trumpet answering trumpet, throats of brass,
Either defying other, and both Truth
And Sense and Logic, for what strengths are these
In the encounter of such opposites
To stand, and not be trampled in the dust?
High-seated, with one hunch prone-beaked before,
Clad in red samite, mystic, wonderful,

And one behind, tip-tilted, PUNCH, the King
Of that great joust, and all the jousts that are
Or have been, or shall be, on English ground.
The King that knows, as none but he hath known,
With knowledge baffling knowledge to say when,
Or where, or whence, or how he came by it,
Betwixt opposing edges, points opposed,
To fling his warder, that, so flung, compels,
In spite of *mêlée*-madness, clash of brass,
And ranks that ride à *outrance* against ranks,
Wrath to good-will, and good to better will,
And better will to best—a blameless King,
Knowing his knights, the length of each man's foot,
And each man's head, and how to handicap,
Another Rous and yet a better Rous,
Their hobbies for encounter, in the lists
At Westminster, when on the tower the light
Flares, and the SPEAKER, spent, nods in his chair,
'Twixt stuffiness above and stuff below,
Bude-lights and boredom, and all men, save PUNCH,
Wax wild for wilfulness and weariness.

SIR WILFRID's helm was of the kettle's form

Wherewith the tea, or what men drink for such
 By Chinaman's permission, is infused :
 And all the surcoat covering his steel,
 And all his horse's housings that o'er-swept
 His limbs from frog to forehead, were set thick
 With pumps emblazoned azure, and to each
 Its spout and scroll and legend "Cold without."
 SIR BUNG displayed three spiggots on his shield,
 Issuant proper with both pale and brown,
 Surcoat and housings broidered both "Hot with."
 Nimble SIR WILFRID was, cunning of fence,
 And quick to cut and parry, thrust and guard,
 But, for he rode his destrere without rein
 Or curb, SIR BUNG had him at advantage,
 And knew it, and was more than a match for him,
 For all his beefier bulk and wheezier breath.
 Three times they clashed, and once SIR WILFRID bore
 SIR BUNG to earth, but up he rose again,
 And buffeted SIR WILFRID, caught again
 His steed, and sprang to selle, with timely aid
 Of CROSS his Squire, and while the tilt-yard rang
 With shouts of "Hot with !" and "A BUNG !" charged
 home
 And smote SIR WILFRID fair upon the shield
 And wrenched him backward, till with a great heave
 He scarce recovering, straightway to his sword
 Betook him, and SIR BUNG too drew his blade,
 For the arbitrement of mortal strife.
 For "Sooner death," he said, "than in thy Hall
 Of Exeter or of Caerleon,

For thee and thy Teetotallers to be
 A plaything and a pastime, and to sit
 Fettered with law-fast hours and fenced with rules——"

But PUNCH, who saw their bitterness, arose,
 And flung his warder 'twixt the combatants,
 And with a Ho ! staid strife, and spake to them,
 "Both worthy, both unwise, both wrong, both right :
 Drunkenness is an evil, Liberty
 A good ; but shall that evil on that good
 Be turned to quell that good, when 'tis the good
 Should quell the evil ? Foe to Liberty
 Is Licenoe—not for that be Licence used
 As cause of war with Liberty ; Liberty
 Should rather control Licence, till, controlled,
 She ceases to be Licence, and becomes
 A friend to Liberty, and not a foe.
 But now break off your strife. Lo, I have here
 Royal reward for prowess—not for you
 Alone, for all good lances, knightly blades
 On earth, I bring it——"

So he disappeared

In his pavilion.

Then with a great blast
 Of brass, and clash of bells from steeples round,
 And roar of Woolwich Infants, dark, deep-voiced,
 Broad-breeched, black-muzzled, the pavilion swung
 Its curtains back, and therein stood revealed,
 With PUNCH that over-leapt it, lance in rest—
 VOL. SIXTY-SIX to an admiring world !



[illegible]



THE COMING RACE.

While *Mrs. Wilkins* and *Perkins* are discussing grave School-Board matters and Parliamentary business, their respective Husbands are engaged on a topic more genial to their softer natures and weaker intellects.

"ISN'T SHE A DARLING PET, FRED! AND JUST FANCY—TWO FRONT TEETH, AND ONLY FOUR MONTHS LAST TUESDAY WEEK!"

"WELL, I NEVER! WHY, MY DARLING ICKLE TOTTY HASN'T CUT A SINGLE TOOTH, AND HE'S SIX MONTHS TO-MORROW! HOW DO YOU FEED HER, TOM?"

NOT IN THE DICTIONARIES.—Language is always susceptible of improvement. Thus a coterie of Ladies might with perfect propriety be termed a *petticoterie*.

WHEN is a Lunatic like a pretty flower?
When he is a little dazey.

SHABBY EVASION.

THOU hast no birthday, Dear, to call
For any gift this year thereon,
As thy nativity doth fall
On Sunday—which is *dies non*.

RUS IN URRE.—In October, November, and even December and January, violets which peep out of little beds of moss, with wicker frames, may be seen blooming all about the banks of Lombard Street.

WHAT PRINCES SMOKE.—Regalias.

NEW EDITION OF WALKER.

THE Baker rolls.
THE Butcher shambles.
THE Banker balances himself well.
THE Cook has a mincing gait.
THE Livery-stable Keeper has a "musing gait."
THE Excursionist trips along.
THE Fishmonger flounders on.
THE Poulterer waddles like a duck.
THE Gardener does not allow th-grass to grow under his feet.
THE Grocer treads gingerly.
THE Indiarubber Manufacturer has an elastic step.
THE Rogue shuffles, and
THE Doctor's pace is killing.

THE GOLDEN HAIR REVIVER.—It is a well-known fact that sudden grief will have the effect of whitening the hair. There was once a poor author whose hair anxiety had turned prematurely grey. Now for a fact not generally known. News came that an Aunt, whom he had never seen, had died and left him a fortune. His hair immediately turned brown again. N.B. The Plain Truth.

WEDDING PRESENTS.—Some girls like silk dresses, others prefer jewellery. That sensible little creature *Minnie Wissett*, who is marrying on four hundred and fifty, told Uncle *Andrew* that a few tons of Silkatones would be the most acceptable thing he could give her.

THE PATRON SAINT OF CABINET-MAKERS.—St. Andrew by the Wardrobe.



"WHO GOES THERE?"

Young Sentry (on the Gold Coast). "HULLO! SHALL I SHOOT FIRST, AND CHALLENGE AFTERWARDS? STOP

FAMOUS SAYINGS.

"BRIDE-CAKE or Westminster Abbey!"
"See, my Son, how easily the world is humbugged."
"Above all, no veal."
"After me, the Income-tax."
"Save me from my duns."
"Rome was not built in twenty-four hours."
"Property has its taxes as well as its rates."

THE BITTER DROP.—One who had the reputation of being a great philosopher, an experienced man of the world, a profound thinker, and an acute observer with a deep insight into human nature, has left on record the expression of his firm conviction, that no man, however rich, however gifted, however fortunate in his domestic relations, however successful in his public undertakings, can be pronounced happy—whose trousers bag at the knees.

PROFESSIONAL ENTHUSIASM.—A gentleman of the long robe was so proud of it that, having been, just after he had been called to the bar, invited to a picnic, he went there in his wig and gown. But why not? The ladies present wore not only their gowns but also their chignons.

CHRISTMAS GENIALITIES.—Respectable Solicitor, deck your office with the evergreens of the season. Registrar, be especially careful to hang up a great bunch of mistletoe.

GARDENING AMUSEMENT FOR COLWELL-HATCHNEY.—Spinning

EXTRACT.

"You cannot taste in the dark," said a Lecturer. "Nature has intended us to see our food."

"Then," inquired a forward pupil, "how about a blind man at dinner?"

"Nature, Sir," answered the Professor, "has provided him with Eye teeth."

PAIRS.—How admirably well certain persons and things go together! How invariably we associate in our minds bricks and mortar, and BRAUMONT and FLETCHER, and CHAPLIN and HORNE, and ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, and supply and demand, and Sherry and bitters, and tare and tret, and abstract and concrete, and oysters and Chablis!

THE SNAKE AND THE SHAM-ROCK.—According to Tradition, the aboriginal races of Ireland included the O'Phidians. St. Patrick drove the whole tribe of them into the bogs.

ADVICE TO YOUNG HOUSE-KEEPERS.—Put your washing out, if you do not wish your husband to be put out.

PROPOSED EXCAVATION IN THE CITY OF LONDON.—Dig for the Municipal Body in Aldermanbury.

THERE'S one Tree that ought to be well off for bark—the Dog-rose Tree.

NOTE FOR MARTINMAS.—In a Man's Life there is no St. Martin's Summer.

MY LADY'S EPIGRAM.—Male is only Mule spelt wrongly.

THE TITMOUSE AND TRUNCHEON.—The Small Birds Protection Act has constituted our Police the special guardians of our feathered vocalists. Bobby protects Dicky.

LOVE AND LAW.—Love is mightier than Law, but Law often kills Love. [This is from Our Anti-Connubial Correspondent.]



SHOCKING!

Dr. Jolliboy (who had been called away from a social Meeting at his Club). "THIRTEEN, FOURTEEN, FIFTEEN—TWO, FIFTEEN-FOUR, FIFTEEN-SIX—PAIR EIGHT—NOB'SH NINE—" (Drops off.) ["We draw a Veil," &c., &c.

QUEER QUERIES.

CAN a Bill of Exchange drawn payable at sight be legally presented at an Irish Blind Asylum?

IS it known in good society how many British Cattle-owners reside in Cattleownia?

DO men of Iron Constitution ever get a little rusty in damp weather?

IF a Mad Dog won the Derby, would it be correct to term the feat a "rabid act of horsemanship?"

MAY young ladies be asked if they can wear a ship, when the sails are "blown to ribbons?"

ADVICE GRATIS.—You wish to give CLEMENTINA a New Year's present. You have thought of a Toy Terrier. You want to know where you can procure it. Go into a toy-shop, and ask for one. You will be sure to get it.

BOTANY AND ACOUSTICS.—Cotton, being a light substance, is not therefore called *Gossypium*, because *gossypium* is not Latin for "gossip." Note, also, that gossip is, on the contrary, excluded by cotton in the ears.

ETHNOLOGY.—The Pigmies were not altogether a fabulous race; the Boshmen may be so called because they are no bosh. Thus it is by no means true that your only pigmies are little pigs.

AXIOM FOR THE KITCHEN.—Things rubbed against a grater become less.

CHAMPAGNE to be drunk on a LAWN—"Mow-it;" and when you've finished one bottle, call for some mow-er.

ANIMAL SPIRITS.

SAID a Calf unto an Ass,
"Did you ever eat the hay
Which was made of sparrow-grass?"
Edward burst into a bray.

BLACK AND WHITE.—Much harmless satire has been expended on Gentlemen's Evening Dress, but after all what can be more suitable for a dinner-party than a swallow-tail coat?

TWENTY-NINTH OF MAY.—University Men "sport their Oak."



STANCH!

Complaisant Uncle (who has remembered his Nephew in his Will, and is up to his Ankles in Water). "I SAY, JOHN, DO YOU KNOW YOUR BOAT LEAKS?"



HUNTING LADIES AGAIN.

Flora (who has been riding down her dearest Friend all the Morning). "Ah! won't those Brambles scratch your Face nicely for the Ball to-Night, Miss Ethel!"



PROXY.

"AS YOU'RE GOING TO SAY YOUR PRAYERS, MAUD, PLEASE MENTION I'M SO DREADFULLY TIRED I CAN'T SAY MINE TO-NIGHT, BUT I'LL BE SURE TO REMEMBER TO-MORROW!"



'ARRY ON 'ORSEBACK.

"Maud, 'WELL, you're a good girl, to say you'll say mine for me to-morrow!"



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The parting clouds
As, followed by the
The godlike Presence





INTANGIBILITY.

Severe Scotch Schoolmistress (visiting some English Friends). "SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS, IS IT? AH! VARA-PRETTY! AND CHERUBS DO VARA WEE! IN A PICTURE; BUT I DINNA CARE FOR BAIRNIES WHOSE FEELINGS I CAN'T APPEAL TO!"

A FEW QUERIES.

Do you envy the Critic who has to read a'l the new novels of the week?

Do you envy the Official who has to go through all the comedies, tragedies, farces, melodramas, pantomimes, and burlesques, which are brought out on the Stage in the course of the year?

Do you envy the Householder who has poultry to the right of him, dogs to the left of him, a street much favoured by costermongers to the rear of him, and a piano with a musical family opposite to him?

Do you envy your neighbour DINNING, with his four boys all at home for the Christmas holidays, and two young friends with them?

Do you envy Princes, Policemen, Prime Ministers, Postmen, Editors, Head Masters, and Omnibus Conductors?

THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

As the days are getting in,
There are people who grow thin;
Whilst the days are getting out,
Other people then grow stout.

A REAL HERO.—Think for a moment of that man's perils and adventures! The African traveller cannot approach them; the Arctic Explorer cannot hope to equal them. He had sat upon thorns, stood on the verge of a precipice, fallen between two stools, been riveted to the spit, gone through fire and water, flung himself into the breach, raised a storm in a teacup, bearded a lion in his den, taken a bull by the horns, gone on wildgoose chases, played with edged-tools, cut off his nose to spite his face, burnt his fingers, stood between two fires, paved the way, broke the ice, strained every nerve to raise the sinews of war, and left no stone unturned to gain the summit of his ambition. The last time we heard of him, after running the gauntlet and escaping from the horns of a dilemma, he had been on tenter-hooks, and was then preparing to jump out of the frying-pan into the fire.

A YOUTHFUL ATTACHMENT.—Our green-grocer and head-waiter, who is an old bachelor, confesses that he was once in



"HARMLESS."

Charles Spaulding says "Don't I know it's a 'Bull'!"

CHRISTMAS CARDS.

From the KIMMERIDGES, with an invitation to dinner, which the experience of many winters tells you will be formal, heavy, and tedious, mild in its menu, and mysterious in its wines.

From the DE BOYARDS, to an "At Home," where you will meet with no one you know, and from which you will make your escape with relief.

From the long-established and only genuine and authentic Watts of the parish of St. Maximus, soliciting you for some small pecuniary compliment in return for their musical services during the past month.

From your Cousin in Norfolk (a post-card), announcing that in consequence of a mysterious disease which has made great ravages amongst his Turkeys, he will not be able to send you one this Christmas.

From Aunt UGATHORPE—the relict of your Uncle JAMES—(likewise a post-card) to say that she intends coming over from Dalston to spend the day and stay all night on Thursday, when you expect the GRABBY PALMERS and ten other people to dinner.

From the Incumbent of the Parish of Grabthorpe, in Northumberland, asking your kind assistance towards the restoration of an ancient Campanile, the only known example of the Arabesque period of architecture.

TEMPERANCE NURSERY RHYME.

CHARLEY loves good milk and tea;
CHARLEY loves good coffee;
CHARLEY loves a pretty girl
As sweet as Everton Toffee.

DOMESTIC DISCORD.—The clocks differed and were at sixes and sevens, the fire-irons fell out—the tongue being particularly noisy—the bellows came to blows, one table groaned and another was in a roar, the doors were quite unhinged, the kettle boiled over, and the jams and preserves jarred with each other.

UNCOMMON LUSUS NATURE.—An elephant with two tusks and a tail.

ANECDOTES OF THE GREAT.

ZIMMERMANN disliked being left alone. He was the life and soul of every party he entered, and sang a capital comic song.

COPERNICUS's favourite dish for supper was toasted cheese. He invariably wore a sunflower in his button-hole.

BURKE composed *The Sublime and Beautiful* partly in the Jamaica Coffee-house, and partly when he was lodging over a hair-dresser's in Wigmore Street. The pen with which he wrote the last sentence was long preserved by the hair-dresser's descendants; but, after the fall of the wig, and before the rise of the chignon, they became embarrassed in their circumstances, and parted with this heirloom to the agent of an American Museum.

FREDERICK THE GREAT played the flute very nicely, and had an agreeable tenor voice.

BEETHOVEN composed his celebrated Metaphysical Symphony in a flowered dressing-gown and embroidered smoking-cap, with a bouquet of fresh Dahlias on the harpsichord, a hedgehog in a basket by the fire, and a man-servant in livery in the antechamber.

GIBSON was remarkably superstitious, and always carried a charm about with him in his hat-box. What its nature was it would be useless to conjecture, as he threw it into the Tiber on the eve of his second marriage.

The finest collection of Autographs ever formed was that belonging to **DR. SOUTH**. At his sale it was bought by **LORD NORTH**, and, subsequently, it came into the possession of **BENJAMIN WEST**. It is now the property of a well-known collector in the east of England. Amongst the most precious rarities are a holograph letter from **MRS. GRUNDY**—she usually employed an amanuensis—all about her neighbours' affairs; the signature of **MR. JOHN** (familiarily known as "JACK") **ROBINSON**, appended to an order for a gallon of palm oil; a cast in plaster of **FRIDAY's** mark on the sand; the M.S. of **MRS. GLASSER's** celebrated receipt—"First catch your hare;" and a letter written by **WILLIAM PITT**, when a boy at school, to his father (the Great **EARL OF CHATHAM**), begging that he would send him a plum-cake and some sausage-rolls.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLD'S favourite car-



THE BLACK DIAMOND

Ethel. "WHAT BEAUTIFUL STUDS AND BUTTONS YOU HAVE, COUSIN CHARLES. IS IT REAL COAL?"

Cousin Charles. "O YAS! BEST WALLSEND."

Ethel. "YOU EXPENSIVE CREATURE! WHY, PAPA ONLY ALLOWS US TO WEAR SILKSTONE!"

trumpet has not been heard of for many years; but, not long ago, a packet of snuff was found in a cupboard in what used to be his painting-room, in the house he occupied in Red Lion Square, then the most fashionable quarter of Town. Unfortunately, the Royal Academy let the opportunity slip of acquiring the snuff, which got dispersed, and is now irrecoverably lost.

It is always interesting to trace a familiar phrase to its source. Thus in **SIR THOMAS BROWN's** studious habits we clearly see the origin of a "brown study."

THOUGHT FOR THE TOILET.

Paint, fair Creature, on the face,
Speaks the injudicious flirt,
Being matter in wrong place—
PALMERSTON's account of dirt.

In false colours a mis'take
They commit the face who rig;
For its pigment doth partake
Of the nature of a pig.

Daub of crimson is a grace,
On fair cheek, to mental eye,
Such as to a nigger's face
DAY AND MARTIN would supply.

THE VEGETABLE WORLD.—There was a great stir in our garden the other day. The Potatoes were ready to jump out of their skins. The Beet turned red to its very roots. The Celery lost their heads, and the Cabbages their hearts. The Peas split their pods with excitement. The Asparagus could with difficulty be kept in its bed. The Parsley curled itself up in a corner. The Cucumber alone maintained his habitual coolness. The cause of all this commotion was the presence of a noted Vegetarian. The Potatoes never took their eyes off him.

A GREAT CURIOSITY.—We are acquainted with a Ritualistic young Lady, who is fond of collecting seals, stamps, monograms, devices, &c. She is very proud of her latest acquisition—a fine impression from the Seal of Confession.

GEOGRAPHICAL.—The Society Islands are in the Pacific Ocean; the God Society Islands are much nearer home.

AN IMPOSSIBLE REQUEST.—To ask any one to "stop a minute."



"WITH A DIFFERENCE."



AN ADONIS.

Mrs. Lovelace. "IT MUST BE A TERRIBLE THING TO BE TRIED BY A STRANGE JURY! LOVELACE, DARLING, IF YOU WERE ARRAIGNED FOR CONSPIRACY OR TREASON, OR SOMETHING IN SOME FOREIGN LAND, HOW WOULD YOU ELECT TO BE TRIED?"

Mr. Lovelace. "ER—BY A JURY OF MY COUNTRY WOMEN, MY LOVE!"



THROWN OUT.

Master of Hounds (to the Doctor, who rides a noted "Roarer"). "IF YOU'D MOVE A LITTLE FURTHER OFF WITH THAT BRASS BAND O' YOURS, SQUILLA, WE MIGHT HEAR WHERE

UNITED KINGDOM ALLIANCE GLEE.

MYNHEER VAN DUNK never used to get drunk;

He drank toast-and water gaily ;
And he quenched his thirst, when it came to the worst,

With sherbet in the summer dally.
Singing, "Sober a Dutchman's draught should be,

Though deep as the rolling Zuyder-Zee."

Water, well mingled with sugar, good store,

No Hollander dreams of scorning ;
But of spirits or beer he drinks no more
Than mine host supplies

When a cabman cries
For his purl of a Sunday morning.

For a Dutchman's draught should sober be,

Though deep as the rolling Zuyder-Zee.

GUIDANCE IN GALLANTRY.—Never attend any lady, to whom you think of making yourself agreeable, to any play, opera, or other performance, that you want to hear. You cannot attend to both it and her. The same remark applies to your plate before you on the dinner-table and the attraction at your side. Moreover, whenever you take the object of your affections anywhere, in the hope of seeing or listening to anything with enjoyment enhanced by her society, be always prepared for the probability of her being taken with an interesting indisposition.

CLERGY AND CANNIBALS.—We shudder at the feasts of savages who devour missionaries, but do not consider perhaps so seriously as we might with what disgust we ourselves may be regarded by some of our neighbours, who, acquainted by report only with our insular manners and customs, are informed that the natives of this island eat Bishops' Thumbs, Parsons' Noses, and Popes' Eyes.

WRONG COLOURS.—Black boots, black looks, blacklegs, blue devils, blue ruin, red noses, red tape, grey maros, white lies, white feathers, white squalls, greenbacks, greenhorns, and the green-eyed monster.

WOMAN'S WORK IN THE CHURCH.—Embroidery, bouquets, and Ritualists' stoles, copes, and petticoats.



THE WONDERS OF THE DEEP.

Paddy. "BE JABERS! THE FORREST THOIME I IVER SAW RID HIRRINS SWIMMIN' ABOUT ALOIVE BEFORE!"

AMIABLE OLD GENTLEMAN.

MANY happy New Years
Do you wish me, my dears?
New Years happy not only, but many,
not few?
Don't care when you come in
For the old Foggy's tin?
Eh? I'm sure that is very unselfish of you.

THE VOICE OF THE STARS.—Those born on the first three days of February, as well as on all other days in any month of the year, will be liable to colds, if they sit a long time in draughts of air or in damp clothes. Let them shun dealings with patent-medicine vendors, mesmerists, mediums, fortune-tellers, astrologers, and old humbugs.

TO POACH EGGS.—Put on a suit of black, a broad-brimmed hat, and a pair of spectacles; sling a wallet at your back, take a walking-stick in your hand, go into the woods, botanise, put into your wallet all the plants you pick, and all the pheasants and partridges' eggs you find in your way into your pockets.

A REASONABLE QUOTATION.—All the Editors of GRAY have most unaccountably failed to perceive that in the line where he speaks of "the weights, that play below," the true reading must be "Waita."

PLUCKY ANSWER.—*Examiner*—What was ARCHIMEDES'S Screw? *Candidate*—An unsound, broken-down horse, wanting whip and spur to make him go, that ARCHIMEDES was flat enough to buy.

METRICAL IDEALISM.—On the birthday of ALEXANDRA, Princess of Wales, the Poet Laureate will perhaps compose an Ode in Alexandrine verses.

PRISON THOUGHT.—"When's a Christian," said a Poacher in gaol to himself, "served the same as a hare?—When he's juggled, like I be."

SENTIMENT FOR WINTER.—The Old Woman about this time may be expected to Pick her Goose; may the fall of snow be unaccompanied by a rise in coal.

VERB.—"To Live" has but one tense—the Imperfect.

THE BEST SMELLING BOTTLES.—Old Port Wine.

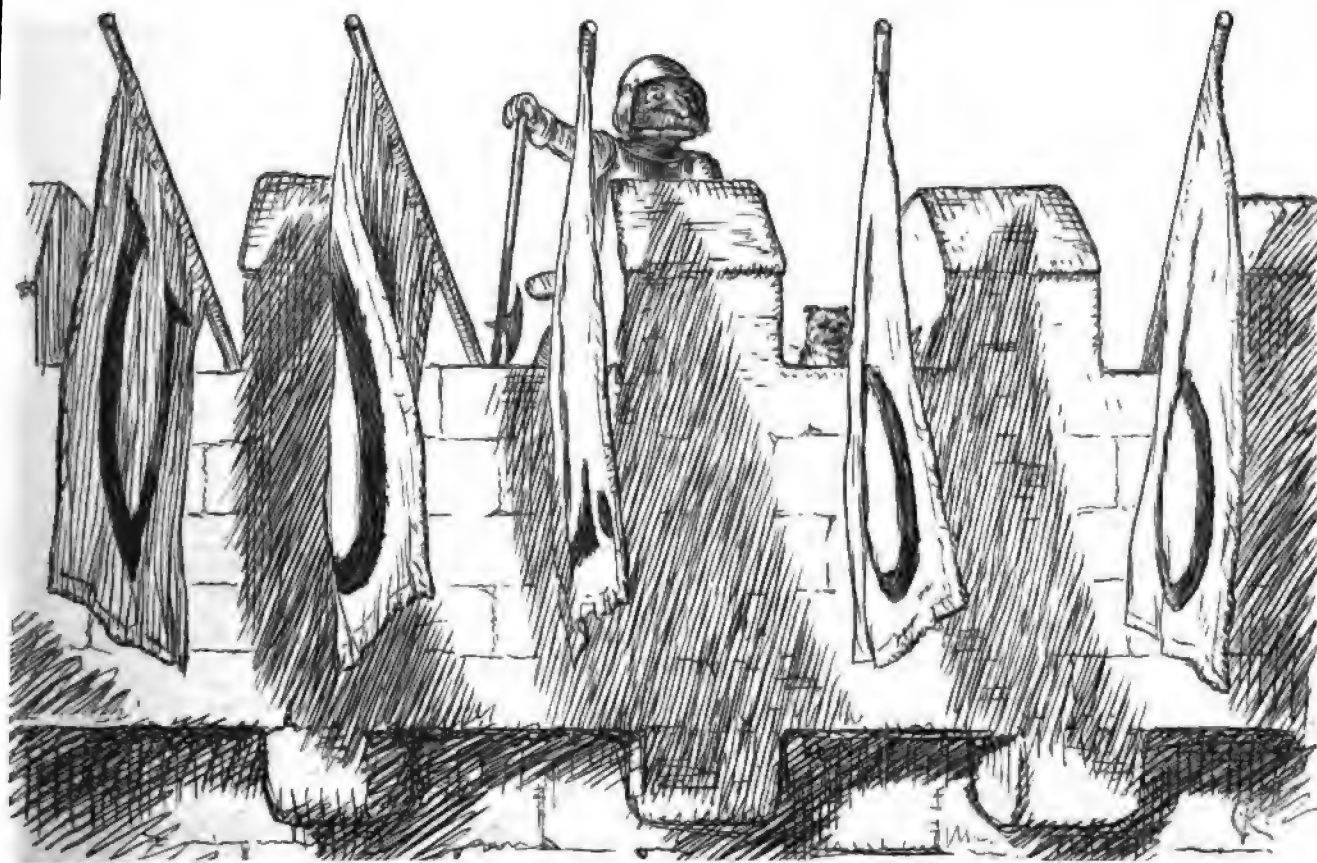




Look proud, pretty Queen, from thy shrine
And thy vassals so loftily scan—
But tell them their labour, and thine,
Is to make thee seem fair to—a Man.

Behold her surrounded by those
Whose homage is lavishly done,
The world at the tip of her toes,
And its denizens crouching—save one.

She is Monarch of all she surveys,
Her right there is none to dispute,
On her altar submissively lays
Its choicest, each fowl and each brute.



GENUINE GHOST-STORY.

A REALLY authentic ghost-story is just now seasonable, according to the tradition of our ancestors. The comfort of a Christmas fire was, to their feelings, enhanced, perhaps, by thinking of the ghosts left out in the cold. Now, however, ghosts are said to come frequently in-doors. An apparition, and something more than an apparition, of one of those ghosts that haunt drawing-rooms, and not churchyards, is related in the *Spiritualist* of the 12th instant. On the Tuesday night previous, present a distinguished circle, including the EARL and COUNTESS OF CAITHNESS, a *séance*, according to our ghostly contemporary, was held at a MR. COOK'S; when there occurred the appearance and scene thus reported:—

"This evening, at Miss COOK's *séance*, during the appearance of what purported to be the spirit 'KATIE,' a man, named VOLCKMAN, rose up, grasped her round the waist with both arms, and tried to throw her down with his feet. MR. TAPP and MR. CORNER seized the man who thus broke the conditions which we were all admitted on the understanding we would keep. 'KATIE' instantly extricated herself from his clutches, and, aided by MR. LUXMOORE, was in a moment back in the cabinet."

Nobody ventured to follow "KATIE," and look to see what became of her in the "cabinet;" but:—

"After a delay of about five minutes, during which KATIE gave earnest instructions to the sitters, the cabinet was opened, and Miss COOK found in black dress, and boots, with the tape tightly fastened round her waist, as at the beginning of the *séance*, the knot sealed, as at first, with the signet-ring of the EARL OF CAITHNESS, and sewn underneath the seal with thread, as it had been sewn before the *séance* by MR. LUXMOORE. The tape and seal are now in the possession of the EARL OF CAITHNESS."

The narrative whence the foregoing passages are extracted is signed by eleven witnesses, including the EARL and COUNTESS OF CAITHNESS at the head of them. To place its credibility beyond all doubt, it is necessary to quote a little further:—

"After KATIE ceased to speak, moans were heard coming from her medium, who soon afterwards began to shriek, and to cry out about 'burning' pains. MRS. COOK then began to faint and the children to cry, the little brother of the medium expressing the fear that 'FLORIE would die.' The cabinet was then opened, and, after the tapes had been examined and removed, the ladies took the suffering medium under their care."

Lastly, for the purpose of rendering the supernatural element in

the occurrence above related perfectly intelligible, must be added, with respect to the author of an audacious "outrage" on a ghost, the significant and conclusive information that:—

"His nose had been scratched in the brief scuffle."

What can possibly be said after that? Nothing, surely, more than that it proves to the clearest demonstration, respecting both the natural and supernatural, the truth of the old saying, that "there is a medium in all things."

"SEASONABLE APPEALS."

To EFFIE, ALICE, ANNIE, EMILY, AUGUSTA, LOUISA, FLORENCE, FANNY, MARIAN, MINNIE, ROSE, LILIAN, MAY, GEORGINA, JANET, and ELEANOR—Don't flirt.

To GEORGE, HENRY, ARTHUR, HUBERT, HAROLD, ERNEST, FREDERICK, PHILIP, PERCY, CHARLES, CLAUD, ROBERT, REGINALD, and WALTER (in jackets)—Don't eat too much.

To M.P.'s whose misfortune it is to be obliged to address their Constituents at this festive season—Don't make too long speeches.

To Her Majesty's Ministers, when they assemble again after the holidays—Abolish the Income-tax, increase salaries, pay off the National Debt, keep up the Army and Navy in the highest state of efficiency, satisfy the Licensed Victuallers and Total Abstinents, and please everybody.

To Boards, Vestries, Parochial Authorities, and District Dignitaries—Try and keep the streets and pavements a little cleaner.

To Ritualists—Don't make yourselves too ridiculous.

To all punsters, jokers, and purveyors of riddles, conundrums, and acrostics—don't tax the patience and forbearance of your friends too far.

To amateur vocalists of both sexes—the same appeal is addressed to you as to your last-mentioned contemporaries, with this addition, don't make excuses.

To amateur dramatic performers—don't be too ambitious; and learn your parts before you appear on the stage of the "Theatre Royal Back Drawing-Room."

To all persons who have received Christmas gratuities—don't relax in your attention and civility now that Boxing-Day is over.

To tradesmen and others—don't be in a hurry to send in your accounts.

THE YEAR 1873.



DOPTING, partially, the entirely useless and excessively annoying custom which induces his contemporaries to spoil their New Year's Day issue with a recapitulation of the events of the past year, in lieu of the usual scholarly, suggestive, or smart leading articles, Mr. Punch devotes a portion of his invaluable space to a brief but brilliant reference to the leading incidents of the last twelve months. With his usual consideration and kindness, he begs that no person will peruse this contrary to his wish, but Mr. Punch warns every person who omits to read what follows, that he will never know what he has lost. Inappropriately quoting

"He that is robbed, not knowing what is stolen,
Let him not know it, he's not robbed at all,"

Mr. Punch now calls upon Mnemosyne to dictate to Clio, and to speak distinctly and mind her steps:—

His Holiness the Pope discovered and announced his own likeness to TOBIT, and some persons who do not usually agree with His Holiness, approved this comparison, as TOBIT became supernaturally blind for a season. The Challenger discovered that the little fish called the Gonotryx lived deeper in the Sea than had been supposed, and a delighted and grateful universe burst into acclamation. The Glorious Apollos, that is, Master of the Apollo Lodge; and the

PRINCE OF WALES became what TOM HOOD called "Chairman of the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE gave MR. ONSLOW and MR. WHALLEY a tremendous wiggling, and fined each of them £100 for their over zeal in the cause of their friend the ex-Claimant.

Convocation entirely smoothed the difficulties of those who disapprove the Athanasian Creed, by declaring that it really meant nothing but what we all hold to be true, and that it is not at all menacing. All parties instantly embraced with a fervour that did them infinite honour, and this *redintegratio amoris* enabled MR. GLADSTONE utterly to floor MR. MIALI, and execute a dance upon his remains. The SHAH began to come, and became the most awful nuisance (it was not his fault, however), until he had visited England, had caused fathers and husbands more botheration than Persia itself is worth, and had gone away amid the roars of cannon and the execrations of Paterfamilias. All the hack prophets vented idiotic predictions about the Derby, which we need not say was won by a horse which no one but Mr. Punch announced would be victor. The Alexandra Palace shared the fate of Persepolis after Alexander's Feast. MR. HAWKINS invited a jury to find the ex-Claimant guilty of perjury.

Our American cousins very properly polished off the Modocs, in spite of sentimental ululation from folks who live very far out of danger from any savages. The Russians, having quite satisfied the very good-natured LORD GRANVILLE that they were going to war with Khiva only to punish offences, and would at once return, went to war, conquered, cleverly annexed an important region, and have left the very good-natured LORD GRANVILLE to explain to Parliament that he has been done. We held Hospital Sunday, and London behaved in a very mean way, the people at St. Paul's giving only £500. However, they elevated themselves by getting on the chairs to stare at the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES. MR. FOLEY's noble statue of OUTRAM was placed near the York column, and excited the admiration of everybody, but before the year was out the work was taken away, to go to India.

Then we began to know that we were going to have an Ashantee war. This was in July. What has followed is fresh enough in

everybody's memory. What is going to follow, it is impossible to say, but there is good hope that the skill and valour of SIR GARNET WOLSELEY and his brave little band will save them from the consequences which home-blunderings lead us to fear. We invite everybody who arrives at these words to lay down the paper for a moment, and drink to SIR GARNET and his army in anything that is handy. *Potaturi vos saluant.* Now to go at it again, pleasure first and business afterwards is a golden rule.

A pleasing scene occurred, in July, in the House of Lords. The DUKE OF RICHMOND thought his relative, the DUKE OF ST. ALBANS, had called him a fool, and the descendants of LOUISE DE LA QUEROUILLE and of ELEANOR GWYN left it to the other Lords to say who had been wrong. We were delighted to hear that H.R.H. THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH had won the heart of the Russian Princess, and to reward him for his gallantry we made handsome settlements on the young couple. In Ireland a murderer was not only convicted but hanged, which miracle made DR. CUMMING think that the end of the world was coming. Probably the railway people thought the same, and that it did not much matter what happened, for there set in a system of the most tremendous slaughter of passengers, and though some of the catastrophes were worse than others, there has been no real cessation of this campaign against society up to the time at which we write. Then a miracle occurred in Scotland, a merchant giving £500,000 towards Church Extension.

About this time, August, Mr. Punch went out of Town, and ceased to trouble himself about any affairs except his own. He enjoyed himself by the sea-side very much, fished a good deal, smoked many excellent cigars, and greatly improved the minds of all who came in contact—not rudely—with him. He set a noble example to his species, he indulged himself in every way that occurred to him, but never sought to injure or annoy other persons, unless they irritated him by acting, talking, dressing, or looking in any way that was displeasing to him. In fact he showed himself the model which he has been ever since July, 1841.

He heard, however, that while he was away the Tichborne case went on, that some American rascals were tried and convicted for enormous forgeries on the Bank, that the DUKE OF BRUNSWICK had gone *ad majores*—especially of Dukes—and that KING PRIAM's treasure box had been discovered. That efforts were being made to place a Bourbon on the throne of France, and that they did not succeed, and so, later, France got a Dictator, and a very good one, the DUKE OF MAGENTA. A number of worthy Catholics made a very delightful and luxurious pilgrimage, under the care of MR. COOK, to the shrine of St. Marie Alacooque, and Mr. Punch completed their happiness by conferring on them the title of Alacookalorums, of which they are more proud than of their feat. SIR GEORGE JESSEL received, amid plaudits, the bread-basket laid down by ROMILLY, and some of the Eton masters proposed to dock the boys' comforts unless the parents would pay higher prices, whereat there was a shout which was not exactly *forat Etona*. MR. MEMAY won at Doncaster, thus being victor in Derby, Oaks, and St. Leger this year.

Now, we say—do you want any more of this? Because, of course, it is as easy as possible to a man—we mean a Being, with Mr. Punch's miraculous memory, excellent pen (quill—none of your metals—the quill is the only implement for a gentleman), and a Magic Inkstand, warranted to make black ink for a hundred years, to pour out this sort of record until it is time to dress for dinner. But if you do not care about it, and would rather be "posted up" in the topics of the hour, why, we will leave off with incommensurable pleasure and joy. Who wants to know anything that happened a week ago? What says MR. GABRIEL?

"Know'st thou well Yesterday, its aims and reasons,
Workest thou well To-day, for worthy things,
Then calmly wait To-morrow's hidden season,
And fear not thou, what fate see'st it brings?"

EVE AND DAY.



In those parts of England where the footsteps of the Celt may still be traced, and the Anglo-Saxon element has failed, though centuries have rolled away, to become thoroughly incorporated with the old Norman stock, it is considered positively unlucky to meet a piebald horse in a dark lane, between the hours of eleven and twelve on the night of the 31st of December. In districts where education has not made rapid strides and no School Boards have as yet been established, the country people will go miles out of their way rather than encounter a quadruped of this variegated description on New Year's Eve.

In the South Midland Counties, it is the invariable custom in those households where there are more dark children than fair, to suspend a horse-shoe, wrapped round with invisible green baize, over the front door as the clock strikes twelve; and then for the whole family to retire backwards into the drawing-room reciting the four first rules in arithmetic. No inmate of the house who is not a blood

relation, is allowed to take part in this interesting ceremony, and the servants are locked up in the kitchen whilst it is in progress.

In many country places it is looked upon as a singular custom to have to play at cards on New Year's Eve with a person who is always left-handed. This prejudice has been handed down through many generations, and those who watch the current of events are of opinion that it will never yield to the advancing tide of civilisation until the franchise in town and country is assimilated.

There are certain usages and customs connected with New Year's Day which should never be neglected, if you do not wish to become prematurely bald, or to find your clothes wearing out before you are ready to replace them, or to lose the respect and esteem of all who know you, during the ensuing year. Any book which deals with Sports and Pastimes, or Popular Antiquities, or the Wisdom of our Ancestors, will give full details of what it is indispensable to do on that day. All we can say here is to give a hint to those who have a turkey hanging up in their larder, that if the cook squints the bird must not be roasted, nor boiled if she has red hair. Should she, unfortunately, display both these personal defects, then all the authorities agree that a plain joint must be substituted—if you do not wish the dustman, postman, turncock, lamplighter, baker, butcher, greengrocer, and newspaper-boy to forget to call upon you on the 26th of December.

In Essex, Cumberland, Cornwall, and in some parts of Hertfordshire and the Isle of Man, there is a current belief that if the first person you meet when you go out of doors on New Year's Day wears a white hat and a complete set of false teeth, and has the pupil of one eye larger than the other, you will be married (if single) before the year expires.

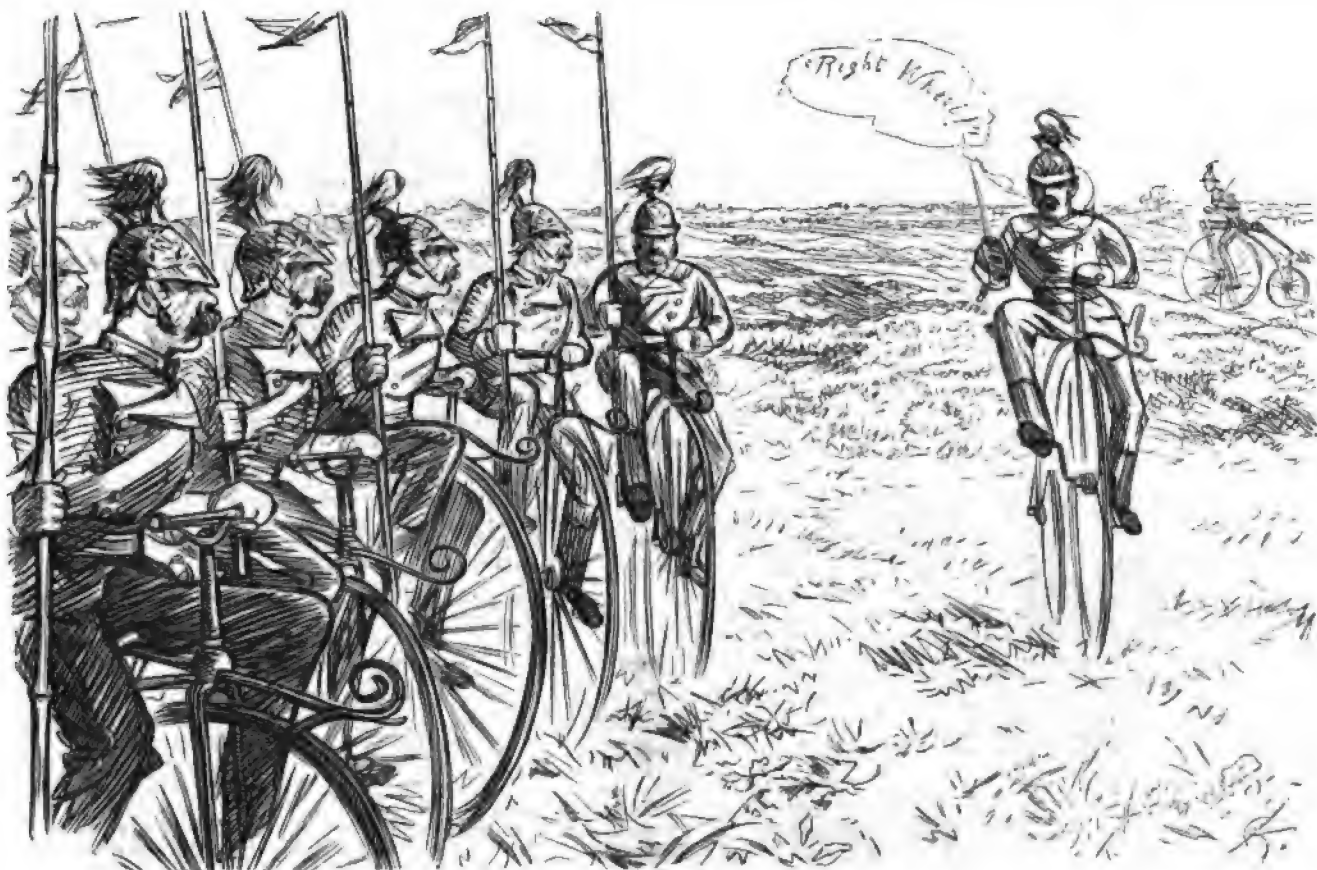
Avoid Good Resolutions on New Year's Day. You are more likely to keep them if you do not make them.

VERY PAT PÂTÉS.

In the *Pall Mall Gazette* of Christmas Eve you will find the following paragraph:—

"Reporting the banquet to MR. HENRY RICHARD, M.P., in Paris the night before last, *Galignani* says the dishes offered to the company were in perfect keeping with the object of the meeting, 'the friends of peace' being regaled with petits pâtés à l'Alabama, poulardes truffées à la Cobden, bombes pacifiques," &c.

The foregoing examples of gastronomic nomenclature will be generally, no doubt, admired for their neatness and felicity of expression, and their congruity with the character of a feast of peacemakers. The idea of *pâtés à l'Alabama* was happily conceived, and their name is suggestive. What should we call those *pâtés* in English? The best equivalent for *pâtés à l'Alabama* would perhaps be that of "humble patties."



MORE ECONOMY.

A HINT TO "GOVERNMENT." A CHEAP REMOUNT FOR LIGHT DRAGOONS!

PENCILTINGS OF THE SEASON.

Two of Life's Stages, Art, at Christmas-tide,
In print-shop windows as exhibited,
Is ever wont to image—Youth and Age.
Youth as a fat, smiling, or sleeping babe,
Or else a toddling, pet, small girl or boy,
Meek-faced and mild to a burlesque degree.
Age, by old men in second infancy,
Who have out-lived their vices and their wits,
Bald, or with long white hair combed down their napes.
These, shaking hands, those, patting youngsters' heads,
Those others, clinking cups. Decrepit duffers,
Old humbugs shamming sad and solemn thought,
Bland, placid resignation, and content;
Or glowing radiant geniality,
Expressed in imbecile affected smiles.
They look so basely good! Old women, too,
In various aspects of fatuity,
Embody dotage. One crone sits and nods,
Dozing in an arm-chair, beside the fire.
Another, through a pair of spectacles,
Pores on the broad page of an open Book,
Much, evidently, comforted therein
By that blest word, "Mesopotamia."
Into such aged women and old men
As these, such youth as those will one day turn.
These popular, pathetic portraiture,
Which charm the many minds of spoony mould,
Provoke a strange repugnance in your own,
Prompting, too strongly, plunge in wild excess
And frantic dissipation. It is best,
From contemplation of these moving works,
To rush away unto a pantomime,
And list the Clown shout "Here we are again!"
And "How d'ye do to-morrow?" and behold
Outrageous acts of mad buffoonery,

Open and undisguised; in this brief world
Of unavailing sentiment and sighs,
Fooling, perhaps, the best when all is done.

TWO SORTS OF SAVAGES.

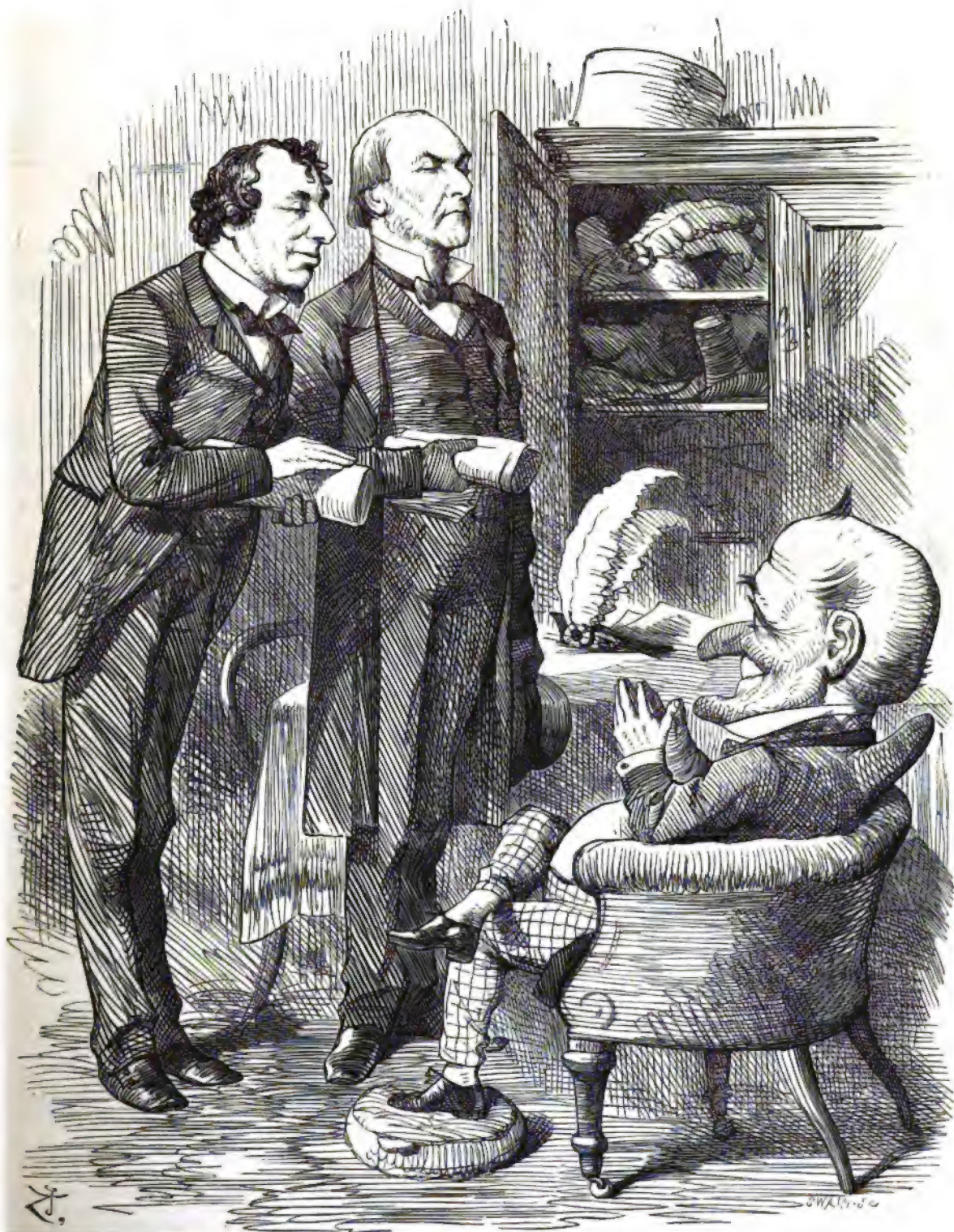
SMILES, accompanied, however, by shakes of the head, must have been occasioned the other day by the subjoined paragraph, when it met the eyes of readers of the *Times* :—

"We have reason to believe that there is no foundation for the report published in the *New York Times*, and reproduced in our 'Latest Intelligence,' to the effect that the British Consul at the Havannah has been instructed immediately to assemble the British Naval Commanders in Cuban waters, as England demands the punishment of GENERAL BURRIEL, the Governor of Santiago."

The idea of even supposing Her Majesty's Government capable for a moment of entertaining the thought of sending such instructions as those to the British Consul at Havannah, betrays a most ludicrous misconception of the character of a Ministry which calculates the consequences of a spirited policy and counts the cost.

GENERAL BURRIEL is responsible for a most atrocious massacre of several British subjects. But what if the Cuban authorities were to reject a demand made by the British Naval Commanders in Cuban waters for the punishment of GENERAL BURRIEL? The British Naval Commanders would have either to put up with the refusal, or to bombard Havannah. In the former case, they would stultify themselves and their country; in the latter, their action might embroil us with Spain. It is lucky for GENERAL BURRIEL, or for the Havannah people, that Cuba is the dependency of a State still, though distracted with civil war, capable, as an enemy, of giving trouble, instead of being such another kind of territory as an island of savages in the South Pacific.

MAGNANIMOUS MAXIM. — Never give a Christmas-box to any underling who has it not in his power to spite you, if he chooses, by neglecting your business.



THE MANAGER'S ROOM.

MR. P. "WELL, MY DEAR DRAMATISTS, WHAT ARE TO BE OUR 'HITS' FOR THE SEASON?"

MR. G. "I SHALL PROBABLY HAVE SOMETHING OF A VERY SERIOUS AND SENSATIONAL CHARACTER!"

MR. D. "AND I'VE A CAPITAL NOTION FOR A BURLESQUE, ONLY THE PLOT ISN'T QUITE SETTLED!"

OCCASIONAL HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(The Great Horse Trial at CLUMBER'S.)



written to say that he'll have her for seventy down!

Fourthly. Shall he put up the price?

This occupies his mind while he is putting his hand up to his ear, and shaking his head, to imply that he can't make out what I'm saying.

What I have been saying is, simply, "Here we are about the horse."

Of course he ought to know, at once, what we've come for. He does.

He decides on risking it, and orders Squinting Tom—[*Happy Thought*.—Good title for something—*Squinting Tom of Coventry*. Note for Christmas Book]—to "fetch out the little mare."

"Fine morning, MR. CLUMBER," says TROTT, pleasantly.

"Hey?" returns CLUMBER, putting his hand to his right ear.

TROTT takes the hint, goes round CLUMBER, and arrives at his left ear.

Good idea this of TROTT'S. Can't both be deaf.

This strategic movement so takes CLUMBER by surprise that when TROTT says, always most pleasantly,

"We've come over to have a look at this little mare of yours,"

CLUMBER replies, instantly,

"Ah, yes. Well! you'll like her. She's first-rate."

Another notion has now evidently struck CLUMBER. It is, as a sort of

Happy Thought.—Get the better of TROTT somehow.

CLUMBER brightens up.

"You've had a longish drive," he says. "Won't you take something? Give you a first-rate glass of—um—um—beer."

If CLUMBER'S idea is that every man has his price, and that TROTT'S is beer, he has clearly mistaken his man.

Perhaps his first notion was a five-pun' note. Then, perhaps, the chance of his being sold himself by a brother in the trade flashed across him, and he substituted in his mind the offer of "a glass of wine," which would be generous, hospitable, friendly, and might, if strong port, obfuscate TROTT. Then it clearly occurred to him that, for purposes of obfuscation, beer would do as well, and would save expense. And so, through indecision and stinginess, CLUMBER has failed.

The Horse is brought out by Squinting Tom, who stands, as usual, at her head, looking about in all directions at once.

SPOKER, in his apron and shirt-sleeves, looks in from next door. He enters cheerily, prepared to feel sure to congratulate me on my purchase, and, when I've gone, to say to CLUMBER, "Well, I helped you to sell the horse. You'd never ha' done it without me. How much?" And then there would, probably, have been a row.

SPOKER'S smile subsides when he sees TROTT. SPOKER looks at CLUMBER, but CLUMBER won't acknowledge his presence, which, I see, discourages SPOKER considerably.

CLUMBER rubs his chin, and eyes TROTT'S proceedings. So do I.

For this is quite a lesson in horse examination; and, by observing TROTT, and asking a few questions, I shall be able to know what to do next time, by myself, without TROTT'S assistance.

First, TROTT is stern with the Ostler. "Stand him on level ground, my man," says TROTT, roughly.

Ostler, evidently having failed in his first attempt at deception, whatever it may have been, humbly obeys.

"A little more forward into the light, my man," says TROTT, almost savagely.

The way he says "my man," must be most irritating to the Squinting Ostler, I'm sure CLUMBER doesn't like it.

TROTT eyes her all over; stands in front of her, displacing the Ostler for a minute, and looks along her sides, from the nose, as a starting point of view, apparently to see if she's straight.

I am just about to ask him, "What do you do that for?" when it occurs to me that, if I do, it will seem as though I differed from him as to his method, and this would bring in CLUMBER & Co., who would all say, jeeringly, "Ah, yes! what do you do that for?"

Happy Thought.—Ask him afterwards—all alone, privately. Note in Mem. Book.—"Why did he do that?"

TROTT opens her mouth, and takes a searching look at her teeth. He, evidently, as a doctor, has an eye, too, for her tongue. TROTT knows what he's about. Glad I brought TROTT.

Then he takes off his hat, and shades the mare's left eye with it, and he repeats the operation on the right eye. He inspects both eyes carefully.

Odd! I should never have thought of this. Perhaps the animal is blind as a bat, or going blind.

TROTT doesn't speak to anyone.

Solemn moment. "Waiting for the Verdict."

He feels the legs, he examines the knees. He lifts up the feet, fore and hind (dangerous part of his business this), and, after passing his hand over her quarters (I think they're called "quarters," but, arithmetically, they occupy a third of the horse from his tail to the beginning of the fall in his back), he whispers to me, mysteriously, what sounds like, "Splinter—off—fore."

I am glad I brought TROTT.

How should I have found out that she had got a splinter in her off fore-leg? I've had a splinter in my hand before now, and it's very painful. If one's leg it would most likely cause lameness. How did she get it? By falling against a gate, or against some wood in the stable, or an unfinished shaft in harness?

Mem.—Ask him afterwards.

"Run her out," says TROTT.

She goes through these performances, and then TROTT says to me—

"Would you like to throw your leg over her?"

I understand him to mean, would I like to ride her? Well—um—yes—only, I remember, I haven't ridden for three years; and I say—"I haven't come prepared for riding." By this I mean that I am not in cords and boots.

"Better," says MR. TROTT; "just to see if she satisfies you."

It looks so absurd for a man, who has come to buy a horse for riding and driving, not to try her by riding and driving her, that I accept. With a sporting air, I say, carelessly, "Very well. I'll just chuck my leg over her."

Feel in a cold shiver. When I am "chucking my leg over her,"

I wonder what she'll do? Horses are such intelligent creatures that, by the time I've been on two minutes, she'll be sure to discover that I haven't ridden for three years.

Wish I could withdraw.

I say to CLUMBER, in a tone implying contemptuous indifference for anything any horse may attempt with me, "She's quite quiet, eh?"

"Quite," says CLUMBER, who is beginning to have a better opinion of TROTT.

Happy Thought.—To ask TROTT, quickly and privately, "What's the good of my riding her, if she's got a splinter in her off fore-leg or foot?"

TROTT replies, "Why, if she suits you in every other respect, I shouldn't think much of that."

Ah! but I do.

Here she is, saddled. Usual difficulty about stirrups. Always seems, whenever I get into a fresh saddle, that a Life Guardsman has been using it just before me. After some alterations I say it's "All right." At least, as "all right" as I shall be for the next ten minutes.

Happy Thought.—Walk her at first.

Must try her walk as well as any other pace. On the whole, walking is what I should be most particular about in a horse. She walks well. Somehow, she seems to have got a long and loose neck, that goes up and down, and she has a way of looking from side to side, as though, when I'm off my guard, she intended doing something that will rather surprise me.

Happy Thought.—Sit tight. Don't be "off my guard."

CLUMBER, TROTT, SPOKER, and Ostler are standing at stable-door, watching me.

Wonder what they're saying?

Should imagine it not complimentary.

Must try a trot.



STORIES FOR SUNDAY EVENINGS.

Mamma. "So now, MAGGIE, YOU UNDERSTAND ALL THE STORY OF LOT'S WIFE—DON'T YOU?"

Maggie. "YES—BUT I WANT TO KNOW WHERE ALL THE SALT COMES FROM THAT ISN'T MADE OUT OF LADIES."

Now, how to get her into a trot without hitting her with the whip they've given me which would only make her irritable—or, without touching her "quarters," which might make her kick, and then CLUMBER & Co. would see me come off, or very nearly,—or without saying "tohk" to her, which might startle her.

I give her her head. She makes use of it to stretch her neck, as if she were stretching out her chin and pooh-poohing me, and she only walks more leisurely.

I must touch her with the whip.

Now, then. I must stick my knees in firmly, feel that I'm like a rock in the saddle, and then touch her—very gently.

I do; and am prepared for rearing, kicking, shying—anything.

Not a bit. She takes no notice of it.

Becoming bolder, I do it again—harder.

No; she doesn't feel it.

Suppose I . . . I tremble at the thought . . . considering I haven't ridden for three years—suppose I . . . hit her on the hind quarters?

I sit firmer than ever, brace myself for an effort, and, imagining that the result will be to find myself, the next moment, flying among the branches of the trees, I hit her—very gently, and, so, to speak, silly.

No effect.

Oho! Now I don't mind increasing the force. Another. Another, harder. Without any kick, or rearing, she simply throws up her head, and suddenly, trots.

All my rock-like firmness is shaken out of my knees at the first movement, and the stirrups seem to have let themselves out a good half-inch. Nearly off sideways, but recover myself somehow.

From this she goes into a canter. I seem to roll a good deal in the saddle, and I should say CLUMBER & Co.'s view of me would be

NEW POLICE FOR PANTOMIMES.

THE Officers of Law and Order, the Police, at this time of the year, are wont, impersonated in all the various pantomimes, to be upheld to the respect and veneration of the British Public. On the stage they receive what certain blockheads who suppose "ovation" to have something to do with eggs, would call "a nightly ovation," but for the circumstance that they are usually pelted, not with eggs, but with vegetables. A voyage on the river, on one of the late fine days, from London Bridge to Waterloo in a penny steamer, attested the extraordinary mildness of the season, and brought into view a Thames Police Station. This suggested the possibility of an improvement, in the way of addition and novelty, on the customary pantomimic exhibition of the Police. Occasion might be taken to introduce, in some scene suitable to their agency, a number of aquatic policemen distinguished by peculiarities indicative of design and adaptation to an amphibious existence. There is also a fluvial officer of the Corporation of London, who, if exhibited in connection with the Thames Police, would, no doubt, afford amusement. Good fun could unquestionably be got out of the Water Bailiff, represented as organised after a fashion presumably suitable to his official life. Both the Water Bailiff and the Water Police present themselves to the eye of imagination as a sort of Mermen, having lower extremities analogous to those of fishes or seals; thus exhibiting affinities to the finny or the flappery tribes. Their function may be conceived to be principally that of swimming after loose fish. The idea of Water Babies was pretty and graceful in a high degree, to which a proportional amount of merriment would not fail to be created by effectively dramatising Water Bobbies.

SONGS OUT OF SEASON.

AMONGST the brakes and bushes,
A walk on Christmas Day,
The song and mizzel thrushes
I heard both sing away.

The mildness of the season
It was as made 'em sing,
O course that stands to reason.
They thought as how 'twas spring.

Now let us tap our barrels,
So merry we will be,
While birds sing Christmas carols
On top o' many a tree.

HAWFINCH.

absurd. The saddle appears to slide forward, and there is nothing of the horse in front of me. I can only describe the sensation by saying that it seems to me, that, should the horse like to double itself up from the front, it could slip its fore-legs through its own girths, and get away from under its own saddle, leaving me on it on the road, as easily as possible.

Happy Thought.—Sort of Davenport-Brother Horse. Good trick for a circus.

We stop; and turn. I should like to walk slowly back. Horse will trot now, and it's down hill to the stable.

Happy Thought.—As I cannot stop him without jerking his head, and perhaps spoiling his mouth (which CLUMBER won't like if I don't buy him), I yield and endeavour to look as though I were still trying him.

Really he,—I mean she,—she is trying me.

The trial is over, except that TROTT gets up, and puts her through her paces.

Verdict to be pronounced, in CLUMBER's absence. TROTT advises me not. I agree with TROTT. Sorry for CLUMBER. I don't think I care about riding as I used to. I shall go in for driving only.

The Perils of M.P.'s.

IN his address at Liskeard, MR. HOESMAN is reported to have said that, "he attributed the fact of his having had measles three times to his having had to kiss so many babies on his canvass." In the opinion of the mothers, no doubt this kissing was a treat for the affectionate Candidate. But as treating is now illegal, MR. HOESMAN will be able in future to imitate HOOD's "little O'PATRICK," and "evade the bliss."



A CONFIRMED BACHELOR.

Ethel. "WHAT'S THIS ABOUT, WILLIE?"

Willie (contemptuously). "O, IT'S ONLY A MAN BEING PHOTOGRAPHED—OR MARRIED—OR SOMETHING OF THAT SORT!"

CANTATA FOR CHRISTMAS-TIDE.

Recitativo.

THIS festive season is, we know,
The season of gratuities;
Of paying more than what we owe,
And gorging superfluities.

Aria.

Christmas comes but once a year;
When it comes, it costs us dear.
Brings us heaps of heavy bills,
And a lot of other ills;
Christmas troublesome appeals,
Christmas meetings, Christmas meals,
Christmas games and fooleries,
Christmas toys and Christmas trees,
Christmas carols at your doors,
Christmas boxes, Christmas bores.

HEARTY DEARS.

AN exclamation uttered by *Othello*, in a particular sense, is capable of being applied in a wider meaning, and therein suggested to parents and guardians, just now, at this festive season of exercise of the digestive organs:—

"O!

That we can call these delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites."

The knife and fork, to use an elegant euphemism, which very many young ladies, as well as their brothers home for the holidays, may, about this time, be seen to play, not only at dinner, but also at supper afterwards, to say nothing of previous breakfast, lunch, and tea, cannot but, on the part of many of their seniors, excite an emotion of envious regret, neatly expressible, as above, in the words of *Othello*.

Holiday Thought.

It is very foolish to be always reading, and making notes, and trying to remember things. How much better to know as little as possible, and so, in every piece of information that is given you, to find the charm of novelty, which is the charm of existence.

ST. BARNABAS HIS BALDACCHINO.

(*In Judicium TRISTRAM tristissimum.*)

TRISTIS sum et eram,
'Since that DR. TRISTRAM,
On our Church move Romeward
Immisit capistrum,
Or, in common English,—
As Latin 's for the altar,—
Clapt a cruel muzzle,
Meant to serve as halter.

Yea, as hempen halter,
Ritualism for hanging;
Fain, I'm sure, our foes would
Slay, instead of slanging.
But as they can't hang us
At their cruel wish up,
TRISTRAM hangs our movement
Up, for the Archbishop.

Thwarting, in our persons,
Papist predilections,
Stopping our cup-liftings,
And our genuflexions:
Pulling off our vestments,
Putting out our candles,—
In a word, unscrewing
All our Roman handles.

But this last "back-stopper"
On our Romeward vergings,
Is, perhaps, the most cruel
Of our cruel scourgings.

Blind to hidden meanings,
Which, as Ritualists, we know,
TRISTRAM will not have us
Build a *Baldacchino*.

You that talk of torments
Borne by saints of old,
Of stray sheep bewildered,
Wanderers from the fold,
What saints so afflicted,
What stray sheep, do ye know,
Like our saints and sheep, shorn
Of their *Baldacchino*?

Should the blest St. Barnabas,
In the Court appearing,
For his parish priesthood
Boldly ask a hearing,
And on the allegiance
We to POPE o'er QUEEN owe,
Claim immediate licence
For a *Baldacchino*,

TRISTRAM and Archbishop,
Who'll say which in broader
Terms, or more audacious,
Would refuse the order;
Fall back on Church Primitive,
And ask what did *She* know
Of such—say—"erections"
As a *Baldacchino*?

Such the flimsy reason
I've this judgment read in,
For the saint refusing
A place to put his head in;

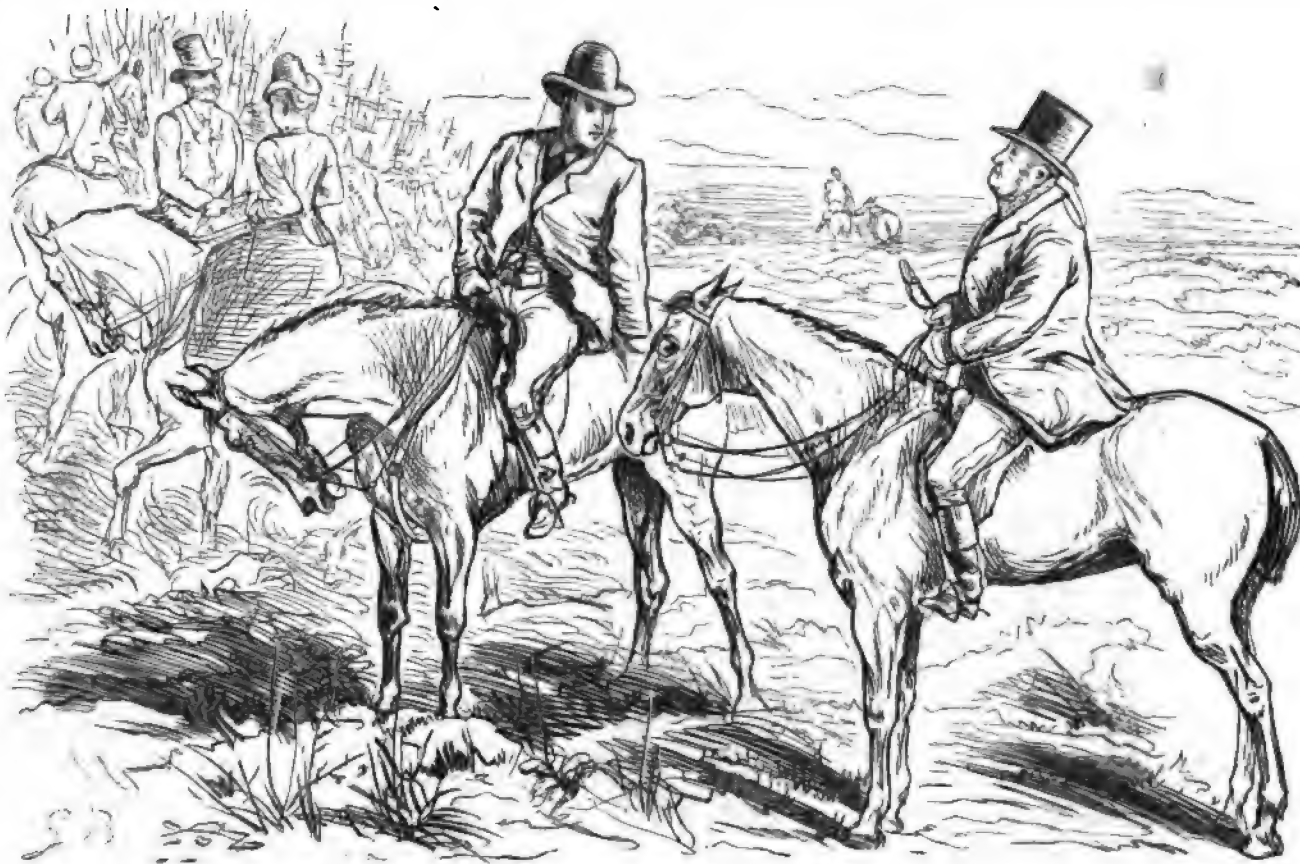
Till at last, or, as they
Say at Rome, *infino*,
In the cold they leave us,
Senza Baldacchino!

TRISTRAM, ceremonial
Judging, and Church-symbol!—
Whose patristic learning
Would not fill a thimble!
TRISTRAM versus LIDDHILL!—
If he knew what we know—
Each Church-apse, 't the middle,
Had its *Baldacchino*.

But while DOCTOR TRISTRAM,
Blinded and benighted,
Won't have Roman candles,
On our altars lighted,
Grudges show and splendour,
Which Church might to scene owe,
We must stoop to altars
Bare of *Baldacchino*.

Dotage sacerdotal
We must keep at home;
And not do as Rome does,
Till we are at Rome.
To spiritual, not ritual
Side, while BULL shall lean, O,
We in vain may whistle
For our *Baldacchino*!

CELIBACY AND WEDLOCK.—If single life is bad, then it stands to reason that double life is twice as bad.



RE-ASSURING.

Criticising Friend (to Nervous Man on New Horse). "O! NOW I RECOLLECT THAT MARE. SMASHEM BOUGHT HER OF CRASHEM LAST SEASON, AND SHE BROKE A COLLAR-BONE FOR EACH OF THEM."

A BOLD MAN.

MR. W. CUNNINGHAM GLEN has been moving in the Kensington Vestry for a Commission to devise means for putting the making and management of Gas into the hands of the Metropolitan Vestries!

MR. GLEN is a distinguished official of the Local Government—late Poor-Law-Board. He must surely wish to introduce into the lighting of London the great principle of which his Board is such a master—"How *not* to do it."

Looking to the state of the things already under the London Vestries—in particular, scavenging and road repair—it seems a cool proposal to add Gas-lighting to the number. The result is less likely to be summed up in the old Latin motto, "*Ex fumo dare lucem*," than in its converse, "*Ex luce dare fumum*."

Considering what average Vestrymen's prose is, it is surely too much to insist on making poets of them at once, by asking them to become masters of our metres. Perhaps MR. GLEN thinks that the Vestries having, in their altercations, exhausted every species of retort—except the retort courteous—they should, in fairness, have our gas-retorts to fall back upon.

Gas-refuse is the most offensive of all refuse. But in the case of MR. GLEN's Gas proposition, Mr. Punch can only say, "Refuse, by all means."

If the Gas *does* ever fall under the domain of the Vestries, Mr. Punch offers them a motto, from *Othello*,—"Put out the light—and then!"

A Question.

(To be asked by MR. MIALI, next Session.)

THE following statement appeared in the *Times* :—

"FISH.—The value of Fish, salted and cured, imported this year, was £719,880."

Taking this for his text, let the eminent Disestablisher inquire,

First—How much of this was expended in Psalters?

Secondly—How much went to those who have the "Cure of Souls?"

SENSIBLE ADVERTISEMENTS.

(In comparison, at least, to many we have met with.)

EDWIN TO ANGELINA.—All serene, my poppet, you *shall* have a latchkey and a cigar, yes even in the drawing-room. *Mais écoutez moi, je l'emploie!* You must send Mamma to Jericho, and give her *Punch's Almanack* to amuse her on the journey.

MISSING.—A Perambulator, containing two fine Babies. Straw hats. And pink ribbons; carrotty hair and turn-up noses. Answer to the names of TIDY ICKLE SING and POOTY ICKLE PETTUMS. Whoever will restore them to their disconsolate parents shall be *handsomely* rewarded with a presentation copy of *Punch's* splendid *Almanack*.

NEXT OF KIN WANTED.—If Heirs Male or Female, or any of the Family of BENJAMIN DE BOGYNs, otherwise BUGGINS, a resident at Honolulu in the year 1535, will apply for *Punch's Almanack* at the Office, 85, Fleet Street, they will there see Something very much to their Advantage.

THE BEST SUBSTITUTE FOR COAL is *Punch's* bright and sparkling *Almanack*. The brilliancy of its contents will cheer the coldest company, and people who are warmed by the fire of its wit will find they can dispense with half their usual fuel.

PORPHYRIUS NOLANUS.—Scholars well acquainted with the Works of this old Poet are requested to supply the Civil Service Examiners with the original Greek text of the passage in Book iv., v. 265, *et seq.*, so admirably translated and so classically illustrated in *Punch's* dazzling *Almanack* for the coming year.

THE HYENA TO THE HEN CANARY.—Please meet me by moonlight alone, where the aspens sadly quiver, beneath the horrid torrid zone, or on the rolling frozen river. There will I breathe soft kisses in thy captive ear, and show thee *Punch's Almanack*, delightful and not dear.

LEFT IN A CAB.—A Lady's Seal-skin Jacket, containing in the pockets a scent-bottle, a silver snuff-box, an ivory fan, a well-filled purse, a pair of scissors, a gold thimble, and an annotated copy of *Punch's Almanack* for 1874. Whoever will restore the latter precious article is welcome to retain the Jacket and the rest of its contents. Address "SOPHONISBA," 47, Grosvenor Square.



"ALL THE YEAR ROUND."

(A REMINISCENCE OF BOXING-DAY.)

Sir Gorgy Guzzles. "GOT A PAIN, HAVE YOU? WELL, SERVE YOU RIGHT! I CANNOT UNDERSTAND WHY YOU AND THE OTHER SERVANTS SHOULD THINK IT NECESSARY TO MAKE PIGS OF YOURSELVES ON ONE PARTICULAR DAY OF THE YEAR, JUST BECAUSE IT HAPPENS TO BE THE 25TH OF DECEMBER!"

The Page. "O, SIR, PLEASE SIR! CHRISTMAS MAKES NO DIFFERENCE TO YOU, SIR. YOU AND HER LADYSHIP CAN PERFORM THAT HOPEFUL EVERY BLESSED DAY OF YOUR LIVES, SIR!"

[A Month's Notice.]

AS BROAD AS HIGH.

An instructive article in the *Saturday Review*, on *Lyell's Antiquity of Man*, contains the remarkable passage following:—

"Through all, as SIR CHARLES LYELL emphatically urges in closing his work, fortifying himself with the able advocacy of DR. ASA GRAY, it is to be kept in mind that there is nothing in the doctrine of transmutation, any more than in the simple extension of man's antiquity, to weaken the foundations of religion."

From the tenor of frequent articles on ecclesiastical subjects in the *Saturday Review*, the readers of that well-written miscellany will probably infer that by religion it means that religion preached by very High Church Clergymen of the Church of England, and by Roman Catholic Priests—those, at least, of the Gallican school. People who look for theological information to the *Saturday Review* will, some of them, perhaps, find themselves both enlightened and astonished by a statement, in their estimation authoritative, representing "the doctrine of transmutation" as not contrary to sound doctrine of divinity. They will, no doubt, feel agreeably conscious that they have learned something in having been apprised, that what they were taught to believe a true account of the age and ancestry of mankind, being rightly understood, is that man's origin dates back through countless ages from a period of indefinite antiquity—that his pedigree may be traced up to a marine Ascidian, that his first parents, so to call his more immediate progenitors, were anthropoid apes, and that the narrative declaring him to have lapsed from a primitive altitude is to be taken really to signify that his existence began at the lowest degree of being, whence he arose, and has been, on the whole, gradually ascending in the moral and intellectual scale ever since.

Many a shallow sceptic will be confounded, if not corrected, by the announcement that this explanation of the canonical history of mankind by no means tends to weaken the foundations of religion—that is to say, the religion professed and proclaimed by DR. PUSEY and ARCHDEACON DENISON; to say nothing of

DR. NEWMAN, ARCHBISHOP MANNING, and the POPE: although, to weak and superficial minds, that exegesis may seem a little too broad, perhaps, for BISHOP COLENSO. To be sure, though, there is a sense, in which the statement, that there is "nothing" in the doctrine of transmutation "any more than" in the simple extension of man's antiquity, to weaken the foundations of religion, might be accepted by the most orthodox of divines.

THE RED-HOT POKER.

At this festive season
Not a word of reason!
Or you talk high treason
Flat against the Crown.
O the red-hot poker!
O the mirth-provoker!
O the screaming joker!
O the rampant Clown!
O the red-hot poker, &c.

Come, young fellow, turning
From the paths of learning,
For amusement burning,
Who art home from school.
Mistletoe and holly
Waken thoughts of folly;
Let us then be jolly:
Go and see the fool.
O the red-hot poker, &c.

See him kick and whop men,
Smear and swab and mop men,
Cheat and swindle shopmen,
Burn the Pantaloon,
And, with fresh roars greeted,
Then himself, too, seated
On the poker heated:
What a great buffoon!
O the red-hot poker, &c.

Gorge and act the glutton,
Steal, from folk that strut on,
Sundry legs of mutton,
Sausages, and geese;
Stuff in pocket ample:
Law and order trample;
Set us youth example,
Cheeking the Police.
O the red-hot poker, &c.

Nurse a baby, dress it,
Wash it, duck it, mess it,
Cram it, choke it, bless it;
Pretty little thing!
Dandle, dance, and jump it,
Bang it, bounce it, bump it,
Beat it, thwack it, thump it,
At its mother fling.
O the red-hot poker, &c.

Make a slide of butter,
People throw in gutter,
Exclamations utter,
Causing boys and men
To forget all sorrow.
Two of them we'll borrow,—
"How d'ye do to-morrow?"
Here we are again!
O the red-hot poker, &c.

Justice and Elegance.

WE say a Brougham, a Hansom, an Orrery, a Stanhope, a pair of Wellingtons, or of Bluchers, Columbia, America, and in a score of other ways we recognise distinguished men. Why (it occurred to us at the inauguration of the New Post Office on New Year's Eve) do we not, instead of tormenting Greek scholars with such a word as "telegram," call the thing a WHEATSTONE, and thus do tardy justice to the benefactor of impatient mankind? *Punch* invites the universe to use the word in future. He means to do so—which should be final.

AMENDS TO THE ARCHDEACON.



HEREAS Complaint hath been made to the High Court of *Punch* that he hath in some sort wronged the Venerable ARCHDEACON DENISON, and whereas CESAR doth not wrong. Let it be known, then, that in a Sermon preached by the Archdeacon at St. Ethelburga's, and recently alluded to by *Mr. Punch*, the former

reverend gentleman, in alleging that "confession" would secure the joys most of all to be desired, did not use the word in the Roman-Catholic sense, but he designed to imply confession of the faith of the Church. This correction *Mr. Punch* is as happy to make as he is to perceive, from its being desired, that the other idea is repudiated. Then *Mr. Punch* is informed that it was owing to the Archdeacon's not perceiving the stole (which had been laid on the edge of the pulpit) that he did not put it on until his discourse was somewhat advanced. That he kissed it, is not denied. Our friends the Ritualists perform the ceremony of kissing the stole when they put it on, and also when they take it off. Whether this process be not a violation of the statute *De Osculis*, cited by the Reverend Grand Master *Beaumanoir* in the case of *Rebecca* of York, is open to consideration; but in the meantime *Mr. Punch* is happy to show that even against such an enemy of the faith as Ritualism he employs no weapons save those of truth and ridicule.

CREMATION.

SIR HENRY THOMPSON's remarkable article on this subject, in the *Contemporary Review*, furnishes the Spiritualistic Table-rappers with a new theory, of which, if they are only half sharp, they will speedily avail themselves. SIR H. THOMPSON writes—

"Our mahogany of to-day has been many negroes in its turn, and before the African existed, was integral portions of many a generation of extinct species."

The mahogany table is then evidently "all alive O!" and only wants just so much galvanic force applied to it as may bring its dormant powers into action. The Mediums may thank SIR HENRY for his words, and *Sir Punch* for having drawn attention to them. If Cremation should ever become the rule (and we take this earliest opportunity of saying that we trust it may—more of this anon), the first Cemetery, or, rather, Crematory, would be in Berners Street.

TRUE THOMAS AND HIS ORDER.

"The Prussian Royal Order of Merit of the Civil Class has been presented to the English historical biographer of FREDERICK THE GREAT."

STOOP, old Sicamber! Bend the neck
Thou still so stiff hast borne:
With star and ribbon while they deck
Thy gaberdine well-worn.

True THOMAS, say, if, prophet-souled,
Thou e'er hadst second-sight
Of thyself ribboned, starred, enrolled
In Prussian ranks a knight?

Sartor resartus! Shall we note,
As men clothes-moulded be,
This buttoned-up, black-eagled coat
Work any change in thee?

Or art thou timber all too tough
For tailors' dummy hollow;
Though Prussia lead court-suit, too rough
Prussian court suit to follow?

Methinks I see thee—face to face,
With him of blood and iron,
Owning PRINCE BISMARCK of the race
Whom verities environ.

No wind-bag this, thy brother Knight
Who the black-eagle bears:
A man of facts—with shams to fight
Where'er they shame the stars.

And this grim, grey old Emperor,
Whose back no years can curve,
Methinks is a grand master dour
Enough for thee to serve.

I see Drill-Sergeant FRIEDRICH'S ghost
The Tabagie below
Leaving, his bear-hug as a host
Upon thee to bestow.

"[RITTER CARLYLE, so rauchen Sie
Tabak? So gut: ich auch."
And Bear-King and Ber-serk I see,
In clouds of kindred rauch.

The clouds that from thy midnight clay,
And midnight-musing brain,
Have blended, wholesomely away,
Strong scent, and strengthening strain;

Breathed the keen breath of forceful truth
That still inspires thy page
How good work seed-corn is of youth
That would reap har'st of age.

"No lie shall live: no man by lies:
God's debts are paid at last:
He with the Devil's coin that tries
To pay them, will be cast!"

Plain truths—so plain to be descried,
Unmarked we pass them by:
Truths that bed-rid by Error's side
In the mind's lazaret lie.

Truths ne'er so old but new they show,
When some clear tongue and brain
Drives home on all what all men know,
Till faiths are facts again.

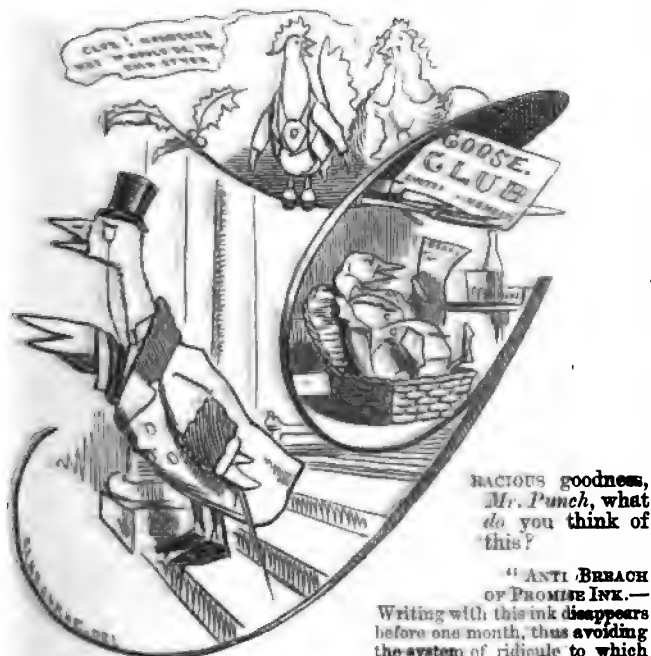
This was thy work, old Chelsea seer;
And well it hath been done;
And honour's crown on thy grey hair
Sits well at set of sun.

Our mother England has no stars
For soldiers of the Pen:
With us such honours spring from wars
Watered with blood of men.

Then let us rather smile then sneer,
When from the Vaterland,
Whose thought to us he has brought near,
There is stretched forth a hand,

To pin the badge of merit fair
On CARLYLE's manly breast:
The star can shed no honour there,
'Tis honoured there to rest.

A TERRIBLE INVENTION!



their letters being publicly exposed. Free for Fourteen Stamps."

Did you ever now? Well, I really wonder what we shall have next. Fancy seeing all one's *love letters* going slowly out of sight, and becoming in a week or two utterly invisible! Imagine one's dismay in looking at the dear words as they daily disappeared, in seeing how the "darlings" slowly vanished bit by bit, and in watching the dear i's till not a dot was left behind them! Conceive with what a look of blank despair one would gaze at the blank sheet, and sigh for fairy spectacles to show what had been on it!

O what a mean mind the MONSTER must have had who made this terrible invention! What a shameful trick to think of! The *idea* of helping lovers, or, at least, *pretended* lovers, to exchange their vows of constancy in ink well nigh as fleeting as the colours of the rainbow! What a hideous, hollow mockery to sign oneself "yours ever, dearest ANNIE," or "yours lovingly till death," in a fluid which is warranted to fade within a fortnight!

Pray excuse my further comments on a matter so distressful, and believe me yours *admirably* (in ink which is called "permanent"),

Laurel Lodge, Wednesday.

SOPHONISBA SMYTH.

P.S.—I am not afraid of being *ridiculed* myself, for I am fortunately *married*, and have no fear of my husband's ante-nuptial correspondence being ever read in Court. But I cannot help just hinting that I think it would be *prudent*, in these inventive days, if ladies who get love letters, or promises of marriage, were at once, for fear of accident, to go and have them *photographed*.

MR. PUNCH IN HIS PRIVATE BOX.

MR. PUNCH's "Representative" being at present a good deal engaged in representing himself—

[By the way, Mr. Punch sees no reason why the fact that a gentleman contributes to these columns should deprive him of the advantage of being praised in them, and therefore begs to say that those who would like to hear "Happy Thoughts" delivered in a most humorous and brilliant manner had better betake themselves to the New Gallery in Argyll Street. In fact, Mr. Punch will take it as a personal compliment to himself, if persons will do themselves that kindness.]

and doing it so successfully that Mr. P. has not the heart to call upon him for theatrical work, the Great Creature himself has paid some visits to the playhouses, albeit 'tis hard to leave the domestic hearth and Havannah, on a winter night, for anything but an Otopian dinner-party—where eight of the best sort of folk address themselves to the best sort of food, and abuse the rest of mankind and of womankind.

On New Year's night he went to Drury Lane Theatre, and was pleased to see the sentinels looking so well and so intelligent. The

civility of the attendants left nothing to be desired, and he must compliment the printer of the programme upon the elegance of his typography. The chairs in the box had been dusted regardless of expense, and when he came out, the mild yet manly declamation with which the porter summoned the carriage was an honour to that official's lungs and heart.

He would be glad to continue in the style of the late SIR JAMES MACKINTOSH, and to lavish enthusiastic praise upon everything and everybody. But, as usual at Christmas, this laudation has been performed so generously by all his brother critics, that he objects to performing a work of supererogation—disagreeing, he may observe, with the Article that says there is no such thing. He was very comfortably seated, was in agreeable company, and was in the full enjoyment of his exquisite good temper. The crowded house, with excellent taste, abstained from any direct demonstration of welcome to him on his presenting himself, but when all rose at the first notes of the Anthem, it was manifest that he was recognised, and but for the impatience of the audience for the spectacle, it was probable that he would have

"Seen their sympathy descending in the fruitage of Seville,"

a manifestation which on Boxing Night caused much discomfort to the occupants of the stalls, and made Mr. Punch, on reading the account of it, wonder whether it might not be a good thing to raise the gallery prices to a prohibitory figure. The gentleman who boldly put up an umbrella to save a lady from the descending storm of dirty orange-peel will perhaps favour Mr. Punch with his views on the subject. Mr. Punch is an enemy to over-legislation, but cannot help thinking that half-a-dozen stout policemen in the gallery, with sticks, and leave to use them, would prevent a very brutal display, worthy of a Spanish bull-ring.

The pantomime at Drury Lane Theatre is from the pen of MR. BLANCHARD, who has put a hundred fairy tales into wild yet graceful grotesque for the delight of the children, for whom pantomimes are supposed to be made. We believe he had an exceptional difficulty in his way this time, but he has grappled with it, and mastered it, and whether little ones or big ones quite succeed in following the drama is of the smallest consequence. Mr. Punch caught some capital couplets through the masks. The business keeps "going," and there are some inordinately beautiful groupings, some capital dancing, and plenteous recollections of certain French operettas which are familiar to everybody. Mrs. Angot's Daughter is not forgotten, you may be sure. There is a grand Fancy Fair scene, glittering down to the very back of the great stage. Mr. Punch has been more bewildered by other Transformation scenes. There is a vivacious ballet of children. Two vigorous young ladies, one in black satin, who dance under varying lights, drive the house frantic. Of the two we prefer MISS CATHERINE VAUGHAN, and if you ask us why, which you have no right to do, we will tell you. Because her satin is seemlier than the ordinary ballet garb.

But—and Mr. Punch is not quite sure that this is not the *raison d'être* of his notice—the gem of the pantomime is a little song by two little ladies—representing boy and girl—who have a good deal to say, or rather sing, about "Living on Buttercup Green." It is as charming a tiny pastoral as can be imagined. The fresh young voices, the prettiness of the idea and the music, the lovingness of the little people, who are wrapped up in their affection, and never look at the audience, make a perfectly dainty and refreshing episode. It stands out of all the clamour and glitter and loud fun, as an old madrigal comes to you at a charity-dinner. And when the small lovers slowly and caressingly glided round together with looks of earnest belief in the fool's paradise they had been singing about, Mr. Punch declared that this five minutes would have paid him for coming to the theatre in the ramshackliest of old cabs, with a horse that tumbled down on the asphalt in Leicester Square, and with a cabman whom he had to offer to fight for the overcharge. Of course he came in no such way, but in an air-tight brougham, with furs on his knees, and behind two fiery steeds that—by the way, he apologises to the fat swell he knocked down in Thayer Street, and will thank the executors of the apple-woman whom he ran over in Long Acre to call at his office with probate of her will, when he will make an addition to her residuary estate. This is all he has to say about the pantomime, except that he was much delighted with the way MR. FREDERICK EVANS comported himself. This artist is something between PAYNE and VOKES, and is a satisfactory substitute for them. The mode in which he kicked and eat upon the King whenever that arbitrary monarch gave him a chance, would have been agreeable to republicans, if such persons had the sense to amuse themselves with other awful nonsense than their own.

The great happiness of going to the theatre is the cigar and other arrangements for preventing the destruction of tissue when you get home. While taking these, Mr. Punch remarked, in his usual mild and affable manner, "Glad I went." Whereat joy and delight were diffused throughout the souls of his hearers.

Ever original, he has omitted to say that the name of the pantomime is *Jack in the Box*. It is the right box.



DELICACIES OF THE SEASON.

Extremely High-Church Lady. "O! DON'T GO AWAY, MR. BUSBY—WE ARE JUST GOING TO HAVE COMPLINE!"
Mr. Busby. "MANY THANKS, MY DEAR LADY, BUT I COULDN'T EAT ANOTHER MORSEL!"

THE VATICAN HATTER.

HATS, hats, red hats! Who'll buy, who'll buy?
 My red hats, with Church crowns inside 'em!
 Come, reverend heads, my measures try!
 Mine is the sole shop to provide 'em!
 The old-established Vatican hatter,
 The red hat is my specialtiè!
 The shape of head don't so much matter;
 There's but one kind of head for me,—
 That's the head with no tongue to chatter,
 No brain to think, no eyes to see;
 Many stone walls 'twill have to batter,
 So thick enough for ram must be.

There's only *one* point I insist on;
 The head must, in no case, be *long*;
 And I prefer such skulls my list on,
 As while they're thick are aught but strong.
 A contradiction in conditions,
 For human brain-pans, some may say,
 And, doubtless, naturalist physicians
 Might be found ready with their "nay;"
 But 'mong the Vatican hatter's missions
 Is this, by voice *ex Cathedrâ*,
 Irreconcilable positions
 To reconcile, in non-natural way.

So I proclaim, from my old shop,
 The only shop to change unknown—
 The drip of Time's all-wearing drop
 Eats not one grain of PETER's stone—
 The heads my hats are like to hit
 Most hard and yet most soft must be:
 So hard, they'll turn the shafts of wit
 At my infallibility;

So soft, they'll mould to suit the sit
 Of any head-gear I decree;
 Strong "*les plus lourdes Salettes*,"* to fit,
 And round or square, as pleases *me*.

While such the heads that I require,
 My safest custom is in Rome.
 Your English heads have too much fire
 To be safe 'neath St. Peter's dome.
 You ne'er know but they'll flare about
 Some brands of learning, logic, law,
 Such as red hats as sure put out
 In Latin pates, as fire damp straw.
 But when your English heads from doubt
 Pass to omnivorous faith and awe,
 My measure they stretch quite without,
 And longer bows than mine will draw!

So in the recent red-hat rain
 Wonder not if no scarlet brim
 Has fallen, in the feverish brain
 Of MANNING the wild-fire to dim.
 'Tis not thus PRO NONO tries
 To quench his English Roman candle,
 Whose fire-balls, for their shine and size,
 So shame Rome's, they cause quite a scandal,
 Bedazzle ANTONELLI's eyes,
 And almost singe the sacred sandal.

An Irish head its hat may boast,—
 Hot as they are they're rarely hard,—
 Your CUMMING man is for a post
 Which MANNING come could never guard.
 Your English convert's zeal is such
 As TALLEYRAND had styled *de trop*;

* *Salette*, an iron head-piece; also a notorious place of pilgrimage, like Lourdes, and Paray-le-Monial.



THE VATICAN HATTER.

"SORRY WE'VE NOTHING *IN THIS STYLE* TO FIT YOU, DR. MANNING. AT PRESENT WE'VE ONLY GOT HATS FOR *UNDER-SIZED HEADS*."

Proving, they're given to prove too much,
 Playing, they're apt their hands to show:
 "Twixt their two stools of Celt and Dutch"
 Too often to the ground they go,
 And falling folk the stay they clutched
 Will oftentimes with themselves bring low.

No! Give me with one Celtic head—
 Two more cases of Kilkenny Cats,
 Italian, Gaul and Slave, to shed
 Broad-cast the honours of red hats.
 Though Church Lords are not what they were,
 Cardinal virtues are owned still;
 But one the red hat to confer,
 Of all the virtues hath the skill—

* In its etymological and ethnological sense of "Deutsch"—Teuton.

Virtue to think I cannot err,
 That, true and false change as I will,
 That Heaven and Hell-gates both I stir
 With my cross-keys of good and ill.

What is the head of English mould,
 Of size, shape, stuff, to take this in?
 Big enough such beliefs to hold,
 Small enough faith thereto to pin:
 So strong 'gainst common-sense to stand;
 So weak with sophistry to war;
 So slavish, where the free join hand;
 So free, where right and reason bar:—
 No! Until *Maximus* is unseamed,
 Better no hat than red hat, far!

OCCASIONAL HAPPY THOUGHTS.



AUNTERING home after this Horsetrial, which has ended in my giving up CLUMBER, SPOKER, and Co., and in TROTT's promising to send me word directly he sees anything likely to suit me, I find at the garden-gate a carriage full of people. Three Ladies and a Clergyman. Accompanying them, and evidently as a detachment of the party, are a tall gentleman and a young lady on horseback.

DODDRIDGE, the melancholy Doddridge, is evidently explaining to them that there's nobody at home when I arrive.

The Clergyman, seeing me, raises his hat. He is a brown-faced man with a big nose. His nose strikes me at once as something I've seen before, and having been once seen, not to be easily forgotten. It's a nose that he seems to

use as he would his index finger, to emphasise his remarks with. Every movement of his head is in his nose, and, I am sure, that, if his arguments have any force in the pulpit, it must be from the logical character of his nose. His nose, starting from between the eyebrows, leads you along a clearly defined line over a difficulty (the bridge), and then brings you to the point, and then an end, artistically.

"Hallo!" he says, cheerily, "You don't recollect me."

"I smile on him. I ought to recollect him. I do recollect. No, I don't recollect him. And yet that nose."

"My name's PULLINGER," he says.

The three ladies in the carriage and the two equestrians are much interested. I feel that all eyes are on me to see what I make of PULLINGER.

It flashes across me suddenly, "Supposing I won't call to mind a trace of PULLINGER, and reply, sternly, 'No, Sir, I do not remember you.' What would be the result? Would they turn him out of the carriage? Would they give him up there and then as an impostor, whose social existence had to this moment simply depended upon my recognising him as PULLINGER?"

But I do remember him now. I recall his features gradually, beginning with the feature, and I say, "Why, so it is! PULLINGER of course. I was sure I knew your face." I mean nose, but I don't say so.

I go on, "You've altered so much since I last saw you." If I put this as it really occurs to me at the moment, I should say, "Your nose has grown so tremendously I should hardly have known you again."

Won't he come in, and his friends, in the carriage, and his friends on horses? They look at one another dubiously, as if there were something to pay for admission.

They seem to settle it, tacitly, among themselves, with a sort of rather patronising air, as if implying, "Well, you know, we don't commit ourselves to anything by going in. PULLINGER is a Clergyman, and he says he knows all about it. At all events, if we don't like it, we can come out again."

The Mounted Gentleman calls out, "What shall we do with the horses?" as if he expected me to hold them.

There's such a condescensional air about the whole party, that I am really inclined to answer the mounted visitor carelessly, and say, "What'll you do with your horses? O, let 'em run about. You won't lose 'em, and, if you do, there's more where they came from."

Happy Thought (for Proverb).—Better horses in the stable than ever came out of it. (To be arranged for my *New Proverbial Philosophy Book*.)

I tell DODDRIDGE, who is surveying the scene with a funereal aspect, to summon the Gardener. She sighs, as though this were the last straw which would break her back, and goes off resignedly for the Gardener, who will hold the horses.

The weak part of our cottage is our drawing-room. It is small, and we are always apologising for it.

I generally explain that "I'm going to build a new wing," only the plans are not finished, or the estimates are not ready, or the something or the other isn't done, which simply means that, all things considered, my Aunt and I do not see the necessity of an outlay on the drawing-room.

As CHILVERN, the Architect, whom I *did* consult on the matter, said, "You see, in enlarging an ordinary room, it's different to making a concert-hall or a theatre hold more people. In such cases, more people more money, and it repays you. But you don't want that."

He is right: we don't. But, at present, five ladies in our drawing-room, if they don't sit quite still, are really a crowd.

Consequently, by the time PULLINGER and the three ladies, and the two dismounted visitors, are arranged somehow about the apartment, there's hardly any room for me, unless I sit on the piano.

Another curious fact about my Aunt's arrangements is, that whatever the number of visitors in the drawing-room, we are always one chair short. To make up this deficiency, there is generally a search all over the house, which results in the ugliest, oldest, and most eccentric-looking chair being brought down, by DODDRIDGE, who takes a melancholy pleasure in appearing with it among the company.

Till this comes I have to stand up, which is awkward.

On this present occasion the chair which DODDRIDGE brings is a very peculiar uncomfortable-looking chair, with narrow sides (like an old-fashioned Hall-porter's chair), and a tall, oval back, made of cane and straw twisted together as compactly as a beehive.

Happy Thought.—If an artist wanted to draw a picture for the *Illustrated London News* of "Granny Knitting," this is the sort of chair he would place her in.

We are all seated, smiling. I am waiting for introductions. PULLINGER having introduced himself, seems to have suddenly come to a stand-still, or a sit-still.

As a commencement he says—

"Well, and how have you been this long time?"

The others (I don't as yet know who they are) are listening, like a Committee, to my answer to the first interrogatory.

Happy Thought.—"Left sitting." Like a Hen.

To a Correspondent.

THE DRUID SOLICITOR-GENERAL spoke, the other night, about the Hydrostatic Paradox, which until you understand it, appears incredible. "A Weak-minded Woman" (as she deceitfully signs herself), writes to ask us to explain SIR VERNON's meaning. With pleasure. Water quenches thirst, yet everybody knows that the more water you drink the thirstier you are. Understanding the paradox means putting a little brandy into the water. You may put a good deal, if you like, but that's a detail.



"TRANSFORMATION SCENE."

Good Templar. "O DEAR No! DON'T MENTION IT! I NEVER TAKE ANYTHING—I——!"

Fiend (in Human Shape). "NONSENSE! CHRISHMASH TIME! YOU'LL TAKE SOMETHING——"

Good Templar. "WELL, IF YOU PUT IT LIKE THAT, I'LL TAKE——"

[Takes it.]

ACOUSTIC TREAT.

THE following extract from a Newspaper contains two statements, of which the first in order seems incredible, and the second is surprising, if true:—

"CHRISTMAS CAROLS.—On Sunday afternoon the Choristers of St. Vedast's Church, Cheapside, accompanied by Mr. ROBERT TURNER, the Precentor, went to the Charing Cross Hospital and sang a selection of Christmas Carols in the various wards. The patients were much pleased with the carols, and the thoughtful kindness of those who had in this way sought to cheer them at this season."

PERHAPS this benevolent idea was suggested by one of JOHN LEECH's pictures, of very old date. A lodger is amusing himself by blowing a great trumpet and beating a big drum, next to the chamber of an invalid. The musician remarks,

"This is a charity to my sick neighbour: it may soothe him to a gentle slumber."

Yet it is difficult to conceive how any person could take it into his head that the inmates of a hospital, any but a few of those nearly well, would be at all comforted, or otherwise than exceedingly disturbed and irritated by the noise of a set of choristers singing Christmas carols. Were the medical authorities of Charing Cross Hospital aware of this performance? Had its executants attempted it under the window of any one lying ill, they would have been sent away, or given in charge. The fact that the patients "were much pleased" with the effect which the exertions of those vocalists produced on their ears is surely one which requires the very strongest confirmation. No doubt there was great kindness on the part of those "who had in this way sought to cheer" sick persons "at this season," but that the kindness was "thoughtful" very few will think. The only sort of hospital wherein such kindness could be

THE PLUSH AND THE PEN.

So please Your Excellency, *Mr. Punch*, read this:—

"THE MARRIAGE OF MISS GLADSTONE.—The *Echo* is requested to state that MR. GLADSTONE's remarks on the occasion of his daughter's marriage were spoken in a private room at Hawarden Rectory, and to neighbours only."

Thus you perceive that a speech, which you doubtless perused and admired, was published, not having been intended for publication. How did this happen? It is impossible to say; but let any public gentleman, who does not want to see his private table-talk in print, mind what he says in the presence of shoulder-knots, other than casual ones of the regimental species. Of course, if JOHN THOMAS sent you a report of his master's remarks, you would naturally suppose he had done as he was bid: and, probably, the paragraph which I have submitted to your notice attests the results of that education which has been already given to some of those whom MR. LOWE once called our future masters; although those some in particular may, at present, be our servants.

Receive, Sir, the salutations of the season from your own obedient servant to command, whom call, as school-boys cry,

CAVE.

Jan. 1, 1874.

BOHN v. BASS.

"At a recent meeting of the Students' Literary Society in connection with St. Andrew's University, the debate for the evening was, 'Whether are BOHN's translations or BASS's beer the greater benefit to students?'"

THE subject, it is added, naturally called forth a lively discussion, and at the close the meeting decided in favour of the—— Translations, by an overwhelming majority? We grieve to say, and every right-minded person will share our disappointment, that such was not the conclusion to which the students came just before the Christmas vacation. They "decided in favour of the beer," but only—and we cling to this as leaving us some little hope for their future career—"by the casting vote of the chairman." We shall be curious to see whether the example set by St. Andrew's of comparing BOHN and BASS, rather than ARISTOTLE and PLATO, or CICERO and DEMOSTHENES, is followed by our own Universities. Will Oxford devote a night at the Union to a comparison of the advantages of logic and long pipes; or Cambridge expend all its argument and eloquence in discussing the rival merits of EUCLID and hot grog?

appreciated would, one imagines, be an asylum for imbeciles who were music-mad. Good intentions form a certain pavement, and surely the exploit above related is one of its flagstones.

NOMINAL IMPEDIMENTS.

FOREIGNERS in general, and Frenchmen in particular, may be often heard denouncing the abominable difficulties of the English language, especially in matters of right spelling and pronouncing. But really there are obstacles of this sort in other tongues than ours, as, for instance, may be seen in these two morsels of intelligence, printed close together in a recent newspaper:—

"We learn from Krujevac that the Skoupchtina (the Servian Parliament) was opened to day. M. KARABIBEROVITCH has been elected to the post of President."

"Appeal. Privy Council. EENODERAM SEIN and others v. RAJAH BROJENDRANARAIN ROY."

Doubtless the word "Smith" is difficult to be said by people unaccustomed to talk between their teeth, and we dare say the name "Buggins" would assume a different sound, when uttered by a foreigner, from that which English speakers commonly assign to it. But surely "Smith" is easier to spell than "Karabiberovitch"; and we would really back a baby, no matter of what nation, to say "Buggins" quite as readily as "Rajah Brojendranarain."

QUITE 'TOTHER.

A CERTAIN MR. MAIN, Heaven save the mark, has re-written *Boswell's Life of Johnson*, spicing it with appropriate reflections! In this most superfluous literary effort the main force shown is feebleness.



MUSIC AT HOME.

Mistress (who can't bear Kitchen Music). "ISN'T THAT COOK, MARY, SINGING 'THE MINSTREL BOY'?" *Maid.* "YES, MA'AM."

Mistress. "I WISH TO GOODNESS SHE'D LEAVE OFF!"

Maid. "YES, MA'AM—SO DREADFUL OUT OF TUNE ONE CAN'T JOIN IN, MA'AM!"

WHIPPINGHAM WARBLERS.

ON December the 28th, the children of Whippingham School (isn't the name simply perfect?) sang in the Inner Hall of the Pavilion at Osborne, *The First Grief*. Can't we imagine what the first grief would be at Whippingham? Of course it is a school where every book is illustrated with cuts. We should like to see exhibited the original "blook" of Whippingham.

The School-house itself is, we venture to say, beautifully situated in a grove of birches. DR. BIRCH was the PRINCE OF WALES's tutor, wasn't he? And Whippingham is on the Royal domain at Osborne.

The children then sang *Now is the Time*. What for? Clearly, the answer is, "for Whipping'em."

Another of their melodious efforts was *The Pilgrims*. Perhaps this was a Swiss air.

Then they gave *Rock me to Sleep, Mother*,—a day-boarder's ditty on his return from Whippingham.

But there is just one rhyme which we trust HER GRACIOUS MAJESTY did not forget among the Christmas Carols of these children of the Rod:—

The QUEENS cried "O!
These children of Whippingham!
They shan't go
Without my tipping 'em."

And so to them and everybody generally, A Happy New Year.

Mature at Question.

SOME correspondence which has lately appeared in the *Times*, on the subject of Vivisection, brings to mind a piece of advice which LORD BACON gave to those who were devoting themselves, in his day, to the then incipient science of Chemistry. He recommended them to prosecute their researches in that department of knowledge by, as it were, torturing nature. Physiologists have adopted this recommendation literally in the pursuit of their inquiries: but, whereas the torture of lifeless matter has led to many great discoveries, very few results of any consequence have been obtained by torture inflicted on living things.

NEW FRUIT.

MRS. MALAPROP, who is partial to a particular description of small orange, astonished her fruiterer this Christmas by asking for some Tambourines.

THE DODO DEMOLISHED.

(An Irregular Song on a Regular Sell.)

'Twas cried, "The Dodo comes!"
And in ten thousand homes
Was raised a shout of zoologic joy.
"The Dodo comes, the Dodo comes,
He is not one of humbug's hums,
And at the Zoo we'll give him crumbs,"
Quoth many a giggling girl to many a babbling boy.
While graver parents, owl-like, winked,
"We heard the creature was extinct.
How little, O,
Doth science know
Of what this wondrous world can show.
And yet she dares
Object to prayers,
And be quite hetero-
Dox"—*et cetera.*

While He who years ago implored
With verse in many a memory stored,
That none would say there were no Dodos now,
Prepared exulting lay
To hail the happy day
When round this Dodo naturalists should bow.

Alice, from Wonderland,
Stretched out a tiny hand,
With picture where the Dodo plain was seen—
And cried, in high delight,
"I knew my dream was right,
I know the Dodo," said JOHN TENNIEL'S "Queen."

The Classic Comic Cove
Swift through POPE's *Iliad* drove—
For something touching Dodo-nean Jove,
But wit's great Master,
Punch, neater, faster,
Said, "Dodo, mother, Sir, of ZOROASTER."
Only the Club-men, quite averse
To science, muttered "Blow" (or worse)
"The Dodo! Bother Dodos! Come to Dominoes!"
The scoff seemed childish, but, in truth, 'twas ominous.

OWEN's praise demands my song,
OWEN sound, and OWEN strong—
But on New Year's Day 'twas cruel
Thus to give us all our gruel.
"Dodo!" mighty RICHARD cries,
Scornful lightning in his eyes—
"Dodo, Dodo, no such luck;
What's a-coming is a Duck.
I can draw, and paint, and model it—
Sirs, 'tis nothing but a DODLER.
Perhaps you'll take the pains to look
At its picture in my book.
Dodo. Bo! you geese. Methinks
Phoenix next we'll have, or Sphinx.
Fools I call you not, but think
When you're thirsty, fools would drink."

So from our opening eyes its form must part,
So OWEN's wrench must tear it from our heart—
The idle dream of Dodo-life is o'er—
The bird, *canard*, and we befooled no more.



A HITCH.

Traffic Manager (on Station-Master's Report). "LINE NOT CLEAR YET!! TUT-T-T! WE SHALL NEVER BE IN TIME FOR THIS AFTERNOON'S COLLISION, YOU KNOW!!!"

"HOW, NO MORE REVERENCE?"

OUR excellent Contemporary, the *Oswestry Advertiser*, reports a concert which was given at Whittington, about the end of the year. There seems to have been some very good music, performed by distinguished Amateurs, Ladies and Gentlemen. The report concludes thus—

"Perhaps the performance which pleased the audience most was a buffo, otherwise comic, song by MR. F. DOUGLAS HOW, in which the audience were told to

Ask the children at Gobowen
To come in time for school.
Ask MR. WHALLEY at Plasnadoc
Not to make himself a fool."

A Prophet hath, we know, no honour in his own Country, but really the Proud Salopians have an ingenuous way of expressing their sentiments about their neighbours, which is quite refreshing in these mincing days.

Shipping News.

"The *Elizabeth Martin*, the fourteenth hired transport engaged in the Ashantee Expedition, and now loading at Woolwich, is being fitted up for the accommodation of troops and invalids."

WE are authorised to state, in contradiction of many idle rumours, that there is no ground for the report that the name of this vessel has been changed. She was never known as the "*Betty Martin*."

LINES TO A FAIR ENSLAVER.

LADY, if he beheld thy hair,
By nature dark, by art made fair,
That man were bolder far than I
Who'd "stand the hazard of the" dye.

CHURCH AND CÆSAR.

ITALY proposes to follow the example of Germany in enacting that civil marriage shall precede ecclesiastical, and the latter without the former be invalid. This intention is not likely to be changed by the claims for the freedom of the Church lately put forth by DR. MANNING, according to whom it seems that the Roman-Catholic Church ought to be free to do what the Pope thinks proper, and all mankind to be free to obey the Roman-Catholic Church. CAVOUR'S idea of a free Church in a free State appears to require modification. If nobody ought to be above the law, ecclesiastics of all kinds should be kept below it, and so, a free Church under a free State is the arrangement made by the German nation, and contemplated by the Italian. Both priesthood and laity will be free enough if free to teach and worship, and, as Honourable Members are wont to say, "free to confess."

At Last!

"MESSRS. BULL AND SON will commence the erection of the New Law Courts on the 5th of January, being the first Monday in the New Year."

THE New Year is beginning well. MESSRS. JOHN BULL AND SONS are glad to hear the good news, and hope that some of the present generation will survive to see the Courts finished and opened for business. With such a cheering prospect before us, the completion of the Wellington Monument in St. Paul's, the embellishment of Leicester Square, the purification of the streets, and many other long-deferred and much needed improvements, do not seem altogether hopeless.

Taurinus.

DR. CULLEN made a speech last week, and everybody knows what a Cullenical speech is, so we need not report it. But the combative Doctor was pleased to say that a certain proposition (it is hardly necessary to add a rational and anti-Ultramontane one) "must excite the laughter of all serious persons." *Floreat Hibernia!*



VERY MUCH CARED FOR.

Chorus of Ladies (to comely Curate). "O, MR. SWEETLOW, DO TAKE CARE! DON'T GO UP!—SO DANGEROUS! DO COME DOWN! O!"

Rector (sarcastically). "REALLY, SWEETLOW, DON'T YOU THINK YOU'D BETTER LET A MARRIED MAN DO THAT?!"

"Facit Indignatio Versus."—Juvenal.

"The Times' Correspondent from India states that the Orientals desire that HER MAJESTY should bear the undermentioned titles, which are her right."

PUNCH loves his Queen, the Queen of Ind,
But stoutly swears that he
Won't call her SHAHAN-SHAH-I-HIND,
Or ZIL-I-SABHANI.
Her name's VICTORIA and REGINA,
So shut up, India, likewise China.

[Drinks frequently to H. M.'s health.]

A CASE OF CONSCIENCE.

THE *Times*, the other day, announced a very decided case of—

"CONSCIENCE MONEY.—The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER announces the receipt of a ten-pound note from 'B.,' for Income-tax."

"B." stands for Booby. That, in all probability, is all that needs be said about that initial, in the above place. And yet may not "B." possibly mean "Bricklayer," or some other description of Working-man, in the receipt of wages amounting in the year to a sum far above the annual income of many an official Clerk, many a Clergyman, Solicitor, or Medical Man? It is certainly just conceivable that such a member of the working classes may feel ashamed of going untaxed by an impost which subjects other, and poorer, if cleaner and more respectable-looking members of those classes, to peculiar taxation. The sense of being thus unjustly favoured may, perhaps, embitter the tea which such an one drinks the cheaper for the direct taxation of those others. "B." can hardly signify "Bibax" in the sense of a tippler; because, Working-men who consume intoxicating fluids do, at least, in a measure, tax themselves, and contribute something, if not their share, to the national expenses.

TABLEAUX VIVANTS.

MRS. DORINGTON CHILWORTH presenting her husband with a few more little Christmas bills.

MASTERS HORACE and ALFRED, and, MISS MABEL SWEETINGTON, the morning after a large Juvenile party—arrival of the Doctor.

MISS EVA BELLISLE in the study with Papa and Mamma—she has just announced her determination not to accept the proposals of MR. MATTHEW WOSSIPER, the wealthy banker and brewer, and intimated her partiality for MR. MONTAGU GORDON TEVIOR, a third Secretary in Her Majesty's Diplomatic Service.

Unexpected return home at 10 P.M., of MR. and MRS. STARVELLEIGH—a large servants' party in the kitchen.

The reading of the will of MR. JOSIAH GRIMROD in the presence of his assembled relatives—bulk of the property left to the Commissioners for the Reduction of the National Debt.

MR. CHIPPINGHILL, a young and inexperienced performer, playing a rubber with three old hands—he has just made a revoke.

MISS CHARMION receiving the congratulations of MRS. LOCKERBY and the girls on her engagement to SIR HASTINGS ST. LEONARDS—SIR HASTINGS, who has twelve thousand a year, was conspicuously attentive to SOPHY LOCKERBY last summer at Gayborough.

The Tichborne Jury—the moment of release.

A Problem Solved.

ABOUT the QUEEN the BART. C. DILKE Vents talk as acid as sour milk.

Punch wants to know if this be true Which, told to him, he tells to you.

How a great Lady deigned to wonder At CHARLEY's anti-Windsor thunder.

"His father was so kind and mild—I knew this gentleman a child:

I've stroked his hair. I sometimes say, I must have stroked it the wrong way."

A GOODY-GOODY POEM.



AIRLY proud, Mr. Punch introduces the following little gem, which has been sent him by an unknown but benevolent friend. The sentiment is so amiable that it needs no recommendation. Refined readers will please, in consideration of the virtuous purpose, to forget the little fact that nobody eats oranges in the street except the class to whom such an appeal would be made in vain.

"Buy my Oranges, buy!" is a winter-time cry, That needs to go with it, "Take care with the peel."

"Don't throw it away on the pavement," I say;
While your fruit you enjoy, learn for others to feel;

For experience has taught, how, from mere want of thought,
Some very sad accidents happen each day;
So many, in Town, by the peel are thrown down,
That I hope you will yours in the road throw away.

Just remember—to some, old age has now come,
Who are weak and short-sighted; yet not these alone:
Some that slip down are young, and you might be among
Those injured for life, by some orange-peel thrown.

Eat the fruit, so you should, it's delicious and good,
A wholesome dessert it is after a meal;
But if ate in the street, don't throw under feet
The peel—for I want you for others to feel.

SENEX ET SENILIS.

AN ANSWER TO AN ECCLESIASTICAL CORRESPONDENT.—"GREGORY'S Powder." Quite right. You win your bet. The REV. MR. GREGORY first invented his own powder, and then, as an appropriate compliment, he was made a Canon.

HALF-CROWN V. FLORIN.

SAYS the Half-Crown to the Florin,
"You're un-English to the core—
Your very name is foreign—
As your conduct is, still more.
'Twixt the Crown and its better half
You have thrust your ugly mug in,
And with decimal-system chaff
Fools succeeded in humbuggin'."

"You've edged the little sixpence
Out of hosts of payments meanly,
Where poor devils used to kicks pence
Must feel the loss of, keenly.
A florin-tip is shabby,
Where a half-crown tip's the thing;
And the curse of the wronged Cabby
Should to your base metal cling!"

"The road that you have followed
By long faces one may track—
Here, a funkey glum and gravelled,
There, a schoolboy looking black!
Your fine decimal relations
No comfort bring poor men;
They prefer my deviations
From the iron rule of ten."

"To the decimal conformity
Of your two bobs I bow,
But proudly the enormity
Of sixpence more avow.
Methinks you should feel humbled—
Or, if you don't, I do,
To be felt for, and forth fumbled,
The sixpence first, then you."

"But for shillings twain you figure;
A sixpence more I join;
So, though not appreciably bigger,
Am one-fifth a better coin.
To say nothing of the lineage
That the Crown and me unites,
Which is not all gammon and spinach,
Whate'er DILKE speaks or writes."

"No æsthetical perfection
You can claim for your bare face;
Though to Florence your connection,
And your source to Arno, trace.
I say you're an impostor,
Whose springs Tower-ditch* can claim,
And all whose Tuscan boasts are
Founded only on a name."

"You're an upstart, whom the nation errs
In breeding from the brain
Of decimal notationers,
To work poor Britons bare.
Till, at last, sole sway contriving,
As nestling cuckoos do,
You're to oust the Half-Crown striving,
Who made kindly room for you."

"But JOHN BULL will not stand it;
Spite of decimals and dodgers,
To FREEMANTLE he'll send mandate
To keep his old purse-lodgers.
If or Half-Crown or Florin are
I'll the Mint to be put down,
He'll cry, 'Exeat the foreigner,
And leave me the Half-Crown!'"

* On the edge of which stands the Mint.

University Intelligence.

UNDERGRADUATESSES at Cambridge. Ladies are to be admitted as Members of the University. Three Graces have passed the Senate. Next year the Margaret Professorship will be held by a young Lady. So will the Divinity Professorship. The holder of the latter must herself be a Divinity.

SKULLS IN SAFE KEEPING.



EVOTEDLY, His Holiness the POPE (according to the *Times* Special Correspondent at Rome), is busily engaged in transferring the various relics, heretofore preserved in the Roman Churches, to the Vatican, lest they should be desecrated by the hands of sub-Alpine unbelievers:—

"With this view, he has already withdrawn the heads of the Apostles PETER and PAUL from a Passionist monastery, and that of St. John the Baptist from a Clarissan nunnery. The pious sisterhood who had this latter precious skull in their keeping, expressed to His Holiness their regret at parting with the relic, but begged to be allowed, by way of consolation, at least to retain the reliquary; and the empty wooden box, all studded with jewels, was

left to them. The officers of the *Oronoque* have not been seen in Rome to-day."

Heretics will not fail to draw comparisons between the acts of the POPE, in respect of the Apostles' heads, so called, and the acts of the Apostles themselves. Let them. Those latest acts of his have a political significance. Of course, there is now no fear that the Holy Father entertains any idea of quitting Rome. It is incredible that he has not made up his mind to abide by the sacred and osteological treasures which he has amassed at the Vatican. If he were to leave them behind him there, what would become of them? The alleged heads of the

Saints above-named would, perhaps, be transferred to a museum of anatomy, by authorities who would not consider them stamped as genuine with the seal of Infallibility. Sceptical phrenologists would probably procure casts to be taken of them, with a view to see whether their conformation was what it ought to be if they were authentic. No; the POPE cannot choose but stay by the heads of the Apostles and the Saint—miraculously preserved for above eighteen centuries. To any counsellor who might advise him to decamp, his reply would be, *Non possumus*. Now, therefore, it is evident that the French Government has no longer the faintest shadow of reason or excuse for keeping the frigate *Oronoque* one moment longer on the station which she has so long offensively occupied off Civita Vecchia.

AN INTOXICATING LIQUOR.

"WHAT is Massamilla?"

'Tis a kind of wine
Drunk in many a villa,
Where small parties dine.
'Tis a wine, though known as
One of Sherry's shapes,
Not like *Deademon's*,
That was made of grapes.

This, we're told the way to
Make on British soil:—
Brandy—bad—potato
Spirit, fusel oil,
Oil of almonds bitter,
Wine-cask wash *quant suff*:—
For the table fitter
Fancy any stuff!

IN RE REREDOS.

QUOTH DEAN FREEMAN.

(See the *Easter Case*.)

A SECOND DOMITIAN, a new DIOCLETIAN,
These times to High Churchmen will bring out,
If, in hot persecution, with no retribution,
A TEMPLE can thus take his fling out;
A PHILLIPS—for beagle—allowed to inveigle—
O quantule, ex quanto, sacerdos!—
In his Court, which I don't own, declaring he won't own
As legal, my extra-high Reredos.

'Tis time for my moan in Priest's Latin intoning,
As an Anglican Dean rightly zealous,
Called to face, as offender, the mercies untender
Of TEMPLE,—that scourge,—and his fellows.
*Infelix Ecclesie, heus, decus,
Ore Templi projectum in aheni,
An sit Isca dorsale, aut Pontificale
Liddell * Barnabæ Baldacchino!*

O'er rough places and plain they won't let us give rein,
On our ride, priestly, post-haste, to Rome still,
The Anglican stipends we stoop to retain
Should their owners, they say, keep at home still.
Will have no introducing, and won't see a use in
Rome's ritual, with no Romish right to—
Her moppings and mowings, her bobbings and bowings,
Bells, vestments, incensings, and lights, too.

'Tis enough saints to fret—they forbid us to set
The Church 'bove the Law in our borders,
Till the priest and his functions no reverence can get
But respect for his mere holy orders.
Nay—what could we be less?—we're not free to confess,
A thing every M.P. is free to—
And—vile persecution—on priest's absolution
And its white-washing power they clap veto.

I, *carnifex, perge*—dany to the Clergy
All the powers to a priesthood belonging;

* *Liddell*, gen: Lat: LIDDELL—REV. R. understood.

So far from being ever in the right, we are never—

If their judgments can put us the wrong in.
Law of Church has turned fetterer; to "*Quod semper, et cetera*,"
These heretics give a new reading—
"But give Ritualism scope, and you'll find that for rope
To hang itself ever 'tis pleading."

While "obedience" is rule, for the priests of our school
That rule only holds on conditions:
Obey the Priest: true: but the Bishop? not you—
Unless he accepts our positions.
If the Bench dare to raise, in these heretic days,
As they're apt, in the priests' teeth their horn up,
We spit at their ruling, we kick at their schooling,
Their orders we tear, in our scorn, up!

They may prate of humility, preach up docility,
As virtues for special Church benison,
That's all very well, till your Bishops rebel,
Then follow example of DENISON.
Kick over the ropes, cry up candles and copes,
Mariolatry, bows, genuflections,
Baldacchino and reredos, and uphold *sacerdos*
'Gainst bishops' and laymen's objections!

PEERAGE FROM THE PHENIX-CITY.

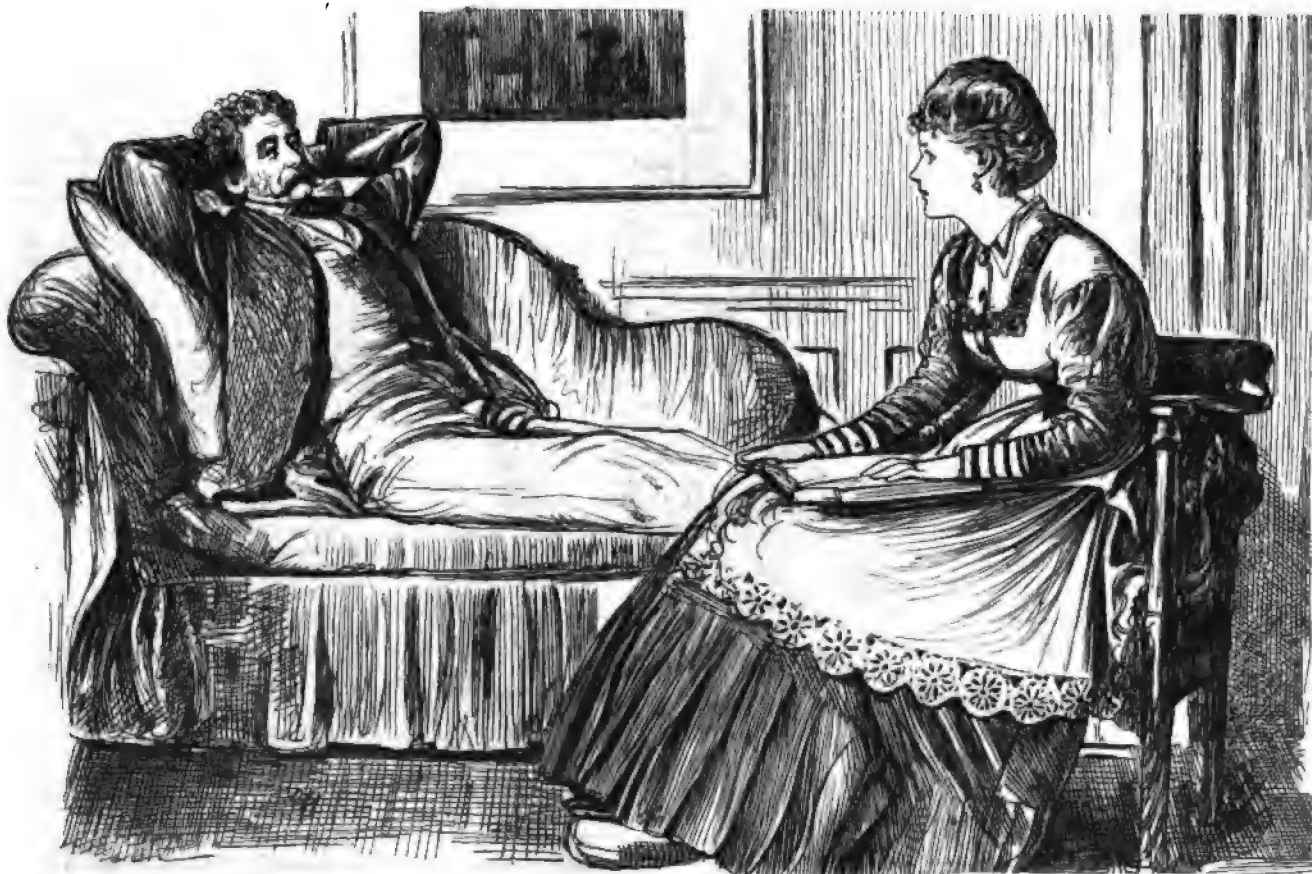
OUR friends the Americans are thought to take a good deal of interest in the British aristocracy. That such interest is an intelligent one is clear from the following Wheatstone which we have just cut from the leading Chicago paper:—

"GREAT BRITAIN.

"THE DUKE OF ELDRIDGE.

"LONDON, Nov. 16.—It is said that SIR JOHN, the DUKE OF ELDRIDGE, will be elevated to the Peerage."

The eminent Baronet, who is also a Duke, and yet not a Peer, will be glad to hear the good news of his approaching elevation. If he will come and lunch with us, and talk it over, we will ask the nobleman who was the other day SIR JOHN DUKE COLERIDGE to meet him. Would he be surprised to read the above?



“OH!”

(Algernon is devoted to Science, and makes his young bride read all the new Scientific Books to him.)

Mrs. Algernon. “REALLY, ALGERNON, ALL THIS ABOUT DIFFERENTIAL AND INTEGRAL CALCULUS, AND BIOSTATICS, AND BIODYNAMICS, AND MOLECULES, AND CONCRETES AND THINGS, SEEMS TO ME RATHER EXTRAORDINARY! YOU CAN’T GENERALLY ACCUSE ME OF PRUDISHNESS, BUT IS THIS THE SORT OF BOOK THAT MAMMA WOULD QUITE APPROVE OF MY READING, LOVE?”

SPAIN AND HER PAVIOUR.

As the name of the author of the recent coup d'état should be spelt—(see Mr. Punch's Cartoon)—not PAVIA.

POOR Spain! whose search for saviour
Still closes in a crash,
'Twas not too soon for PAVIOUR
Thy Cortes up to smash!

Madrid turn Murcia's schooler!
Whose government scarce varies:
CONTRERAS, Murcia's ruler,
Madrid's rule of contraries.

The monarch that he wanted
Your Don, proud Donkey, shelves.
Ere your Republic's planted
You must learn to rule yourselves.

Carlists, Intransigentes,
Pi y Margalls, Salmerons,
With Priests and Pretendentes,
All tugging Spain's bare bones.

Thy PAVIOUR's impatience
With CASTELAR's "good intentions,"
May check paving operations
In a place that no one mentions:

But till fine words Spain's waiving
For rational behaviour,
That place will ne'er want paving,
And Spain will find the PAVIOUR.

TO EVERY EDITOR.

ABLE Director of Journal, we say, man,
Surely enough is as good as a feast,
Do let's have done with this bother of HAYMAN,
'Tisn't amusing, dear friend, in the least.

Over and over we've had the old story,
Which in two lines it is easy to state:
Tories appointed an orthodox Tory
Successor to ARNOLD, and TEMPLE, and TAIT.

What is the good of discussing it sulkily?
How could the thing be except as it is?
If in a glass you put acid to alkali,
What, *nomme de garce*, can result but a fizz?

Why should the Doctor be loftily gibbeted,
Like his old namesake? He's not in disgrace.
In plenty of Schools where Free Thought is prohibited,
He'd be a very fit man for his place.

But Rugby must stick to her Broad Church traditions—
TAIT, TEMPLE, and ARNOLD built not "for a day."
There's room in the kingdom for all sorts of Missions—
Announce "No more words on this subject," we pray.

Awful Example.

Enter to MR. PUNCH, who is writing his hardest for the evening post, a so-called Friend, who is simply on the lounge.

Friend. Ah, my boy, how are you? Nearly five o'clock. How the days get out!

Mr. Punch. IMITATE THEM.

[Exit Friend.]

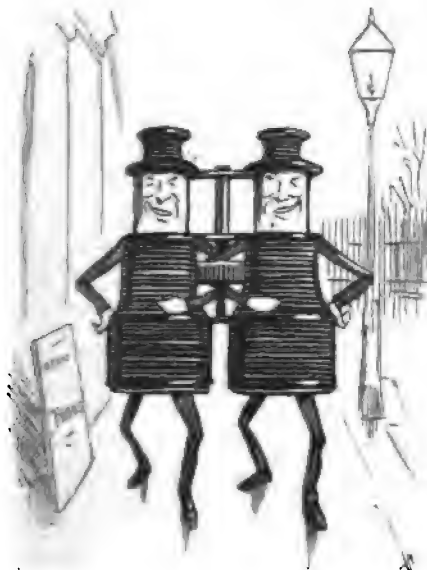


THE PAVIOUR OF SOCIETY.

FANCY PORTRAIT OF CAPTAIN-GENERAL PAVIA, OF MADRID (NO MATTER HOW MERE SPANIARDS PRONOUNCE HIS NAME), AS HE APPEARED PERFORMING WHAT THE ELOQUENT CASTELLAN STYLES A "BRUTALITY," BUT WHICH EUROPE, SOMEHOW, BELIEVES A NECESSITY.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

Reports himself after visiting the Globe and the Haymarket.



ERE, Sir, let me thank you publicly for your honourable mention of Your Representative. "How doth the little Busy Bee?" Pretty well, thank you; but, my dear Sir, how are You? That You, Sir, should be torn from your fireside, from your wine and walnuts, your buns and burgundy, from your eighteenpenny cigar and Civil Service-store coffee, is more than I can bear. Let me run the risk of draughts, coughs or colds, bad sixpences, foreign coins given in change (of no value in or out of England), and impertinences from cabmen, and do you, Sir, continue to shine at Octopian gatherings in Utopian

palaces, and may you live happily ever afterwards.

Sir, I felt that duty must be done, and so I represented you, Sir, at the Globe Theatre one night, and at the Haymarket another.

At the first I saw *Heart's Delight*, which, the Playgoing Public—"whose name," as an old lady of my acquaintance says, "is Belgium" (she means Legion),—has long ere this been aware, is MR. HALLIDAY's dramatic version of *Dombey and Son*. And I should say it is decidedly a success. The novel was a difficult one to treat dramatically, but, having once fixed on it, Your Representative is inclined to think that the dramatiser (granting his point of view) has done his work capitally.

How can such people as *Dombey, Carker*, and *Edith*, be represented on the stage as other than they seem to be in the illustrations—types of characters in a sensational romance of the *London Journal* kind? But *Dombey* can't be left out of *Dombey*, exactly. However, these difficult and thankless parts are well played by MR. COWPER as *Dombey*, and by MR. FERNANDEZ as *Carker*.

Taking it all round, a better cast for this drama could not have been got together. MISS CARLOTTA ADDISON—a charming, intelligent, and sympathetic *Florence*; MISS HELEN BARRY—a regal *Edith*, but with far too gentle a smile for the *Edith* that PHIZ drew: but then *Edith* herself was an impossibility, and what could greater actresses than MISS BARRY do with an impossibility? Then there's MR. MONTAGUE, who is *Toots* and *Wal'r*. Your Representative is of opinion, on mature consideration, that, taking an eccentric-comedy view of *Toots*, MR. MONTAGUE does with him all that could very well be done with such an imbecile. But I do believe, that, had it been turned into a genuine Low Comedy Man, and could the right Low Comedy Man in the right place have been got hold of, a farical *Toots*, an utterly absurd and impossible (another impossible) *Toots*, would have been better for the situations in which he appears. *Susan Nipper*, of course, would in that case have been more strongly worked up: she's good, however, as she is, and she is MISS MARIA DALEY. MR. COWPER, by the way, "doubles" *Dombey* and *Bunsby*: it's a pity that *Bunsby* couldn't have been represented by MR. COMPTON. Of course the latter comedian would not have taken the episodic character as he is; but the Public is often more taken by a graphic sketch than by the most highly-finished picture. But, after all said and done, the interest does centre in *Captain Cuttle*, admirably represented by MR. EMERY. The return of *Wal'r*, safe and sound, is the dramatic climax of the piece; and when that cheerful gay sailor runs in and embraces *Florence*, in the presence of *Captain Ed'ard Cuttle*, there are, all over the house, "cheers, tears, and laughter," and a genuine hit is achieved.

Charity, which begins, not at home, but at the Haymarket at seven-thirty, is chiefly remarkable for the excellent acting both of MRS. KENDAL (MISS ROBERTSON) as *Mrs. Van Brugh*, and MRS. MELLON as the tramp, *Ruth Tredgett*, a character which brought forcibly to my mind melodramatic glories of the past; or, as my friend WAGG said, the Mellon-dramatic days of the old Adelphi.

Charity—why so called it is, perhaps, a trifle difficult to say; but, on the other hand, why not?—is styled in the bills "a Play," so

that, as "Play" is the generic word, the audience, having paid its money, may choose for itself whether it will consider it a comedy, a melodrama, a serious drama, or a comic drama. Your Representative would be inclined to style it a Melodramatic Proverb. At the finish of a Proverb, you know, the audience has to guess what the word was, what, in fact, it has all been about. And herein lies the main defect of *Charity*.

Mr. Smailey, the elder, most carefully played throughout by MR. HOWE, bears a strong family resemblance to the highly respectable Banker in *Middlemarch*: the resemblance being heightened by the existence of a *Smailey, Jun.*, his son, capably played by MR. KENDAL.

There is not a fault to be found with the acting throughout, and well indeed does MRS. KENDAL deserve the enthusiastic applause which summons her before the curtain at the end of the Third Act.

MR. CHIPPENDALE is the Colonial Bishop elect, and a much more satisfactory personage than the conscientious but amorous young curate in *The New Magdalen*. In the last Act, however, the author has lightened the character of the Colonial Bishop elect a little by giving him something of the Church militant attributes of the pugnacious Father Somebody in the *Peep o' Day*. To the latter, as an Irishman, it seems to come naturally enough, and out came his fist well from the shoulder, and his man was flogged; but to the Anglican Vicar, who has slumbered in a parish for nearly half a century, this sudden awakening is a little strange, especially as he restrains his own impulse to kick *Smailey, Junior*, first, and *Smailey, Senior*, afterwards, but strongly expresses his wish to see his son, *Ted Athelney*, perform the operation for him, vicariously.

Not a better man could have been picked out than MR. TEESDALE for *Ted Athelney*. Indeed, the cast is altogether good, and worthy of the Haymarket reputation.

For the writing, the First Act is easy, even, never brilliantly epigrammatic, but always on a lively, agreeable level, conveying a promise of better things to come in the following Acts; a promise, which, however, save in the conception of the Private Detective's character (who in *Tricorne* and *Cacolet* rolled into one, and carrying out two plots all by himself), in the really good comedy scene between the two *Smaileys* in the commencement of the Third Act, and the situation in the Fourth where *Smailey Junior* throws over *Eve*, is not satisfactorily fulfilled. From which remarks it will be gathered that the play is well worth seeing, not so much for its own excellence, but as an exhibition of the excellence of those whose dramatic art has carried it through to a successful issue.

That MR. BUCKSTONE had only to appear and announce himself as a member of a Private Inquiry Office ashamed of his calling, was quite enough to send the house into convulsions of laughter. He is very funny, and I can't help fancying how almost irresistible the temptation must have been to MR. GILBERT to put such a detective into the various disguises which he tells us in an amusing speech he has at various times been forced to assume.

The speech itself suggests a grotesque subject for a "Bab Ballad," to be styled *The Desponding Detective; or, the Conscientious Constable*. The multitude of sins covered by *Charity* are more than condoned by the goodness of much in the piece itself, and the undoubted excellence of the entire performance. And so, wishing You, Sir, and everybody before and behind the curtain at the Haymarket, Manager, Author, and Actors, the compliments of the season now fast passing away, for we are settling down into the work of '74, I beg to sign myself ever, on an off-night,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—Observe the signature; none other genuine. Next week I propose giving you a detailed account of *Raymond and Agnes*; or, *The Bleeding Nun of Lindenberg*, which no visitor to the Haymarket, fond of a *Rich Dramatic Treat*, should omit seeing. I am going to see it again. I must. I will.

Y. R.

Miniature Epic.

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE stood by SAM'S shop,
And from an Officer received a wop,
Nay, several wops, but, though he had a cane,
He saw the case, and would not strike again.
We oftentimes have jested with our Duke—
Nay, in our smile conveyed a mild rebuke;
But he's a gentleman. Instinctive act
Had struck a head that was already cracked.
Refraining, GEORGE obtained, in *Punch's* pages,
Lines that shall speak his name to distant ages.

Notice.

(To be put up in Exeter Cathedral, in order to explain any difficulty that may arise in the minds of American Visitors from the use of the word "Boss.")

"THE 'Boss' of this Cathedral is not The Bishop."



A REGULAR BRITON.

"IT WAS MR. ROBINSON GAVE ME THAT BOAT, AUNTY!"

"AND DID YOU KISS HIM FOR IT, ARTHUR?"

"NO, INDEED! AS IF MEN WERE IN THE HABIT OF KISSING EACH OTHER, AUNTY!"

VIVISECTION AND CHEEK.

In a letter in the *Times*, on "Vivisection," the following passage is quoted from a popular work on physiology:—

"These animals (rabbits) may be made to blush artificially. If, in a rabbit, the sympathetic nerve which sends branches to the vessels of the head is cut, the ear of the rabbit . . . at once blushes."

A physiologist who cuts, in a live rabbit, the sympathetic nerve which sends branches to the vessels of the head, cannot, one thinks, be more than very partially endowed with the faculty to which that nerve is subservient. At least, he must be one of those whom, as "wanting sensibility," the poet "would not enter on" his "list of friends." Nothing could make him blush except dividing the sympathetic nerve which sends branches to the vessels of his own head; but, if that operation were performed, he, too, would perhaps at once blush up to the ears.

SENSIBLE MUNIFICENCE.

THE British Army, in general, cannot be considered to be overpaid, and it must be confessed that a very moderate remuneration is received in proportion to the services rendered by that particular division of our Forces, which remains on constant skirmishing duty in the streets and about our premises, ever on the watch, and ready to act immediately against our domestic enemies, the dangerous classes. No reasonable person, who has a due regard for the security of his goods and chattels, and the safety of his skin, can think the amount of pay assigned to the National Property and Life Guards (Blue) excessive. Be it, then, suggested that gentlemen and ladies in the giving vein, and blessed with the means of free effusion from that vessel, might do well, at the giving season of the year especially, to follow the example thus recorded in the *Hampshire Independent*:—

"A NEW YEAR'S GIFT FOR THE POLICE.—MRS. GENERAL ROGERS, of Highfield, has generously forwarded a sum of £10 to MR. SUPERINTENDENT BREARY, for division among the members of the borough police force, for a New Year's gift."

Too generally the only acknowledgment accorded, at the festive season of the year, to our gallant defenders from thieves and ruffians, consists in the complimentary sort of Christmas-box which they are wont to be treated with on Boxing-night and thereafter nightly for some weeks, in being ridiculed, for the diversion of the juvenile British Public, and the pickpockets, on the stage. At Southampton, however, the "Bobbies" have, this year, obtained a more suitable recognition, in the shape of certain "bob," the dividend of the ten pounds given to be distributed among them by MRS. ROGERS.

CANONICAL CUSTOMS.

IN connection with the approaching marriage of the DUKE OF EDINBURGH, according to the Greek rite, it has been stated that, in the Greek Church, a monk, however high his position, is not allowed to perform the matrimonial service. That rite can be administered only by a married priest. DR. JOHNSON once improvised a famous parody on the inconsiderately admired line:—

"Who rules o'er freemen should himself be free."

Undoubtedly, at that rate,—

"Who drives fat oxen should himself be fat."

And then the Greek Church speaks reason in virtually declaring that:—

"Who marries others must himself be married."

Our own Established Church knows of no such canon; makes a reverend bachelor as eligible as a married clergyman to solemnise matrimony. Yet, when a "marriage in high life" occurs, it is commonly performed by a Bishop, assisted by another ecclesiastic, as though the nuptial knot could not be tied tight enough for the superior classes by a single man. This view of the matter may not be without significance to some minds, with regard to the proposal of union between the Greek and Anglican Churches.

A REGULAR Do Do.—The New Dodo.



WASTE OF MATERIAL.

Ritualistic Mistress. "HOW DID YOU LIKE THE SERVICE THIS MORNING, MARY?"

Little Low-Church Maid. "WELL, M'M, I CAN'T SAY I LIKED IT MUCH. WOULD YOU BELIEVE IT, M'M, THOUGH THERE WERE THREE MINISTERS, NOT ONE OF THEM COULD PREACH A SERMON!"

[Mistress wonders what is the proper answer, but then, considering that her Maid is of more importance than her Maid's opinions, directs that the Toilet be preceded with.]

SEPULTURE AND SENTIMENT.

PEOPLE accustomed to regard the question of choice between "cremation" and interment sentimentally, might as well consider what it amounts to in the view of enlightened sentiment. It is simply the question whether there is anything more disagreeable in the immediate than there is in the gradual decomposition of organic remains. By cremation, properly managed, all the constituents of the thing burnt, except the earthy particles, are sent in gaseous forms up a tall chimney into the atmosphere, and the skies. In case of interment they leak out partly as gases into the surrounding air, which you breathe; partly as liquids into the neighbouring earth; thus into any wells you may have sunk therein: and so into the water which you drink.—Which of these alternative conditions of things does Sentiment deem the nicer? If Sentiment approve of a wine that contains some body, is it equally partial to water capable of the same description? Can Sentiment be pleased to see commons and open spaces progressively converted into cemeteries; and, if not, how does Sentiment relish the prospect of their ultimate abolition which must result from the continual spread of population on a limited area? The spirits of the wise may well sit in the clouds and mock us; for there they are where their bodies ought also to be, resolved into their innoxious elements instead of entering into the lungs and digestive organs of those who persist in putting corruptible matter in the wrong places. There are Churches in which, surrounded as they are by crowded churchyards, *memento mori* is addressed now and then to the ear indeed, but always to the nose. Cremation appears to be called for with forcible demonstrations by those who want it. The dead are at least doing all they can to force their claims on our attention.

BEST SIGN OF THE SEASON.

Of the mildness of the Season
Many a pretty proof we've seen;
Blossoms plum and apple trees on,
Daisies blooming on the green,
Primroses and periwinkles,
Violets, too, on banks that blow,
Hard by where the sheep-bell tinkles,
Lambkins bleat, and heifers low:

Birds that raise untimely voices;
Song and mince! thrush that sing,
So as when their kind rejoices
O'er a fine fat slug in spring.
Toads and frogs, from winter's slumber,
Which on sunny days awake;
Ere a few more hours they number,
They may find out their mistake.

South-west wind, a green Yule blowing,
Fatten churchyard though it should,
Late mild weather in bestowing
Is a wind that blew us good.
Blew the Ring down, which awaited
Bitter winter; bless their souls!
Kept demand back, and abated,
Prosperous gale, the price of coals.

Of all tokens of the present,
Or the recent, season mild,
This one is the sign most pleasant;
Grate with cheaper fuel piled.
'Tis the best in Country papers
Mentioned, copied thence by Town,
Making them that read out capers;
News that coals are going down.

American English.

THE Yankees are said to have lately coined another new word to express the act, sometimes committed even in the United States, of a man who kills his wife. They call it "uxoriocide." This is better than most of their additions to the Dictionary. They might have denominated wife-slaughter conjugicide; which would have been ambiguous. "Uxoriocide," having been established as a current expression, must of course be balanced with a name to signify the converse deed, which, by parity of nomenclature, will be termed *mariticide*.

THE SHAME OF STROUD.

O HELP, THOMAS MOORE, here's a sin and a shame,
Lend a hint from the verse you indignantly writ
When JOHN RUSSELL, fatigued with political game,
Thought of turning philosopher, poet, or wit.

Says you—and uncommonly handsome you wrote—
"Thou, born of a RUSSELL, whose instinct to run
The accustomed career of thy sires"—need we quote
That elegant bit about "eagle and sun"?

BUT THOMAS, O THOMAS, what, what shall we say
To a borough that should be eternally proud
That your RUSSELL sat for it—and yet goes astray—
O what shall be done to the Voters of Stroud?

With the broad Ajax-shield of the Ballot on high
(Periphrastic, you know, TOM, for 'telling a story'),
Bad Stroud has slunk sneaking, so slavish and aly,
And where RUSSELL hath sat there is sitting a Tory!

Like—bother a simile, usually lame—
Let this sentence proceed from the *Populi Vox*,
"We'll speak not, we'll trace not, we'll breathe not its
name—
The name of base Stroud. Let it sleep in the—Box!"



BOY'S "ANATOMY OF MELANCHOLY."

Octavius (after the Pantomime). "PA, DID YOU EVER KNOW A CLOWN—TO SHAKE HANDS WITH HIM!"

Papa (they had a large Family and a limited Income). "No, MY BOY, I CAN'T SAY I EVER ENJOYED THAT HONOUR AND PRIVILEGE!"

Octavius. "THEN I BELIEVE THAT'S WHY YOU AND MAMMA SOMETIMES LOOK SO UNCOMFORTABLE."

A WEDDING CRACKER.

AT the breakfast after the marriage of the DUKE OF ST. ALBANS to MISS GRACE OSBORNE, daughter of our friend and brother-wit, MR. BERNAL OSBORNE (to whom all gratulation), good speeches were made. We do not know whether young ladies will include MR. OSBORNE's own speech among them. He told young persons that if they had means, and good temper, they should Marry. But if they had not, they should—Reflect. Nobody ever admitted that he or she had not a good temper. The most impatient young cad that ever shouted and banged the table will allege that he is perhaps a little impetuous, but that it is a sign of a good heart (which it is not, but the reverse), and that it is soon over. The sulkiest young puss that ever pouted her household into discomfort will urge that she is of a sensitive nature, and readily hurt, and ought to be better appreciated. So we may dismiss the temper question. "Means" is a comparative phrase. We rather think that in any case young persons will do well to "reflect." The verb is intransitive, but the proper use of its meaning will induce a good many folks to sacrifice certain follies of a highly transitive character.

Ordeal by Fire.

A CONTROVERSY has been of late going on about the composition of wines, for the most part British, but sold as foreign. Port wine so called, is said by some, and denied by others, to be manufactured. All agree that port is a highly spirituous liquor, whether the spirit which it contains has, or has not, been superadded. As a rough way of ascertaining the proportion of spirit contained in a sample of port wine, may be recommended the simple experiment of taking a teaspoonful thereof and throwing it into the fire. Should it immediately flare up like brandy, you will know what to think of it. Then, also, you will know what to do with it, and the best thing would be to throw the remainder after the portion, if only, by so doing, you would not cause a dangerous explosion, and set the chimney on fire.

Art-Criticism.

MISS MARIA MALAPROP (who has been highly educated) says that the last International Exhibition was good in an asthmatic point of view, though there were several old-fashioned things, quite Anacreonisms, and there was nothing to compare to the doors formerly shown by Russia, and made of Amalekites.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

ON the 9th instant, H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES, after inaugurating the new Statue on the Holborn Viaduct, attended luncheon at the Mansion House, and the Lord Mayor (ALDERMAN LUSK) having proposed H.R.H.'s health, the Heir Apparent said:—

"We owe a debt of thanks to that philanthropic gentleman who so kindly presented the statue to the Corporation of the City of London, and I know that he does not wish his name should be mentioned. I am aware who he is, but as it is his wish that his name should not be divulged, I know you will agree with me that we ought to keep it secret."

We now release H.R.H. and the rest of our faithful friends who are in the secret from the pledge to keep it any longer, for we announce, with sincere pleasure, that the donor of the statue is

MR. PUNCH!

Not wishing to credit himself with any liberality not properly his own, he adds that he raised the money by preserving, for a year, the volunteered communications of unwelcome correspondents, and that having filled an enormous number of sacks with these productions (the system is in full operation, *vide* advertisements), he sold them, to be boiled down into new and spotless paper. He is sure that his talented but unfortunate correspondents will be delighted to hear this, and he begs to inform them that he intends to continue the practice of Sacking his Volunteers.



A CLOSER.

Jones. "FOX WON'T COME OUT HERE NOW, SQUIRE!"

The Squire. "No; YOU'VE FRIGHTENED HIM BACK TOO OFTEN."

A NOD AND A WINK.

THE return of a Conservative candidate for Stroud, you say, is another proof of Conservative reaction. Is not what you call Conservative reaction, dear friends, really mere estrangement caused by unpopular measures? Advanced Liberals are quite capable of unpopular legislation. Those very Liberal gentlemen, the Puritan Legislators of the Commonwealth, made laws which rendered them very unpopular indeed. People hate rulers who curtail their freedom, particularly in putting them under petty, vexatious, irritating restrictions of personal liberty. Grinding economy, effecting for the community at large relief from insensible taxation, and beggaring numerous individuals, makes few and cold friends, but many and ardent enemies. Sordid indifference or opposition, from considerations of mere revenue, to the demands of popular sentiment, is apt to breed contemptuous unpopularity. Mean, shabby, merciless treatment of a public servant in his hour of need engenders a mixture of scorn and execration.

No, dear friends, there is no Conservative reaction as yet. Liberals may well enough vote for Opposition candidates. They have reason to hope that, as for democracy, MR. DISRAELI will try to outbid MR. GLADSTONE. But it is just possible that a Conservative reaction to all intents and purposes may very soon set in. There is some little danger that it will set in immediately upon the opening of Parliament. Your hope that it will not set in depends on the probability that the Tories will be fools enough not to see, or not to act upon, a policy by which they would be certain to get into power very soon, and stay there. If they were wise, dear friends, instead of being fooliah, they would act thus. In Parliament they would systematically take up, and champion, the cause of any Government officials or labourers, dockyard and other, suddenly dismissed from their employment and turned adrift without compensation. For these victims of unsparing parsimony, they would try to obtain redress. They would offer the most strenuous opposition possible to all Bills, whether private or public, for the enclosure of commons or open spaces, and to all "improvements" proposed by Commissioners involving the destruc-

tion of public monuments and buildings. Not only would they systematically oppose all new projects of restrictive legislation, such as liquor laws of any kind, but they would also move the repeal of all laws of that sort already existing, as many as annoy people. They would resist all attempts to increase the extent to which the Public have been subjected to the dictation of the Police, and would use their best endeavours to get Policemen reduced to their limited service of maintaining order, guarding property, and detecting and taking up offenders. Finally, they would unite in doing their very best to defeat all proposed enactments, which, except for money's certain worth, would add a new impost to local taxation, and lay one more burden on the rate-payers.

But, dear friends, the Tories are no Jesuits. There is small fear that they will adopt the tactics above indicated. Yet think, if they did, how dreadful the consequences would be! They would obtain a great majority at the next general election; they would succeed to office, wherein they would maintain themselves by continuing to play the same insidious game, and so keeping you in a fool's paradise, whilst they, on the sly, would be preserving and perpetuating our rotten institutions in Church and State.

Poetical Description.

Clara (reading). "The Goblin Page, omitting still
No opportunity of ill."

Julia (laughing). The Gobbling Page! What a good name for our ALPHONZO! And isn't it just like him? I'm sure he's always eating, or else breaking our old china!

TO SENSATIONALISTS.

MR. JEAN LUIE, among other matters, has been charged with bigamy. His history will be quite a romance, which might be brought out, as the Sensational Novel of the Season, in fact as a new edition of *Elle et Lui*.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

After a Visit to a fine Old Melodrama, entitled, "Raymond and Agnes."



S usual, Sir, when your Representative pledges his word—you will probably observe that he must be indeed hard up to pledge such a thing; but this is only your cynicism, and you do not mean it—he redeems his pledge. He said, I mean that I said as Your Representative, that I would go and revisit the Haymarket, and see Raymond and Agnes. This melo-

drama is the after-piece, and must be seen, and studied, to be thoroughly appreciated. So I went, saw, and studied; and let me inform MR. BUCKSTON that, as the tags of the dear good old farces used to say, there was "not a happier party set down to supper on that night," i.e., when I saw this melodrama, than (bowing to audience) Your Representative. (Curtain. Applause.) But to my tale. The worst of it is, and here I apologise, Kenealry, for any trifling inaccuracies in my account, that I have lost the bill, forgotten some of the names, and in a general way trust to my memory. But on that memory the chief features of Raymond and Agnes, or the Bleeding Nun of Lindenberg, have been indelibly impressed.

Act I. Scene 1. A poorly-furnished chamber in a Castle belonging to Raymond's Father, Baron Sternhold. That is, I think his name was Sternhold, because it reminded me of HOPKINS (STERNHOLD and HOPKINS, Psalmists, old metre), but as it might not have been Sternhold, and certainly wasn't Hopkins, no harm can be done by assuming it to have been the latter; say, Baron Hopkins, or amalgamate the two, and call him Sternkins. This scene is not described in the bill. That I noticed. In fact, as far as I recollect, no scene seems to be considered of any importance in the piece until we get to the Robbers' Hut, and that is a startler; rather. But I must not anticipate. Well, in this meanly-furnished apartment, in Baron Sternkins' Castle, are Don Raymond and his servant Theodore engaged in "packing up." Theodore is kneeling at a shabby old leather portmanteau, which, though it would be a tolerably fair size for clothes of the present day, yet could no more hold a second Spanish suit, such as Don Raymond wears, than it could take in my best hat without considerably injuring it. Of course Don Raymond must have a change of clothes and boots, and, evidently, as he is en voyage, what he has got on cannot be his Sunday best. But he can't manage it in that portmanteau, and as he doesn't condescend to enter into details, we can only suppose that he intends to buy some new things when he arrives at his destination, where, probably, the fashion will be different to what it is where Baron Sternkins' Castle is situated.

But here we come to a geographical difficulty. The Bleeding Nun is a work of Genius, and Genius is above rules. Everybody, including Baron Sternkins, looks unmistakably Spanish. Raymond is a Spanish name: Sternkins is my nom de plume for his father, whose Christian name, I now remember, is Felix: and he is Don Felix. Spanish again: no mistaking his breed, any more than one can be wrong about a handsome black fowl. Therefore, from information received from Don Felix, who gives his son, Raymond, two thousand pistoles, which are incautiously packed up by Theodore among the linen in the portmanteau, we may take it as certain that Raymond is about to quit the Castle and journey to Lindenberg. Now where's Lindenberg? Germany, I should say. But from certain dialogue which subsequently occurs, your Representative would, at the conclusion of the piece, have been inclined to describe Lindenberg, in any Gazetteer of the period, as a place in Germany, somewhere near Madrid, on the high-road to Strasbourg. But of course the map has been considerably altered since then.

However, off goes Don Raymond, after listening to a discourse from Don Felix, who is a regular old proser recovering apparently from a recent severe cold (I was really quite glad to see him looking so well, but should have advised him to leave off his fur trimmings in the house), and arrives at the Second Scene, which represents a convent, and a pot-house. Where we were now, Your Representative was unable to learn: but I fancy we were not far from Madrid, but

still a long way off Lindenberg. Here Don Raymond, lounging in the door of the pot-house, (a low pot-house and a low door-way) sees his Agnes issue from the convent and join her Duenna, with whom she (Agnes) is going to Lindenberg. "All for Lindenberg!" Raymond is much struck with the beauty of Agnes, but nothing particular seems to come of it, as he hires a Guide to conduct himself and his servant, Theodore, who is always lugging about the old portmanteau, in such a bumping, thumping way, as to ensure the hair-oil being all among the linen before they get to the end of their journey. Don Raymond, however, is an indulgent master, as he makes no remark on his servant's carelessness: but, perhaps, no hair-oil has been packed up.

The Guide is a villain, and a traitor; so was the low publican at whose pot-house Raymond had refreshed himself. Any one could have seen that with half an eye.

Scene 3. A Wood-cutter's Hut. MR. BRAID (I forget what his playbill name is), here appears as the Woodcutter, and admits to the audience, in a compact soliloquy, that he is a thorough-paced scoundrel, but at the same time complains that he is ill-treated by the other thorough-paced scoundrels, who neglect him, and leave him all alone in the forest without any kind of cheerful society. The Woodcutter's villainous trade is to, as it were, play at being a Woodcutter while he is really, you see, a Robber, and in order the more completely to take in unwary travellers, and the more effectually to accomplish his nefarious designs, he tries to inspire his chance customers with confidence, by wearing an enormous carving-knife stuck, most ostentatiously, in his broad belt. It is strange how the cleverest rascals overreach themselves by some trifling act of carelessness, or of vanity.

Your Representative was inclined to attribute this oversight about the carving-knife more to a foolish vanity, on the Woodcutter's Robber's part, than to stupidity. Don Raymond and Theodore (still lugging the portmanteau) accept the Woodcutter's hospitality for the night, in consequence of their carriage having been purposely upset by the treacherous Guide, and enter his house.

Scene 4. Interior of the Woodcutter's Hut.—From the exterior in the previous Scene no one could have imagined it had so much accommodation. On the ground-floor is the dining-room, above is the bed-room, in which we see an uncomfortable-looking bed made on an incline. The Woodcutter welcomes Raymond and his servant, and tells his wife which rooms to prepare for them. This order makes the poor woman shudder. She is, she says, becoming rather ennuyé'd by these constant scenes of violence. "More blood!" she exclaims, aside, on first seeing the travellers. In fact, she is heartily sick of the whole concern, and, adopting, apparently, the motto of "Anything for a change," she determines to assist Don Raymond. And herein her ingenuity is marvellous. She first says to herself, aside, "How can I warn him?" and is evidently in a dilemma; but, as she is going in for excitement, she soon overcomes the preliminary difficulties, and adopts expedients, which are probably suggested to her by her earliest reminiscences of being taken to a theatre to see a pantomime, as they are of such a simple but effective nature, as hiding behind bed-curtains, and popping out suddenly, even without saying "Bo!" As a matter of fact, she never does get beyond these efforts, which, being repeated two or three times, appear to have exhausted her fund of originality. Still, she has a good night of it, and, as her object was novelty, she obtains it, and enjoys her little amusements thoroughly.

Now enter a couple of unhung scoundrels, whom the thorough-paced villain of a Woodcutter has described as "two fine young men—my sons by a former marriage," which Your Representative was inclined to think was a statement no more to be believed than anything else he said, for the eldest and most abandoned, named Robert (never once called Bob by any of the family), certainly seemed to be his father's senior by some years. Crimes may have effected this result. The other Robber was Robert's junior by ten years (bringing this one to something like five years younger than their juvenile father), and was altogether a more gentlemanly creature, and intended for better things than throat-cutting in a "cottage near a wood."

The two brothers differ materially in disposition: the elder, Robert, short, round as a tub, sulky, and sullen; and the younger—we'll call him Richard, because "ROBERT and RICHARD were two pretty men,"—and they are that, the pair of 'em!—and the younger, Richard, is inclined to be light-hearted.

Raymond is shown to his room by the sulky Robert, who presses him to give up his sword, remarking, sensibly enough, that "he can't want it while he's asleep." The guileless traveller is wide-awake, however, and without going into details, gives it to be understood that he couldn't sleep a wink without his sword, having, perhaps, been accustomed to it, from childhood upwards. The baffled Robert leaves him, trying, up to the last, to show by his manner, how hurt he has been by the traveller's refusing his request. Then the guileless traveller has a nice quiet night of it. First the sulky Robert re-enters stealthily, and is just posing himself, in order to stick his dagger into the traveller—by the way, this is, as subse-

quently appears, the one mistake with the family, they all waste so much time in attitudinising before they strike; why *Robert* might have done it twice over, if he hadn't been bent on a graceful attitude—when the traveller wakes up and seizes him. *Robert*, who is a poor hand at an excuse, says, "I only came in for the lamp," and leaves. The guileless traveller now begins to mistrust his hosts, and lies down again to rest sword in hand. But he's not to have a quiet time, not a bit. Out comes Mrs. Woodcutter, with the impulse of her early pantomime reminiscences strong within her, from behind the bed-curtains, and excitedly warns him, points to a blood-stain on the pillow, calls on him to escape with her, when—enter *Robert*. "Ha!" exclaims her sulky step-son, "what are you here for?" Well, her presence there is, to say the least of it, odd. The family, however, are none of them very good at excuses, and she assures *Robert* that she only came to give the stranger a night-cap. "It may be so," says sulky *Robert*, thoughtfully, and actually accepts the explanation as satisfactory. In fact, clever, except in the matter of posing, as he is, professionally, as a Robber, *Robert* is, out of business, rather a fool than otherwise, or why believe his step-mother about that night-cap? They both leave *Raymond*, who finding he is unable to escape, goes to bed again, and directly he has settled himself comfortably, enters the sulky *Robert* for the third time, and recommences with his carving-knife. Being, as before, a long time posing and taking aim, Mrs. Woodcutter seizes the opportunity to prod *Raymond* sharply in the ribs from behind her favourite hiding-place, the bed-curtains (where she has again concealed herself, having entered unperceived by that sulky idiot, *Robert*), and *Raymond*, springing up, seizes the ruffian for the third time. His excuse is now, that he "only came up to say that supper was ready."

Then they go to supper, and *Agnes*, and the Duenna, are brought in, and *Raymond* sups with *Agnes*, and the Blood-Stained Bandits make a hearty supper off bread-and-milk in wooden bowls. Then the Woodcutter gives his guest the poisoned wine, and Mrs. Woodcutter (still on for excitement and novelty) tells *Raymond* not to drink, and he spills it, making a great noise and mess in doing so, which are unheard and unseen by the Robbers, who, as I have before remarked, are really very simple, stupid people. *Agnes* is drugged. Mrs. Woodcutter (up to anything now) tells *Raymond* to pretend to sleep. He does so. Only Mr. and Mrs. Woodcutter, *Agnes* drugged, and *Raymond* are now in the room.

The Woodcutter is going to have the amusement all to himself. He takes out a knife, intending to stab *Raymond*. But the family instinct for attitudinising is too strong for him, and he must give up a minute to posing himself gracefully, before striking the blow.

He lifts his arm: *Raymond* raises his head—sees him—fearful struggle—Mr. Woodcutter is just getting six to four the best of *Raymond*, when Mrs. Woodcutter, who owes him one for having made her existence so monotonous, now seeing a grand opportunity for varying the proceedings once and for ever, is struck by a "Happy Thought," and—to put it shortly—cracks his crown with a hatchet.

Everyone who ought to escape escapes, and the Robbers re-enter, looking a little astonished at the state of things in general, as the curtain descends on the First Act.

How the Bleeding Nun came out of a castle, and wasn't in any way Bleeding, but, on the contrary, a Blooming Phantom; how she vanished into a tree—her disappearance being immediately followed by the apparition of an illuminated advertisement about "Avenge" somebody; how *Don Raymond* got to Lindenberg (I believe); how Mrs. Woodcutter said she wouldn't go with him and be a bore, but did stick to him like wax, refusing to explain anything except that, years ago, she had once been on her way to Strasbourg, and had never got there; how the Robbers were all killed in a cave, and the Blooming Nun re-appeared in a brilliant light—I have not time, nor have you space, to tell. Suffice it to add, that this genuine Melodrama of the Old School is played at the Haymarket at about ten o'clock or so; and if those who left, after *Charity*, will go and see this, they will show their faith in the evidence of

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—MRS. JOHN WOOD, more than very good, is in fact the life and soul of the *Wandering Heir*, at the Queen's. It is interesting, and the Trial Scene is cleverly arranged and effectively ended.

Licking for Licensed Victuallers.

HOCKEY is a game much in vogue with boys "home for the holidays." They play it with sticks and bungs, using the sticks to knock the bungs. Thus they suggest the idea of the Band of Hope, instigated by the United Kingdom Alliance.

SUITABLE BIRTHDAY PRESENT.—To a Dear Young Lady. A handsomely bound copy of the treatise, *How to Dress on Fifteen Pounds a Week*.

READINGS FROM THE BAROMETER.



DRINKMASTER.

SIXTEEN cases of drunkenness were reported yesterday afternoon, in honour of the coming wedding of the DUKE OF EDINBURGH. (Weather uncommonly wet.)

PUMPTON.

Several tea-meetings have been held here during the last three days. A Lecture was given at the Young Men's Evening Improvement Association on the Hymns of DR. WATTS. (Weather very mild and dull.)

SMALLBOROUGH.

The Elections commenced yesterday. Various speeches were made by the Candidates. There were meetings at the Town Hall and in the Market Place. The Riot Act has been read and the troops called out. (Weather stormy.)

CASES FOR VIVISECTION.

MUCH question has been raised about the lawfulness of "vivisection," as practised on animals; but, since the alteration of the old law respecting high treason, it has never been considered whether that process could be performed with propriety on the human subject. There are certain offenders who must be regarded as deserving to undergo it by all minds inspired with enlightened humanity. For instance:—Wretches who stop bottles with rotten corks. Brutes who sew on boot-loops so slightly that they come off at a pull. Other brutes by whom shirt and other buttons are sewn on in the same atrocious manner. Rascally South London, and other tradesmen, adulterating food. Dishonest postmen, who break letters open and steal remittances. Miscreants, pastrycooks, and servants, who, in making buns, plum-puddings, and mince-pies, or cakes, containing currants, neglect to cleanse the currants from grit, and make those who bite on it crack their teeth. Street-boys who throw orange-peel on the pavement, and strike out slides. Italian organ-grinders at large. All these criminals, as well for the welfare of Society as for the advancement of Science, ought certainly to be subjected to vivisection.

Daring Attempt.

SHAKESPEARE was once Bowdlerised, and now Boswell's *Johnson* has been re-written! Is there no bold spirit who will lay his hands on *Robinson Crusoe*, or *The Pilgrim's Progress*, or *The Year of Wakefield*?



AN ORNAMENT TO SOCIETY.

(ONE THAT MIGHT BE DISPENSED WITH.)

Gloomy and Dissipated Youth (who has discovered that Life is not worth having). "I HOPE I SHAN'T BE ALIVE AFTER THIRTY!"

Unsympathetic Elderly Party. "IS THERE ANY PARTICULAR NECESSITY THAT YOU SHOULD BE ALIVE TILL THIRTY?"

NOT QUITE IN TIME!

AH, who would patronage forego,
That knew he could bestow it well?
Not thou, warm-hearted ROBERT LOWE!
No; would he, Shade of SHERIFF BELL?

The sick man's prayer for three months' grace
He must refuse, and he denies;
But tears run down that genial face
From beaming and benignant eyes.

What though the Sheriff, stricken down,
A proxy would provide and pay?
Stern sense of duty to the Crown
Bade ROBERT take his place away.

His service long, of value great,
The gracious ROBERT would confess
He fully did appreciate;
Must send him packing, ne'ertheless.

Reply considerate, fair, and kind,
Despatched to reach the sufferer's bed;
But ere it came, he had resigned
His post and all, for BELL was dead.

Sad news, which, when to ROBERT's ears
It came, yet brought some comfort still,
That served to moderate those tears
With which his eyes again would fill.

It was the Sheriff's fate to die
Ere on his heart refusal fell
Crushing; and ROBERT's sweet reply
Did therefore not kill SHERIFF BELL.

What solace must that thought afford
To pitying ROBERT's gentle breast,
Which with regret might else be gored
That somewhat might disturb his rest!

Long life to ROBERT; may its end
Not hastened be by such a blow
As that which chanced not to descend
On SHERIFF BELL from ROBERT LOWE.

AFFECTING SYMPATHY.—A Clown walked up to a Woodman, exhausted with toil in his work of felling a tree. The feeling Buffoon exclaimed, "Poor feller!"

NEW RUSSIAN BONDS.

(Jan. 20th, 1874.)

"For dark and true and tender is the north."
TENNYSON—*The Princess*.

PUNCH EPITHALAMIONISES.

YES, my ALFRED, thou sing'st truly,
In and of the Princess, too:
Were that "dark" not linked unduly
With the "tender" and the "true."
Witness Russia's skies of splendour,
Stars and moons, more bright yet tender,
Than illumine our midnight blue.

Moons that shine like those fair maidens,
Who precede a fairer bride,
To the wedding-music's cadence
Moving, stately, side by side—
Virgin moons, with promise laden,
That look latest on the maiden
Ere her nuptial knot is tied.

Moons, that usher one of honey—
Tricksy moon, whose gifts of gold
Prove, too often, fairy-money,
Turned to dust, before 'tis told,
Be this pair to thee beholden
For joys long-lived as they're golden,
Glowing as thy beams are cold.

Let rude Boreas, baffled stormer,
Shake the Winter-Palace door,
For Russ frosts and snows the warmer
Be the Loves for them in store.
Hiems, come in aid of Hymen!
Chains, we know, a frosty time in.
Glow the fiercer the more froze.*

Show thy fair face from the Palace,
Maiden MARIE, fur-encased—
An Aurora Borealis,
Rosy fingered, rosy faced!
Wedlock's sledge, for life-long riding,
Waits! Young Love his pair is guiding:
A fond arm is round thy waist.

Hark the sledge-bells—how they jingle,
With a merry marriage chime!
See, the warm breaths, how they mingle!
Hark, the young hearts beating time!
May the mutual faiths now plighted
Keep those two hearts thus united
All their day, 'twixt eve and prime.

Lo, yon, where, his bear-skin dress in,
His own torch to warm his toes,
Ready with both banns and blessing,
Hymen his chill fingers blows!
A la Russe we'll have this marriage,
Full of flowers, nor yet disparage
Wedlock's solids for its shows.

May the power that fate apportion
Prince and peasant, foul or fair,
Life for them, most rare of fortunes,
A la Montagne Russe prepare:
Easy climb and smooth descending,
No upset to make an ending,
En culbute, for this young pair.

As the Prince the altar's nearing,
Through the frosty air there swells,
Faint, far-off, yet plain to hearing,
Music as of English bells:
Songs of English voices singing,
With that subtlest sweetness ringing,
That warm hearts' well-wishing tells.

Though Jack Frost be Ocean's gaoler,
Thanks to lightning-wires below,
Blessing to our young Prince-Sailor
And our Sailor's bride shall flow—
Bull and Bear may, from their wedding,
More good-will and less blood-shedding
In the future hope to know.

Then we know her fair and merry,
In the blossom of her spring,
Rosy cheeks and lips of cherry,
Eyes that laugh, and arms that cling.
Ask of any naval tailor
What's the right wear for a sailor—
"Russia Duck" he'll say's the thing!

* Everybody knows, or ought to know, the effect of intense cold in causing metal to feel red-hot.



THE LATEST IN "RUSSIA BONDS."

And if ever Russia Duck was,
In her wedding white, 'tis she!
And if ever Prince in luck was,
In his Navy-blue, 'tis he.
Was e'er marriage of glad omen,
Tending to make friends of foemen,
'Tis the marriage sung by me.

Came CZAR PETER—half-tamed creature—
Hither, shipwright's craft to learn:
Thou hast sought an English teacher
From our navy, in thy turn:
So continuing PETER's lesson,
But with different points laid stress on,
And a sweet face for a stern.

Now and henceforth bless the wedding
This day by the Neva done;
May its flowers be fragrance shading
Long before the honeymoon.
Bride, be happy! wife and mother—
Can the Bridegroom wish thee other
Than the QUEEN who calls him son?

ALL ABOUT THE WEDDING.



es, everybody will be looking at maps, and globes, and atlases, to see where Russia is—the geographical acquirements of most adults being capable of extension and improvement.

Everybody will be reading books and newspaper and magazine articles about Russia, in order to increase their knowledge of that country, which, up to the present time, has mainly consisted of confused ideas concerning PETER THE GREAT and the EMPRESS CATHARINE, severe winters and savage bears, malachite and caviare, the knout, serfs, and Siberia.

Everybody will have their books

bound in Russia, and use Russia leather pocket-books, pouches, and purses.

Everybody will be getting up the history of PETER THE GREAT, and going down to Deptford to find where he worked in the Dockyard.

Everybody will be interested to hear that the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA is an autocratic ruler, who can order the streets of his capital to be kept clean, pull down a frightful statue or monument, direct a desolate and neglected public Square to be made decent and sightly without years of litigation and delay, suppress a vestry, and knout or banish tradesmen detected in using false weights and measures, or adulterating every necessary article of food; and a good many people will find themselves wishing that London could now and then have the benefit of such an influence.

Not improbably it will become the fashion for a time to learn Russ.

Every album will be adorned with a photograph of the Grand Duchess.

Every young lady, who has been christened "MARIE," will be grateful to her parents and sponsors for so provident an arrangement.

Children will be named after Her Royal Highness, so will bonnets and cloaks and costumes, scents and perfumes, quadrilles and valse, streets and villas—in fact, there will be a general tendency to Mariolatry.

Everybody will have relations or friends or correspondents in Russia, or will know somebody who has connections there, through whom they will be able to relate little personal anecdotes of the Grand Duchess and the Imperial Family which do not appear in the papers.

Everybody who has ever been to Russia will unexpectedly become a person of some importance.

Everybody will be smitten with a taste for malachite.

Everybody will be reading *Elizabeth; or, the Exiles of Siberia*.

Everybody will be glad to have something fresh to talk about.

Everybody will soon be asking everybody whether they have seen the Grand Duchess, and what they think of her.

Everybody will join *Mr. Punch* in heartily wishing both bride and bridegroom a long and happy life.

For the Next Budget.

"A TAX of twopence a day on all foreigners in France" is said to be under consideration. Does not this suggest to MR. GLADSTONE a splendid opportunity? Let him only impose a tax on all foreigners in England, being organ-grinders or street-musicians of any description, and he will so endear himself to the whole country that we shall hear no more of Conservative reaction.

REGENERATION OF FRANCE.

BEYOND all doubt France is entering on a new era; has already begun an entirely altered phase of national existence. Witness the following extract from the *Pail Mail Gazette* :—

"The efforts of M. CHARLES LAMOURÉUX in the preparations for and the successful conduct of the recent performances of the *Messiah* in Paris, have been appropriately recognised by the Government, and he has been appointed an officer of the Academy by the Minister of Public Instruction and the Fine Arts."

The facts, that the Parisians are beginning to relish HANDEL, and that the French Government has rewarded the artist who set HANDEL before them, particularly as the composer of such a work as the *Messiah*, proclaim the importance attached by thoughtful rulers to an indication of change in a people's musical taste. The ability to appreciate HANDEL betokens a very great alteration in the feelings of auditors heretofore chiefly addicted to OFFENBACH. The faculties to which music such as that of HANDEL's *Messiah* appeals are just those which distinguish mankind from anthropoid apes. They consist of the higher sentiments, reverence especially, and the thinking and imaginative powers; the same faculties as those which are moved by noble, and sublime, and pathetic sculpture, painting, and poetry. Music which awakens emotions of this kind has now become actually pleasing to hearers accustomed to attend to none but such as produces, at best, the effect of vivacious and ephemeral literature. Sensibilities aroused to the higher order of music indicate a step in "development." Here is a fact for DARWIN. For a long while the French have boasted themselves to be, and got credit with persons devoid of moral sense for being, a great nation, which, however, if they seriously take to HANDEL, they are in the way to become.

THE PULPIT, GOLD AND SILVER.

IN a letter, lately published, MR. BRIGHT has expressed some thoughts about sermons which ought to be studied and laid to heart by the great majority of Clergymen. It is not the business of *Mr. Punch* to preach sermons, but, if it were, he thinks he should know how to do it. His idea of a sermon is that it should always tell people something which either they did not know and ought to, or knew and would not mind, and tell them nothing not made quite clear to their understanding, in the fewest possible words. When these conditions cannot be fulfilled by a reverend divine, would not his best way to attract people to church be to advertise days and hours of services, and post them on his church doors, with the announcement of "No Sermon"?

Cremation Made Easy.

IF unreasoning superstition were in a sufficiently small minority, the only difficulty opposing the practice of cremation would be a question of fuel. Might not this be met by utilising all the vulgar newspapers, the sensational and pernicious literature, and all the novels that have had their run.

PROPER NOMENCLATURE.

THERE was a certain Citizen of the United States who had made a large fortune in Pennsylvania by "striking ile." Having had a daughter born to him, he named her PETROLINE.

QUESTION FOR GOODY THURGOOD. By how many scruples should there be to a dram?



TERRIBLE RESULT OF THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN!

MISS HYPATIA JONES, SPINSTER OF ARTS (ON HER WAY TO REFRESHMENT), INFORMS PROFESSOR PARALLAX, F.R.S., THAT "YOUNG MEN DO VERY WELL TO LOOK AT, OR TO DANCE WITH, OR EVEN TO MARRY, AND ALL THAT KIND OF THING!" BUT THAT "AS TO ENJOYING ANY RATIONAL CONVERSATION WITH ANY MAN UNDER FIFTY, THAT IS COMPLETELY IMPOSSIBLE!"



CRASS IGNORANCE.

First Swell. "LET'S SEE—TO-MORROW'S—WHAT'S T'DAY, BYT'BY!"

Second Swell. "TUESDAY, HEN'T IT?—OR MONDAY?—WAS YEST'DAY SUNDAY? N' MIND—(yawns)—MY MAN'LL BE HERE PWESENTLY—PWECIOUS SHWEWD FELLOW—"TELL US LIKE A SHOT!!"

REWARD OF MERIT.

It is impossible too highly to extol the real liberality which a Liberal Government has displayed in granting MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER a pension on the Civil List of £120 a year. Certainly they might have made it a little more, and yet not have exceeded the recognition due to Mr. TUPPER's literary merits. Philosophers may have learned little, indeed, from *Proverbial Philosophy*, but there can be no doubt that a work that has been read by the million has either taught the latter, or entertained them, a great deal.

Upon the generous and judicious grant just made to the author of that celebrated and meritorious work, shallowness, in certain quarters, will animadvert in sarcasm. Critics, however, capable of reflection, and incapable of envy, will not only applaud it as a due and tolerably handsome tribute, but will also hail it as an earnest of better times coming for authors in general; but especially those who have written something that the world will not, or ought not to, willingly let die, and which has afforded instruction or amusement to thinking and cultivated minds. For if the author of *Proverbial Philosophy* has received a pension of £120 a year, how many times as much as that sum shall be awarded to them?

Mot by H.R.H. the D— of E—.

(Communicated 10 A.M. Wednesday, January 21st.)

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, staying at his Winter Garden Palace in St. Petersburg, perfectly realises the notion of *Russ in urbe*.

Another, by *Special Telegraph*, 10.30.

Dean Stanley. Will your Royal Highness play the Russian Hymn on your violin?

H.R.H. Very Reverend Sir, I can't play the Russian Hymn when I'm thinking only of the Russian Her.

WAR-SONG OF NATIVE ALLIES.

Run away, run away, run, boys, run,
Nebber stay draw de trigger,
Fly from de enemy's face like fun,
Ebberry blessed nigger!

Go him as fast as foot can go;
Farder dan shot can find us.
Right-about turn, and leabe de foe
Ebbor so far behind us.

Frow away arms like nigger should;
Den you run all de lighter.
Big hobby musket him no good,
'Cept in de hand of fighter.

'Fore one bullet some nigger hit,
Hurt him, or stretch him dyin',
Soon as him got him fourpenny bit,
Den is de time for flyin'.

Wait till no friends commands your rear,
Wot could deir rifles lebble;
Den when you sees dat de coast is clear,
Cut away like de debble!

WEDDING PRESENTS.

"The ladies of Edinburgh have resolved to present the PRINCESS MARIE with an album containing portraits of Scottish artists, on the occasion of her marriage with the DUKE OF EDINBURGH."

WHAT are the ladies of Dublin going to do on this happy occasion? A handsome album might be made of the portraits of Irish wits or Irish orators; for we fear the Grand Duchess would fail to appreciate the photographs of the leading Home Rule advocates. An appropriate present for the ladies of Wales to offer would be the portraits of those of their countrymen who can boast the longest pedigrees; and as the DUKE OF EDINBURGH is a musician as well as a sailor, it would be a graceful act on the part of the ladies of London to present his bride with the likenesses of our most distinguished Composers and Admirals. At present we are not prepared with suggestions for the ladies of the Channel Islands, or the ladies of the Isle of Man.

VULCANIC INTELLIGENCE.

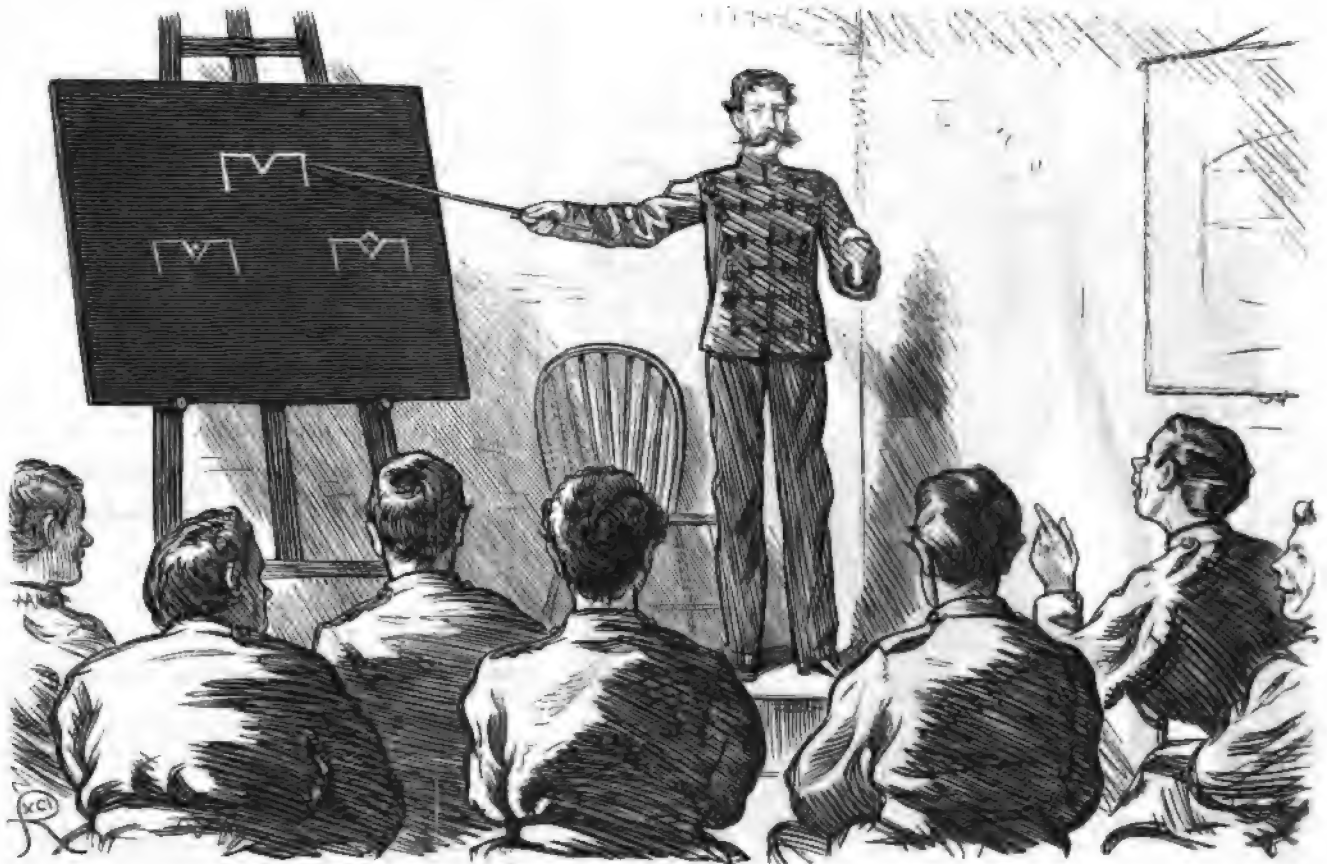
HERE is a little piece of recent foreign news, which may have a special interest for people who love peace:—

"The newly projected 48-centimetre gun will, according to calculations the accuracy of which is indisputable, when loaded with a charge of 5 cwt. of prismatic powder, pierce a 20-inch plate at about 300 yards. . . . The weight of the new gun will be about 273,000 lb. . . . The heaviest hammer now employed by KRUPP weighs over 100,000 lb., and, to make the new gun, a hammer will be required weighing at least 220,000 lb."

When Vulcan forged the bolts of Jove, iron armour-plated war-ships had not been invented. Else Vulcan and his Cyclops might have found it hardish work to forge such weapons for the Thunderer as would pierce through twenty inches of solid iron plating. The strong Gyas and Cleonthus had no steam-hammers to help them, and would doubtless have been puzzled had King Jupiter commanded them to make him a big thunderbolt, weighing pretty nearly three hundred thousand pounds. How would HOMER have delighted to describe the forge of KRUPP! And with what sonorous epithets would he have chronicled the gathering—say, for instance, at Spithead—of some dozens of our modern monstrous iron-armoured ships!

Thoughts on Tubers.

A COMMITTEE of the Royal Agricultural Society has recommended the Council of that Association to offer prizes for "disease-proof potatoes." Do they suppose that any organisation, vegetable or animal, can be proof against disease under unhealthy conditions? Those yet live who remember the days when there was no potato disease to speak of. Potatoes were not then over-cultivated; and excess of health alone was indicated by the rubicundity of the excellent, now extinct, red-nosed kidneys. Let the Agricultural Society look to conditions of atmosphere and manures, and, in due time, send their prizes to 85, Fleet Street.



"SYNONYMOUS."

Instructor. "NOW, I'VE EXPLAINED THE DIFFERENT 'SIGHTS,' YOU, PRIVATE DUMPY, TELL ME WHAT A FINE 'SIGHT' IS. DESCRIBE IT AS WELL AS YOU CAN——"

Private Dumpy. "A FINE SIGHT, SIR! A FINE SIGHT—(pondering)—'S A MAGNIFICENT' SPE'TACLE, SIR!!"

DINNER DIRECTLY.

COULD six people to wait dinner for one person? was asked of DR. JOHNSON. He liked his dinner, yet he replied, "with humane delicacy," "Yes, Sir, if the pain caused to the one not waited for would be greater than that suffered by those who waited." But, in JOHNSON'S days, it was not easy to be punctual. We have now all kinds of fast vehicles. There is no excuse for delay—and there never is delay in a house where the host knows that he has got a good cook—a true artist. Most dinners, of course, may as well wait half an hour as not.

But at the delightful Ballad Concerts the other night (about the pleasantest evenings that rational lovers of music can have), *Mr. Punch* heard his favourite, MADAME PATEY, sing some words—the first line of a pretty new song, *The Carrier Dove*, and they gave him an idea. Let everybody learn the air, or some air that will do, and when a timid hostess or a toadyish host is keeping a whole party waiting for an insolent and vulgar person, who thinks it fine to be late, let the hungry ones burst out in song. These be the words—

"Is it not time for the Swallow?"

If that musical charm does not produce a ring, and an order for dinner directly, never go to that Savage Breast's house any more.

Remarkable Conversion.

ABOUT Southampton and its neighbourhood are posted bills inviting people to attend "the special services in the Circus," and announcing the names of preachers who propose to hold forth on those occasions. Among these gentlemen there should be, if still in being, one who might, with peculiar propriety, occupy the pulpit of the above-named tabernacle. Would not the assistant at a special service in a Circus naturally expect to sit under "the Converted Clown"?

A WORD ON WORD-PAINTING.

IN an interesting review of "Old Newspapers," and a special account of one of them, the *World*, as the *World* was in 1788, the *Times* observes:—

"Foreign intelligence is limited to announcements, almost in sentences, of the successes of the Turks against Austria, or of the course of events in France, or of political disputes in America."

In the present day a portion only of foreign intelligence is presented to us in the pleasant and readable form above described. It is that which appears daily in the Wheatstone Department of *Mr. Punch's* contemporaries. If all the rest of their news from abroad were so condensed as to exclude unimportant facts, and express those of any consequence in the fewest possible words, would it not pretty nearly correspond also to the foregoing description? Such condensation would be an unspeakable blessing to readers at present obliged to choose between the alternative of skipping verbiage, at the risk of missing information, and that of wasting precious time.

Appropriate Publications.

(For the Season.)

The Duke's Motto. A Play.

The Czar and the Tar. A Romance.

"Going to be Spliced!" a Song by H.R.H. the DUKE OF EDINBURGH, R.N.

The Galatea Hornpipe. Arranged for Piano and Violin.

The Pretty Little Muscovy Duck. A Fairy Tale.

OBSERVATION BY OUR DARWINIAN OLD MAID.

MAN was an Ape, was he? Well, not at all unlikely; he's very often a Donkey.



ARS PATET OMNIBUS.

Art-Critic. "CALL YOURSELF A PROFESSIONAL CROSSIN'-SWEEPER, AN' CAN'T STRIKE A BETTER WOLUTE THAN THAT!—AN' SOUTH KENSINGTON OPEN THREE DAYS A WEEK FREE GRATIS!!"

WEDDINGS À LA Russe.

It will surprise no one to hear that, in Russia, the bridecake is always beautifully iced, and the champagne delightfully cool.

It is an immemorial custom for the serfs on the estate of the bride's parents to subscribe and give her a wedding present. In former days, this invariably consisted of a complete set of kitchen utensils; but now, we understand, it has changed with the times, and more frequently takes the shape of a dressing-case or a set of silver fish knives and forks.

The wedding peal must be rung by bachelors, who have never been wounded in their affections, or the marriage will not be a happy one; and none of the ringers should be bald, or have a mole on any part of the face. If the families are wealthy, the bell-ropes are generally covered with gold leaf, and the ringers wear white sheepskin gloves.

The Russians are a somewhat superstitious people—so that, if three white blackbirds in succession fly across the path of the wedding party on their way to church, they turn back, and the ceremony is postponed.

At breakfast, when the bride cuts the cake, she has her eyes bound with a snow-white fillet; and the first unmarried lady to whom she offers a slice must immediately leave the table, and spend the rest of the day in seclusion, if she desires to dream of her future husband within a reasonable period.

A shower of old furs is thrown after the vehicle in which the bride and bridegroom take their departure; and six young men and women, all under twenty-one, join hands, and follow the *droshky* at a rapid pace, until it reaches the parish boundary, when they halt, sing an epithalamion, and return to their homes in the cool of the evening.

No speeches are made at the wedding breakfast; but, when the health of the newly-married couple has been proposed by the oldest person present,—not being a foreigner, a proctor, or a widower,—the whole party rise, grasping in their hands goblets filled to the brim with wine or mead, and sally forth in sleighs to the Neva, where, amidst loud cries of joy and the ringing of little silver bells, they pour the contents of their glasses into its flowing waters. Only three other toasts are given—"Russia in Europe," "Russia in Asia," and "Russia in America."

The wedding favours are enormous—as large round as a kettle-drum, and composed of the national colours, with a bear in frosted silver in the centre.

The ribbon of which they are made is not used for any baser purposes afterwards, but is burnt at midnight, on the next Saturday but one, in a charcoal fire, by the senior bridesmaid.

THE DIE-HARDS AND THEIR COLOURS.

"Between one and two o'clock to-day (Friday, Jan. 23rd) was seen a small military detachment, in uniform, marching from Cannon Street to the Mansion House. A field-officer, three other officers, and about eight non-commissioned officers and men, were taking to their final resting-place in St. Paul's Cathedral, the old colours of the 57th Regiment—the West Middlesex—the 'Die-hards.' They were cordially received by the Lord Mayor, and with equal cordiality at the Cathedral, where, after a short, impressive ceremony, the colours were placed on its walls. They were the colours of the Crimea, and especially of Inkermann. They were accompanied on this their last march by the condition that 'no expense was thereby to be entailed on the public.'"

"BENEATH WREN's stately nave
Your colours you'd bestow?"—
Well, Honour to the Brave,
But keep it dark and low!

"Send them up by the van.
'Flags, so sent, have been lost?'
Well, you could sue the man
For what the old colours cost!

"Nay, perhaps a British Jury
Might have given something more,
Feeling's all sound and fury—
But juries it comes o'er.

"But if you object to trust
Your old colours by the carrier,
On a guard to escort their dust
We will not place a barrier.

"But a very small guard will do,
To see that nothing's lost of them;
On mature reflection, too,
The War Office can't be at cost of them.

"If the Die-hards are so foolish—
Nay, so take leave of their senses—
As to guard old rags from Woolwich,
They must pay their own expenses.

"Old flags are all very well,
And so is *esprit de corps*,
But we can't be expected to swell
Our bills, by a pound and more!

"There's only one colour we know,—
Don't think I mean to be funny
On a subject so *mal-à-propos*—
And that's the colour of money!"

A Youthful Infirmity.

WHAT is the reason why many a young man goes about, especially at balls and parties, with a single eye-glass stuck in one of his eyes? If he were short-sighted he would use a double one. It is not defective vision that he is afflicted with, but mental deficiency. Consciousness of folly makes him afraid of looking foolish, and the muscular contortions of countenance which attend the effort to retain the eye-glass in the orbit enable him to disguise his naturally vacant expression with a grimace.

Musical Suggestions.

THERE is a new song just out, entitled, "My Mother among the Angels." Let us suggest that the Composer and Librettist should not stop at this point. Let them next favour us with "My Aunt among the Cherubs," "My Uncle in the Clouds," "My Planetary Grandmother," "Cousin Popkins in Paradise," and "Up among the Peris."

THEATRICAL NOTE.—Nett profits are generally the result of a good "cast."

MILITARY MORAL PHILOSOPHY.



sight and design, as means to an end, is a consideration which must give us a little pause. Thus, your Reverences and your Worships, you see before you on one hand what we may

PRACTICAL and soldierly Circular addressed by SIR GARNET WOLSELEY to his troops contains a statement which, while he and they are engaged with H.M. KING COFFEE CALLI and his savages, may give rise to controversy amongst gentlemen of England, particularly some of the philosophical and reverend, who live at home at ease:—

“Providence has implanted in the heart of every native of Africa superstitious awe and dread of the white man.”

There is no question of the fact that superstitious awe and dread of the white man are feelings which exist in the native African's heart or mind. That is positive. But whether they have been implanted there with fore-

call a Scylla of Positivism, and, on the other, a Charybdis of the metaphysico-theological kind, between which it will take a better pilot than any one at present generally known to steer you. However, the proposition above-quoted, much as it may perplex you, has of course suggested not the slightest difficulty, but, on the contrary, proved highly reassuring and clearly intelligible, to the gallant fellows to whom, for their comfort and information, it was addressed by their judicious and valiant leader.

CANZONET FOR CANVASSERS.

Appropos of the Coming Elections.

WOULD you bribe the tender voter?
Of corruption be promoter?

That would be a dangerous part.
Woo his ear with words of honey;
Breathe no whispered hint of money:
In soft speeches lies your art.

Interest in his welfare feigning,
Yet with care your tongue restraining,
Quickly you his views may learn.
Swift to aid your cause enlist him,
Round your little finger twist him;
Lamblike to your flock he'll turn.

If his wife you chance on meeting,
Bow, and give her kindly greeting,
Sweetly on her children smile:
Buy some lollipops for HARRY,
Give a blue-eyed doll to CARRY;
So the mother's heart beguile.

Thus a careful course pursuing,
Nought suspicious ever doing,
Courts inquiring you defy;
Crossed cross-examination
Causes you no perturbation:
Tinge of green's not in your eye!

POEM ON THE DUKE'S DAY.

[MR. PUNCH feared that the Poets were not coming out “in the way that might have been expected,” as folks say in Japan. However, he has been favoured with an early copy of the following composition, which the Bard (surely he need not be named) had a double motive for writing—affection for the Royal Family, and gratitude for a recent pension. He considers this a gem of the first water.]

THIS is a day we never saw before,
For both our Princes stand on Russia's shore,
One with a wife of whom 't must be allowed
His Royal Highness is most justly proud;
The other bending to a gracious bride,
To whom for life he will be shortly tied;
Then sear, my muse, on pinions glad and free,
And to the great occasion equal be.

Things have not always been as we could wish,
Russia and England have fried other fish.
In the Crimea both their swords have crossed,
Where honour, if not won, was never lost.
Nor are we sure that Russia doth not mean
Some day to march upon the Indian scene;
But be these memories gently laid away
Upon this happy and well-omen'd day,
Remembering, and I say it without scoff,
Sufficient for the day's the ill thereof.
I don't mean that, of course—repress the sneer
No ill can come when saffron Hymen's near,
Combined with Cupid—yet again I pause.
We live beneath the sway of Christian laws,
And if those heathen beings I invoke,
It is that I may point the harmless joke.
I know full well that such old classic ties
The Church of England does not recognise.

Great crowds of persons of most various ranks
Have lately gathered upon Neva's banks,

An interesting sight they did behold,
Water was taken in a bowl of gold,
A cross was then inserted in the wave,
And a chief-priest did benediction crave.
The rite was fanciful, but harmless, sure,
And gave much satisfaction to the poor.
Our Princes were not 'mid the concourse, but
Stood at a window, which, I hope, was shut,
For, till acclimatised, 'tis hard to bear
The shocking keenness of the Russian air,
And stern bronchitis, quite impartial, brings
Grief to the throats of Princes and of Kings.
One novel thought my Muse's wit inflames—
Who ever heard a blessing on the Thames?
Especially when manufacturing smells
Prompt, not a blessing, friends, but something else—
Not that I tolerate a childish curse,
But claim some licence for a sportive verse.

To-day, my Muse, in matrimonial bands
ALFRED and MARIE swathe their royal hands.
He's bound in Russia, so, for that, is she—
A bondage of the happiest liberty:
Were it but etiquette, the hour would win
His sweetest tune on his best violin;
But, as good *Dr. Primrose* used to say,
Some graver thoughts befit the marriage day,
DEAN STANLEY's sermon seems to me a boon
Much more becoming than a lively tune.

Now, we'll suppose the ceremonial said,
The crowns suspended o'er each youthful head,
The CZAR protrudes his hand, and gives the kiss,
Wishing his children every sort of bliss,
All the Princesses lavish kindly smiles,
The bright tear sparkling in each eye the whiles;
Frank ALBERT EDWARD, laughing, whispers, “Alf,
You, like myself, have got a Better Half.”
Then all the cannons give an awful roar,
Flash flies a telegram to England's shore,

And thence transmitted to the Isle of Wight
(To-day we'll hope the wires will be all right),
Informs our Monarch that her second Son
Has claimed the Prize he so adroitly won.

Descend, sweet Muse, from yonder spheres sublime,
And deign to join the revel of the time:
It is not very frequently, I think,
I offer incense on the shrine of drink,
But the heart's poor that never will rejoice,
And vent its feelings in a festal voice—
So with this homage let the wine go down—
"THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF EDINA'S TOWER."

January 23, 1874.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

In three Places, and reports as usual.



SIR,—WITH this letter I intend to sum up, for the present, the general Theatrical case. The holidays are over, or nearly so. *Tommy Morton* and *Harry Sandford* must go back to the *Rev. Dr. Barlow*, where the Roddy-dandies are in bloom all the year round. Both the Princess's and Covent Garden have afforded excellent entertainment for children; and *Little Bo-peep's* pet lambs, crossing the rustic bridge, are as pretty a sight as our young lambkins can well see. Your Representative heard that H.R.H.'s children were clamorous for the purchase of a whole flock of these trained *Baa-lambs*, but the Manager *KICK*, not being inclined to make a *Baa-gain*, respectfully declined the offer, that is, during the run. He will have 'em again next winter probably, when *il reviennent à ses moutons*; or, rather, his muttons, will return to him. They have (I mean the sheep have) been excellently trained; and it only shows what application and study will effect in (what the

actors elegantly term) "getting a part through the wool."

Cinderella, too, at HENGLER'S Circus, Argyle Street (which establishment, it strangely enough occurs to Your Representative, The New Gallery, where the "Happy Thought" Entertainment is, adjoins) has delighted thousands this holiday time, and will probably continue to do so as long as any children are left at home. The little couple of mites in Watteau costume, who are always getting in the way, and being knocked down by the other dancers at the *Prince's* ball (given in the Circus, you understand), are very droll. *MISTER SANDY*, the Clown, is really grotesque and original. Your Representative only noticed one pensive face among the generally merry audience at HENGLER'S: it was that of a young lady of eight years of age. "Why so sad?" inquired Your Representative benignly. She sighed; then—never once taking her eyes off *SANDY*—she replied, with earnest intensity, "I should like to marry the Clown." Vainly did I attempt to distract her from her purpose by suggesting, as altogether better *partis*, the Master of the Ring, the daring and elegant gentleman on three horses, the accomplished musician who struggled with the drum, and even the groom in livery. No; she was not to be dazzled by finery; her heart was true to Poll; she only repeated, "I should like to marry the Clown."

Finally, Your Representative represented You, Sir, in full costume—flower in my button-hole, a curl on the front of Jove, with gloves and boots of dazzling brightness, and, in fact, in every way worthy of You, Sir, with all your polish. My visits to the Alhambra are angelic in their character, being few and far between; and therefore when an angel *does* do this sort of thing, he had better do it thoroughly, unless he is the Angel of Islington, who would bring discredit on his order (he'd be sure to come with an "order") by arriving in a threepenny bus.

However, there I was. What a wonderful place, Sir! What a wonderful sight! As the Pickwickian M. C. said, "No one is old or fat in Bath," so no one, on the Spindle side of the ranks, is over nineteen, and all are lovely, at the Alhambra. Crowded from floor to ceiling: a large proportion being evidently "friends from a distance," who have "kindly accepted" the intimation conveyed in the

advertisements. Respectabilities from the Provinces, about town for a few days *en garçon*, consider it as much a part of their duty, now-a-days, to visit the Alhambra, as they still do to visit subsequently Evans's, and shake hands with our venerable "dear boy," *PATRICK*, whom middle-aged strangers respectfully address as "MISTER GREEN," whom cocky youngsters call "GREEN," and cookier ones (their rashness makes me shudder as I munch my well-earned underdone chop) slap on the shoulder, styling him "PANDY."

But there he is, little great man, the Napoleon of the Music Halls, welcoming everyone—all friends, no foes—to all corners he is *compère idem, toujours vert*, ever-GREEN! *Vive l'ancien garçon!*

But I was (for You, Sir) at the Alhambra, and I've wandered off the beaten path on to the Green.

In Mr. BYRON'S *Don Juan* at the Alhambra there is plenty to see, lots to laugh at, and much, musically, to hear. There's a new song by the indefatigable and clever *MONSIEUR JACOB*, with a swimming chorus. It is sung by Miss SANTIKEY, over a favourite with the Alhambrites, and just suits her, or she just suits it, or somehow they both suit one another, and everybody is delighted. But bless us! how mighty difficult it is to get another success like Mr. FREDERICK CLAY'S "*Nobody knows as I know*." The latter composer hasn't done it again. Like *SHERMAN*, whose *School for Scandal* wouldn't succeed, because of his powerful *Block*. In *MDLLE. ROSE BELL* we have *une vraie artiste*. Her first song from *OFFENBACH'S Bridge of Sighs* is trebly encored. Her second song "*Sparkling Wine*," also composed by M. JACOB, is encored vociferously. For the Prince of an extra-vaganza, for the dashing cavalier of an *Opéra Bouffe*, no one could be found better in voice, manner, and appearance than *MDLLE. ROSE BELL*.

Of the other bright creatures I have not time to speak now, save that gorgeous, merry, sparkling Miss AMY SHERKIDAN was as captivating a *Cervant*, as you'd wish to be captured by. (I think You are quite right, Sir, in sending me to represent You on these occasions.) *The Commendatore's Statue*, by Mr. JARVIS, is played with a good deal of grotesque humour; Mr. WORBOYS does what he can with nothing in particular, and Mr. PAULTON has plenty of funny "comic business" as *Leporello*. His final waltz with the Ghost is one of the best things in the piece.

The Ballet, of European fame, called *Flick and Flock* followed. Over this I could dwell for hours. I love a ballet with a story in it. I haven't time to tell you the story. Let anyone who enjoys a good ballet-piece go and see *Flick and Flock*. But I must tell you one incident. A fairy will show Mr. *Flick* and Mr. *Flock* (who are two friends), a series of panoramic views of the various cities of the world. We went to Berlin, we went to St. Petersburg, and Heaven knows where besides, every place being illustrated by dancers in the costume of the particular nationality. Well, Sir, we were taken to Rome. There were St. Peter's and the Vatican plain as a pike-staff. We were in the Great Square. Lo and behold, out came from different sides, dancers in the dresses of Peasants of the Campagna. Such petticoats! Lovely! Then they struck up a dance, a gay and festive, not to say wild dance. Sir, I trembled to think that this was taking place within a stone's throw of the Vatican, and that from one of the windows in the distance the venerated POPE might be looking at us. I expected every minute that he'd come out, and stop it. Alas! poor man, I forgot the present circumstances. It flashed across me all at once, *why* these indecorous (from a clerical view only) proceedings could be now allowed in the Great Square of St. Peter's. Why?—because the POPE is a prisoner, and he can't come out of the Vatican and get at 'em. This made me shed a tear, but I plucked up again, and was soon looking with wonder at the marvellous antics in the "famed Parisian Quadrille." Elegant dancing by *MDLLE. PITTEU*, and wild evolutions by Miss SARA. *Vive le Général BAUM!* Adieu, kind Sir, I will rest from theatrical labours for a week or so, look round again, see what's worth seeing, hear what's worth hearing, and be ever

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

Memoires (of Whalley) Pour Servir.

1873. January 20.—MR. WHALLEY, M.P., is severely rebuked by SIR ALEXANDER COCKBURN, and fined £100 for Contempt of Court.
1874. January 20.—MR. WHALLEY, M.P., writes a letter, for which SIR ALEXANDER COCKBURN orders him to attend, the letter being Contempt of Court.
1874. January 23.—MR. WHALLEY, M.P., appears in Court, and is fined by SIR ALEXANDER COCKBURN in the sum of £250. The eminent Protestant Religious remarks, "I won't pay!" and is sent to Holloway Gaol.

(To be continued—perhaps.)

THE SHIP WHICH THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH HAS NOW GIVEN UP.—The Court-Ship.



A TREMENDOUS SELL.

Fidgety Old Bachelor (who hates Juvenile Parties, and has come two Hours later than he was asked, so as to avoid the Children). "SO SORRY TO BE LATE—I'M DREADFULLY AFRAID I'VE MISSED ALL THE DARLING LITTLE ONES!"

Lively Hostess. "O DEAR, NO. OUR SUPPER HAS BEEN PUT OFF TWO HOURS. THE DARLING LITTLE ONES ARE HAVING TEA, BUT THEY'LL BE DOWN DIRECTLY FOR 'SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY'; SO YOU'RE JUST IN TIME TO HELP US CLEAR THE ROOM, AND JOIN IN A REGULAR ROMP!"

BISMARCK'S BACKER!

OR, "A SMALL POT AND SOON HOT."

THERE are cocks small of stature, but plucky of nature,
Who need no steel-spurring to stir to the shindy,
Whose clarion we hear, when a battle is near—
Nay, whose crow sometimes kindles the contest, I fear—
Proclaiming their wind good—the weather, too, windy.

Such a cock's JOHNNY RUSSELL, all foes game to hustle,
In whom age, strange to say, the white feather has moulted—
With what flutter and bustle he arms for the tussle
For the Vatican cock though some doubt of his muscle
Who chalked up "No Popery!" once,* and then bolted.

See this brave little JOHN, in the "seventies" far gone,
How his gallant old goose-quill he draws with a flourish,
Of what he thinks right reason, so always in season,
Proclaiming his view, which to doubt he holds treason,
And for which Faith and Love, alike, Liberals must nourish.

Man or cock, I maintain, 'tis the strife shows the strain,
And since JOHN first wore steel—not e'en scoffers can question—
Never great fight has been, but this small cock was seen,
In the thick of the row, pecker up, and spurs keen,
Or atip-toe, and straining his throat to congestion.

So shrill chanticleering, for ears dull of hearing,
As for more normal ears might, at times, seem lost labour,
But his note still the true British Cock-doodle-doo—
Every man under law free to think, speak, and do,
What pleasing himself, does no wrong to his neighbour.

Yes, in cousinhood full, these two JOHNS, RUSSELL, BULL,
As agog for the fray, and, at times, as wrong-headed,
Have blundered and blundered, till cooler wits wondered,
But still, on the whole, from the right hand have thundered,
With cartridge, at times blank, but oft double-led.

And ne'er have they run with more will to their gun,
Than when 'twas to point it, full-charged to the muzzle,
Their broadside to ope 'gainst that fire-ship the *Pope*,
Whose pluck, in her state of crew, cannon, and rope,
Was something both JOHNS' bluntish reason to puzzle.

Hard times we have known, when we fought her alone,
At her back when she boasted Armadas invincible;
But she never hoists colour less flaunting or duller,
Now she owns for ally scarce a pair-oar or sculler—
And of these PAT, the stoutest, if not the most "sinsible."

Once it proved pluck to brave the Old Lord of the Wave,
To whose Cross-keys the flags of all nations were lowered,
When he ruled all seas over, from Euxine to Dover,
And bore down on *John Bull*, that piratical rover,
As an Eagle might swoop on a wren over-powered.

Now that flag calls in vain, on France, Italy, Spain,
And more vainly still on the iron-clad German,
Their ensigns to lower, in respect to her power,
And under her lee in submission to cower,
And to take for sealed orders her old captain's firman.

And it needs little pluck, now she's down on her luck,
To tackle the old craft, worm-eaten and crazy;
One shot in her quarter, between wind and water,
Of the bolts in her rotten old sides would be starter,
And her crew is disheartened, commander grown hazy.

* See *Mr. Punch's* admirable Cartoon *à propos* of the Papal Titles Bill.



BISMARCK AND HIS BACKER!

EARL R—SS—LL. "GO IT, BISMARCK!—PITCH INTO 'EM! I'D HA' DONE IT MYSELF, ONLY I'VE SUCH AN
AWFULLY BAD COLD!"

[Extract from Newspaper.]

And now the Big *Bismarck*, about to set his mark
Upon the old craft, fifes a-scream, drums a-rattle,
Boarding-nettings up-knotted, big guns double-shotted,
Grave, grim-visaged crew at their stations allotted,
Bears down, huge and heavy, a-taunto for battle!

Let him fight his own fight, God will stand by the right,
He can manage his battle without any backer,
Do his own talking, writing, his own steering, fighting,
His own tacking, wearing, his own signal-lighting,
Choose his own time to ram and steam faster or slower.

So, my JOHNNY, why poke such a very bad joke,
As when you propose, at this grave German crisis,
Your own cockle-shelly to steer in the *mêlée*,
And your small pocket handkerchief sail to bid belly,
Like a dingey behind a big barge on the Isis?

There's a voice from the past—"Cobbler, stick to your last."
And a fable that tells frogs can ne'er into bulls swell,
And a proverb commanding each tub to find landing
Upon its own,—well, let us say,—“understanding,”
So keep your cockboat clear of the Big *Bismarck's* full swell!

THE WEDDING IN RUSSIA.

(From Our Own Special Correspondent.)



CONGRATULATE me on having arrived in St. Petersburg in admirable time for the ceremony.

Of course I know every inch of the ground, and am personally no stranger to the great Russian Public, nor, for the matter of that, to the great Russian Hotel, where, having refused apartments in the Winter Palace, I put up, with my portmanteaus, bags, boxes of presents for the Happy Pair, &c., &c. But, bless you, I can put up with anything.

I like “roughing it,” as the butcher's horse said in a hard frock.

Talking of what the butcher's horse said, you shall hear what I said immediately on my arrival.

I stood on Russian soil and exclaimed,—
“Once more upon my native Heath!”

“Sir,” my Second Under-Secretary ventured to remark, “it's not a Heath.”

I was down on him.

“Secretary Two,” I replied, sternly, “though this is not a Heath, yet Russia is a land of Furs.”

He knew I meant “Furs,” and shrank back, overcome by the brilliancy of the retort.

One of the CZAR's Ministers, I forget which (I think it was COUNT TENN BAKUDS, the Chancellor of the Exchequer), asked me if I'd like to have the poor fellow banished to the mines of Posen, and flogged three times a day for five years.

“To Posen!” I exclaimed. “And sup-posed I say no?”

I was “in the vein.” The Russian Ministers, Officers, and the crowd generally, were in shrieks. I was going to say “in fits,” but I can't, for they haven't got a tailor worth mentioning among 'em.

So the Under-Sec. escaped this time, and lucky for him, as, had I agreed to the suggestion, the unfortunate man would soon have discovered that, instead of having come to Russia with me for “an outing,” he had only come out for a *Knouting*.

So I got into my Drowaki, and, with my favourite Bowwowowski terrier seated opposite me, I gave the word, in Russian, to proceed. “Vich Hotel!” asked the driver.

“Vich P?” says I, readily. “Vy, the ‘Alexandrovich.’”

Cheers, tears, laughter, mud, and brickbats, as I drove away from the station.

My Secretaries followed at full gallop, mounted on rough, shaggy little Ponyatowiskis. My Secs. are wearing busbies, bluchers, scarves of various colours, Hussar jackets, their own arms, and anything else they like. They're a useful lot. My Assistant Third Under-Sec. waits at table capitally. Also I'll back him for varnishing boots against anyone of his own size and weight.

He always has to do this, because I have one *mot* which I invariably come out with.

I ask my guests why is that person there waiting like a very dry champagne?

Everyone gives it up.

I answer, “*Parcequ'il est très sec.*”

Of course he has a tray in his hand, so as to point the joke, and the guests know he's a Secretary. However, it never goes flatly. If it did, I'd never have another dinner-party.

However, to the business which connects Petersburg with Edinburgh. *Adions!*

I was soon obliged to leave the Hotel. The EMPEROR wouldn't hear of my being there as long as there was a suite of apartments to let in the Alexander Palace.

“Dear old man,” he wrote to me in excellent Russian (for he both writes and speaks his own language grammatically), “here you are. Come up. Gymnastics and billiards. No extra charge.”

And so, of course, there I was.

Don't believe any report you may have heard about there having been any danger, at any time, after my first dance with the merry little Grand Duchess, of the match being broken off.

I am bound in honour to contradict it.

As a gentleman and as a loyal subject of our Queen (though when in Russia do as the Russians do), I lay my hand on my heart and assure you that there never was any foundation for the absurd report.

We never were in the Orangery (where the iced rose-water fountains are) alone for a single moment.

The absurd canard was all owing to my having made a joke about ARCHBISHOP ORLOFF, which a Ruski spy (not well up in his English) was too stupid to understand. “All off,” said ORLOFF, was the idea. The Spy was hung last Monday, or sent to Siberia, it doesn't much matter which.

Well, Sir, in the face of all these tales, I am proud and happy to say that the Wedding went off A. 1.

As to the Ball, Your Own was the observed of all observers. How they applauded my *trois temps* with the CZAREVNA. I was a little nervous at first, as I had only just finished taking lessons in London of PROFESSOR FUMRE and his three accomplished daughters. But after two false starts, in consequence of that illustrious DIONNOVITCH getting in my way, and bumping us as if he were in a University Boat-race, we got well off, and didn't finish until I came with a bang against the corner of a triangular pillar supporting a brilliant chandelier.

I had been round the room with her, and now the room went round with me.

“You are not well,” said the beautiful C——A, anxiously.

Here I drop a veil.

Supper was done pretty well. The CZAR winked at me, on my remarking *sotto voce* to him, that I had seen the barley-sugar ornament in the centre before. As for the Champagne—well, we had a private bottle or two, between us, under the chair.

However, I was a guest, and the Imperial hospitality was well meant. But, as I whispered to him, “Give me our little supper parties alone. Four. No more. *Cabinet particulier* in the Winter Palace.” He grasped my hand under the table, and sighed. Auld lang syne.

I sang my best song at the banquet, but the Grand Chamberlain, who has no more ear for music than a tom-cat, would come in with the chorus a bar too soon. He tried to throw the blame on the PRINCE DE LEUCHTERBOURG.

The Court Circular of to-day announced that, after the Banquet, “we were to return to the Private Apartments in the same order.” Ah! but did we. “Order” wasn't the word. Everybody got in everybody else's way, and how could “the same order” be expected after the banquet as before it? Boshki.

After this, I looked in on the ecclesiastics, who were supping with the members of the Holy Synod. My dear old chum, the Metropolitan, was in great force. We got him on his legs twice, for a couple of speeches, and a song. We couldn't get him on his legs again, but this was later, when the worthy dignitary seemed to be deeply affected, and was, finally, carried out.

Headache this morning, so no more at present from

Yours ever,

KARL LEEFAVINKKI.

P.S.—The Blessing of the Neva was typical of the removal of the courtly reserve which etiquette demanded of the two High Contracting parties up to a certain time. When the ice was once broken, conversation flowed.

The first good thing, after this ceremony, said by H.R.H. OF EDINBURGH, was in answer to a question put by the Grand Duchess, who asked, simply,—



NOT A LADIES' DAY.

Miss Scramble. "NOW, CHARLES, GIVE ME ONE MORE LONG HAIR-PIN, AND I SHALL DO."

"O, ALF! couldn't they patch up that hole in the ice? Some one will tumble in."

Whereupon, replied H.R.H., smiling,—

"My own MARY, it is Neva too late to mend."

DEAN STANLEY took down this note in short-hand, but did not introduce it subsequently into his sermon.

P.S. 2.—I *must* tell you this. Dear little Duchess cried once during the wedding. H.R.H. saw it. You know he is every inch a sailor. He whispered, "Belay! What, my own *Gal*, a tear!" And she was wreathed in smiles. First-rate, eh?

A True Woman.

MRS. MALAPROP reads every word that is written about the Royal and Imperious Marriage. Like most of her sex, she is particularly interested in the descriptions of the ladies' dresses and twilights. Having often heard of "Siberian crabs," she sent to her fishmonger on the day of the wedding for a nice one, but he could not oblige her.

INTERESTING MUSICAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

On dit that MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN's charming song, "*Little Maid of Arcadee*," will be sung at four o'clock, weather permitting, on the 30th of February, by one of the Beadles of the Burlington Arcade, in full costume. No extra charge for admission.

NOT IN SHAKESPEARE, BUT HISTORICAL.

WHEN Birnam Wood was reported as coming to Dunsinane, *Macbeth* inquired, sarcastically, if "Every tree was bringing its own trunk?" The first instance on record of a Scotch joke.

THE great Church for Funeral Ceremonies in the Metropolis ought evidently to be Saint Paul's.

SÉANCE FOR CICERO.

ARISE, O MARCUS TULLIUS, from Elysian shades below, Or else descend from the higher spheres where all good niggers go. We cite thee from the Spirit World with not an idle aim; Instruct us how to speak in full, as thou wast wont, thy name.

Our scholars are agreed that we should talk the Latin tongue By no means as we used to in the days when we were young. But, since in what particulars they somewhat disagree, Come thou, and teach us how to say thy native A B C.

Not all alike their vowels Latin races do intone; And variance makes their consonants no models for our own. French can't, nor can Italians, talk exactly as did you— They differ from us Britons; from each other differ, too.

We "pater" rhyme with "mater"; both with "'tater:" did you that,

Or in "mater," *a* as *ah* sound, and in "pater" as in "PAT"? We make it the same in "ira" as we do in "swipes" or "smite;" *E* in "ejus" as in "Eton"—are we wrong or are we right?

As *u* in "Tuesday" we pronounce in "tu" did ye, profess. To *t* in the penultimate gave you e'er the sound of *s*? With modern priests of the Roman Church for that 's the usual way. Was it as *g* soft or as *y* you spoke the letter *j*?

Materialise thyself and speak thy lesson, or expound By raps on the mahogany which we are sitting round, Was your *c* hard, or was it soft, above all, please to show; And tell, O tell us, if we ought to call thee KIKERO?

A Libel on the Party.

No one, not even their opponents, can say that the Conservatives are cowards. What, then, is the meaning of a Company started to publish a "Craven Conservative Newspaper"?



THE FUTILITY OF ARGUMENT.

THE HYDROCEPHALOUS JONES CHOOSES TO BELIEVE IN PHRENOLOGY.
THE PROGNATHOUS ROBINSON CHOOSES NOT TO.
THEY WILL NEVER AGREE. WHY PROLONG THE DISCUSSION?

MR. GLADSTONE'S DISSOLUTION ADDRESS.

MY GREENWICH FRIENDS,
This Parliament
About its business must be sent,
In its successor I would be
The White-Bait-Borough's proud M.P.
Of course I can't do all I wish
At frying of your little fish,
You'll let me, as we Scotch say, wait
On "Kettle of the Kirk and State."

Five years of work, performed with nous,
Have weakened Cabinet and House,
And though our Under-Secs. may puff,
We feel we are not strong enough.

If not "combined," "concurrent" act
Floored us upon that Irish pact,
But DIZZY, when he saw us sold,
Refused to take the post I hold,
So, (not without some slight grimaces)
We loyally resumed our places.
We found the Lords recalcitrant,
Treating our Bills with kindness scant,
And yet they gave their *imprimatur*
In '68, and two years later.
'Twas clear their course had been reversed,
Had we remained as strong as erst.

Now it is time the Nation choose
'Twixt gentlemen of different views.

Our principles I need not state,
You've heard enough of them of late.
With Foreign Powers our rule's revealed,
We ask no more than we should yield.

This Gold Coast war I must declare
A most unhappy, sad affair;
We will not press upon the foe
Further than justice bids us go:
But while we fight, as fight we must,
In WOLSELEY we have perfect trust.

More legislation, friends, because—
Because—the nation wants more laws.
Touching the Education Act,
We don't yet know enough, in fact,
But the small things that drive folks queasy,
I think we'll manage to make easy.

Strange how they've stuck to their monopolies,
The Local Swells of this Metropolis,
But we'll attempt it, done or undone,
A better Government for London.
And some improvements we'll pursue
At Oxford and at Cambridge, too.
And thus new brightness shall arise
In those twin sparklers, "England's Eyes."

Of course among my list of bounties
Is wider suffrage in the counties,
But on this point the public mind
Is, up to now, I think, purblind.
When people understand the dodge,
We'll see what we can do for HOMER.

But now, my brethren, list to me,
Attention for our M. S. S.
Our Tory friends we banged and basted,
And said the nation's cash they wasted.
Well, we've not saved such awful sums
As we could wish, but there be plums—
This year (excuse the rhyme), you villains,
We'll show a Surplus of *Six Millions*.

Ten years have I kept up my pecker
As Chancellor of the Exchequer;
So when I paint its prospects brightly
You'll know that I'm not speaking lightly.

Local Taxation, I conceive,
I can reform and eke relieve,
But here's the honey, lads of wax,
I will take off the *Income-tax*.

BOB LOWE was happy as could be,
Who brought it down from six to three;
But what is BOBBY's joy to his
Who wipes it out? (That's one for DIZ.)

But more! you don't know half our gumption:
We'll cheapen things of Home Consumption,
Giving, as far as we are able,
What BRIGHT has called "Free Breakfast Table."

Forty-two years of public life
Have made me rather tired of strife,
And I should like my time to close
With my friend HOMER in repose,
But each must do the thing he can,
And for the present I'm your Man.
We're told the Liberals are a pest,
"Endangering," "worrying," and the rest.
I will not coarsely fling the lie,
But all such charges I deny,
And say each Institution stands
Firmer through work of Liberal hands,
And we have given you nobler cause
To reverence the Throne and Laws.

Now, choose. I'll serve you, if you will,
With all I have of strength and skill.
If not, for other aid go whistle.
"I'll cheerfully accept dismissal."

W. E. G.

ANSWER TO A CORRESPONDENT (BIOGRAPHICAL).

LOCKE was a Cantab, of course. Can you imagine
that LOCKE could have been anything but a Caius (Keye)
man?

"CONTEMPT OF COURT."—Neglecting to attend a Levée.



REBUTTING EVIDENCE.

Wife. "BUSINESS, INDEED! SO YOU SAID LAST WEEK, WHEN COOK ACTUALLY CAN SWEAR SHE SAW YOU COME OUT OF THE 'KING'S HEAD' WHEN SHE WENT FOR THE BEER!"

Husband. "NOW—(hic)—BE CAREFUL, MY DEAR GAL! 'CAUSE I DON' CARE TUPPENSHE 'BOUT DATES! I SHALL 'PPPLY FOR A 'JOURNMENT, AN' CALL TWO FREN'SH O'MINE,—BOTH ON THE CONT'NENT 'PRESENT TIME—(hic)—AN' THEY 'LL SHWEAR NEVER SAW ME GO INT' 'KINGSH ARMSH' AT ALL!!" [Tries to go to Bed in his Boots.]

"WHO WOULD BE FREE," ETC.

We read in *Public Opinion*—

"Animals, it would seem, are well protected in New Orleans. A car-driver carelessly ran over a dog recently, whereupon the animal's owner calmly shot the driver on the spot."

Cases must be judged by circumstances. *Prima facie*, no doubt, it is a good action to extinguish a careless carman, wherever he may be found. Still, the dog may also have been careless, and if so, perhaps it would have met the justice of the case to have stopped a little on this side of capital punishment. But it is quite certain that it will be necessary to introduce some similar method of remonstrance with the London Van-men. They increase in number, in recklessness, in savageness. Limbs and lives of Her Majesty's affectionate and unoffending subjects are in jeopardy all day long from the Juggernaut cars, whose drivers have, at present, nothing to fear. Remembering that Catholic Emancipation was conceded because of pikes, and that the Irish Land Act was won by blunderbusses, there is encouragement to revolve the question whether revolvers, judiciously used, let us say loaded only with powder and peas (at first) might not tend to deliver the Queen's lieges from a grinding—literally grinding—tyranny.

A Dean's Doings.

THE Russian Correspondent of the *Standard* said, last week, that DEAN STANLEY "confirmed all the arrangements which the English Chaplain had made." *Mr. Churchwarden Punch* must draw the attention of Ritualists to this innovation. DEAN STANLEY has no right or power to "confirm" anything or anybody. Only a Bishop can confirm. However, the report itself wants confirmation, which, perhaps, the Dean will go out of his way to give it.

DIES MIRABILIS!

Friday, January 23, 1874.

A Union.—PRINCE ALFRED married to the Russian GRAND DUCHESS MARIE.

A Dissolution.—MR. GLADSTONE appeals to the country, and goes to Greenwich. MR. DISRAELI foresees a Diz-solution of the difficulties.

Leicester Square presented to the public, as a *Gift*, by A. GRANT.

MR. WHALLEY, M.P., committed to prison for Contempt of Court. Takes a dose of Holloway.

All this in one day! No wonder that this is a most unusual sort of winter.

Artistic Anecdote.

AN amateur of painting was being shown over a collection by a friend. The former mistook a picture by DORÉ for one of Tissot's.

"TISSOT," exclaimed the amateur, confidently.

"Tisn't so," replied his friend.

[Here ended their friendship.]

Something Like Good News.

MR. ALBERT GRANT has bought Leicester Square, and is now laying it out in order to the presenting it, renovated and adorned, to London. His namesake (of the Scottish clan), who insisted that the text ran, "and there were Grants in the earth in those days," had the second-sight. Anyhow, this is the work of a benevolent giant, and we agree with SHAKESPEARE,

"'Tis glorious to have a Giant's strength,
And gloriouser to use it like a GRANT."

TO THE CONSTITUENCIES.



PECIALLY at this period of universal address-making it occurs to Mr. Punch to distinguish himself by a dignified silence. But the moral atmosphere is too strong for him, and he is bound, as the Americans say, to address the universe on some topic or other. Happily an opportunity is offered him. The present is

HIS 1700th NUMBER.

The fact naturally bids him call upon his Memory (who is always at home when he calls) and to recall the situation of public affairs seventeen hundred numbers ago. The year, as a slight arithmetical process will show, was 1841. Many

things, besides the establishment of *Punch*, happened in that year which had never occurred before, and which have never come to pass since. In that year, SAMUEL SCOTT, the American diver, hanged himself on Waterloo Bridge, and there was an inundation at Brentford, which did not, in the least, remove the dirtiness of that abominable "town of mud," as THOMSON called it. The EMPEROR OF CHINA issued a peremptory order for the extermination of all foreigners, and, as they declined to be exterminated, His Majesty polished off his Prime Minister, and ceded Hong Kong. HATFIELD, who shot at KING GEORGE THE THIRD, died in Bethlehem, where he had enjoyed a most comfortable asylum since 1802. The IMPERIAL PRINCESS OF GERMANY was christened VICTORIA ADELAIDE MARY LOUISA, and now has had eight of her own little ones christened,—such is life! We were—at least *Punch* was not—hoaxed by an elaborate account of the destruction of Niagara Falls. That amiable, yet heroic nobleman, the EARL OF CARDIGAN, was tried before his Peers for shooting at CAPTAIN HARVEY TUCKETT in a duel, but the Lords, not having seen him do it, acquitted him, the DUKE OF CLEVELAND, who had not seen him a bit more than any of the others, affirming that LORD CARDIGAN was not "legally" guilty. The Exchequer gave Manchester its charter, but omitted to make its validity dependent on the cleansing of the Irwell, which has therefore remained uncleansed. Two houses fell down in Fleet Street, but this was not the accident which suggested to LORD MACAULAY his famous quotation from JOHNSON. By the way, LORD MELBOURNE was Premier, and LORD PALMERSTON was Foreign Secretary up to the September in this year, when SIR ROBERT PEEL and LORD ABERDEEN stepped into those places respectively. The celebrated No. 90 of the *Tracts for the Times* was censured at Oxford, and the Rev. J. H. NEWMAN owned the authorship, expressed sorrow for the trouble he had given, but

adhered to the doctrine. BOY JONES, for the third time, made his way into Buckingham Palace, but was sent to sea. As is well known, he is now LORD * * * * * "Sagacious TYLER" succeeded GENERAL HARRISON as President of the United States—nay, you must remember him, thanks to BON GAULTIER and the Snapping Turtle.

"Post the tin, sagacious TYLER,"
But the old experienced file,
Leering first on CLAY and WEBSTER,
Answered, with a quiet smile:
"Since you've dragged the tarnal crittur
From the bottom of the ponds,
Here's the hundred dollars due you,
All in Pennsylvanian Bonds."

LORD CARDIGAN gave a soldier a hundred lashes one Sunday after service, at Hounslow, and MR. MACAULAY, in the House, said that the proceeding, though it could not be reconciled with good sense, or good taste, was not without precedent. MR. WALTER, of the *Times*, inflicted a tremendous defeat on the Government candidate at Nottingham. SIR HERBERT FUST decided in favour of the validity of lay baptism—what a squeal the Ritualists would set up, had the affirmation to be made anew now! Two Irish scoundrels were hanged for murder at Glasgow, where the authorities, anticipating an attempt by the rabble at a rescue, laid some cannon, so that on a rush at the scaffold, the discharge would sweep away murderers and sympathisers together. However, the hint was enough. We took the Canton forts, and beat the Afghans. SIR ROBERT PEEL floored the Government on a vote of confidence, and LORD JOHN RUSSELL promised an early Dissolution. Astley's was burned down. We presented plate to the Sheriffs who had chosen rather to be imprisoned than to obey the arbitrary orders of the House of Commons. A bard of the time, indignant at the incarceration, wrote:—

"Then hurrah for the folk who can roar at the joke
Of riding o'er law, right, and custom rough-shod!
But they're now taking pap in who'll rue what'll happen
Ere we who've betrayed them are under the sod."

On the anniversary of Trafalgar, the QUEEN launched a great vessel of that name at Woolwich. MR. MOXON was tried for blasphemy in publishing SHELLEY's works, and though the case was before DENMAN, and defended by TALFOURD, a jury found him guilty. The Great Western Railway was opened to Bristol. Our French friends inaugurated the Napoleon Column at Boulogne, LOUIS PHILIPPE having completed the work of impertinence, but he atoned for other blunders, so we forget this one. The great *Times* case of "BOGLE v. LAWSON" was tried, and the leading journal received the thanks of the whole mercantile community for exploding a marvellous conspiracy. THEODORE HOOK this year "ceased his funning," and SIR DAVID WILKIE laid down his brush, and SIR FRANCIS CHANTREY his chisel, for ever. PEEL utterly dished the Whigs, and, as we have said, came into office. MR. GLADSTONE, at Newark, promised the British Farmer that he should have adequate Protection, and should have it by means of the Sliding Scale. It was a great year for Brighthelmston, for the railway was opened, and the travelling in those days was splendid. We have often got to Brighton in fifty-five minutes, or less. 'Tis not so now. LORD PALMERSTON gave trouble by calling a horse "*Ithna*," puzzling the erudite Turfites who do not read VIRGIL. We had the great fire at the Tower of London, damages £200,000. This year began the fearful work in the East—it is enough to mention the name of Cabul. H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES made his appearance in this world, which we hope has since been reasonably pleasant to him. But of course the great incident of the year took place on Saturday the 17th July, when Mr. *Punch* made his first bow to the world which he has since delighted, reproved, instructed, and amended. Roo-ey too-ey. Hooray!

There! If any one of the hundreds of addresses or speeches which have been let off since the Dissolution contains one hundredth part of the information Mr. *Punch* has thus imparted, he will drink up Eisel, as soon as a Shakspearian commentator can inform him what the phrase means, but he respectfully declines to eat a crocodile.

SUMMING UP SPIRITUALISTIC SEANCES.

MEDIUM.
Tedium.



A SORE POINT.

First Articled Clerk. "WELL, HOW DID YOUR PRIVATE THEATRICALS GO OFF?"

Second Ditto. "PREY WELL. MY MOUSTACHE WENT OFF AT ONCE, BUT NOTHING WOULD INDUCE THE PISTOL TO GO OFF IN THE DUEL SCENE!"—(Dropping the Subject.)—"HOW'S YOUR MOTHER?"

PROMISES FOR POWER.

THE Income-tax we've heard how long
Declared a necessary wrong,
Inquisitorial and unjust,
Put up with which, howe'er, we must;
An evil that could not be cured:
Would therefore have to be endured.
What though financiers did without
That pest in countries round about,
And even France contrived to pay
The Germans through another way?
How is its place to be supplied?
Thus all remonstrants were defied,
Till now, that votes are to be won,
We're told we shall have that thing done.
How easy does the task appear,
Impossible so many a year!
Nor shall your incomes only be,
But breakfast-table, also, free.
How, with a fight for place in view,
Statesmen find out what they can do!

But soft, green friends, too prone to trust,
Oft promises prove pie's mere crust.
That income should be taxed no more,
Once on a time you heard before.
On that pretence was duty laid
Upon "succession," and prepaid.
But when relief, thus bought, fell due,
Dishonoured was the bill—mind you!
The thing could not be managed. Why?
"Because it can't," was the reply.
And whichever side shall win,
These office keep, or those come in,
If the redress now promised, then
They fail not to refuse again,
Upon the renovated plea
Of its impossibility,
They'll disappoint, with glad surprise,
The expectations of the wise.

THE CHURCH MILITANT.

A GRATIFYING proof of the advancement of education was afforded by a young Officer, who, being asked by his Colonel what a Baredos meant, replied that it was the Rear Division of the Army of Martyrs.

David Tibingstone.

BORN 1815. DIED 1873.

WE doubt, till doubt in the most sceptic yields
To the chill certainty of death, at last:
Death, that has reached him through the four-fold shields
By courage, use, hope, love, about him cast.

Another heart, hungry for roaming, still:
Another brain, athirst for knowledge, stayed:
Another manly life and iron will,
To Afric's darkling Sphynx in tribute paid.

"And to what end?" So springs to thought and tongue
The ready question. That our maps may stand
Their blanks filled in with names and figures, wrung,
A life for each, from Nature's close-clenched hand?

To help us widen wastes—e'en now so wide—
Of brutish dwellers, and, more brutish far,
Of fierce man-hunters, who a-hunting ride,
Dogg'd by worse curses than death, dearth, or war?

To set new problems more hot brains to fire?
Hurl more high hearts on desperate emprise?
To find new fields for Christian desire
To teach and train, to raise and civilise?

With all these wastes, that waster, wider grow,
Amid our whited homes, and weeded fields;
These savage hordes, embruted, blind, and low—
The wild root, that wild fruit, uncultured yields,

Was there not work for all hearts of his aim
Whose loss we mourn, on this our heathenry?

More ignorance to teach, vice to reclaim,
Than Central Afric hides, 'twixt sea and sea?

As strange discoveries to be made here,
Of unexpected dearth for harvests kind:
Of more unlooked-for spring-heads, sweet and clear,
Where drought or bitterness we looked to find?

It may be some will say his work was waste,
As the waste realms, wild races, where 'twas wrought;
No harvest to his seed or sickle traced,
Of food for higher life, or richer thought.

But are such men vouchsafed unto their race
To be swept by as naught? Is Heaven so free
In lending greatness, or are we so base
In its appraisement, that "what use?" must be

The measure of our judgments, when we hear
Of some great soul that, on its work undone,
Hath sunk aweary, with the goal so near,
Seemed but a hand to stretch, and it was won?

By their own scale great souls gauge things and men;
Their ways and weights are not our weights and ways;
Only their vision goes beyond our ken,
Reaching to larger lights, diviner days.

"What good?" 'Tis well the question should remain
Unanswered, to our asking, who so use
Mammon's equivalents of loss and gain,
We deem things worthless which that test refuse.

"No good to thee," this forfeit life may say,
"And yet all good to me, and souls like mine,
That give the lie to doctrines of the day,
And devilish hold much they call divine.



ON A BROKEN EGG-SHELL.

Inspired Being. "WHENCE, O WHENCE, LADIES, WHENCE, O WHENCE CAME THE MARVELLOUS INSTINCT THAT PROMPTED THE MINUTE BEING ORIGINALLY CONTAINED IN THIS FRAGILE SHELL TO BURST THE CALCAREOUS ENVELOPE THAT SECLUDED IT FROM THE GLORIES OF THE OUTWARD WORLD!"

Chorus of Admiring Ladies. "WHENCE, O WHENCE, INDEED, MR. HONEYCOMB!"

Master Tommy. "P'RAPS THE LITTLE BEGGAR WAS AFRAID HE'D BE BOILED!"

"Knowledge, like other life, springs, fruits, seeds, dies
To live; nor seeks our judgment of its worth;
Prized or unprized, alike, its harvest lies
In hand of Heaven—to garner, or give forth.

"And they that sow the seed, oft see no fruit;
Nay, oft lie dead ere the bud is blown:
But not the less they dig about the root,
Trusting in growth for good, where seed is sown."

So trusted he, this Scotsman, humbly born,
Yet of a lineage so proud and high,
It brooked no ill-gain bring its poortith scorn,
No ill-deed shame its cottier ancestry.

Through life's rough places winning upward way,
Feeling new strength with each new height attained,
He girt him life at duty's call to lay,
Nor e'er looked back, nor hand from plough refrained.

Since thirty years ago and three, began
The labour of his travel to and fro
The blank zone that across mid-Africa ran,
Whose mysteries he gave us, first, to know,

Like one who for shell'd pearl or coral's wreath,
In the sea's un-sunned depth adventures leap,
And to the watchers seems to stay beneath
Longer than living lungs their breath could keep,

Then rises, pale and proud, and shakes his hair
Free from the brine, and strikes through cheers to land,
And for past dangers little seems to care
For joy of the rare treasures in his hand,—

So this bold diver, in mid-Africa's sea,
Un-mapped, un-plumbed, would sink, and re-emerge,
Till men thought what had been again must be,
And still watched for his rising o'er the verge.

This time he will not rise, till that great day
That brings all men's deserts and deeds to scale;
Then, blest the souls that as true weight shall weigh,
As that which warmed this husk, so worn and pale,

That dropped off, almost as in sight he came
Of evening rest, and honours fairly won;
Bare heads, to welcome back the shrivelled frame,
As befits life well lived, and work well done!

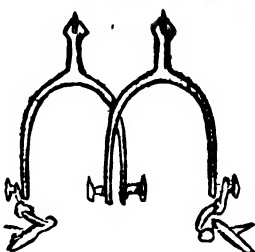
THE OLDEST CANDIDATE.

WE do hope that Captain the Honourable RANDOLPH STEWART will be returned for Kirkcudbright (pronounced something like "Kirkcoobery," we believe) without opposition. His gallant services are known to us all; but it is his tremendous age that chiefly entitles him to the reverence and suffrage of his countrymen. He tells us in his address:—

"I was born within sight of the glorious old Stewartry hills, and come before you as one intimately connected with the Stewartry and Galloway generally for a period extending over many centuries, whilst in more recent years my father was your Lord-Lieutenant, and my great-uncle your representative in the Parliament of Great Britain."

Surely, such a fact has only to be mentioned to ensure CAPTAIN STEWART's return. Father of the House! Methuselah, rather. Elect him, Kirkcoobery, if he were ten times a Conservative. *Punch* for STEWART!

SEPULTURE AND SHOP.



UCHLY cares the Undertaker,
Of a sympathetic mind,
Like the Grocer, Butcher, Baker,
For the welfare of his kind.
Some there may be of "cremation"
Being introduced afraid,
Which they think an alteration
Likely for to injure trade.

From such sordid apprehension
I am thankful I am free;
Mercenary thoughts don't mention,
Never when you talk to me.
Yet, though public good is reckoned
First consideration due,
Private interest comes the second
In a business point of view.

What's the odds? In social station
Parties will the same display
Make in practising cremation
As they do the present way.
Plumes of sable, brass plates burnished,
May no longer be the style;
Still the funeral will be furnished,
And, besides, the funeral pile.

Doubtless the superior classes
Will require superior coals,
Or fine wood, with which the masses
Won't have means to bless their souls.
What the dickens can it matter
In the earth if people lay,
Or in air are pleased to scatter
Goods for which we take their pay?

Sculpture in the City.

THE Albert Monument in Holborn deserves a word of passing notice. It is a very neatly-executed work, remarkable, chiefly, for the smoothness of the equestrian figure's clothing. A perfectly unwrinkled uniform, represented as sitting close to the body, suggests the idea of a statue of the late PRINCE CONSORT, accoutred as a Field Marshal, as he appeared when he rode out of a bandbox.

NO CAMPBELL.

A SCOTCH Baker having got fined for adulterating his bread with alum, acquired, among his countrymen, the appellation of MACALUM MORE.

HINTS TO CANDIDATES.

WHEN you have made up your mind on the chief political questions of the day, telegraph to your agents and leading supporters to meet you at the station, and to arrange with the ringers to strike up a peal on the church bells the moment you arrive within the precincts of the borough.

Engage a saloon carriage for the journey, and exercise a generous but unostentatious liberality towards the servants of the company.

Make your way from the station to the principal hotel in a carriage and four, with postilions in sleek white hats and jackets of the colour which the constituency you aspire to represent have from time immemorial associated with the political principles you profess—you yourself wearing a large rosette, of the same tint, on your left breast, and a brilliant satin scarf to match, and bowing, and smiling, and kissing your hand, all along the line of progress. If the services of a stout brass band are available, let it precede you, playing loyal and constitutional tunes.

Time is precious, and antagonists are wary: therefore, lose not a moment on your arrival, but at once throw up the centre window and address the crowd, which will be sure to have collected in front of your hotel.

Both in your speeches and printed addresses take every opportunity of introducing good round words and phrases—such as the law of primogeniture, the assimilation of the franchise, intoxicating liquors, Denominational Education, the incidence of local taxation, the Imperial Exchequer, and the relations between Capital and Labour. If nature has not made you an orator, be brief; and it will save you much trouble and hesitation if you at once avow yourself a supporter of the Prime Minister or the Leader of the Conservative Party (as the case may be), and declare that your opinions on all the great questions of the hour are the same as those professed by one or other of these eminent statesmen.

Attend any concerts, lectures, or other entertainments, which may be given while the election is in progress. Arrive rather late, accompanied by six or eight members of your Committee, and make your way to the most prominent seat in the room. Propose a vote of thanks to the lecturer, or to the Mayor for his kindness in taking the chair, at the close of the proceedings.

Be hearty and genial with every person with whom you come

in contact. Interest yourself in the history, antiquities, commerce, and society of the place, visit all its public institutions, show how agreeable you can be in private life, and make some small purchases of the retail tradesmen.

Show your attachment to the Establishment and your tenderness towards Nonconformity by attending service both at the Parish Church and the largest Dissenting Chapel in the town; and open your purse freely should there be (as most probably will be the case) a collection for some charitable object.

While you will be careful to neglect no opportunity of ingratiating yourself with that powerful element in every constituency, the Licensed Victuallers, you will do well not to forget that the advocates of Total Abstinence and the Permissive Bill are a numerous and influential body, whom it is desirable to conciliate and win over to your side in the impending struggle.

Contribute something to the columns of the local paper—a letter on the high position the town holds for cleanliness and salubrity, or a few verses on the ruins of its ancient castle, or a notice of a curious fossil lately discovered in a neighbouring chalk quarry.

If you are standing for a snug compact borough of about 10,000 inhabitants, defy the weather, brave the muddy streets and lanes, be careless of your own health and comfort, but canvass every elector personally; and if you do not find the voter himself at home, be affable and pleasant with his wife, or daughter, or mother-in-law, or other female representative.

Be prepared to answer any questions that may be put to you about the Gold Coast, the Straits of Malacca, the Game Laws, Open Spaces, the Opening of Museums on Sunday, Pew Bents, Primogeniture, the Permissive Bill, Auricular Confession, Vaccination, Co-operative Stores, a Free Breakfast Table, Home Rule, Local Taxation, Female Suffrage, Disestablishment, and the Deceased Wife's Sister; and when in doubt, fall back on the total and immediate repeal of that most unjust, most iniquitous, most inquisitorial, &c., &c. impost—the Income-tax.

Never lose your temper (especially if you should be beaten), be thankful that you have not to face the hustings, like your heroic predecessor, dine at the market ordinary if you are standing for a county, have a few jokes always ready (the older the better), give as few pledges and promises as possible, remember that there is such a being as an Election Judge, wear very good clothes and a new hat, and always go about with a flower in your button-hole.

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—FEBRUARY 7, 1874.





THE "REALMS OF GLOOM."

(BEFORE THE TRANSFORMATION SCENE.)

OCCASIONAL HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(CONTINUED FROM JAN. 10.)

The Visitors—Arrival of an Animal to suit me—Excitement.

IN our small drawing-room. The Three Ladies, my old friend the Rev. W. PULLINGER, myself, a Young Lady in a Riding-habit, and the tall Dismounted Visitor, who, not being able to get a chair, politely declares that he "rather prefers standing." Queer taste: bolt upright in a corner. Politeness, like virtue, is its own reward.

Previous to the introductions, which must follow of course, I find myself taking it for granted that the Dismounted Visitor is the father of the Young Lady in the Riding-habit. That there is not the slightest resemblance between them, I should be ready to admit; but I suppose it's the fact of their both having come on horseback which has suggested, and, by this time, really fixed the idea in my mind.

After PULLINGER has asked me "How I've been this long time"—(to which question a precise answer would require a review of my physical condition for the past ten or twelve years, with corroborative evidence from my medical man's ledger, which, of course, would take some time to obtain, and a general summing up)—and I have answered, that, taking me altogether (that is, not in isolated details), "I've been very well," the conversation seems to flag, until it occurs to me, not as something brilliant, but as at least a return for polite inquiries, and, in any case, less depressing than silence, to ask him with a sort of tender heartiness—

"And how have you been?"

The Four Ladies and the Dismounted Visitor are watching this scene with, apparently, as much interest as though it were the keenest encounter between two of the greatest wits of the day.

"Well," replies PULLINGER, in a confident tone, "I've been—married."

Hearat the Ladies all smile. So does the Dismounted Visitor, and nods approvingly. I notice that he only stands on one leg at a time: keeping the other in reserve, like a stork. At this first point, which he, evidently, puts down as scoring one to PULLINGER (the state of the game being, PULLINGER "one," to my "nothing,") he relieves guard with his left leg, which comes on duty while the right leg retires for a little temporary relaxation.

Happy Thought, on hearing of PULLINGER's having been married, to say, "Indeed! I am glad of it!" because the Ladies are present, and one of them is, probably, MRS. PULLINGER.

It now occurs to PULLINGER that the time has arrived when he will introduce his Ladies. The First Lady is all black velvet and Astrachan, and wears a veil, which, reaching to the tip of her nose, discovers the gleam of a pair of eyes which must be very brilliant, as they, even now, appear like bright lights behind a wire-gauze blind. But this, with the exception of the mouth and chin, is all I can see of her. It is MRS. PULLINGER. The next Lady he introduces as Miss—I think he says—OZLEWUM, or some name like that, but he is so indistinct I can't catch it; while the Third Lady he says is "My cousin, Miss (Something or other)," and again I can not understand him. He explains that "Mr." (another name I can't catch, as we bow politely) is the gentleman with whom he is staying now, about five miles from us, and the Mr. —

Happy Thought.—MR. X.—"an unknown quantity."

Then Mr. X. says he hopes "I'll make a call upon him."

This gives a sudden turn to the conversation; and so it happens that the Young Lady in the Riding-habit is not introduced at all.

We talk of the county, of the weather, of the shooting, of the fishing, of croquet, of the neighbours, in a jerky and forced manner, but the Young Lady in the Riding-habit is never appealed to, is never asked a question, never corroborates, never starts a subject; never, in short, speaks. I try to lug her in occasionally, in order that she may tell me who she is. She is very blue-eyed, pale-haired,

with a childish-looking face, and a vague smile. I mention, in order to interest her, that I am in search of a horse. She bows, and looks pleased, but says nothing. Perhaps she would have spoken if it hadn't been for MR. X., who professes to know "something about a horse," he says, "when he sees one."

Happy Thought.—As he isn't seeing one now, of course he knows nothing at all on the subject at this moment.

I don't say this, as it might be thought rude to a strange visitor. The conversation is drying up, because it is so difficult for me, in the centre, to talk all round, specially when I have to trust to catching their eyes in order that, as I haven't got an idea of their names, each one may know when I am addressing her, or him. Another difficulty is, that I can't allude to them in speaking to PULLINGER.

Happy Thought.—When a party of strangers is taken to make a call in the country, wouldn't it be better if each one brought his or her card into the drawing-room, and presented it personally? How simple.

I can only speak of them to PULLINGER and his half-veiled wife as "Your friends." "Won't your friends take a glass of sherry?" "Won't your friend" (the Dismounted Visitor) "take a biscuit?" and so forth.

The Dismounted Man will take a biscuit and a glass of sherry.

DODDRIDGE is summoned.

"Very sorry," she replies, "but Mistress 'as gone out, and took the keys."

A blow. Very awkward, and looks so absurd. If they'd only stuck to their refusal this wouldn't have happened. DODDRIDGE having been thus brought on to the scene, is not going to have her part cut down; she continues—

"You see, Ma'am," addressing MRS. PULLINGER, "Mistress don't expect visitors as a rule, and she seldom goes out herself, but always do carry the keys, and so she never give it a thought to say to me, 'Here's the bunch,' before Mistress went out this morning."

I do wish the old idiot would go away. What an extraordinary household PULLINGER will think ours. But I'm afraid of interfering with her. She has already called me MASTER GEORGE, and has begun to tell them how she recollects me from a boy, and what sort of a boy I was, and what a good Aunt my Aunt has been to me, and how I ought always to take care of my excellent relative (implying, as it were, that I generally locked her up in a room and beat her), and how (seeing her audience enjoying it, and thinking that I do too, because I am obliged to smile—confound it!) she remembers me, on the eventful day when I gave up petticoats and was fitted by my first tailor, and how I used to fight and kick her (DODDRIDGE), with many other pleasant and interesting anecdotes, which would go on (I feel sure) for another hour—DODDRIDGE being "i' the vein" and having quite an exceptional field-day of it—if it had not been that the front gate bell suddenly rings, whereupon she disappears, and (as I expected) the visitors rise, with many apologies for detaining me so long from my work, [they have heard about my being engaged on the compilation of *Typical Developments*,] and commence quitting the room in a sort of procession, with much the air of relief that would be exhibited by well-bred people on getting away from an amateur pianofortist, who has been giving his services for a charitable object.

DODDRIDGE returns. "O, Sir, why it's another horse come to the gate."

Some one has brought a horse to show me.

PULLINGER says, "That's lucky, as we can all have a look at him."

It gives them an excuse for getting out of the house quietly. I feel that they'll never pay me another visit.

The horse is in the lane, so DODDRIDGE says.

Some loafing, do-nothing labourers, and some very dirty children, are in the lane too. Lounging, laughing coarsely, and staring rudely. What a scene for visitors!

There's quite a crowd to see the new horse.

I look up the lane for the animal, but only see my Aunt in the distance. She is arriving, and I now see her digging the Coachman in the ribs with her parasol, and urging him to increase his speed, under the impression that this unwonted crowd signifies a fire or some dreadful accident to me. Commotion!

Typical Teaching.

THE better the day the better the deed. On Monday last week, being the Festival of the Conversion of St. Paul, the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's improved the occasion of that holy day by throwing open to the Public the west area of the Cathedral, having had the east-iron rails which heretofore surrounded the churchyard removed. Hereby, perhaps, they designed to set a sort of symbolical example, which, if the various parties in the Church were so good as to follow, they would discontinue railing.



NECESSITAS NON HABET BYE-LAWS!

Guard (excitedly, to First-Class Passenger, who had evidently been dining—the Train has stopped suddenly, to the general alarm). “DID YOU TOUCH THE COMMUNICATOR, SIR!”

First-Class Passenger. “C’MUN’CAT’R! I WANG THE BELL JUST NOW FOR SOME BWANDY-’N’-SODA!!”

ELECTION INTELLIGENCE.

BRISTOL.—The “HARE and many friends” seems likely to be no fable here.

CHELSEA.—*Air, by the band, “Weel may the Keel row.”*

DERBYSHIRE.—An ARKWRIGHT is standing both for the East and North divisions. In the coming time, when women have gained their rights, *Arkwright’s Wife* may prove a formidable candidate.

DURHAM.—“PEASE at any price” is the cry of the Liberals of South Durham. So it is at Hull, but, by a singular absence of coincidence, there it is raised by the Conservatives.

INVERNESS.—Has its choice of two MACKINTOSHES. The Inverness Mackintosh will be as well known as the Inverness Cape.

LICHFIELD.—History will most probably record a DYOTT of Lichfield as well as a Diet of Spires.

MONMOUTH.—What are MR. POCHIN’s views on the Game Laws?

NEWARK.—The Conservatives are backing the FIELD.

NOTTINGHAM.—Only seven Candidates!

NORFOLK (NORTH).—No opposition, at present, to SIR E. LACON. The constituency are evidently of opinion that it is well there should be at least one Lacon-ic Member in a place where the tendency to talk is a serious impediment to the wheels of legislation.

PETERBOROUGH.—Only six candidates, but WHALLEY is one!

POOLE and WARRHAM.—At each of these places there is a gentleman who would like to be hailed as “The Welcome Guest.”

STOCKPORT.—Here the motto of the Conservatives is “TIPPING, but no bribery.”

TAUBO.—Hogg hopes to save his bacon.

“BUXTON for WESTMINSTER.”—Friends at a distance, who might be deceived by the similarity of sound, will please to note that it is SIR THOMAS FOWELL BUXTON, and *not* MR. JOHN BALDWIN BUCKSTONE, the popular comedian of the Haymarket Theatre, who is a candidate in the Liberal interest.

MEDIATION REWARDED.

A LETTER in the *Pall Mall Gazette* makes mention of a duel reported to have taken place on the Swiss frontier between two Gentlemen, one of whom was slightly wounded. There was, to be sure, another wounded man; but that was the Doctor in attendance:—

“It seems that the Medical Gentleman, on seeing blood, was either over anxious to render his services, or wished to separate the adversaries, when he received a sword-thrust in the thigh of a dangerous character.”

Inconsiderately moralising on this accident, a goose would perhaps in too great a hurry apply to it the oft-quoted couplet:—

“They who in quarrels interpose,
Must often wipe a bloody nose.”

But then this would be talking like an Irishman who, in the old days of venesection, said to the Surgeon’s Assistant bleeding him in the arm, “Sor, I’ve been tould this ’ud be a mighty aisy way o’ cuttin’ your throat.” Intervention, in the case above referred to, resulted in effusion, not from the nose of the mediator, but from his thigh.

Tributaries to the Thames.

On the prosecution of the Thames Conservators, the Richmond Select Vestry has been amerced by a Bench of Magistrates in a penalty of £150 for neglecting to divert the flow of the Richmond Sewage from the Thames. A Select Vestry is not, in general, a body of which the proceedings are particularly amusing; but let us hope, in the interests of sweetness and sanitary reform, that the fine which has been imposed on the Richmond Select Vestrymen will stimulate them to discharge their duty to the people concerned in the purity of the Thames, by affording them, as soon as possible, the requisite diversion.



REFINEMENTS OF MODERN SPEECH.

Female Esquisse. "QUITE A NICE BALL AT MRS. MILLEFLEURS', WASN'T IT?"

Male Ditto. "VERY QUITE. INDEED, REALLY MOST QUITE!"

RELIEF FOR REPLETION.

A SENTENCE in MR. GÖSCHEN's address to the Electors of the City of London contains a word particularly worthy of consideration. The Right Honourable Gentleman objects to MR. DISRAELI's manifesto that it is, whilst pronouncing for the abolition of the Income-tax, "significantly silent as to the simultaneous relief to the consuming classes, on which, as an act of justice, every Liberal will most certainly think it right to insist."

What classes does MR. GÖSCHEN mean by the "consuming" classes? Are not "consuming" and "sumptuous" convertible terms? What classes especially consume the most but those who fare sumptuously every day? How can people consume, at their own expense, without incomes wherewithal to purchase articles of consumption? The sumptuous classes must, in order to be sumptuous, enjoy large incomes. What consuming classes, then, are those who may be considered entitled to relief other than, and simultaneous with, the repeal of the Income-tax? Paupers, whose consumption is nearly limited to gruel and molasses, are, of course, out of the question; but are MR. GÖSCHEN's consuming classes those

that may be so called by a figure of speech, because, only just able to support themselves, they consume nothing in comparison with the rest of the community? The consuming classes certainly include the nobility, the gentry, the benefited clergy, and all opulent merchants, traders, and professional men. They likewise include all the opulent portion of the working classes, the chief consumers of butchers' meat and "intoxicating liquors." Does MR. GÖSCHEN mean to say that the abolition of the Income-tax will be no relief to them? Then all that can be said is that it ought to.

CANDIDATES AND COLLISIONS.

PEACE, as well as War, has its returns of killed and wounded. Street traffic is attended with great slaughter of people run over, and a still heavier butcher's bill is incurred through railway arrangements. The *Times*, in an article relative to a late homicidal collision, propounds a question which *Mr. Punch* has raised over and over again; but it will always bear repetition as long as Railway Directors, instead of abiding at their proper work, or in their proper station, continue to engage themselves in keeping watch over their mere pecuniary interests in another place:—

"Have not Railway Chairmen and Managers and Directors more than enough to occupy all their time in the sole management of their lines without canvassing for seats in Parliament?"

Just now, at election time, the appeal addressed, as above, to the country by the *Times*, is particularly timely. It suggests an answer plain to the meanest capacity, except that of a railway shareholder, mean in the sense of sordid, so much so, as to regard nothing but money. From that answer the constituent stupid enough not to know whom to vote for may yet be sufficiently wise to be able to infer whom not to vote for. The Vote and Interest of the free and independent British Elector should be favours for which no Railway Official need apply. If any exception to the rule thus proposed were made, it should be on behalf of subordinate officials, engine-drivers, stokers, and pointsmen, who, with regard to legislation for public safety, could contribute something valuable to the wisdom of Parliament. But circumstances oblige these men to stick to their duties, and would not enlightened public opinion limit their superiors also to their own?

A STATESMAN AT HOME.

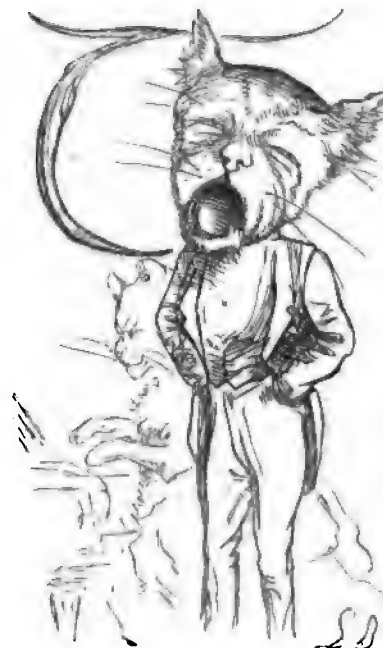
"THERE'S no place like home." The popular song of this title might be appropriately sung by a representative of the HOME SECRETARY in a burlesque—with the permission of the LORD CHAMBERLAIN. It is the opinion of many that there is no place like the Home Office for its present occupant, and, should the result of the Dissolution be a change of Ministry, we shall see if it will be better filled. In the meanwhile, that sweet official home has its bitters as well as its sweets. The London Correspondent of the *Hampshire Independent* observes:—

"MR. LOWE is just now being pretty well and not altogether undeservedly abused, and, therefore, I feel bound to state a fact which is considerably to his credit, all the more as he is by no means a favourite of mine. He is very firm in resisting all applications for appointments. He tells the applicants that, if they want a post, they must go through the proper routine of a competitive

examination. This was the reply which he made not long ago to a gentleman who holds very close relations with him."

This stoical firmness in resisting the solicitations even of closest friends is, doubtless, a virtue redounding very considerably to the credit of the HOME SECRETARY, because its exercise necessarily costs him great pain. It is possible to imagine a Minister who might, in a sense, say for himself what *Mephistopheles* said—"I am the spirit that still denies;" but that is not MR. LOWE. Everybody can tell, from the style of language in which he is wont to reject applications, how much it grieves him to refuse anybody anything. Many persons are so good-natured, and also so irresolute, that they are never able to say no, and it is quite manifest that our genial and benignant HOME SECRETARY would be one of them, if his benevolence were not controlled by a stern sense of duty; to which, however, the effort of obedience must be distressing in the extreme.

MORE EXAMINATIONS.



THE System of Competitive Examination, invented by the Chinese and adopted by ourselves, and ranking along with steam and steel-pens amongst the proudest trophies of modern civilisation, is likely at no distant date to be tried in quarters where the Civil Service Commissioners can hardly dare to have hoped it would ever have been entertained, except as a subject for derision and ridicule.

We learn from an unimpeachable source that the Clubs are so full, and the number of Candidates for admission so immense, that the various Committees are gravely considering the propriety of instituting a preliminary examination, with the view of admitting to ballot only those gentlemen who pass satisfactorily and obtain a prescribed number of marks.

A proposed Examination Paper, marked "Private and confidential," has been brought under our notice, but as it hardly comes up to that high standard which we feel the Committees ought to aim at, we have drawn up a few questions which will at once be recognised as supplying a fair test of the qualifications of candidates for Club Membership.

PRELIMINARY PAPER.

For which no Marks will be awarded.

N.B.—It is indispensable that candidates return answers to all these questions, in *their own handwriting*.

State your name, age, residence (with letters of postal district), profession (if any), income, and family connections.

Were you at a Public School, and are you a Member of one of the Universities?

Describe your personal appearance, or, if more agreeable, enclose your photograph (cabinet size).

Give the names and addresses of three householders (one of whom at least must be married) with whom you are in the habit of dining.

Give your reasons for considering yourself "a clubbable man."

How long have you been a candidate?

Have you sought admission to any other Club; and, if so, with what result?

GENERAL PAPER.

(The answers to be written legibly, and on one side of the paper only.)

What is the derivation of the word "Club?" If you deduce it from a Sanskrit rather than from an Anglo-Saxon root, state your reasons for this preference.

Give the various meanings of "Club," with passages in illustration from standard authors, confining yourself to the period beginning with CHAUCER and ending with CARLYLE.

Sketch concisely the history of the Clubs of London; and state succinctly what you know of their forerunners, the Taverns and

Coffeehouses, in the interval between 1600 and 1780, or, roundly speaking, from BEN JONSON to DR. JOHNSON.

Quote passages from English writers (ADDISON to MACAULAY) in which mention is made of London Clubs.

Give short biographical notices, with dates, of ALMACK, ARTHUR, BOODLE, BROOKS, BUTTON, CROCKFORD, Old SLAUGHTER, PRATT, and WHITE.

Explain "Athenæum," "Beefsteak Club," "Carlton," "Cocoa Tree," "Cosmopolitan," "Garrick," "Hogarth," "Hummums," "Savage," "Thatched House," and "Windham"—elucidating all the classical, social, political, literary, dramatic, and artistic allusions contained under these names.

Draw up a *menu* of a dinner for yourself and three friends, in the months of January, April, June, and October, respectively.

Trumps have been round twice. Your partner has played the Queen, your right-hand adversary the Knave. You have King, ten, and a small one in your hand, and it is your turn to play. What ought you to lead to win the odd trick?

Name a few of the eminent men who have belonged to the London Clubs since the commencement of the present century, and describe their idiosyncrasies.

Quote an anecdote or *bon-mot* of any three of the following wits—GEORGE SELWYN, HORACE WALPOLE, BEAU BRUMMEL, LUTTRELL, LORD ALVANLEY, TOM MOORE, THEODORE HOOK, ROGERS, SYDNEY SMITH, and DOUGLAS JERROLD.

What traces of the existence of Clubs do we find in ancient classical writers?

What is the style of architecture of the Athenæum, Oxford and Cambridge, Thatched House, and Travellers?

Tabulate the different growths of Claret; and mention the most celebrated vintages, since 1840, of Port, Château Lafitte, Chambertin, and *Vin ordinaire*. Give the latitude and longitude of "Johannisberg," "Epernay," "Cognac," "Curaçao," "Madeira," "Chablis," and "Schiedam."

Write a short essay on "Tobacco."

(Time allowed for this paper, 10 to 3.)

It is understood that the names of the successful Candidates, arranged in order of merit and with the number of marks each has obtained, will be published in the daily papers. It is not improbable that the three highest on the list will be elected at once, without a ballot.

The Committees reserve to themselves the right of requiring a personal interview with the successful candidates.

DENIABLE INTELLIGENCE.

It is whispered at the Clubs that the street-sweepers of London are about, weather permitting, to hold a festive meeting, to celebrate the promised abolition of the Income-tax.

It is not generally known that once at least in every cause the junior counsel are permitted to jump to a conclusion when they go on a Spring Circuit.

Now that the Royal Happy Couple are so soon to come among us, it will surprise no one to hear that in the ensuing season dinners will be generally given *à la Russe*.

It cannot be too widely mentioned that a duplicate of the famous Outram Statue has been ordered by the War Office, and will shortly be "inaugurated" by His Royal Highness the COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

The sentimental gentleman who described himself the other day as being lost in thought, has, since then, been discovered sitting in an omnibus.

It is rumoured in high circles of provincial society that no fewer than two senior members of a School-Board near Stoke Pogis are ignorant of the width, and one also of the whereabouts, of the Straits of Malacca.

In his anxiety to please the advocates of the Permissive Bill, it is said that a Scotch candidate has, since the day of Dissolution, maintained a total abstinence from his usual animal spirits.

A rumour is current that the Jockey Club of Paris, wishing to evince its love of British sports and pastimes, has issued invitations for a series of foot-balls.

We believe it is no secret that, somewhere about the middle of next week, PRINCE BISMARCK is expected to arrive at the Vatican, on a friendly private visit to His Holiness the POPE.

Winter Music.

ALTHOUGH this year there is no winter, there are plenty of winter concerts, besides those which take place weekly at the Crystal Palace. In the Parks there are the concerts daily given by the thrushes, and in the streets the bands and barrel-organs are in continual play. Unchecked by any frost, the hounds throughout the country are daily in full cry, and make music that is melancholy only to the fox.



"IN MEDIO TUTISSIMUS."

Country Practitioner (about to go up to London on Business). "I SHAN'T BE MORE THAN TEN DAYS AT THE FURTHEST, MR. FAWCEFS. YOU'LL VISIT THE PATIENTS REGULARLY, AND TAKE CARE THAT NONE OF 'EM SLIP THROUGH YOUR FINGERS—OR GET WELL—DURING MY ABSENCE!!"

WHAT IT MEANS, AND WHAT IT DOESN'T.

(To W. E. G., *excuti.*)

"How's this? All through our innings
We've played our very best:
Won games, and scored our winnings,
Made runs, and ta'en no rest:
Our batting and our bowling—
Over or under-hand—
Since the ball we set rolling,
Where's the eleven could stand?"

"Yet what's this strikes the hearing
With no uncertain sound?
Quite the reverse of cheering,
From all about the ground?
'Enough of your Eleven,'
It plainly seems to say—
'The loaf wants change of heaven;
Your lot has had its day!'

"Fickle and fond beholders!
Whose late applause shout
Is changed for shrugging shoulders,
And hints, 'we'd best go out,'
We've not changed men or manner;
Then, why *your* change of tone—
This crowding to the banner
By our opponents shown?"

So asks, of the gainsayers,
Who backed him, late, to win,
The Captain of the players,
Who've been these five years in.
But could these changed on-lookers
Speak their minds about the play—
Of rers of odds or bookers—
Perhaps, through *Punch*, they'd say—

"Don't think we want the game played
As they played it long ago,
What's now played smartly tame played,
What's now played fast played slow:
That we'd bring back the old wicket,
Any more than the old beaux—
A hundred-years-since cricket,
Or a hundred-years-since clothes.

"But the game we have been watching,
As abroad played all about:
And some foreign tricks are catching,
And, if caught, must be stamped out.
And we doubt if your eleven
On the *qui vive* would be,
'Gainst the first rise of the heaven
That's fermenting over sea.

"We don't want bounds of order,
Social landmarks, overpast;
We'd have cads kept to their border,
And cobblers to their last.
Swell and snobs no doubt are brothers,
Both could learn the bat to ply;
But the one learns, while the others
Have other fish to fry.

"Then there's PADDY—that old trouble—
Seeking still what he can get;
Coaxing, carneying, flats to bubble,
Till his whine is changed for threat:
None can say that you've not put down
Wrongs he felt when you began;
Now the time's come to set foot down,
And we doubt if you're the man.

"From the Russians, and the Yankees,
With their swagger, bounce, and frowns,
Have you earned a brace of thank-yes
By knock-unders, knuckle-downs?
Captains should not be heady,
Quick to raise, or swell, a squall,
But you have been too ready
To fight shy, and sing small.

"You boast you've kept the Club up
At small cost, and all squared,
A trifle made us dub-up,
But all's not saved that's spared.
If in small matters meanly
You've behaved, as folks complain,
Better lose pence serenely,
Than by cheese-paring gain.

"The crotchety hobby-rider
You had no great cause to fear,
Till some cute cry-provider
Linked "our Bibles" and "our Beer":
Then Chapel was too keen
To deal Mother Church a slap,
And your score had higher been
Had you run *with* the tap.

"Then you've had the misfortune
In your team to undergo,
Some who'd neither keep time *nor* tune,
Whose each word was a blow:
They got you in hot water,
In scrapes they got themselves;
And those they gave no quarter,
Salute them, on their shelves!

"This, or something very near it,
Your captaincy has cost:
For yourself—never fear it—
You will win back all you've lost.
But Outings, after Innings,
Are good for every side;
If cricket were all winnings,
Games, not balls, would be shied.

"Captains, perhaps, more lucky,
Have had, ere now, their day,
But never one more plucky,
Or gamer in his play.
They talk about your blunders,
We own them—so may you;
But when all's said, the wonder's
That they have been so few!"

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

The Vaudeville and nowhere in particular. Advice ahead and Suggestions.

FIRST, Sir, I must apologise for not having represented You in places of public amusement. But during these election times I have been Conservative, that is, I have kept myself to myself in my room, in order to keep myself calm, before proceeding, in state, to the real Private Box of the Political Theatre, the Ballot Box.

True, I did drop in to see the *Road to Ruin*, and *Ruy Blas* Righted at the Vaudeville, and can highly commend the old-fashioned picture presented by MESSRS. JAMES THORNE and MISS LARKIN in the last scene, where as *Silky*, *Goldfinch*, and *Widow Warren*, they hear the Commendatore-like ghost-raps at the doors. The play is a curiosity, and as such ought to be seen. But how it ever was at any time a success is beyond the imaginative powers of

Your Representative. Where's the wit? Where's the epigram? Where, save the one I've mentioned, are the telling situations? Where, and in whom, is there any possible interest? And yet great names have been associated with it; and *Young Dornton*, *Old Dornton*, *Widow Warren*, and *Goldfinch*, were household words with playgoers. In the Burlesque there is a very funny Spanish

dance by MR. JAMES, as the short-tailed Flunkey, *Ruy Blas*. This is the First Scene.

MISS KATE BISHOP looks charming as *Don Cesar de Bazan*, and MR. THORNE is a diabolical ruffian, "with a song," entered till there are no more verses. The "political hits of the day," even at this time, did not take on the night your Representative was present, and I do trust sincerely that we have now exhausted this vein. Thank goodness, in *Ruy Blas*, no one is made up as MR. GLADSTONE, or MR. LOWE, or MR. DISRAELI. Cheap fare at the best, and all very well in its way, for once, and away, and then have done with it.

There are, Sir, certain amusements which Your Representative has not yet done, and the chiefest is the Polytechnic.

Now that the holidays have finished, there is some chance of getting comfortably into this Amusing and Instructive Institution. Coming to think of it, a place of Popular Instruction where Useful Knowledge is imparted *and vice versa*, is something that ought to be highly prized by diners-out, loungers, and rapid conversationalists who scarcely read the newspapers, and seldom open a book. There are lots of such beings. To them a shilling's worth in the "Poly" would be a blessing. There, without poring over musty volumes, or spending pounds in books, they would learn (and be subsequently able to talk about it learnedly, and get quite a reputation for science at dinner-parties), for example, what India Rubber is (this subject they could introduce humorously at a whist party); what Sugar is made of; who invented Corkscrews; the difference between "Car-bonico" and "Carbolio;" all about Soda (without brandy); all about "Potass;" particulars as to Salt, Mustard, Pepper, Bread, and the amount of starch in collars and potatoes; on all of which subjects they, by the outlay of one shilling, might realise hundreds in the way of subsequent betting. I mean in this form: "I bet you you don't know what India Rubber is made of." Some one will say "Elephants," another will suggest "Indian Water-Rats' hides," and a third will, after some consideration, expect that it grows, but how, or where, or what as, he will be uncertain.

"Try Cork. Ask how this is made. Bet always; only be prepared by a visit to the "Poly" when they are lecturing on such useful subjects. You'll get more knowledge of "Aahantees" out of dissolving views than out of newspapers or maps.

French and German might be popularly taught in this way, and I recommend the notion (free of charge) to DR. CROFT and the spirited Directors of the Polytechnic Institution.

Griselda is to come out of the bills next week, and *Marie Stuart*, by MR. WILLS, who wrote *Charles the First* for MR. IRVING at the Lyceum, is to be produced. MR. ROUSBY is to play *John Knox*. (JOHN KNOX would have been, by the way, a first-rate name for a footman who goes with the carriage: JOHN gets off the carriage, and JOHN Knocks. This *par parenthese*.)

Well, I hear that *John Knox*, the Calvinist, is to be shown in love secretly with *Marie Stuart*. I do not know what sort of a turn the romantic Author has given to this hidden passion, but if *Marie* were made to marry J. K., then at the end of the piece there would be an opportunity for a similar tag to that of *Box and Cox*—the immortal (or imMorton) *Box and Cox*—only we must suppose *Cox* to be *Darnley*, *Box Bothwell*, and *Penelope Anne, Marie*. Then it would go something like this:—

Box-Bothwell (reading a letter from PENELOPE ANNE MARIE). But seeing that our feelings, like our ages, do not reciprocate—
Cox-Darnley. I hasten to inform you—

Box-Bothwell. Of my immediate union—
Cox-Darnley. With—
Box-Bothwell. MR. KNOX.
Both. Bravo! Three cheers for KNOX!

If this does not appear too late for MR. WILLS to benefit by the suggestion, he is welcome to the amendment. In the meantime I sincerely hope that the piece may be as successful, *without* the above suggestion being acted upon, as it certainly would be were it adopted.

Verbum sap.

MR. ARTHUR CECIL (late of GERMAN REED'S) has come out at the Globe in an adaptation of *Le Reveillon*. I hear of his having made an undoubted hit on the stage; he is "to the manor born;" but, before I dare to report to You, Sir, his performance must be witnessed by the very eyes of

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—In March, at Drury Lane, we're to have *Elizabeth, or the Exiles of Siberia*, a complimentary drama to the DUKE OF EDINBURGH and his bride, I suppose. The *Grande Duchesse* should be brought out somewhere. The *Bleeding Nun of Lindenberg* is still at the Haymarket. Your Representative has been much bothered to answer satisfactorily a question put to him by visitors to the latter theatre: they say, "The Bleeding Nun? *Whom does she bleed?*" And they will go there expecting to see a cross between a Miss Mary Walker and a Sister of Mercy with a doctor's diploma. If they come away disappointed, it's not the fault of

Y. R.

BOON TO THE BRITISH PUBLIC.

OF THE breakfast table free!
 Tax off coffee, sugar, tea.
 For the Grocer
 (Scan it closer)
 What a blessing that will be!
 Duties lowered, directly we
 Prices raised are safe to see.
 Great concession;
 Fat possession
 Of the breakfast table free!

THE BRIGHT SIDE AND THE OTHER.

PERUSING the subjoined passage in the speech lately delivered by MR. BRIGHT at Birmingham, many if not most readers will very likely be disposed simply to say, Ditto to MR. BRIGHT:—

"I appeal to any man who is not incurably prejudiced or hopelessly ignorant as to the fact, whether, at this moment, England is not a country incomparably better to live in than it was thirty or forty years ago? Look at her commerce and her industry, look at her wealth, look at the wages of her people, look at the progress of education, look at the greater security in this country, look at the comfort which is spread among the masses of the community, with greatly diminished pauperism; and then we must ascribe this, in large measure, to the course of policy which has been pursued by the Parliament, and which has been indicated and controlled mainly by the Liberal Party."

Look on one side, and, certainly, see all that MR. BRIGHT points out as the fruit mainly of Liberal legislation. But look also a little at the other, and then see if England is indeed a country so much better to live in as to be preferable to what it was thirty or forty years ago, altogether and incomparably. Look at some of the products of our commerce and industry. Look at devil's-dust, look at shoddy, look at Manchester mildew, look at failures and panics, look at the adulteration of food and drink, look at the high prices of provisions, look at beef above a shilling a pound, look at poultry six shillings and more a couple, look at geese eleven and twelve shillings and upwards each, look at oysters half-a-crown a dozen, look at beer as it comes from the beer-engine in comparison with the beer which came from the barrel, look at our enclosed commons and open spaces, and at the progressive destruction of our walks and views, look at the straitened circumstances of the intellectual and professional working classes, whose moderate and hardly-earned incomes have not risen with the rise in the cost of living. England, on the whole, is no doubt a country, in respect of luxuries and accommodations, considerably, if not incomparably, better to live in now than it was thirty or forty years ago for great capitalists, successful speculators on a monster scale, and the striking classes in the receipt of high wages, of which they spend every farthing in present enjoyment. All extravagant people, no doubt, find this country very much better to live in now, as long as their means of extravagance last, than people in general found it then. None led jollier lives then than the grasping and squandering classes lead now, whilst they remain able to grasp a sufficiency to squander, and until, by-and-by, they break down and go to the bad. But, of course, as improvement is regarded as the result of Liberal policy, so must deterioration be ascribed to Conservative obstruction.

IMAGINARY BIOGRAPHY.

BISHOP VALENTINE.



HE "lives of great men" (LONGFELLOW) are always fraught with interest and instruction, especially when interspersed with good engravings; but, unfortunately, of many of the most eminent characters who have adorned the past and illumined the present, the account handed down to us by posterity is but meagre and insufficient. What would we not give, even in these days of high prices, to know something of the fireside life of ECCLAMPADIUS or TYCHO BRAHE? With what interest should we look on LOPE DE VEGA in all the sweet familiarity of the domestic circle; with what eager avidity peruse the private journal of WYKYN DE WORDE!

The remarkable ecclesiastic, who sheds so much lustre on the shortest month in the calendar, is no exception to a rule which the growth of civilisation and the spread of

an insatiable curiosity will, before long, number with the reveries of the Mystics and the subtleties of the ancient Schoolmen.

A protracted search (and fees accordingly) among the archives of the principal nations, both ancient and modern, and several mornings spent in examining the records of a great Public Establishment where, if anywhere, some light might have been expected to be thrown on the history of one of its oldest patrons and firmest supporters—we refer to the General Post-Office—failed to add anything to what PENNIALINUS had already communicated to the world through the ordinary channels of the Press.

The place of the Bishop's birth is not known—the parish registers having been destroyed in the great Fire of London,—the Endowed Schools Commission are not able to say where he received his education; and we are yet in the dark as to the year in which he took Orders, and the exact locality of his first Curacy.

That he was popular, especially with the ladies of his congregation, tradition leaves us no room to question; that he composed tender verses far superior to those we now read in the stationers' windows, a reference to the Manuscript Department of the British Museum—*Caligula* XIV., ar 1416 (c)—will place beyond a doubt; that he could illuminate his poetry with the nicest taste, and the happiest adaptation to his purpose of all the usual emblems of affection, is abundantly proved by the examples which are still guarded with jealous care in the Monasteries of the Levant; and that he, who of all men seemed marked out to participate in the delights of domestic intercourse and family affection, should pass his life in joyless celibacy and solitary isolation, is a mournful revelation which only too forcibly confirms the truth of the adage—that no man knows what is in store for him until he raises the veil of experience.

We cannot even rescue from oblivion the name of the Lady to whom VALENTINE was hopelessly attached, although a rumour long prevalent in the neighbourhood where he resided, pointed to the daughter of his Churchwarden; and if this rapid sketch of the Bishop's life and times wants something of the fulness and details of modern biographies, we are sustained by the consciousness that it contains nothing which can pain the survivors, or wound the most sensitive and fastidious taste.

Family Reading.

A MAGAZINE story now in progress is entitled *Second Cousin Sarah*. This, we believe, is only the first of a series of tales which, when completed, will be found to comprise *Brother-in-Law Benjamin*, *Great Aunt Mary*, *My Maternal Grandmother Witheringham*, *Mr. Minnypink's Wife's Mother*, and many others of the like domestic tendency.

(H. B.)

BERWICK has returned CAPTAIN HOME. Another Home Ruler! Ireland will have its own Parliament one of these days.

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JUVENILE UTILITARIANISM.

"WHERE ARE YOU GOING TO, PAPA?"

"TO THE CITY, MY DEAR."

"AND WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO THE CITY FOR, PAPA?"

"TO MAKE MONEY FOR YOU, AND MAUD, AND MAMMA, AND BABY!"

"YOU NEEDN'T TROUBLE TO MAKE ANY MONEY FOR BABY, PAPA!"

"WHY NOT, MY DEAR?"

"HE'LL ONLY PUT IT IN HIS MOUTH!"

AN ELECTOR'S LAMENT.

VOTE by Ballot? Vote be bothered! Vote by Ballot? Vote be blown!

Never for them blessed Liberals wouldn't ha' voted, if I'd know'd.

Call it Liberal? I say shabby, not to pay a poor man's vote.

Wot's that worth now when among 'em all there ain't a fi' pun note?

Melancholy alteration—ain't it?—from the good old times, When they used at every 'lection ringin' for to set the chimies. Then it was the tradesman's 'arvest, witch the poor man reaped as well.

Every free and independent 'lector 'ad a vote to sell.

O the days witch I remember, never more sitch times as they, Druv to poll in a pheaton, ever sitch a little way. Open 'ouse at each Committee—drink and wittles *gratis* free; Ar the times as we 'ave seen, and now to think of them we see!

Treatin' now is made corruption, and the lawr is so severe, There ain't nothink nowhere goin', no not even a pint o' beer. Wot a change for to come over this here former 'appy land! Call it standin' for a Member when a drop he mustn't stand?

'Ere's a state o' things we've come to which before was never known.

Now a voter's vote and interest he can't call no more his own. Wot's a Briton's ancient birthright, witch I am forbid to use? Wy not for a meas of porridge let me sell it if I choose?

Now my vote I can't dispose of 'taint no good no more to me. Who the man is for my money there ain't one as I can see. And for takin' useless trouble I don't feel I got no call. Witch, if so, would be a reason wy I shouldn't vote at all.

But for me between the parties though to choose there's scarce a pin,

They've a trifle in their favour change as always went agin. There's some hopes, however little, if so be they gain the day. So the Tories I shall poll for, though I flings my vote away.

FINANCE AND LOGIC.

ALTHOUGH the Income-tax was laid on as a partial impost, it cannot, we are told, be simply as such taken off again. Some amount of indirect taxation, in some form or other, must, our Liberal financiers and friends insist on saying, be remitted, at the same time, to make things even. But, in the view of common sense, does not this evenness look very odd? They will have it that Income-tax repeal must be balanced by remission of duty on articles of general consumption. Of course they must mean articles chiefly consumed by the masses in general, and not by the Income-tax payers. Now the payers of Income-tax all keep a breakfast-table. Most of them keep as good a breakfast-table as their incomes will let them. They would share the benefit of a free breakfast-table with the masses at large. All classes alike consume tea. But all classes are not equally consumers of the coarser kinds of intoxicating liquors. The special consumers of ardent spirits are your masses. If, then, you propose to repeal indirect taxation in such a form as particularly to benefit them, would not your surest way of effecting that object be to take the tax off the People's Gin?

Groans in Guildhall.

SAID Magog to Gog, "This horrible fog!"
—"Has got," Gog replied,
"My chest all inside!"



DEGENERATE DAYS!!

PUBLICAN. "CALL THIS A GENERAL ELECTION? WHY IT'S ALL OVER IN ABOUT A FORTNIGHT, AND—"
FREE AND INDEPENDENT VOTER. "AND NOT A FI-PUN-NOTE AMONG 'EM."

VOX ET PRÆTEREA NIHIL.

(An Incident during the Present Elections.)



ARINGLY I had promised to make a speech in favour of my friend, the Unpopular Candidate, to a select audience of about two thousand electors.

The points which I had arranged to make, would, it was confidently expected, turn the scale in favour of my friend, on whose account I was prepared with un-

answerable arguments on the "Pew Rates," the "Road Rates," the "Contagious Diseases," "Harbour Dues," "Home Rule," "Woman's Rights," "Local Shipping Amendment Acts," "Sugar Duties," "Income-tax," "Sunday Trading," "Dissenters' Burial Bill," "Small Birds," and "Irish Fisheries."

From whatever side I might be attacked it mattered not. I hadn't a vulnerable point—not even in the heel.

My head was in the right place, so was my heart; but, alas, I had not calculated upon the treachery of—the Weather.

On Saturday night I rehearsed my speech to an admiring circle of friends, among whom were genuine critics—unable, however, to detect a flaw in my reasoning; and we sat up till nearly four in the morning, deliberating. I say, advisedly, "deliberating," because we proceeded so very deliberately. As the small hours sped on, and grew gradually bigger and bigger, so we thought more and spoke less. Some one in a corner observed that it was time for bed, as though 4 A.M. had always been our fixed hour for retiring; and some one else volunteered the information, as a brilliant discovery which would take us all by surprise, that it was "getting late." Whereupon we searched for our hats, coats, and umbrellas, which seemed to have been holding a political meeting on their own account in the Hall, where they were all lying about in an exhausted state, with my hat in the chair, and, after arriving at correct conclusions with regard to our own property, we sallied forth into the street.

I walked home, and a cruel, treacherous wind was waiting for me round a corner.

I was not aware of the cowardly assassin's blow, and went to bed, shivering slightly, but merely attributing it to my fire having, in a most unsociable manner, gone out about an hour before I came in.

In the morning, when my Sunday hat was brought in to remind me of my duties, I strove to ask what the time was, but—my voice was gone!

I have been told at different times by enthusiastic friends, who have pressed me to represent something in Parliament, that mine was a "carrying voice," and that in certain modulations and inflections it was very "fetching." The possessor of a voice that can "fetch and carry" ought not to be surprised if it occasionally does go out on an errand of its own.

Up to this moment I had had full command over it; now, it had escaped, run away, perhaps deserted to the opposite side, bribed by

the hostile Candidate, and, worse than all, it might never be heard of again.

A case occurred to my mind of a friend of mine, who, on being rejected by the lady to whom he had been paying his addresses, had struggled with his emotions on a hearthrug, and, on partially recovering his equilibrium, ~~had~~ attempted to utter the words, "Farewell, thou heartless one!" when he found himself choking after the "farewell," then the word "heartless" got twisted in his throat, and became something like "hearthrug," which made her laugh, and caused him to rush out of the room and out of the house, and when he tried to hail a cab he found that his voice had left him, and what is more, it did not return for years, when he at last, after travelling all over the world, found it in the Southern Hemisphere, on a glorious night, singing under a balcony to the daughter of the Chief Magistrate, whom (the daughter, of course) he subsequently married.

Friends came in to see me, and were horrified, petrified. Would it be all right for Monday night? that is, for the great speech?

I feared not.

Each one impressed upon me his particular remedy.

The first said: galvanism. He regretted that the Polytechnic wasn't open on Sunday, as there was galvanism always going on there. This lead incidentally to a discussion on the advisability of an Act for the Opening of the Polytechnic on Sunday; with galvanism. I could only listen.

My friend, who made the proposition, wondered that I hadn't a pocket galvanic machine by me. Everyone had, he said. He hadn't; and no one who called that day had.

Number Two suggested "Cold Water Bandages." We had cold water, but no bandages. Some one observed that "any old rags would do."

We summoned the Landlady of my chambers, who provided rags. We made a great mess with sponges, basins, towels, and the rags, and in an hour's time I was rather worse.

Number Three, who had assisted in this remedy, now observed that "the Cold-Water Cure was no use, unless it was done under regular advice, and on a system."

Number Two reluctantly admitted that he was afraid this was the case, and wished I could go at once to Ben Rhydding, or some Water-Cure Establishment in North Wales.

Number Four broke in with "Ah, yes; or Aix-la-Chapelle in Germany."

As, by this time, I could only write what I had to say, I put down on a slate, "Can't go there and be back in time to speak to-morrow. Nonsense."

All shook their heads. They reminded me of Job's friends; but they only worried him, I don't remember any one of them proposing medical remedies to him. Galvanism and cold-water bandages would, of course, have been out of the question at that period of history.

A Fifth (who had been in a cavalry regiment, and has still a dashing way with him), said, "I'll tell you what it is. Don't coddle. Take a good walk with no overcoat on; get hot; then go into a cold bath; rub well; and get to bed."

This I refused to listen to at all; and he retired in dudgeon.

Number Six, with the reputation for being a comic man, suggested this: "Take," he said, "a red-hot poker, a glass of port. Stir up the latter with the former, and go to bed. Safe thing."

The red-hot poker sounded so peculiarly pantomimic, that I at once declined it (on my slate in pencil, with thanks,) regarding it as a sort of remedy with which the Clown would insist on curing the Pantaloon, if the latter had lost his voice.

"Inhaling," "Bronchial Troches," "Old Stockings and Eau-de-Cologne," "Lemon and Cayenne Pepper on a hot flannel," "Champagne," "Mustard leaves," "Vapour Bath" were all taken into consideration, and their merits argued out by my council of friends, each one of whom voted for his particular remedy, and denounced the others as worse than useless.

Night came, and my voice had not returned. The last man to leave insisted upon my putting a lamp under my chair, wrapping a flannel all round me, and making me sit there for half an hour. The only result was a horrid smell of smoke and burning, and my jumping up violently (my enthusiastic friend was actually holding me down by the shoulders), overturning the lamp, spilling the oil, nearly setting fire to the house, and spoiling the carpet, thus necessitating an early retreat to my bed-room.

My friend only said that he supposed it wasn't the proper sort of lamp for the purpose, and soon after left.

The Doctor arrived, and regretted I hadn't sent for him before.

Monday came, and Monday evening.

The meeting was addressed by supporters of the Unpopular Candidate, who, on presenting himself, was unable to get any one to listen to him. On the Tuesday he was nowhere at the Poll.

He lost his election in consequence, he said, of my loss of voice.

Weeze Villa, near Korf Castle.

THROTE HUSKISSON.



THE BITER BIT.

Pert Young Farmer. "TH' OUNDS LOOK POOR TO-DAY, GOVERNOR!"

Robust Huntsman. "POOR! SO WOULD YOU LOOK POOR IF YOU WORKED HARD, WOULDN'T YOU?"

Farmer. "WELL, THEN, YOU TAKE IT PRETTY EASY, I SHOULD THINK!"

ELECTION EPIGRAMS.

Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone.

HE's in, below a Tory. O' my word,
He's lucky that he wasn't over-BOARD.

Rt. Hon. W. Forster.

Against thee spiteful pietists spat prayers:
Too big a bird to catch with SALT like theirs.

Daniel Grant.

FORSYTH, forsooth, is foremost. DANIEL's down.
It serves him right for shutting out TOM BROWN.

J. A. Roebuck.

A well-earned laurel, brave and veteran knight,
"And at the eventide there shall be light."

Guildford Onslow.

A doubly bitter blow, O Knight of Grot,
A cousin's hand consigneth thee to pot.

Mr. Cotes.

The pen that now congratulates thee, COTES,
Helped to secure thy sire North Shropshire votes.

Mr. Horsman.

Eh! nearly off, my Horseman. Only 5.
But turn in toes, sit square, and look alive.

Mr. Peter Taylor.

PETER comes back to blubber if a gaoler
Scores a garotting brute with extra whaler.

Mr. Ayrton.

O! mildest Indian, have they turned thee out?
This comes of too much gentleness. Be stout.

Mr. Whalley.

What, in again! Our happiness is thorough.
A health to Earlswood, and to Peterborough!

Mr. Jacob Bright.

And thou extruded! Sadder this, and sadder!
We thought our JOHN would be our JACOB's ladder.

Sir J. Pakington.

Droitwitch, a very sneaking thing to do.
Maker of fleets, we'll find a berth for you.

On Threes.

MY LUCRAFT, and my POTTER, and my ODGER!
Where's workman's confidence in working codger?

Mr. Baines.

No "BAINES of Leeds" upon the record found,
And yet the world goes round, and round, and round!

Mr. Saul Isaac.

A Tory Jew! Why not? Or short or tall,
He'll stand out proud among 'em, like KING SAUL.

Mr. Drax.

How are you, DRAX? We've known you many a year.
Minds't Odin, BERKELEY, and that hobbled deer?

Mr. C. P. Villiers.

Gallant old Whig: hadst thou been bid retire,
Foul Wolverhampton should have felt our ire.

Mr. Fawcett.

Hast lost him, Brighton, to thyself unkind?
He sees too much—'tis Brighton that is blind.



WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

Ancient Lady. "LET ME DRIVE YOU, MISS SHARP. IT IS QUITE IN MY WAY, AND I CAN'T BEAR TO THINK OF YOUR WALKING HOME ALL ALONE!"

Modern Ditto. "OH, I DON'T MIND WALKING A BIT, THANKS! BESIDES, I WANT TO SMOKE!"

Mr. Osborne.

WE'LL MISS THEE, OSBORNE. 'TIS A BORE SUPERNAL.
BUT QUICKLY FIND ANOTHER SEAT, OUR BERNAL.

Sir John Karslake.

KARSLAKE THE LUCKY. HITHER COMETH HE,
A GOODLY PRESENCE FOR H. M. A. G.

Sir J. McKenna.

HOW IS SIR JOSEPH'S PRECIOUS CONSTITUTION?
HIS "AD." DECLARED "HE WAS NEAR DISSOLUTION."

Mr. Jenkins.

HIGH IN THE NORTH, IN FACT AT FAIR DUNDEE,
HIGH JINKS'S BABY MARMALADING SEE.

Sir Richard Wallace.

UGLY'S OUR HOUSE, AND DULL. HE LACKS NET NOUS;
HE WANTS A CONTRAST, PERHAPS, TO HERTFORD HOUSE.

Friend and Foe.

MAN IS BUT HUMAN. So it was not surprising to read on the polling day, that at LAUNCESTON a majority of the Licensed Victuallers were supporting the Conservative **DEAKIN**, in preference to the Liberal **DRINKWATER**. The question has been asked whether the Pontefract Publicans were equally amiable to another successful Conservative Candidate—**MAJOR WATERHOUSE**.

ROME AND NEWFOUNDLAND.—Which of the Roman Emperors was it who may be supposed to have been accustomed to talk dog-Latin? **NERO!**

"MAGNA EST PECUNIA, ET PREVALEBIT."

(By an Ancient Agent.)

THEY MAY silence nominations,
And lay the hustings low,
Till Election-times as quiet
As a Quaker-meeting grow.
With frown and fine and prison
The use of "sugar" damn,
Hang "the Act" in *terrore*
O'er the meek head of "the lamb":

Plant round Election-meeting
Law's man-trap and spring-gun,
Kill its pleasures and its profits,
Cut off its funds and fun;
Try re-casting the old voter
To a Puritanic spoon,
E'en take audacious pot-shots
At the dark "*Man-in-the-Moon*":

They may scrub *JAMES BULL*, or rub him,
With, or against, the grain,
To work off the old heaven,
And scour out the old stain;
But, spite of Acts and Judges,
Exposure, fine, and gaol,
There 'll still be sack and sugar—
There 'll still be cakes and ale.

Canvass and Registration
You may turn to ropes of sand;
See promises, like pie-crust,
But to be broken stand;
Bid falsehood, from all penalties
Relieved, go, smooth and snug,
And drop into the Ballot-Box
The card it's kept so snug:

From opposite directions
You may approach your game,
To shame put bribed and bribers,
Or rob lying of its shame;
Make it harder for sharp agents
Safe the needful out to shell,
Or easier for sharp voters
Both sides, in turn, to sell:

But you 'll new-spot the leopard,
Sooner than turn the lamb
From following after sugar—
A taste sucked from his dam;
To the mast you may nail your colours,—
True blue, or blue and buff,—
Only one colour you 'll find "fast"—
The colour of "the stuff."

There 'll still be wires for pulling,
And artful hands to pull;
Still "Purity of Election"
Will be more cry than wool.
While Candidates want voices,
And Electorates want tin,
The two wants in the market
Will manage to fall in.

And we, the grey Old Guardsmen
Of Old Election wars,
Who of fights ere the Reform Bill
Can show the stumps and scars,
Needs must snigger, when the green uns,
Still at their goose-step, say,
"Bribery and corruption,
Thank Heaven, have had their day!"

"Bribery and Corruption"—
Lor' bless your silly souls,
Let who will fight the battle,
They still will head the polls.
If a seat is worth paying for—
Paid for it ought to be:
What costs nothing is worth nothing—
By the rule of £ s. d.



THE LAST "FEATHER."

TIME—4 A.M.

Little Twister (to his Host, lighting his tenth Cigar, and having exhausted "The Spanish Crisis," "Dissolution of Parliament," and "Voyage of Challenger," etc.) "BY THE BY, BLOKER, IT STRIKES ME THERE ARE SEVERAL POINTS IN THIS TIGHBORNE CASE THAT——"! [All we know further is, that about this hour a short Gentleman was seen to leave a house in Gravelotte Crescent hastily, without his hat, which was thrown after him!]

The Situation.

(February, 1874.)

GLADSTONE spake unto the Nation,
"If you'd have me keep my station,
Vote your wish that I'd do so."
He dissolved; and then the Nation
Answered, without hesitation,
"Dearest WILLIAM—you can go."

Motto for a Minister.

MR. LOWE, on the part of his Ministerial colleagues, accepts the accusation, and glories in the avowal, that their acts have been those of a "harassing Government." The late CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER and present HOME SECRETARY appears to aim, on principle, at gaining popularity by systematically making things unpleasant. His motto should be, "What's the odds so long as you're miserable?"

Independence Triumphant.

THE return of MR. ROEBUCK for Sheffield will be generally hailed as a truly cheering return of old times. Would the Honourable Member for Sheffield have been elected under a system of open voting? Intimidation is now as little possible for Trades' Unions as it is for Landlords; and the Workman who votes by Ballot defies rattening.

A BEERY BLUNDER.

THE arrangements for voting by Ballot have evidently been designed with an express view to the accommodation of the illiterate voter. It was doubtless thought that, having only to put his mark X to the right of the name of the candidate whom he intended to vote for, he could hardly by any possibility make a mistake in performing that simple operation. There is, however, reason to believe that several seats have been lost to the Conservative party, because many of the voters for the Publicans' Candidates were so carried away by their enthusiasm for beer, excited above measure by excess in that beverage, as to score three marks after the name of the man of their choice—thus intending to indicate him as the representative of XXX.

Taxes on Music.

It seems there is a proposal in France "to put a tax of ten francs per annum on every piano throughout the country." Any Chancellor of the Exchequer who would have the courage to impose a similar tax, say of ten pounds a year, on every barrel-organ, or other instrument of street-music in England, would deserve a peerage, and ultimately Westminster Abbey.

A Service Returned.

DISRAELI Household Suffrage brought about;
Then called a Parliament which turned him out.
GLADSTONE the Ballot gives, and, when he goes
Next to the country, gets returned his foes.
This measure seems a payment for the other;
As though one good turn had received another.

TEMPERANCE BY ACT OF PARLIAMENT.





A COMMON-SENSE VIEW.

Depressed Liberal. "BU' DON' YER SEE GLA'SHON WAS GOIN' TO 'BOLISH TH' INCOME-TAXSH?"

Jocund Tory. "O, BOTHED THE TAX! LETSH 'AVE THE INCOME FUST!"

SHROVE-TIDE SNIPPINGS.

A VERY ancient, and it is fearlessly asserted, invaluable receipt for pancakes, is known to exist amongst the archives of a Monastery in Greece, but the entire diplomatic body at Athens have failed, up to the present time—their latest telegram is now lying before us—to persuade the Monks to allow a fac-simile to be taken of this precious MS. by means of photography.

SUETONIUS is the only classic author who mentions pancakes. He describes them in his well-known unctuous style, but, strange to say, without settling the point which has so long been hotly contested, as to the material in which they were originally fried. The treatise in which he leaves this question as he found it is one of the scarcest of his works, but a rumour has just reached us that there is a copy in the Public Library at Fribourg.

Those who have carefully studied the superstitions and traditions of the rural peasantry are not averse to tell us that many of them still cling to the belief, that if they steadily think of something which they wish to happen the whole of the time they are engaged in eating pancakes on Shrove Tuesday, without speaking or gazing out of the window, and fast till next morning at breakfast, they are sure to find a piece of money where four cross-roads meet, when next the moon is at the full on a windy night.

The Pancake bell ought to be rung by a fresh rope, which has been bought in the dusk, with new silver, by the senior Verger.

If the church-clock strikes while the bell is still ringing, the peel of all the oranges (or lemons) which have been used at dinner must be carefully collected and burnt, with three cheers, before the family retire to rest; or the same thing will happen which befel the people in an outlying village in Shropshire, towards the close of the century. (See BIZZMORE'S *History of Salop*, iii., 64—the rare edition with the cancelled leaf.)

There are certain things which, by universal consent, ought never to be done on Shrove Tuesday, when it falls on that day. For instance, you must not sit on the damp grass or walk by a running stream; you must not cross the boundary of the adjoining county; you must not answer any question which a stranger may address to you if he has a patch over his left eye; and you must on no account, however small, look over your shoulder when you are turning the corner of the street.

On the other hand, you may choose Shrove Tuesday for depositing money in a Post-Office Savings Bank, or wearing a new hat for the first time; and if you have a light-handed cook, and a vigorous appetite, and a sound digestion, and your affairs are all in order, and you have no one to care for but yourself, and your medical man raises no objection, you may venture to eat a pancake.

FEMININE INTELLIGENCE.

OUR esteemed friend MRS. MALAPROP has no patience with the people who want Women to have votes. She declares that, for herself, her nerves would never bear the shock of having anything to do with the Electrical Franchise.

COME TO HIS MAJORITY!

GLADSTONE'S worst foes cannot lurch* us
Of one gift—GLADSTONE'S dower—
The Abolition of Purchase.
In Army promotion, or Power.

Your Sub must now reach his grade
By competitive examining—
Though marks *may* sometimes be made,
By a Strasburg-goose style of cramming-in.

So Election fi'-pun-noters
Under lash of the law must lie still,
Though of sugar for sweet-toothed voters
There's more than meets the eye still.

But now bribery and treating
Are put down by Law's authority,
DIZZY his new House meeting,
Has not *purchased* his majority.

He is still the Mystery Asian,
If Yankee wings he fly on,
Of Caucaussian,† if not Caucasian
Stock the triumphant scion.

Men, or Ministers, in Minority,
Responsibility's test shun;
But now he has reached his Majority,
What he'll do with it is the question.

Last term, spite of BENTINCK'S rough rage,
To his Educational glory,
Resulted in Household Suffrage,
Conservative chief *auctore*!

If his movement in the minor key
Be a clue to that in the major,
His performance in the finer key,
Will be a startler, I wager!

Who knows but we'll see our DIZZY,
In the rôle of *Arch-deceiver*.
To a bob turning HODGE'S tizzy,
If sell than give vote he'd liefer.

Or, for reasons anti-rabbleish, meant
To teach MIALl death is birth,
Reforming the Church Establishment
Clean off the face of the Earth.

Though for re-dividing the pound BULL
Feel gratitude infinitesimal,
Who knows but DIZZY'll be found full
Of designs for a coinage decimal.

That local taxation he'll settle,
On a scheme cheap, pleasant, and stable;
And please both pot and kettle,
Freeing Beer and Breakfast-table.

What he'll pay off old Tory arrearage,
At Young Oxford's bran-newest sum-
mons;

Take skittle-balls of our Peerage,
And Allotments of our Commons:

Bring about reconciliation
Of Capital and Labour,
And—O mystery *plus quam* Asian!—
Make each man love his neighbour.

In short, when the future I gauge,
All in brightness seems to swim,
For if he have, at length, come of age,
What an age should, at last, come of him!

Educational mystery-monger!
Marvellous medicine-man!
We burn, we are thirsty, we hunger,
For the lucky-bag, pregnant of plan,

Crammed with the eggs of amazement,
Warm from the nest of the mare—
Who would know all by that phrase meant,
When those eggs hatch, should be there?

* "Lurch," to rob slyly; "He lunched all swords o' the garland."—*Coriolanus*.

† "Caucus," a "preliminary party meeting."
—*American Dictionary*.



A CLINCHER.

"GET UP, AND SEE THE TIME, EVA. I DON'T KNOW HOW TO TELL IT."

"NO MORE DO I."

"O, YOU HORRID STORY-TELLER, I TAUGHT YOU MYSELF!"

FAIRLY SOLD.

THERE are probably very few members of that generally bread-and-butter-eating community, the British Public, who have not frequently partaken, without knowing it, of the article described in the following extract from a letter of the *Morning Post's* Correspondent at Paris:—

"Butter, like all alimentary substances, has vastly increased in price. An enterprising merchant exhibits what he calls 'Produit nouveau, Margarine Mouriès, remplaçant le beurre pour la cuisine. Economie incontestable sur le beurre; il coûte moitié moins cher, et on en use moitié moins.' This butter is made from the fat of beef, and costs 10*d.* per pound."

In merry England, however, this article does not merely replace Butter for the kitchen, but also for the breakfast-parlour, where it is eaten, not under the name of Margarine, in bread-and-margarine, but that of Butter, in bread-and-butter. It is bought for Butter, and it is sold for Butter; only the buyer believes it to be what it is sold for, whereas the seller well knows that it is a product of beef-suet; and he serves his customer with the latter commodity at the price of the former. The "enterprising merchant" of Paris, who sells Margarine as a substitute for Butter, and does not sell his customers by selling it as Butter, and at Butter's value, has very likely found honesty to be the best policy. That policy might, perhaps, be adopted with advantage by an enterprising British Cheesemonger.

A City Feast.

WE read, with feelings which it is hardly possible to conceive, and altogether impossible to describe, that "a festival given at the London Tavern by the Weavers' Company was made, or became the occasion, of a somewhat imposing Conservative demonstration." The Weavers, no doubt, felt that the great event was at hand which the leader of the Conservative party long ago saw "looming" in the future.

FISH AND FLY.

SWEET WILLIAM, did you ever fish
For trout with mimic flies?
The British nation, as you wish,
Does not appear to rise.
'Tis clear you've failed to imitate
The genuine insect, quite;
You've taken nothing by your bait:
The people would not bite.

No doubt that Income-tax repeal
Had been a taking fly,
If you had managed to conceal
The naked hook thereby.
But what would Income-tax replace?
You did not mention that.
How could you hope, in such a case,
You'd even hook a flat?

The tax on income is black-mail,
Laid on the payer's purse,
He fears he little would avail
If you imposed a worse.
He thinks there was an after-thought
Which underlay your plan.
You should have told it, to have caught
That much defrauded man.

From the Far West.

WE read the other day, in an American newspaper, an account of how a lot of Cattle, seized by a sudden impulse, leapt upon a Railway just as a train was passing. The writer might have added, had he thought over the matter, that the impulse which seized them was a fit of Cattlelepsy.

PIG AND PIG-DRIVER.



PERHAPS, Gentlemen of the Shamblers, the following item of intelligence, extracted from a newspaper, will be interesting to all of you; and it will doubtless afford to some a warning:—

"HEAVY FINE FOR SELLING DISEASED MEAT.—At the Town Hall, Sheffield, yesterday, WILLIAM KILVERY was fined £100 for offering for sale the carcase of a pig, the same being unfit for human food."

Hence, you see, Gentlemen, that the attempt to sell bad meat renders a meat-salesman liable to a penalty so heavy, that he who incurs it by offering for sale

tainted or diseased pork may find that he has driven his pigs to a pretty market.

THE SPRING MEETING, FEB. 1874.

FINAL HEAT.

(A Second Isthmian Ode, by Punch's own Pindar.)

EIGHT months, and more, have past
Since PUNCH sang last
The glories and the shames
Of Britain's Isthmian Games,
And painted, neck and neck,
White with the foam-wreath's fleck,
The steeds that swept the chariots along,
Of DIZZY Sphinx-like, and of GLADSTONE strong.
Now, once again, he sues
The Epinikian Muse
To guide the pencil, and to point the pen,
That paints the conflict of these mighty men.

Now for five years the piny* crown
Hath shadowed GLADSTONE'S frown;
And who of men can say,
But he that, through the burden of the day,
That garland's spiky twine,
Keen needles of the pine,
Hath round his temples worn,
How, like a crown of thorn
The bright but bitter bough
Can into furrows fret the brow
That its contested diadem hath borne?

Lo, now we hear, again,
The rival chariots thunder o'er the plain;
Again, the same strong charioteers behold,
With loose hair and tense rein,
And thews' and sinews' strain,
Behind their rival steeds, on smoking axles rolled!
But "Peace" and "Progress" are not now the names
That GLADSTONE'S team of harnessed coursers claims;
I read, instead, branded upon their backs,
"Economy," "Repeal of Income-tax;"
While "Bung" and "Bunkum," still to DIZZY dear,
Scarce altered, reappear
In the euphonious pair "Our Bibles" and "Our Beer,"
A team that works, in concert, side by side,
Maugre strange contrasts in such names implied.

Sudden the challenge to the race was given,
Launched like Jove's bolt out of a cloudless heaven;
And scarce was time the chariots to prepare,
To have the harness yare,

* A garland of pine was the prize of the winner in the Isthmian Games.

Steeds featly groomed, and bitted fair,
When rose the cry, "They're off!"—and off they were!

And then was seen, 'spite of friends' favouring cheers,
How work of five long years,
Upon the stoutest charioteer will tell;
And most on him, who, in each race,
Had joyed to force the pace,
And urge his steeds not wisely but too well.
While DIZZY, with his team well in command,
Hath held his patient hand,
Nor thrust it forward, with more law,
Than backward he could draw,
Nor, for speed risking smash,
E'er overplied the lash,
Nor, with too eager pole,
Pressed for the goal!

See him creep up and on,
Ere the first mile they've gone,—
Neck and neck, head and head, and nose to nose,—
Till, nose in front, then head,
Then neck, then quarters, led;
But as ahead he dashed,
Chariot with chariot clashed,
As with a dextrous twist
Of reins and wrist,
The sharper charioteer the stronger taught,
And, hurried out of the course to grief behold him brought!
And now, grim GLADSTONE, queered and cleared,
In front the Sphinx-like DIZZY hath appeared,
And ever, with each length,
Growing in skill and strength,
Further and further still ahead he shows!
While, dropping still behind,
In temper touched, and wind,
Gaunt GLADSTONE, ne'er so gallant though he be,
With a protesting frown
The proud if painful crown,
Wrenched from his brow—his rival's prize—must see!
And, checked and checking, second at the post,
Must own the race is lost—
The race, not always to the strong—
Lost with the crown that may be worn too long!

SITTINGS IN ERROR.

SITTING at a pic-nic on a little mound of earth, which in your short-sightedness you choose as most convenient for a seat, and discover, when too late, is in reality an ant's nest.

Sitting with your legs cramped on the knife-board of an omnibus, while your two neighbours' two umbrellas are both dripping down your neck.

Sitting (reverentially, if possible) at church, in front of some spoilt children who examine your back hair.

Sitting on a costly pair of Chelsea china figures, which, for safety sake, you put in your coat-pocket rather than allow them to be packed and carried to your house.

Sitting at your ease in the enjoyment of a snooze, while the train stops at the station at which you should get out.

Sitting for three-quarters of an hour after the ladies have retired, in order to hear slangy stories, or talk politics or shop.

Sitting on your wife's pet pussy-cat or pug-dog, which in the dusk has not been noticed asleep in your arm-chair.

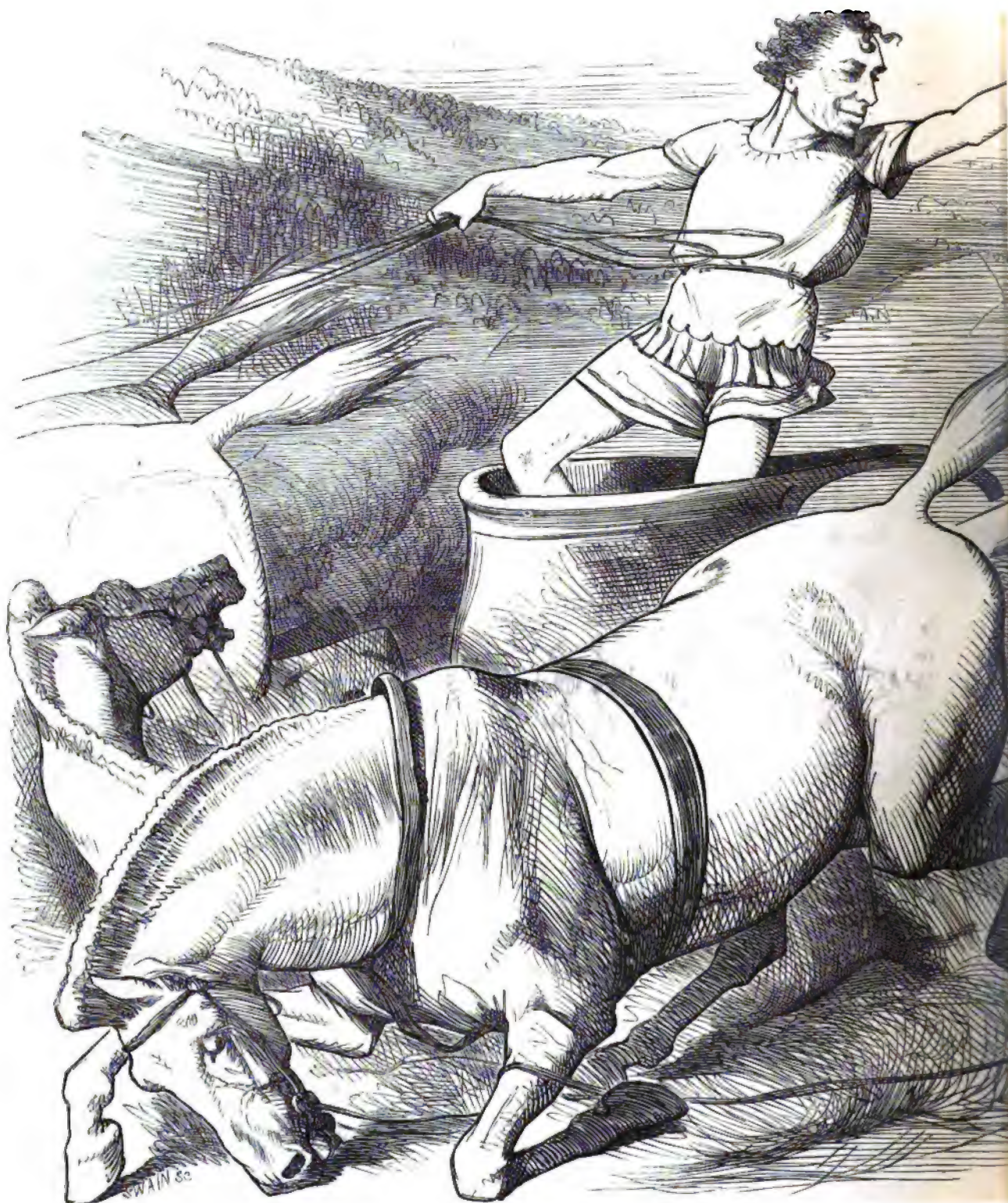
Sitting on a bag of grapes, or plums, or apricots, or peaches, which you are bringing home from Covent Garden in a cab.

Sitting in the stalls (where you go to see good acting) just behind a lot of ladies, dressed in the height of fashion, with their back hair decked with flowers, and with ribbons in profusion piled up in a pyramid on the tip-top of their heads.

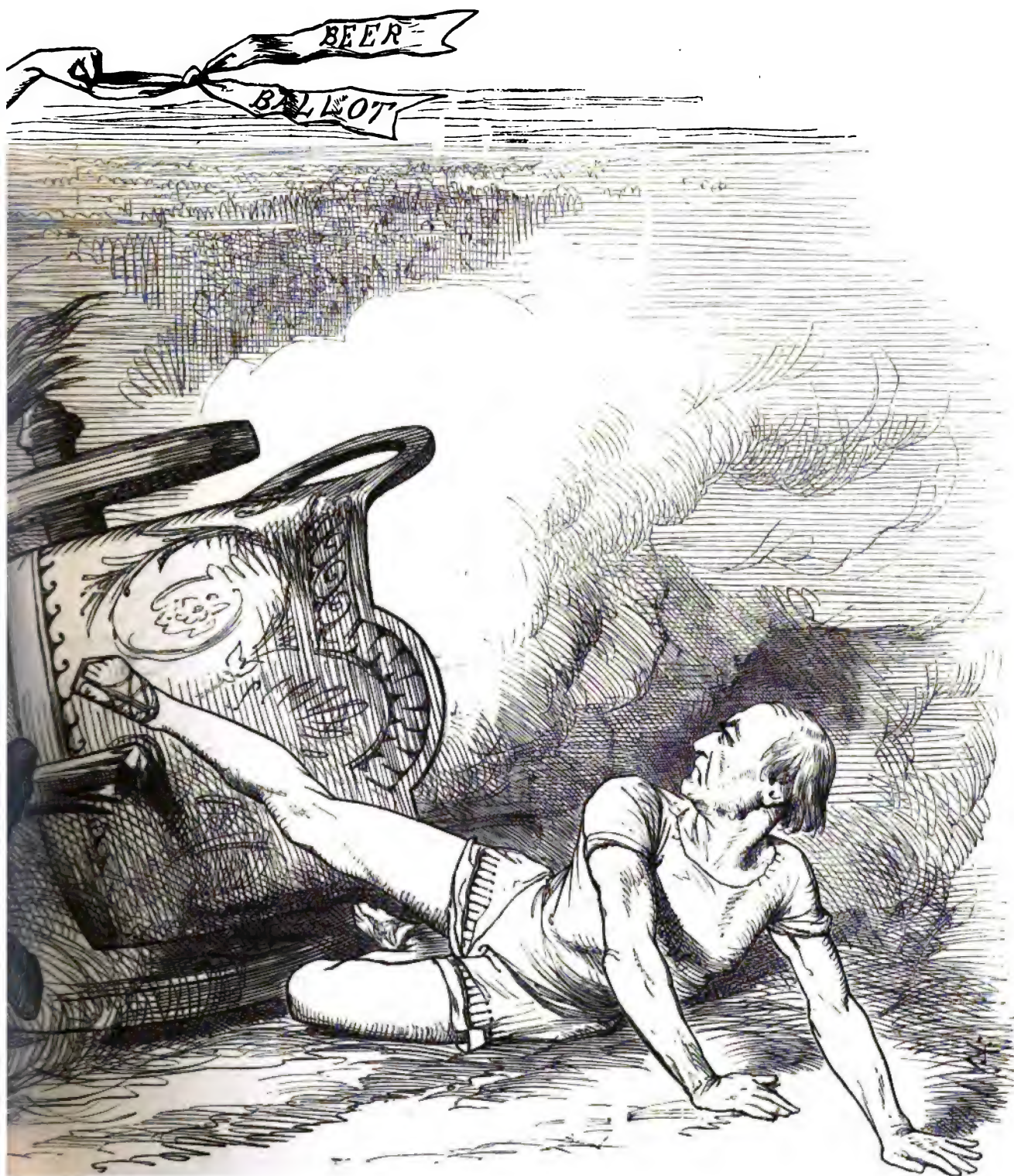
Sitting on a pair of stockings which your wife, good soul, was darning, and which she hid so hurriedly (with her needle sticking in them) underneath the anti-macassar, when visitors disturbed her in the afternoon.

A Contrary Wind.

ON Candlemas Day the sky was dun;
One general cloud concealed the sun;
And Winter ought, says the ancient rhyme,
To have most of it gone at Christmas time.
Whereas there was frost, a great deal more,
After the festival than before.
Accordingly, this year, Winter's flaw
Blew right in the teeth of that old saw.



NATIONAL SPRING



MEETING. 1874.

AL HEAT.

OCCASIONAL HAPPY THOUGHTS.

The Horse at the Front Gate—On View—Mr. Jarvis—Digressions and Notes—Interview proceeding.



RANKLY, I don't wonder at there being a crowd to see this horse.

To begin with, it isn't a horse—that is, I mean it's a cob.

Its head appears to me to be too large for its neck, and, as it stands still, it has a way of moving its ears unevenly, on a sort of one-down-to-other-come-up principle, which suggests interior mechanism (it being what you'd expect in a toy, with strings, some wires, and a musical baker's cart behind), and inspires mistrust.

The animal's neck, too, tracing him thus backwards, seems to my eye to be indented, though, perhaps, on reflection, this effect is simply due to the mane having been cut by an inexperienced hand. As to the hair of this mane, I never saw anything so

rusty-looking, dry, and untidy. Reverting to the toy, if the mane had been nailed on carelessly, it couldn't have looked worse.

Carrying my eye along him downwards—we are all examining him now, as my Aunt has descended from her fly, and I have introduced her to Mr. and Mrs. PULLINGER, but have been totally unable to introduce the rest of the party, whose names I haven't been able to catch—

[*Happy Thought.*—"Who shall be nameless." This seems to be a quotation out of something, occurring to me at the moment. Make a note of it, and look it out afterwards.]

—and to whom, therefore, my Aunt inclines herself somewhat stiffly.

The person who has brought this animal "for me to see" is a tall man with a short body, and such very long jerky sort of legs, as to have the appearance of being only loosely attached to his waist, perhaps supported to the division line in the old-fashioned way in which a school-boy's lower half used to be fastened, with evident buttons all round, to his upper half. It is not a division of halves in this man's case, but—(*Happy Thought*)—putting him as a sum in proportion one-fifth is to the whole, as his legs to his body; that is—

One-fifth : whole :: legs : body. Algebraically, and evidently,

One-fifth (body) = whole (legs).

This might be called a sum in anatomy. [Note it down and see if something systematic and scientific can't be got out of it when I've leisure.]

MR. JARVIS's legs—JARVIS, he informs me is his name, and I see no reason, judging from his personal appearance, to doubt him, no more than I do his statement that he is landlord of the *Wig and Chicken* in the next village—MR JARVIS's Legs—

[Capital title for Christmas Number of a Serial. *Mr. Jarvis's Legs.* Subject to be divided into His Stockings, his Boots, his Slippers, his Pantaloon, and so forth by popular authors, every story sensational, with a picture of MR. JARVIS's legs on the cover—(*Happy Thought*)—write to POPGOOD AND GROOLLY, Publishers, and propose it]—

MR. JARVIS's legs are obtrusive and kick out, independent, I am convinced, of the JARVIS above, who has nothing to do with them; in fact, his head's too far off, and too far back, to trouble itself about looking after such mundane matters as feet and legs; and, as he advances towards me, legs first, he realises just half the notion of *Old Joe's* action in the once popular nigger ballad where he (*Old Joe*) was described as "kicking up ahind and afore." MR. JARVIS kicks up "afore."

He wears a gay-looking straw-hat, after a rather nautical fashion. In fact, taking merely his head, whiskers, and hat, and seeing just so much of him as would be visible in bed if he had a bad cold and were obliged to keep his shoulders covered, I should say, "This man is a sailor."

Bringing him a little way out of bed, convalescent, and making him sit up with his check coat on, I should say, "This man is a sportsman."

But producing him, entirely, with the independent legs in tight trousers, and ending in long-toed boots, I should say, "This man

has a betting-book in his pocket, and he knows more than meets the eye about two to one, bar one."

Summing him up altogether, I am inclined to regard MR. JARVIS with suspicion. But by this time I should regard any one who came to sell me a horse, even my own Grandfather, with suspicion.

By the way, talking of my Grandfather, I'm not sure that he wouldn't have done me, if he had had the chance, though I venerate his memory. I have a reason for saying this. A man once said, in my hearing, "Ah, Old So-and-So! I remember him! He was a rum customer, and a regular wicked old sinner."

"Sir!" said I, warmly, "you are talking of my Grandfather. Prove your statement, Sir, or—"

Well, he *did* prove his statement; at least, he told me such a story of my Grandfather's conduct, on one particular occasion, as thrilled me with horror, and his facts were corroborated by a friend of his who was present. However, this is only a family anecdote, and only mentioned here to show that you can't always trust even your own Grandfather.

Happy Thought.—But, if you could, why should there be an actual practical prohibition in the Prayer Book against the enormity of marrying your Grandfather? If the compilers of that excellent devotional work had not contemplated (perhaps from experience) the wickedness of a sly old Grandfather (*Grandfather Don Juan*—sort of name for a Pantomime), they would never have placed such a prohibition on record.

But to proceed. The above being merely notes, made (saving MR. JARVIS's presence and the crowd) while they think I am taking down MR. J.'s address and the points of the horse.

Now then.

"There's a little 'erse," MR. JARVIS commences, "as you won't often see."

No; once is enough. But I keep this to myself. My Aunt, PULLINGER, and party all attention. They think I'm going to be taken in by JARVIS.

I brace myself for the encounter. I'm for the prosecution: JARVIS for the defence: the Horse is the criminal: visitors the Jury: crowd in the lane represents the public in court.

I commence by shaking my head.

This means, generally, that I don't like the animal, taken as an animal altogether; though of course I don't know how he'd suit me in parts.

The next move is MR. JARVIS's.

IDIOTISM IN IRELAND.

It is not often that, even amongst the worst accounts from Ireland, we meet with any report, such as the following, of an—

"ATTEMPT TO UPSET A TRAIN.—An attempt to upset a train was made last night near Limerick. Some malicious person placed an iron gate and some wooden fences, brought from an adjoining estate, across the rails; but the engine-driver, feeling the jerk, fortunately stopped the train before harm was done."

In Ireland religious and political distinctions do not, as a rule, extend to railway trains. The Irish character is exempt from the taint of abstract malignity. It is improbable that the train which some exceptionally malicious person attempted to upset near Limerick was either a Protestant or Catholic train, or one distinguished by decorations of either orange or green. The subversive impulses of the Irish mind are generally expended in endeavours to upset the figurative train whose locomotive is the Imperial engine. As for the attempt above related, it was probably the act of some idiot, who, had he been placed in an asylum, might there, by cultivation, have had his intellectual faculties so far developed as to have enabled him to see more fun than that of trying to upset a railway train, in voting, at the time of a General Election, for a Home Ruler.

FESTIVAL AND FRANCHISE.

It is well, perhaps, that the Parliamentary Elections were mainly over by the 14th instant. Thereon there is supposed to take place another election, namely, the choice of mates by the cock-chaffin (Fringilla caelebs) and all the other winged bachelors asserted by tradition to be accustomed to pair with feathered spinsters on the anniversary. With the latter election, to be sure, the former would not have interfered at all, but it might perhaps have caused some hindrance to another, that by which, in imitation of the practice ascribed to the plumed bipeds, the plumeless creatures on two legs are wont to celebrate St. Valentine's Day. In this exercise of the elective franchise the rights of women are admitted, and the idea that they are admissible once in four years only is a popular error. We shall see, perhaps, if a Conservative Ministry will be liberal enough to extend female suffrage to the choice of political Valentines.



AGONISING!

Damon. "HULLO, PYTHIAS! WHAT'S THE MATTER?"

Pythias. "O, MY DEAR FELLOW, I'VE—TUT-T-T—" (*Objections*)—"I'VE BEEN WRITING TO MY TAILOR TO GIVE ME ANOTHER INCH AND A HALF IN THE WAISTBAND, AND COMPOSED A VALENTINE TO MY ADORED CLARA, AND—O!—I'VE PUT 'EM INTO THE WRONG ENVELOPES,—AND THEY'RE POSTED!!!"

[*Breaks down!*]

FIRST THOUGHTS.

EVERY Morning. *A Triplet of Thoughts for Every Day in the Year.* A book lately published with this title has set us pondering the possibility of the human intellect regularly originating three fresh thoughts every morning for a whole year—a total of 1095 thoughts, with three extra reflections for Leap Year. On special occasions, such as birth-days, wedding-days, holidays, fine days, and rent-days, we can believe that the mind might be capable of so gigantic an effort; but on all ordinary days—and they are the majority in the lives of most of us—it is to be feared that the meditations of the bulk of mankind would neither dazzle by their brilliancy nor bewilder by their profundity.

We have tried the experiment for one week, in good health, furnished apartments, and a tolerably quiet neighbourhood, and the result, carefully noted down each morning of the seven, is now lying before us. It was not sufficiently encouraging to induce us to persevere in the practice.

Sunday—

Sunday morning! How delightful! I need not get up till ten. I hope it is not going to rain. I wonder whether the tailor sent my new coat home last night.

Monday—

Another week of work! Glad to see there is no fog this morning. I suppose I must get up.

Tuesday—

I wonder whether I have been called. By Jove, it only wants twenty minutes to nine! I must have overslept myself.

How cold it is! I hardly think I have time for a bath this morning.

Wednesday—

I will not play Whist again in a hurry.

What atrocious stuff that whiskey of PUDDICOMBE'S was! How villainously that girl cleans the boots: I must speak to MRS. PINKY.

Thursday—

What a row those confounded Cats did make in the night! I wonder whether I shall hear from CASSIOPEIA this morning. How stupid of me to leave my slippers down-stairs!

Friday—

I really must complain if that dog goes on barking in this way. It seems rather windy this morning: I hope it will dry the streets. Five minutes more, and then *I will* get up.

Saturday—

Rain again! and I wanted to go to Croydon this afternoon to call on the NAVERNYS.

I know what I will do—take CASSIE and her cousin to the *Eclectic* to-night.

What a blessing! to-morrow is Sunday.

BISMARCK AND BOOBIES.

PRINCE BISMARCK, whenever he expresses himself, generally contrives to be perspicuous, but the following passage in the speech he lately delivered at the opening of the German Parliament may appear to present an exception to his usual lucidity:—

"The legal prescriptions which were adopted in favour of invalids of the army, immediately after the war, have not supported in every point the trial of experiments since made."

There are, perhaps, some fools who flatter themselves that they understand this statement, and, under their delusion, may remark that the success of legal prescriptions adopted in favour of invalids could only have been expected by authorities who had appointed Lawyers to perform the duties of Medical Men. It is really astonishing how obtuse some people are.



AN EXTINGUISHER FOR THE LATIN RACE.

Mr. Lushington Philpotts (proud of his foreign cast of countenance). "THERE'S PRECIOUS LITTLE OF THE SAXON ABOUT ME, I CAN TELL YOU. MY PEOPLE, THE DE LOUCHETONS DE FILE-POTENCE, CAME OVER FROM FRANCE YEARS—AGES AGO!"

Mr. Chaffington Smiley. "AM! BEFORE THE EXTRADITION TREATY, I SUPPOSE!"

Obvious Asinism.

THE *Bible Society Monthly Reporter* reports that the Bible Society's Committee "have had a Russian Bible specially bound for presentation to Her Imperial Highness the ARCH-DUCHESS MARIE ALEXANDROVNA, of Russia, on the occasion of her marriage." Several donkeys have, of course, suggested that it was bound in Russia. They have all brayed. It was bound in England.

OVERFLOWING WITH SPIRITS.

THE Licensed Victuallers are greatly elated at their successful efforts on behalf of the Conservative party. They are inclined to think no small-beer of themselves, on account of this display of public zeal.

"THE GREAT UNWASHED."—Our Statues.

QUERCUS ROBUR.

ROBUR is a word for Oak.
Robur is a word for Tea
Spirit; which implies a joke,
Made with oak-leaves if it be.

Robur, worthy of the name,
Anyone may make who will.
Take your acorns, malt the same,
Maah, ferment them, and distil.

Will that prove good spirit? Try
So to make it; then you'll tell.
What with whiskey if it vie?
What if brandy it excel?

Only this; that if the true
Robur prove a gift, essayed,
Recollect, good people, who
Told you how it should be made.

SONG AND SENTIMENT.

AMONG the many dozens of new ditties lately published, we notice one beginning in a sentimental manner—"Why I love thee, ask the Roses."

This seems just such a song as little Alice might expect to hear sung to her in Wonderland, where the roses, if appealed to, would be sure to make reply. But where, out of a fairy tale, are roses ever found to answer when one speaks to them? and although we may know something of the language of flowers, should we clearly understand them if they really made reply? Putting sentiment aside, one would say the song is hardly so polite as one might think it. "Ask the roses" is at best an evasive sort of answer, and, taken as an artful shifting of the question, seems equivalent to the vulgar schoolboy phrase of "Ask my eye!"

Change of Vowel.

Lo, the Conservatives annex
Another seat in Middlesex!
They shout, elated, cock-a-whoop,
Hooray for HAMILTON and COOPE!
In Middlesex 'twas once a thing
Ever, of course, to vote for BUNG;
But now the votes of old and young
Are polled upon behalf of BUNG.

Literary Echoes.

WE see a new book advertised, called *Six Weeks in the Saddle*. This, it has been rumoured in some literary circles, will be followed before long by *A Fortnight on the Coach-Box*, and there are whispers of a sequel, called *A Month after the Bridal*.

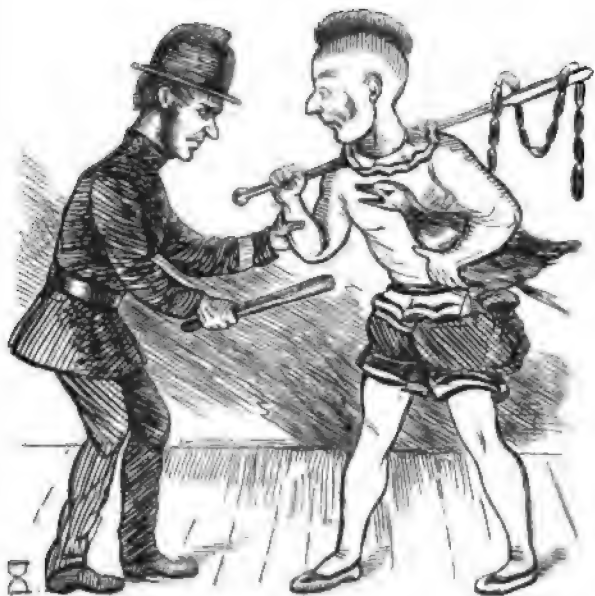
Dangerous Sympathy.

THE brewing interest will be potent in the new Parliament. Protestant Electors be on the alert! There must be no leaning shown by your representatives to the Vatican.

Middlesex to Wit.

MR. COOPE was not far below LORD GEORGE HAMILTON on the poll—this shows the advantage of coope-ration. The new House will be singularly constituted. Clergymen are, of course, always excluded from that assembly, but this time it will not contain even one LEHMANN.

DEVELOPMENT IN FRANCE.



size at Melun have condemned PRINCE SOUTZO, who lately shot PRINCE GHIKA in a duel, to four years' imprisonment, and his two seconds, and those of PRINCE GHIKA, to two years' imprisonment."

The serious enforcement of the laws against duelling, thus commenced,

OST certainly a continuance of that ascent in moral and intellectual development, the commencement of which was indicated the other day in the capital of France by the phenomenon of actual attention to some performances of HANDEL'S music, on the part of audiences who really found themselves very considerably pleased with what they heard, is evidenced in the following message which arrived by the Wheatstone wire from—

"PARIS, Feb. 8.

"The Court of As-

clearly betokens an upward step in that ladder of being on whose lower round stands the savage, or swings, if you prefer to think so, the anthropoid ape. To minds disposed to take pessimist views of the future of France, this indication is truly "cheering." There is now hope that Frenchmen are beginning to discover the essential brutality of duelling, and that of duelling not only as regarded by the sentiments, but also as estimated by the intellectual faculties, which likewise distinguish men from brutes. Let us remember, however, that our forefathers, at a time within man's memory, were, with respect to an "affair of honour," no more human, either in point of feeling or intelligence, than our contemporaries and neighbours across the Channel have been hitherto. Society in England, not very many years ago, was so stupid as well as so iniquitous as to require that whosoever had received a grave insult, though merely verbal, should, on pain of infamy, vindicate his reputation by inviting the author of the affront to a combat, in which he who had offered him an indignity would have at least an even chance of also killing him.

The necessity thus imposed on every gentleman enabled any genteel blackguard, who might wish to murder him, to force him to allow him an opportunity of making the attempt, at the risk only of the blackguard's own worthless life. For that purpose, the blackguard needed do nothing more than brandish a whip in the gentleman's face, or give him the lie. This preposterous atrocity of social law has been obsolete in England for about these thirty years. It is only just now that things are, as above instanced, beginning to be managed better in France. But they have now, at last, begun; and the French, so long celebrated as a logical people, appear to be in a way to show some cause why they should be so styled, in so far as they seem to be getting, at length, to understand the logic of duelling.

OUR "WANTS" COLUMN.

WANTED, as Companion to a Single Lady of aristocratic connections, refined manners, and elegant tastes, a Grey Parrot, young and handsome, with a copious vocabulary and some knowledge of French. The bird must always have resided in county families, and be prepared with a written guarantee that it has never been known to utter a word which could offend the most fastidious ear. A comfortable home, and no Cats. Price no object, but the successful candidate will be required to come a month on trial. Call, with the bird, on Miss TUFFLET, 10, Telemachus Terrace, W., the first Wednesday in April.

A Professed Cook is open to an appointment in the household of a Nobleman or Gentleman, residing at least four months in the year in the West End of London. She has been habituated to the services of two female Kitchen attendants, and could not undertake to supply breakfast at an earlier hour than 10.30 A.M. She would have no objection to appear in the drawing-room or housekeeper's apartment every morning, to take instructions as to the necessary arrangements for luncheon and dinner for the family, but she could not engage to prepare servants' meals. Saturday afternoon and Sunday evening to be at her own disposal, together with one night in the week for visiting or receiving her friends. Vacations—a month in the Summer, a fortnight at Christmas, and a week either at Easter or Whitsuntide. The question of pecuniary compensation can be discussed in a personal interview, and the advertiser will be happy to call on any lady, by appointment, after luncheon, for that purpose. Letters addressed to Miss F. S. G., care of MR. C. KALE, Purveyor of Garden Produce, 108, Mirabel Street, N., will receive due attention.

Lad Wanted. He must be quick as lightning, sharp as a needle, still as a mouse, close as wax, and honest as the day. As the Advertiser has an invincible objection to the sound of sneezing, no boy liable to a cold in the head need apply.—O. D. D., 1, Great Commerce Street, E.C.

Wanted, by a Single Gentleman, respectable apartments in a quiet house, in a quiet street, within sight of the Monument. There must be no smoke either from the chimneys or tobacco; no musical instruments; no cats, dogs, birds, children, or other domestic pets; and the average length of service attained by the last four servants should be at least three months. The house must have a south-west aspect, and not be overlooked either in front or behind, and be within a convenient distance of a pillar-box, a drinking fountain, a news-vendor's, a Literary Institution, a Fire Brigade Station, and a bowling-green. The Advertiser, who is nervous, fidgety, eccentric, irritable, very difficult to please, and unable to

bear the slightest noise without giving immediate notice to quit, is leaving his present lodgings because the stairs creak, and the servant let two dishes fall on the kitchen floor within one week. To prevent unnecessary applications, it is as well also to mention that in the rooms he previously occupied the contiguity of a water-butt to his bedroom wall proved an insupportable irritation. Address, stating terms, which must not exceed 12s. a week (all extras included), "Peculiar," Post Office, Pinktup, Essex.

Wanted, a large quantity of Second-hand Wooden Legs. Apply "with the legs" in brown holland cases, between six and seven, at 445, Cripplegate, E.C.

A Widower, whose liver has been affected by a protracted residence in tropical countries, requires the services of an active, accomplished, energetic lady to superintend the education of his four daughters, whose most prominent characteristic is the ungovernable violence of their tempers; and to undertake the management of three self-willed old servants. She must possess a cheerful disposition and perfect temper, have no relations within fifty miles, and be skilful at all games of cards. A personal interview is indispensable, but as a necessary preliminary an untouched carte should be forwarded to NICHOLAS TYFFIN, Esq., Chutneyport House, West Lambeth.

Wanted, by a General Agent, a Menagerie, an Orchestra, a Cargo of Caviare, an Iron Church, a second-hand Balloon, a pair of Black Swans, a White Elephant, a Tortoiseshell Tom-eat, several Acres of Ground suitable for building purposes in the immediate neighbourhood of Hyde Park, a Diamond Mine, a pair of Silver Snufflers, an Organ, a quantity of old Bell-ropes, and fifty General Servants who know their work—and their place. Apply (with samples) to A. Y. Z., International Hotel, Upper Ten Thousand Street, E. W.

Advice to an Amphitryon.

By an experienced Diner-Out.

At your banquets never allow the Wives to sit opposite their Husbands. Not only flirting (i.e., fun) is rendered utterly impracticable under such conditions, but there is a Gorgonism in each other's eyes which petrifies their tongues when they catch sight of one another. Let every Wife be seated on the same side as her Husband, and as far from him as possible: then, although it may be mostly carried on in undertones, you will never find the conversation for a single moment cease.

NEW DEFINITION OF A TAP-ROOM.—A place where Spiritualists meet.



CAUTION.

Host. "JUST ANOTHER WEE DRAP 'FORE YOU GO——"

Guest. "NA, NA, A'LL TAK' NAE MAIR! I'M IN A NEW LODGIN', AND I'M NO VERA WEEK ACQUAINTED WIT' THE STAIR!!"

THE PROPHET JAMAIS.

It will be recollected that, whilst the French troops were occupying the present capital of Italy, M. ROUHER, Imperialist Minister, declared that Italy should go to Rome—"jamais!" M. JAMAIS has now published a letter in the *Ami de l'Ordre*, recommending the Bonapartists to bide their time during MARSHAL MACMAHON'S seven years, at the end of which M. JAMAIS thinks it will arrive. Accordingly, M. JAMAIS predicts that—

"The intermediate régime will never dare to meet the verdict of the country. When universal suffrage is called upon, I am convinced the citizen class, cured of its extravagances (the great majority of the electors), will be in accord to re-establish what the insurrection of Paris broke to pieces."

M. JAMAIS may possibly prove a truer prophet for the Bonaparte dynasty than he did for the Papacy. There is no knowing what seven years may bring forth, especially in France; and the prophecy that, one of these days, there will be a NAPOLEON THE FOURTH, may by-and-by be fulfilled, notwithstanding that at present it can hardly be mentioned without provoking the exclamation—"Jamais!"

Channel Insular Government.

THE *Standard* announces that a vacancy in the judicial bench of Jersey has been filled by the appointment of MR. BRIAR, formerly a ship-captain, and for several years, up to about twelve months ago, harbour-master at St. Helier's. According to our Conservative contemporary, "Judges in the island of Jersey are appointed without any regard to their special aptitude for the duties of that important position by reason of any legal knowledge they possess." The Judges derive their office from the Sovereign People, who elect them. No doubt they do indifferently administer justice. Thus much for Home Rule in Jersey. Who imagines that it wouldn't do equal wonders for Ireland?

REMARKABLE.

ONE of the quietest places in Ireland is Clonmacnoise. You wouldn't have thought it.

ELEGY ON AN EX-MINISTRY.

THERE lies a Government, from care and strife,
Where now at last its members find release.
They should enjoy repose; for, e'en in life,
As everybody knew, their end was peace.

Peace they so loved, that, though to pay for aught
Above all woes they deemed affliction sore,
High was the price at which that peace was bought;
And may it, in the end, not cost us more!

To one supreme intent their minds they gave;
They made economy their sovereign good.
Their chiefest purpose was expense to save,
And show as large a surplus as they could.

This all-important object to obtain,
On smallest means that offered they would seize,
And all their energies were wont to strain,
With view to skin a flint or pare a cheese.

Hence, in all humbler service of the State,
Retrenchment without mercy they pursued.
Thus hard dismissal, and the pauper's fate,
Unhappy clerks and dockyard workmen rued.

Men cared not for the glory of the earth,
They, whose sole question touching public land
Was how it best would pay, as money's worth.
Why should a useless Epping Forest stand?

Ah, what avail economies none feel
But those they pinch! Alas, what signifies
A sight of good you've done the commonweal
When individuals all denounce your eyes?

They sacrificed the Irish Church, intent
On justice; loyal friends they rendered cool;

Redressed a wrong which grieved a sentiment;
And reaped reward in clamour for Home Rule.

To all true Liberals liberty is dear.
Restrictions for estrangement gave them cause.
Why vex and anger them that love their beer
By Sabbatarian sumptuary laws?

And some there were, in cynic sort that stood
Against all comers with a suit to press;
To make things as unpleasant as they could
They tried, and O with what complete success!

But nothing, if not good, of them that rest!—
A war they did against abuses wage.
To do as they thought fit they did their best;
And will have made their mark on History's page.

Very New Music.

"WHY I love thee ask the Noses," a Hebrew ballad. Companion to "Why I love thee ask the Roses."

"Melody for an Elderly Spinster," a fantasia. By the Composer of "Song of the Old Bell."

"Four, Afternoon! O so late!" Companion to "One Morning! O so early!"

"There's nothing like Bitter Beer!" A new Bass song.

"Then You'll Remember Me!" Song addressed by an ex-M.P. to his late constituents, in view of a future election.

A MATHEMATICAL CERTAINTY.

THE celebrated problem of squaring the circle is by most people considered to be utterly insoluble. Yet, assuming that the pugilistic ring may be regarded as a circle, there are knowing ones who well know how to "square" it when they like.

JUSTICE FOR JOHN BULL.



ORDERING over the Conservative majority in England, the other day, the *Post* observed:—

"That majority is now as nearly as may be one hundred and fifteen. It is only when Scotland, Wales, and Ireland are thrown in that the majority is reduced to about fifty-four."

Comparisons are not all odious to everybody; and the *Post* has probably displeased very few of its readers by comparing the present Parliament with its predecessor, in respect of parties, as follows:—

"MR. GLADSTONE'S majority—by means of which he carried such colossal measures, affecting vitally for good or for evil the institutions of the country—was not an English majority. In fact, if he had

had to deal with English Members alone, he could probably not have even attempted any one of those measures; for although the parties in England were pretty evenly balanced, there was a slight Conservative majority. Hence in the late Parliament England was completely overborne by the lesser Members of the Kingdom."

MR. BUTT, and the rest of you, Gentlemen of MR. BUTT'S party, allow us to congratulate you on the prospect of Home-Rule—for England.

Something About Dr. Beke.

ONE of DR. BEKE'S scientific attendants reached the summit of a mountain before the eminent Eastern explorer, who was somewhat out of breath, could arrive. The worthy and learned Doctor was evidently annoyed, but forgave the man on account of his previous good character, but remarked that, in case he should at any future time be had up in a police-court, he would not then be able to say that he had "never been up before the Beke." Such is life in the East.

Lines to a Young Lady.

FAIR DOLLY, who allows her skirt To trail behind her through the dirt, Forgets the nickname that prevailed Of DOROTHY the Draggie-tailed.

PEACE AND WAR.

"TALK about the slaughter of war!" said MAJOR O'ROURKE. "Isn't it the peace that kills?"

OCCASIONAL HAPPY THOUGHTS.

Still engaged with Mr. Jarvis about the Horse.

THERE seems to me to be an air of depression about the cob. Perhaps he's shy, and doesn't like being exhibited in the public road.

JARVIS'S legs form an isosceles triangle (on their own account, he having nothing to do with it), his hands thrust themselves (under JARVIS'S direction here, as being nearer the head) into his trowser pockets, so as to rumple up the waistcoat on each side, and JARVIS'S head drops down towards the left shoulder, as though there were a strong wind blowing at his right ear. He looks critical: he looks knowing. In spite of his nautical straw hat, he has nothing whatever of the sailor about him now. Even his whiskers, which, under another aspect, *did* convey something of the mariner to my mind, now suggest more of the Barrister.

Imagine at this moment JARVIS in a white wig and bands, and his photograph would do for ten out of fifteen barristers. He has no moustache; and I do not believe in a Barrister with a moustache. I don't think that moustachios should be worn by either Barristers, Anglican Clergymen, or Milkmen. This, however, has nothing to do with horse-dealing.

Feeling that it is *his* turn to move in the game, JARVIS says, repeating himself to begin with,

"Yes, you won't see such a little 'orse as that every day. Reg'lar good plucked 'un."

Happy Thought.—A reg'lar good "plucked 'un" must mean that the animal has failed in passing a veterinary examination.

As JARVIS wouldn't understand this joke, and as (besides PULLINGER, who's a Clergyman, and mightn't like joking) there's only one gentleman (the Equestrian Visitor) present who may, or may not, be up to it, I decide upon not risking it. Shall note it down, and arrange it for one of SYDNEY SMITH'S good things. Then people will say, "How witty! so like him!"

The Tall Equestrian, who cannot possibly be interested in my being taken in and done for by JARVIS or any other horse-dealer, observes gratuitously,

"Yes! he's not a bad stamp of animal."

Whereat the Ladies appear interested.

Now what does he mean by a "bad stamp"? If he were a bad stamp he wouldn't evidently be worth a penny. But that he should be only "not a bad stamp" doesn't seem to imply that he is a *good* stamp, but is very nearly being a good stamp. It's as if you said

of a bottle of spurious *Eau de Cologne*, "Yes, that's *Eau de Cologne*, only it's not *Jean Maria Farina*."

As the Equestrian Visitor appears to know something about the matter, and as JARVIS has at once seen (I catch his eye) the importance of enlisting such respectable and unprejudiced evidence on his own side, I feel bound to ask the last speaker, "What he means by that observation?"

"Well," he replies, "it's a good serviceable beast. It's what I should call a good slave for the country."

Oh! Then we're not horse-dealing, we're slave-dealing.

I reply, "Ah, I see what you mean," and I think I shall, presently.

MR. JARVIS seizes the opportunity.

"Ah, he's all that, and more. He'll do his thirteen mile an hour easy, in a level country. I've taken him to Scragford, round by Hillfield, and back, in a day, with a waggonette full."

He takes for granted that we know the country. The Tall Equestrian does, or pretends to, and says, "stiff work."

"Nothing to him," returns JARVIS, jauntily, as if he had dragged the waggonette full himself. (The Horse looks sleepily on, all the time, but, like the prisoner at an English Criminal trial, "his mouth is closed," and I pity him.) "Nothing! He faces his hills from first to last as though they were mole-heaps."

"P'raps," I interrupt, sharply, with a side-glance at my Aunt and the Ladies, "he'd stumble over mole-heaps."

My Aunt, and the Ladies, don't enjoy my little fun, just thrown in as it were to lighten the entertainment. They are gradually coming to admire the horse. They began by pitying him, because of his woebegone appearance; then they pitied him more on hearing the account of the work he had done. The next step was to admire him as a hero, while compassionating him as an uncomplaining martyr, and, finally, they burst into singing his praises.

"He really is a pretty-looking creature," says my Aunt.

"Only wants a little more care and attention than I can afford to give him, Ma'am," says MR. JARVIS, artfully.

"Yes," says MRS. PULLINGER to her husband, "I think when we bought *Luby* for the children, he wasn't a bit better-looking than this."

"No dear," replies PULLINGER, "and he's as handsome a pony—not quite the size of this—as I've ever seen."

(Ahem! Does PULLINGER wish me to buy *Luby*, I wonder?)

The Lady in the Riding-habit observes, "I think he would turn out very well."

"Of course," observes my Equestrian Visitor, "he'll never be

showy. But" (to me) "you don't want a Park hack: you want something useful, for double work, and up to your weight."

Now *he* is at it. I've only known this gentleman half an hour, I've not spoken to him three times, and yet, in a matter of horses, he professes to know exactly what I want.

If anything could set me against buying this horse on the spot, it is this remark of the Equestrian's. At the same time, I feel that what he says is true. I do not want a Park hack, or rather a Park hack is not a necessity of my existence; that is, I can do without one, though if I could get one for the same price as a donkey, I would buy it; because, after all, if you are mounted at all, you may as well be mounted in first-rate style. Still I admit, that for the country, I do not want a hack intended only for the Park. Again, I do want something that I can both ride and drive. Now, evidently, one couldn't appear in the Park one day driving, and next day riding, but always the same horse. Besides, it would necessitate a Park carriage, and a Park groom. Now all these I *would* have (that is, I *do* want them) if I could afford them. But I can't. Therefore, when a stranger, like this Equestrian Visitor, who can only judge of my means by the house, and by my Aunt's appearance and mine, tells me that I don't want a Park hack, but something to do "double work," and a really useful (not in any way ornamental) animal, it is as if he had impertinently said, "You're a poor devil, with only an eighth of my income, and you can't show up in the Park, or go about in the season; so you'd better have an old rattletrap and a strong pony to jog about the country with, and save the expense of flies, and, in a general way, avoid London altogether, which is much too swellish and fashionable for your limited means, my boy." That's how I translate his remarks; and I set him down as a Snob. The sooner he gets on his own showy horse, and leaves this, the better I shall be pleased; and, what is more, I never want to see him, nor any of his, again.

Old DODDRIDGE actually comes out suddenly as a judge of horse-flesh. She sniffs, smiles, fiddles with the corner of her apron, and curtsying to no one in particular (though if to anybody, it must be to the cob, as she is standing at a respectful distance from his nose in a corner), and is heard to murmur, "Oh, ain't he a pretty creecher!"

The select crowd of loafing villagers, male and female, and ragged children, offer their remarks to one another, and seem to be generally on JARVIS's side of the bargain.

"You'd better have him!" says JARVIS, in an off-hand manner, as though he were advising me clear against his own interest. "You won't get such another chance."

Here an interruption to business arises from the visitors taking their departure. PULLINGER and his Ladies in the carriage; and the Equestrians on their horses again.

Happy Thought.—To ask PULLINGER, just before he's off, what he really thinks about this cob of JARVIS's.

"Ah!" he says, sily, "I never would advise a friend about a horse unless I knew the animal thoroughly. I bought one the other day for fifty, and sold him a week afterwards for twenty.

The best judge may be deceived. Get him on trial. I should be sorry to say 'Buy him,' and then for you to turn round and say, 'It was all through PULLINGER that I lost my money.' No: you must decide for yourself." And they are away.

Bitter reflection as I watch them vanishing in perspective: Where is the friend who will give you the advice you require when you really do require it? Where is the friend who—but on second thoughts PULLINGER has advised me to take the horse on trial. Query on what trial? An hour? Shall I detect his faults in an hour? or in a day? or in three days?

Happy Thought.—Four days. Two in harness, and two in saddle. I return to JARVIS. My Aunt and DODDRIDGE still at the gate. Crowd, a trifle thinned, still about the lane.

JARVIS opens fire, rather blusteringly.

"Well, Sir, are you going to have him?"

"I don't know."

He continues: "When he's been properly looked after for a week or so, you'll see how he'll come out. Quite a gentleman's cob; look in better form, and be in better fettle, too, than nine out of ten that fetch double his price, and ain't worth half it. You may work him all day and all night, too, and he'll always be the same. Gay and light-hearted, and never sick nor sorry from one year's end to the other."

Happy Thought.—What a cheerful disposition and what a constitution! On the other hand I did not know that horses were ever sick (I've seen 'em on board ship in boxes, and a bad sea on, and they've been quite well—I mean, never once called for the steward), or sorry. What should they be "sorry" for?

Stay, on second thoughts, JARVIS is probably using the old English expression. I recollect it now—"A Sorry Jade."

My Aunt has sent DODDRIDGE in for some bread, and is now feeding the horse, and saying, "Pretty creature!" quite affectionately. DODDRIDGE is watching her in strong admiration of my Aunt's intrepidity in going so near the horse's mouth. What annoys me is, that they are both (mistress and maid, united ages, amounting to—no matter—but they're old enough to know better) playing into JARVIS's hands.

I come to the point without further delay.

"How much do you want for him?"

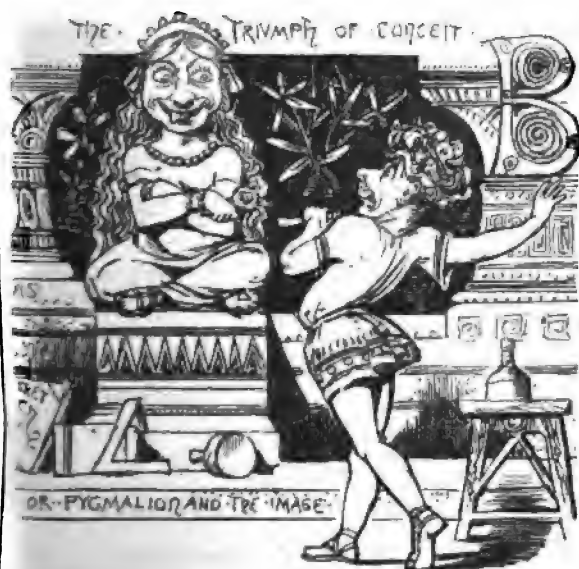
MR. JARVIS's eyes me sternly and resolute.

"Sixty guineas," says he; "not a penny less; and he's well worth eighty to you any day of the week."

I am staggered. Twenty-five, or thirty, for a mild-looking, shaggy, uncared-for-looking animal, with a dent in his neck, an overgrown head, large feet, and a ragged tail, would have been to my mind enough. I don't see where the Sixty is in him. If he's worth that, it is simply and solely on account of his cheerful temperament and healthy constitution. That is to say, he's worth it *inside*. Judging from the *outside*, I should say twenty pounds.

Happy Thought.—"Outside price," Twenty. "Inside price" (disposition and constitution), Forty. Total, Sixty. I pause. Now to ask about the trial.

SPIRITS AT TABLE.



Y an eye-witness—who seems, from what he says, to have been likewise an ear-witness—we are told that at a banquet which SIR ARTHUR GUINNESS gave last week to the Conservatives at Dublin—

"The tables presented a most dazzling array of massive plate, and groaned under every delicacy procurable."

The report of groaning tables tempts one to inquire whether it is likely there were any spirits present. For some unfathomable reason, tables, of all furniture, appear to be most commonly

manifest. Indeed, when *Hamlet* cried, "My tables, meet it is I set it down," he may have been invoking some spiritual penmanship. As for what occurred the other night at Dublin, who knows but the spirits of departed *bonvivants*, were actually present when the tables did their groaning? To think of how when in the flesh, a man had injured his digestion by indulging without stint in "every delicacy procurable," must be surely quite enough to set his spirit groaning. Moreover, further to reflect upon the dull and dismal oratory which every diner-out at public dinners has been bored by, could hardly fail to make a table moan with piteous remembrance, when called upon to act as the mouthpiece of his spirit.

University Intelligence.

THE Oxford Crew rowed up to Sandford. This was out of compliment to one of their Eight, who is a Merton man. There is some talk of the establishment of a new College, to be called the Sandford and Merton College, with Mr. Barlow as Master.

THE VERNACULAR.

AN advertisement recommending a saline medicine thus commences:—"I am out of health," is a common exclamation. Is it common? Do not people, generally, say, rather, "I am out of sorts?"

affected by the spirits. Table-turning, table-rapping, table-lifting, table-leaping, all these are ways in which the influence of spirits is made tabularly



NEMESIS.

A REMINISCENCE OF ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

"O, MAMMA! SUCH A SHAME! YOU KNOW THAT LOVELY VALENTINE THAT MARGARET SCOTT SENT ME, AND THAT I AFTERWARDS SENT TO MARY WILCOX?" "YES! WELL!"

"WELL, MARY WILCOX MUST HAVE SENT IT TO GRACE BARNET, FOR GRACE BARNET HAS JUST SENT IT BACK TO ME!"

PUNCH'S PERI IN PARADISE.

AT LAST!

LEAVE luscious TOM MOORE to bewarble the glories
Of Paradise barred to his Peri forlorn—
For his Peri, give *Punch* the great teacher of Tories,
And for Eden, long-forfeit, the Treasury bourne!

In the Tom-Moorish legend, the Peri 'twas given
To the portals of Paradise access to win,
When she brought there the gift that was dearest to Heaven—
The tear of a sinner bewailing his sin.

So BEN, *Punch's* Peri, the key talismanic
To the gates of his Downing Street Eden must find,
Through Protean changes, and labours Titanic,
In teaching a class, sore to learn disinclined.

He hath digged for his key-stone—who knows in what diggings!
For his talisman dived—in what depths, through what grief!
Made Tories, bewildered, submit to what Whiggings!
Blown what bubbles prismatic of speech, bright as brief!

For the dumb has found words, wit for dull, wind for weary;
His brains, time, and tongue to his party has given;
Has brought gift after gift that he thought—patient Peri!—
Might turn out the passport to Downing Street Heaven.

First, picklock Protection he tried on the portal
That bars Place's Eden to daring desire,
When he brought from the battle to Corn Duties mortal,
The sigh of a PEEL, and the smile of a Squire.

"The smile of a Squire?" quoth the Messenger Angel,
Who does Peter's office at Downing Street door,

"Smiled since Corn-Law repeal, ruin's certain evangel,
Is precious, no doubt, but we need something more.

"Then the sigh of a PEEL, from the smart of thy arrows—
Barbed ever, oft poisoned, and levelled too low—
May prove how, at times, eagles suffer from sparrows,
But as passport to Paradise Place is no go."

Away flew the Peri, a fetterless rover
O'er the wide-spread domain between Chaos and Crown,
For Democracy's doctrine Protection flung over,
And blithe, at the gate, Household Suffrage hung down.

But "No," quoth the Angel, "Reform Bills for pass-keys
Can serve only those who have faith in their power,—
As infallible Popes have believed in their Mass-keys,—
Not those who adopt them as toys of the hour."

Back again flew the Peri, unwearied, undaunted,
Of all cries swept the earth and the air, far and near,
Then knocked at the gate—with "At last, see, what's wanted,
Triple Talisman—Ballot, and Bible, and Beer!"

The Messenger Angel bowed low—on their hinges
The gates flew back swiftly, constrained to obey,
And the last thing I saw, was the Peri's wing-fringes
Into Treasury Paradise cleaving their way!

Pontifical Troops.

REFERRING to Continental affairs, a contemporary announces that—

"Considerable agitation has been produced in Switzerland by the publication of an Ultramontane pamphlet entitled *An Appeal to the Pioneers*."

Perhaps the "Appeal" ostensibly directed to the "Pioneers" was in reality rather addressed to the Sappers and Miners.



PARADISE AND THE PERI.

"JOY, JOY FOR EVER! MY TASK IS DONE—
THE GATES ARE PASSED, AND HEAVEN IS WON!"

Digitized by Google
Lalla Rookh.

PHYSIC FOR FASHION.



ECAL to your mind a series of lectures on Public Health, delivered partly at King's College in 1870, and partly at the College of Physicians in 1871, by DR. GUY. These discourses have just been published in a popular form. DR. GUY particularly enlarges on the evil effects of overcrowding, which, as prevalent in workhouses, dormitories, dwelling-houses, and even hospitals, he de-

nounces as one of the chief causes of disease. Overcrowding, says DR. GUY, "has been associated in every period of our history with the most destructive pestilences"—which he names. "Overcrowding is fatal to all living beings." Yes; to all. Not only to soldiers,

paupers, hospital-patients, and other inferior persons. The very cream of the cream of fashionable society, therefore, would do well to ponder DR. GUY's declaration that:—

"We are not able to say how many men, presumably healthy to begin with, would perish by consumption if made to serve by day, or sleep by night, or, worse still, to occupy both as living-room and dormitory—the case of soldiers—a given narrow space for a specified time."

Is not a staircase leading to a drawing-room, a given narrow space which, not seldom, at a crowded evening party, a number of Ladies and Gentlemen, jammed together, are obliged to occupy for at least a certain if not a specified time? Then, as to the ball-rooms in which the nobility and gentry are accustomed to dance till morning, are they not often very much overcrowded; and must not those who overcrowd them on those occasions suffer from overcrowding, both night and day; all the more, inasmuch as they turn the former into the latter?

A Day's Consumption.

ONE of our first Statists has made the interesting calculation that the pancakes consumed in England and Wales, on Tuesday, the seventeenth inst., would cover, if laid flat on the ground, an area equal in extent to the Race Course at Epsom, whilst the eggs used in the preparation of this popular dish, if placed end to end, would encircle the whole of London. He is prepared to verify his calculation, if a guarantee fund can be raised to meet the necessary expenses.

THE NEW HOUSE.

THE Parliament is complete. Certain Scotch and Irish Counties, which emerge from a modest obscurity on the recurrence of a General Election, have at length contributed their constitutional quota; and we now know how many Liberals have been returned to "harass" our few surviving venerable institutions, how many Conservatives are burning to restore Ireland its Church and the Army promotion by purchase, and how many Home-Rulers are determined to have a Mace, and a Speaker, and a Reporters' Gallery, all to themselves, in the down-trodden City of Dublin, the capital of trampled Ireland.

A little closer analysis than the newspapers have attempted of the composition of the new House, undertaken without any political bias, and with no leaning either to one party or the other, will form a fitting conclusion to the observations we have thought it our duty to make on the General Election of 1874.

The House appears to contain but few members of exalted rank or position; but whether this deficiency is an evidence of the advance of that tide of democracy which is to sweep away all our remaining bulwarks and Palladiums, is a question which must be left to deep thinkers and far-seeing politicians to determine. Certainly a Knight, a Laird, a Sheriff, and a Don, do not constitute a very imposing array. On the other hand, the Working Classes are more numerously represented than has been generally supposed. To prove this assertion, it is only necessary to point to a Carter, a Turner, several Taylors, a Bowyer, a Fletcher, a Potter, a Forester, three Arkwrights, two Cartwrights, and a brace of Goldsmids.

It never can be a full House, for it possesses but one Tennant; and the wisdom that comes with age cannot fail to guide its deliberations, for there is only a single Young member in its ranks—an anomaly which is the more remarkable, because Walter, and Cecil, and James, and Isaac, and Henry, and Richard, and Dick, and Charley have all got seats.

The Zoological department is scanty. A Hogg, a Steers, a Roebuck, and a Wolff, claim a word of respectful recognition; while a pair of Martins and a Finch (not forgetting Cawley) must not be passed over without honourable mention.

Several articles of considerable utility will be found in the new House—amongst them a Brand, a Ball, a Bell, a Bagge, and a Butt; a Coope; a Hood and a Tighe; a Locke and Chaine, a Patten and two Davenport. A couple of Gardeners with Raikes will be kept on the premises. Their office will not be altogether a sinecure,

with Pease, Peel, Hay, Reeds, Cotton, and Cordes to occupy their attention night and day.

The Country element is undoubtedly prominent. Brooks, Wells, Knowles, and Beaches; Hills and Mills, Caves and Crosses; a Close, a Woodd, a Holt, a Heath, and a Moore; a Dyke, a Torr, a Bourne, a Freshfield, and a Russell, have all a pleasant sound even now in February, and will be still more agreeable in the hot debates of Summer.

The accommodation will be ample and varied, comprising a Hardcastle and a Temple, Chambers and Villiers, Booths and a Wheelhouse. Every reasonable wish has been anticipated. Here you will encounter two Chaplins and a Monk; there you will find Bass, and Allsopp, and Guinness, Lush, and a good supply of Cavendish. Dyott has not been overlooked, and Cates and Salt will be forthcoming. There are two or three descriptions of Cole in readiness, together with a Colman; and Cotes and a Mackintosh are known to be already provided. Other attractions will consist of a Walker, a Horsman, a Ryder, and an Estcourt; Hunt and Scourfield; Portman and Newport; a Pennant and a Bannerman; Home and Smollett; Bruce and Wallace.

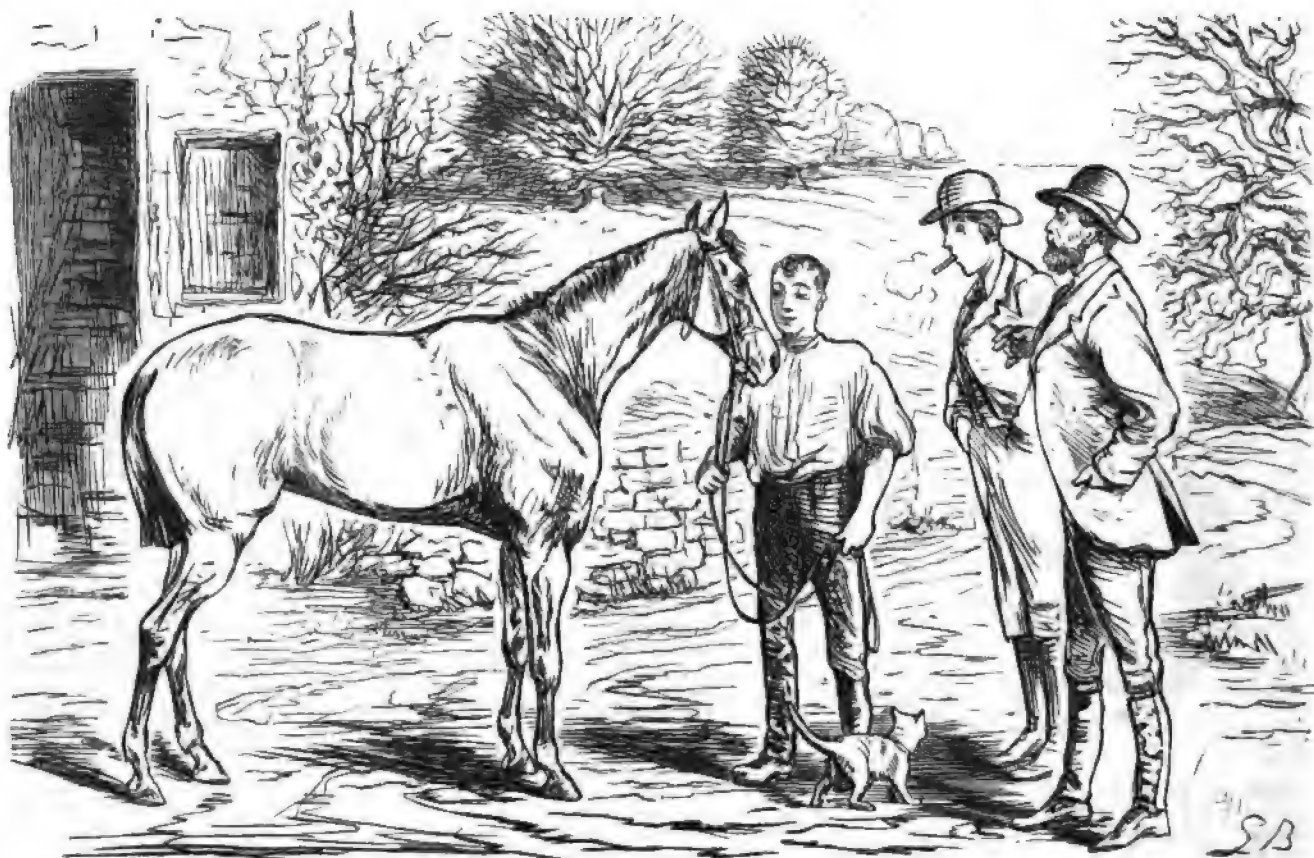
There are some striking personal characteristics. One Member is Round, another, Thynne, one is Birley, another Broadley; and, if you are not satisfied with these, you have only to look amongst the Irish representatives to find a Biggar.

A Fay and an Elphinstone would seem to point to constituencies which have hitherto been unrepresented; Holland and French prove the cosmopolitan character of our Legislature; and Kensington, Norwood, Milbank, and Bailey, remind us of scenes and places nearer home.

Colours at elections are almost gone out of use, so that we are not surprised to find that the benches will only be enlivened by Brown, Gray, White, and Green.

What measures Mr. Disraeli may adopt we are not Hardy enough to predict, but at present he can only point to a Cubitt. We Wait to see.

Finally, we are not without Hope in the future: there is Power in the new House; we have still good Fellowes and Manners; we can turn to old friends of our youth in Gilpin and Hubbard; a Bright presence will again be amongst us; we shall have Pell and Pelly and Melly, but not, we trust, pell-mell legislation; and while we are certain of Macduff and Duff, we must leave it to time to reveal what constituencies have had the misfortune to return duffers to the Imperial Parliament of 1874.



A DOUBTFUL DEAL.

Master (inspecting new Horse, sent home last night). "H'm! Ha! Don't like him so well as I did yesterday! Don't like his shoulders! Don't like his fore-legs!"—(Pause)—"I say, Charley, do you think it is the one I bought?"

"FIRE-PROOF"

(IN BUILDING AND CABINET-MAKING).

Look aghast at the fate of the pompous Pantechnicon,
Chicago and Boston to blazes assigned;
Spite of SHAW and steam-squirts, see the flames, without check,
lick on,

And the stoutest of "fire-proof" to ashes calcined.

See the pillars, the beams, and the girders of iron,
The trust of the builder, writhed, wrenched, warped awry,
Till the stays that should hold what their framework environ,
Fire-twisted, tear down all 'twas hoped they would tie.

O, blind breasts of mortals! nor such the delusion
Of the builders of structures called "fire-proof" alone;
Wills of iron, in Cabinets set, work conclusion
As fatal as girders of iron in stone.

As I gaze on this ghastly Pantechnicon ruin,
Where the metal most trusted has brought the walls low,
I think of a Cabinet's recent undoing,
Which the means used to strengthen have helped to o'er-throw.

Such a girder was LOWE; such a pillar was AYRTON.
What a rending, and riving, and wrenching were seen,
Engendered by their rigid strain, and unfair tone,
Their resistance too stubborn, their tension too keen.

Nay, the tie-beam itself of the Cabinet building,
Had it shown but more equable force under flame,
Not yielded, at times when the worst thing was yielding,
Nor held out, when resistance to grief surely came.

We had not now sighed o'er a Cabinet sunken
From the zenith of power to the nadir of fall,
On high hopes collapsed, and on large promise shrunken,
Disunion for union, and gloom over all!

MAN IN BONNY.

SOME question has been raised about an alleged particular in the manners and customs of the natives of Bonny. Those negroes are asserted—and denied—to be anthropophagous. They were a short time ago at war with their neighbours of Calabar, whose habits doubtless resemble their own. If the Bonny laddies, as let us hope they may be called without offence to Sootohmen, are cannibals, so likewise, doubtless, are the Calabarians. It will perhaps be recollected that the Bonny commander was a Chief named JA-JA, and that the blacks of Calabar were led by a General whose denomination was OKO-JUMBO. Suppose OKO-JUMBO had been defeated and slain by JA-JA, would JA-JA have also eaten him? If JA-JA, on the contrary, had fallen, would JA-JA have been eaten by OKO-JUMBO?

Civilised and Christian nations confine themselves to merely killing one another. But it has been argued that our remote progenitors belonged to races accustomed to follow killing with eating. That human nature is capable of this practice, whether JA-JA and OKO-JUMBO are addicted to it or not, nobody denies, and there is no small reason to identify the Fiji with the Cannibal Islands, celebrated in song.

Anthropophagy is characteristic of a low grade in human development, but is not that development distinctly human? Have zoological sages any idea that the like of it distinguished the anthropoid apes whom they claim for our common ancestors? All monkeys at present known are strict vegetarians—as well as teetotallers, SIR WILFRID LAWSON. Not even the Gorilla is so much as carnivorous, although—see the gaping and grinning specimens of him in the British Museum—his teeth look like a tiger's. Still less does Gorilla eat Gorilla, as there is too much reason to believe that Nigger eats Nigger. It is needless to refute the notion, originated, perhaps, by some ignorant showman of an itinerant menagerie, that the innocent Orang-outang ever does anything of the kind.

Were the simious ancestors of OKO-JUMBO and JA-JA creatures that lived in trees, hung on to branches with their hind-hands, and lived upon fruit which they generally plucked with their fore; or used they to devour their enemies of their own species, and had



ONE MAY HAVE TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING.

Bob Longley (with modest fervour). "O, JACK! O FOR A WOMAN'S LOVE! O FOR A TRUE-HEARTED WOMAN ONCE, ONCE IN ONE'S LIFE, TO THROW HER ARMS ROUND ONE'S NECK, AND TELL ONE SHE LOVES ONE!"

Little Jack Horner. "AH! IF YOU'D HAD AS MUCH OF THAT KIND OF THING AS I HAVE, OLD MAN, YOU'D BE PREMIOUS TIRED OF THE WHOLE CONCERN!"

they their four hands habitually at the throats of their kind? Is a Cannibal the descendant of a carnivorous, or an improvement on a herbivorous Ape? It is hoped that distinguished Professors, by whom we are taught that our first parents were Marine Ascidiæ, will discuss these questions to the enlightenment of unscientific ignorance.

A SUGGESTION FOR THE FUTURE.

WHY did it not occur to MR. DISRAELI to save himself all the difficulties of selection, by choosing his Vice-Presidents, Under Secretaries, and other subordinates, by Competitive Examination? (Public opinion is, perhaps, hardly enough enlightened to look with favour on the application of an Educational test to Cabinet Ministers; and, indeed, in some cases,—that of Lord Privy Seal, for example—it would be difficult, if not altogether impossible, to frame a set of appropriate questions.)

There is a Board in existence, hardly a stone's throw from Downing Street, which would have been charmed to carry out such a scheme as we have ventured to suggest.

The first examination of the kind might have been conducted with some indulgence, and a due allowance for the backward state of real education amongst us. A little knowledge of accounts, and a moderate acquaintance with the financial history of England, past and present, would not have weighed too heavily on candidates for the honours and emoluments of a junior Lordship of the Treasury. The future lay Lord of the Admiralty could not have complained if he had been called upon to explain the difference between a brig and a sloop, or to distinguish larboard from starboard, or to prove

THE CONQUEST OF COFFEE.

'Twas the battle of Plassey
Immortalised CLIVE.
By the march on Coomassie
Shall WOLSELEY survive.
With that feat WOLSELEY'S name
Shall stand coupled for aye;
So did WELLESLEY win fame
On the field of Assaye.

Abyssinnia's campaign
Covered NAPIER with glory;
And Ashanti's will gain
WOLSELEY like place in story.
And KING COFFEE CALCALLI
A conquest won o'er,
With the thrashing will tally
Of KING THEODORE.

Save in this, that KING COFFEE
Is fain to cave in;
By the prudence whereof he
May whole save his skin.
Let him eat humble pie,
Never mind the plain crust;
With a heap of gold buy
Peace—and down with the dust.

May that gold-dust repay
The cost of its taking;
The expenses defray,
Of costly war making,
For the sake of repute
Which asked intervention;
And with no other fruit
To expect, that's worth mention.

Malapropiana.

A NIECE of MRS. MALAPROP, who is just now going through a course of mathematics, somewhat puzzled her good aunt the other day by asking her whether it was proper, among the comic sections, to make any allusion to the Puns Asinorum?

COMMERCIAL.—A Correspondent, seeking information about "CICERO'S OFFICES," is advised to look into the Post Office Directory for 1874, page 5089.

to the satisfaction of the Examiners (say two old Trinity House Captains), by means of a diagram, that he was not wholly at sea on the subject of the masts and rigging of a ship. Then the Under-Secretaryship for Foreign Affairs would with great propriety have fallen to the Member of Parliament composing the best Essay in the French language, and displaying some knowledge of geography, international law, and foreign treaties and cookery. Beyond requiring a neatly-executed map of our many and widely-scattered possessions, it would not be desirable at first to harass aspirants to the office of Under-Secretary for the Colonies.

We can only now roughly indicate the outlines of a scheme of this description; but we look forward with calmness and confidence to the time when Prime Ministers, as a matter of course, will relieve themselves of all trouble and vexation, by selecting their Sub-Lieutenants on some such intelligent principle. We have no selfish aim in view in proposing this plan. Office, with the abolition of sinecures, ceased to have any charm for us.

"MOST MELANCHOLY."

"Two thousand pianoforte frets" are offered for sale. We shall not compete, suffering too much already from vexations of this sort in the musical neighbourhood in which we try to exist.

THE RULE OF THE ROAD.

QUERY (from a Correspondent).—When a street runs into another street, what is the remedy at Law? The Answer.—Consult a Solicitor.



AN INTERPELLATION.

Master Dick (his "first appearance" at "a dinner-party," and puzzled by the strange Waiter—the Greengrocer of the neighbourhood). "MA, HAS 'PA BOUGHT THAT MAN, OR ON'Y HIRED HIM !!!"

COLLIERS AND CORMORANTS.

THE *Sheffield Daily Telegraph* informs consumers, already subjected by producers to excessive extortion, that at Motherwell:—

"At a mass meeting of Scotch miners on Thursday, 3,000 colliers resolved to work only four days per week, and only eight hours per day, in order to reduce the output, and to keep up prices."

On first sight of this intelligence, it is natural to ask, What if all the flour merchants and druggists, and all other dealers in sulphur and oatmeal were to unite in resolving to sell those articles to not one of those 3,000 Scotch colliers under a guinea a pound or so of the food, and as much as an ounce of the remedy? On reflection, however, you see that dear oatmeal at least can little affect fellows whose every meal consists mainly of meat or poultry. But suppose the butchers and poulterers combined against them, as they combine against the public, what then? And could not the vintners agree to raise these rapacious colliers' Champagne to some four or five pounds a bottle? Perhaps they will try.

The Lions of London.

It is said that the Chemistry of Nature is at work on LANDSEER'S Lions at the base of NELSON STYLITES' Column in Trafalgar Square, corroding them by means of the sulphurous and other acid vapours which help to constitute the London atmosphere. What is to be done to prevent the Lions from being eaten? Each of them might be supplied with a coat of paint; but who is the artist that shall come after SIR EDWIN LANDSEER, and paint his Lions?

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

THE March to Coomassie has been performed. We may now expect a Coomassie Quadrille.

OUR CRITICAL NEIGHBOURS.

ESTIMATING the probable constitution of the new Ministry, the other day, a contemporary said:—

"THE DUKE OF ABERCORN will most probably become Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, LORD HERTFORD, Lord Chamberlain, and LORD HARDWICK Master of the Buckhounds."

This announcement, should a translation of it get circulated in France, will probably occasion French journalists to make incisive remarks. It is to be expected that some of them will express great indignation at that English brutality which places the Vice-royalty of Ireland on a footing with the office of an arch-lackey and the superintendence of a kennel.

No Bigotry!

In the judgment of the *Rock* it speaks well for the staunch Protestantism of the people of this island that in no English, Welsh, or Scotch constituency has a single Papist yet obtained a seat. This fact may serve at once to allay fears and to rebuke boastings of the spread of Popery. No doubt that it attests a good deal of staunch Protestantism; but does it not also, besides that, evidence an unpopularity of Popery not merely theological? Suppose the Roman Catholic Bishops in Germany had accepted PRINCE BISMARCK'S laws. Suppose the POPE had consented to crown VICTOR EMMANUEL. Suppose CARDINAL CULLEN had denounced Home Rule. Then would the *Rock* have had the pleasure of recording the exclusion of Roman Catholics by British constituencies from Parliament?

SELF-MADE MEN.

WE wish one or two more Working Men had obtained seats in the new Parliament—a Carpenter, for instance, who, if a man of brains, might have worked his way to the Treasury Bench.

Shirley Brooks.

BORN APRIL 29, 1818.

DIED FEBRUARY 23, 1874.

THE relations of *Punch* and its readers have grown so cordial, that the strokes of death among its Contributors have become subjects of sorrow far beyond the circle in which the dead were valued as fellow-workers and loved as friends.

The death we have now to mourn deprives this Journal, for the second time, of a most able and active Head.

SHIRLEY BROOKS has been taken from us in the full force of his buoyant and genial activity. Like so many soldiers of the Pen, he has died, as a good Knight should, in harness, and at his post. His memory will be cherished by all who knew him, and by those most who knew him best. Few men have ever brought to the hard service of the Periodical Press more natural intelligence, a mind better equipped for its work, a more self-sustaining purpose to do his best in all he attempted, and a more loyal determination to render true and due service in all he took in hand.

During the years—alas too few!—of his Editorship of this Journal, its Staff have found in him—who was ever the pleasantest of comrades—the most considerate, sagacious and kindly of Chiefs.

Of his achievements, beyond the pale of *Punch*, and in very various fields of Literature, of his acquirements as a scholar, his brilliancy as a wit, and his genial and gentle qualities as a man, this is not the place to speak.

But it is not unbecoming, even in these pages, to say that these graces were so blended in him, that, large as is the public loss in his death, it is little compared to the blank that death must leave in his family and among his friends.

Nor can any better wish be offered to his successor in the Editorship of this Journal than that he may be guided by as fine a taste, as clear a judgment, and as well directed a sympathy, as was SHIRLEY BROOKS.

ANOTHER blithe voice missing from our mirth,
One more bright blade to our wit-combats lost,
One springing seed of life the less on earth,
Nipt by what seems to us untimely frost.

Still our small band grows smaller: still there show
Fewer old faces, and more empty rooms:
Till, shadow-thronged, our table seems to grow
A place of memories—a field of tombs.

What though new growths spring to replace the old,
Though seats be filled as merrily and well,
Though young hands spring pencil and pen to hold,
And new themes find new wits the laugh to swell?

The life of *Punch* lives on, and knows not loss;
His deaths are theirs whom death robs of a friend;
Then let a timely tear his laughter cross,
And seemly mourning with his motley blend.

But three Springs have been green, since we stood round
To hear the clod fall on MARK LEMON's bier,
The wild-flowers yet have hardly claimed the ground,
Where sleeps the Chief whose memory still is dear.

Now our worn mourning must for him be donned,
That took his place, whom we left sleeping there,
Wondering, as homeward from the Church we wended
Who likeliest to fill best that empty chair!

And he was chosen, whom in heart we knew
The brightest, blithest, readiest and most bold,
The keenest eye to point wit's arrow true,
The deftest hand to plant it in the "gold."

But more, because, beside the ready wit,
The well-stored memory, the pointed pen,

We knew his temper for right ruling fit—
His genial art that charms in guiding men.

So he has sat, the focus of our board,
The best jest, sunniest presence, cheeriest voice,
The centre of our council, deed and word,
And none has e'er misdoubted of the choice.

It seems but yesterday that he was here,
The busiest in the business of the hour,
With ready judgment, quick wit, vision clear,
Full of the easy consciousness of power.

The clasp of his kind hand still seems to cling
To mine, his blithe voice still rings in my ear,
E'en while this poor memorial wreath I fling,
With brother's hand, on his untimely bier—

Untimely!—Yes, to those who count by time;
But who can say how long his life has been,
Gauged by the toil, the thought in prose and rhyme,
Experience of things heard and read and seen,

Recorded, in those swift growths of the brain,
Leaves of the tree, whose sap no winter stays,
That spring to die, and die to spring again,
But sum who knows what toil of nights and days!

And who that marks God's way in nature traced,
The million germs to round one life that die,
Shall say that all this work, or aught, is waste—
Meteors that fade, e'en while they fire the sky.

To tell our sons what our friend wrote or thought
Little or nothing may o'er-foat Time's foam;
What he was we know best, with whom he wrought,
And they who sit, sad in a darkened home.



OUR RECRUITS.

(Men (!) are now Enlisted half an inch under the Minimum Regulation.)

Private Smallbones. "O, COME IN HERE, JACK, AND LET'S AVE A BLOW-OUT OF SWEETSTUFF!!"

THE NEW PARLIAMENT.

BESIDES the election of a Speaker, the swearing-in of the Members, and the thorough cleaning of both Houses, there are many interesting ceremonies and customs connected with the inauguration of a new Parliament, which demand our unprejudiced attention.

On the day appointed by proclamation for the Parliament to assemble, the Hereditary Great Chamberlain or his deputy (who has previously supped with the High Bailiff of Westminster) proceeds alone, at daybreak, to the House of Lords, unlocks the door with a new silver-gilt key, makes three bows on the threshold of the Chamber, turns the woolsack, and places upon it a cocked hat and a bouquet of the choicest garden herbs. He then, retreating backwards, visits the House of Commons, and deposits on the SPEAKER'S chair a copy of *Magna Charta* and a piece of red tape. The Heralds whose duty it is to pass the night preceding the opening of a new Parliament in the House of Lords and Commons alternately, each with a drawn sword at his side, and a detachment of the A Division of Police in the lobby, take their departure the moment the Great Chamberlain has said in a loud voice (in Norman-French) "Six o'clock," being conveyed in their tabards, through bye-streets, to their private residences in a waggonette.

The custom of searching the vaults beneath the Houses of Parliament for conspirators and combustible materials, is familiar to all of us; but it may not be equally well known that any one can procure admission to view the proceedings (except the lineal descendants of those who were concerned in the Gunpowder Plot) by the simple process of obtaining an injunction in the Court of Chancery.

The first Member of the House of Commons who appears at the table (which must be a new one for the occasion) to be sworn, is entitled to a pair of white kid gloves embroidered on the back with the SPEAKER'S initials in silver—he is required to notify in writing to the SPEAKER'S Secretary the size he takes and whether he prefers French or English manufacture—and the last is presented with an extra copy of any Blue Book he likes to select.

A CAPTIVE OF COOMASSIE.

In the *Times*' Special Correspondent's account of the Missionaries in captivity at Coomassie, there is a passage which will give not a few readers some satisfaction:—

"On the 9th of August they arrived at a village about twelve miles from Coomassie. They there met a Frenchman named BONNAT, who had been captured at Ho, on the east side of the Volta. When the Ashantee army approached he remained in his factory for the purpose of selling them powder and guns; but they took the powder and guns for nothing, and himself into the bargain."

Served him right. So fare all caitiffs who sell guns and ammunition to our savage enemies. Such is the natural wish of every Briton; but with a qualification. If the guns which M. BONNAT sold the Ashantees were of Bromwicham make, and the powder was only just strong enough to burst the guns, then indeed a British patriot might pity that poor Frenchman.

THE CUP OF PERSECUTION.

THE Bishop of Breslau, MGR. FÖRSTER, is one of the Ultramontane Bishops who have had their goods distrained upon for fines incurred by disobeying the Prussian laws. The diocese of Breslau is bisected by the Austro-Prussian frontier, and MGR. FÖRSTER has applied to Austria for protection. To this request, says a contemporary, "the Austrian Government is not believed to have made a reply;" but Austrian papers assert that a certain castle "is to be held in readiness as a refuge for the persecuted prelate, should his house be rendered utterly uninhabitable by the removal of his household furniture." The castle thus stated to be reserved as an asylum for MGR. FÖRSTER is the Castle Johannisberg. There, indeed, he will find a refuge, and not only that, but also, you can imagine, a solace for persecution. Will he not drown his sorrows in Johannisberg? Then, if it please his Lordship, he can sing *Hoc est bonum*. As the boys and girls say—How awfully jolly for BISHOP FÖRSTER!

A LUCKY ESCAPE.

THE nervous Gentleman who lost his head the other day, while addressing his Constituents, is considered to be none the worse for the misfortune.

The Mace is always cleaned and reburnished. The Sergeant-at-Arms, escorted by a detachment of the First Life Guards, conveys this Palladium of our liberties in the dead of night to the Bank of England, where the Master of the Goldsmiths' Company, attired in full Court dress, is waiting to execute the necessary repairs. Two sentries are posted at the door of the chamber in which the Mace is lodged, until it is ready to be taken back to the House, when the same formalities are again observed. The Lord Mayor is required to be in attendance.

The Clerks at the table in both Houses are provided with new wigs, all the expenses being met out of the fees paid by the promoters of private Bills.

The Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod, and the Sergeant-at-Arms can claim double fees from any Peer or Member of the Lower House who presents himself in a white hat to take the oaths and his seat.

Any Peer or Member detected by the LORD CHANCELLOR or the SPEAKER asleep during the despatch of business, is liable to be called upon to address the House on the matter in hand; but this wholesome custom has long fallen into disuse, and may now be regarded as obsolete.

No smoking is allowed in either House.

Commercial Prospects.

THE subjoined extract from the *Times* is all very fine:—

"THE INDIGO TRADE.—Last month the value of indigo imported was greatly in excess. The value was £227,009; in January, 1873, £186,922."

This excess in the importation of a valuable dye and pigment may be gratifying; but, if it goes on increasing, will not the large quantity of indigo brought into the market make things look very blue?



THE HORSE OF THE FUTURE.

(DEDICATED TO ADMIRAL ROUS.)

Communicative Nimrod (to Stout Party on Future Cob). "O, CAPITAL RUN! FOX BROKE COVER NEAR SOUTH MOLTON, IN NORTH DEVON; TOOK US RIGHT THROUGH SOMERSETSHIRE AND GLOUCESTERSHIRE INTO OXFORDSHIRE WITHOUT A SINGLE CHECK; KILLED THREE MILES FROM CHIPPING NORTON, AND HERE WE ARE! SPLENDID FOX!—ONE OF SIR HUXLEY SPENCER DARWIN'S BREEDING, AND MUST HAVE STOOD OVER THREE FEET HIGH!"

"OUR OPENING DAY."

MARCH 5, 1874.

(After GUIDO's "Aurora.")

SHALL Old Nick have all the dance-tunes, the Old Masters all the myths,

"Autumn Leaves" and "Railway Stations" left our MILLAIS and our FRITHS?

No; in Hellas' lovely legends *Punch*, at least, will claim his share, So here goes for his "Aurora," after GUIDO's fresco fair!

Above the stately door-way of the Rospigliosi Hall,
The rosy-fingered Lady of the Light begems the wall;
As, scattering flowers, she wings her way before Apollo's team,
While the young Hours, around him, dance in the Sun-God's beam.

So *Punch*, if not *al fresco*, will cartoon his "Opening Day:"
Round *Punch's* Phoebus *Punch's* Hours shall wing their joyous way;
And the Opening Day of Parliament shall his Aurora be,
And new-arisen DIZZY in his car-borne Phoebus see!

Of Apollo "the far-darter's" long-bow feats let HOMER tell,
But for each inch e'er Phoebus shot DIZZY has shot an ell:
And what is Phoebus' old light to the new light DIZZY shows?—
Let's hope it may not prove a case of "light come" that "light goes."

And round him, like the circling Hours, let Ministers revolve,*
In Party and Department to knit knots and resolve:
The Hours lead on the Graces, but be *one* grace by them sought,
That to *disgrace* they be not, like their predecessors, brought.

And though for choice I'd scarcely seek even an Oxford Grace
In GATHORNE HARDY's air of pluck, or SAL'SBURY's darkling face,
Or DERRY's brow of knotted will, and bull-dog jaw to match,
Or in CAIRNS's eye of lightning, or 'neath NORTHCOOTE's sandy thatch;

* The new Cabinet Ministers, like the Hours, are twelve.

And though a good many square pegs set in round holes I see,
"Dolphins in woods," as HORACE sings,* and also "bores at sea"—
And though the Home Office must bear its Cross, perhaps *his* success

Of the two Crosses, this and LOWE, may prove this Cross the less.

Though there be Squires that feel at first, p'raps, "neither here nor there,"

Hoised from a Quarter Sessions' Bench to a Department chair:
Though misses we are sure to have, and muddles not a few,
Let's hope our new-born Graces from their Phoebus may take cue.

As sun in sky new life evokes with every quickening beam,
What new life has our Phoebus into old cries served to stream!
If the sun to paint us pictures takes photographic pains,
What pictures has our Phoebus developed from his brains!

Upon films how transparent, breathed on his chemic glass,
What evanescent pictures made for permanent to pass!
What negatives to positives, and *vice versa* changed,
What flats as seeming solids, shows as substances arranged!

Nothing, in fact, the Sun-God in photography can do,
But DIZZY, our Apollo, does as well, and better too.
Self-made, and *sui generis*, perhaps *autotype* he'll prove,
And "permanent" proclaim himself—until he likes to move!

* "Delphinum silvis appingit, fluctibus aprum."
HORACE, *De Arte Poetica*, 30.

ROMANTIC ATTACHMENTS.

In a Play lately brought out on our Stage we are shown MARY STUART beloved by JOHN KNOX. This confirms us in an idea we have long entertained that HENRIETTA MARIA nursed a secret passion for OLIVER CROMWELL.

OCCASIONAL HAPPY THOUGHTS.

Finishing off Jarvis.

M!" I say, "Sixty's a long price."

MR. JARVIS doesn't appear to think that it is a long price.

"He'll do *your* work," replies MR. JARVIS, "for many years to come." He is evidently spreading the price over the time.

My Aunt is still feeding him with bread. She treats him much the same as she would a bird. DODDRIDGE in the background admiringly.

"Pretty creature!" says my Aunt.

"Ain't he, Mum!" sighs DODDRIDGE, "and so tame!"

I smile. The smile is intended for JARVIS, in order to show him that I do not regard the animal from my Aunt's—that is, the pet Lamb point of view. JARVIS sees, however, what makes

best for his game, and replies to my Aunt, not to me.

"Yes, Ma'am, he'll come to follow you about just like a dog, he will. He'll do anything a'most for those as he knows is kind to him."

There seems to be an exception, or mental reservation, in JARVIS's mind implied in the qualifying word "a'most."

"Well," I say, coming straight to business, "let me have a week's trial."

JARVIS shakes his head.

"No, Sir," he returns, emphatically, "if he ain't sold by to-morrow,—I've had another offer for him, but I'd rather see him placed where I know he'll be well cared for"—here my Aunt gives the beast an apple while DODDRIDGE goes for some sugar,—between them they seem bent on turning the cob into a dumpling—or do they imagine that *this* will be his staple food to be included in the weekly groceries?—"if he ain't sold by to-morrow," JARVIS continues, "I shall put him into a sale, and take what he'll fetch. I can't afford to keep him any longer."

Happy Thought.—I might buy him for half the money at the sale.

"I wouldn't mind," I observe, deliberately, "giving thirty"—"Can't do it, Sir," says JARVIS, taking hold of the bridle with a determined air, and preparing to mount the cob and ride off. "Can't do it. Such a noffer's absurd, ridiculous. No," says he, pausing before putting his foot in the stirrup. "I'd take fifty. Why, he cost me forty-five guineas."

Happy Thought.—"Well, and look what a lot you've taken out of him!" I say.

"Taken out of him!" exclaims JARVIS. "Not a bit. He's improved twenty pounds worth since I had him. I only part with him because I want a bigger animal, and can't keep two. No. Fifty. You may either take him or leave him. But you won't get such a chance as this again."

He is on the point of mounting; but doesn't.

I think over "fifty." Suppose after I've got him I find he has a something in his foot: or a trick of—well, Heaven knows what—but a trick: Or if, in short, generally, if he isn't worth the money?

"I'd better get TROTT, the vet, to look at him," I say.

"TROTT himself wanted to buy him," returns JARVIS, confidently, "and p'raps he'd ha' come to you with him faked up for sale, and have got seventy for him. No, no," adds JARVIS, winking knowingly at my Aunt, and shaking his head; "I know TROTT, and what he wants to buy, I know well enough I can sell."

I hesitate. There are other horses besides this. Why, won't JARVIS let me have him on trial? And yet, on the other hand, why should I doubt JARVIS?

"I'll tell you what I'll do," says JARVIS, after a silence. "You shall drive him to-morrow where you like, any distance, and ride him too, and I'll just charge you merely for his hire. Why MISTER HOXTON, of Springfield, he'd have that cob every day on hire if I'd let him. But I won't, 'cos he's not careful enough. Now I know I can trust him with you, Sir."

Very good. I accept. JARVIS has clearly made a concession, and I meet him half-way.

"Your man," says JARVIS, looking at the gardener, "can take him now."

"My man," who, up to this time has merely been a gardener, and nothing but a gardener, suddenly tries to look as much like a groom as possible. He is an honest, good-tempered, slouchy, clodhopping sort of man, not brilliant, but what my Aunt calls "worthy and honest," and I think old DODDRIDGE has set her cap (such a cap!) at him.

He is as near sixty as it is possible for any one to be without seeing fifty-seven again. And so for the matter of that is DODDRIDGE.

"You can manage him, MURGLE?" I say to him, doubtfully. I fancy that though he puts on a bold front, MURGLE is really afraid of the cob.

MURGLE smiles more to himself than me, as if it were absurd on my part to ask him such a question as that.

The crowd in the road has now dwindled down to only five or six loafers with pipes. I think I catch them nudging one another and grinning. They've known old MURGLE for years. They're either sneering at his pretending to be a groom, or at me for having gone so far towards purchasing the horse.

JARVIS says, carelessly, "I'll call in on you to-morrow evening or the day after," and, JARVIS's hand having touched JARVIS's straw-hat by way of saluting my Aunt, JARVIS's legs take him off, at an easy, sauntering pace, down the lane.

MURGLE retires with the cob into the stable, and I hear a great deal of "way," "woa," "stand still then, will yer?" "Get up!" and so forth, given in a tone sufficiently loud to reach me in the garden. MURGLE evidently is implying, "There! I know how to talk to a horse, you see. (Way! woa!) What, me not know how to get on with a horse! (Get up, can't yer?) I'm something more than a gardener, I am! (Come over, will yer!)"

We re-enter the house, thoughtfully. The crowd lingers on for a while. Nothing more happens. Crowd disperses. "To-morrow," I say to my Aunt, "I'll take you out for a drive, and try the horse."

Happy Thought.—To telegraph for GLOPPIN who knows all about a horse, and ask him to come with me. Do it.

LEGISLATION AND LADIES.

THE present Government are commonly said to have been raised to power by Tory reaction, but the subjoined extract from a well-informed contemporary seems to show that their supporters in the House of Commons include not a few gentlemen whom ladies at least will regard as the trust of Liberals:—

"WOMAN SUFFRAGE.—The number of Members returned to the new Parliament who have voted or declared in favour of woman suffrage is 217. The gain by the removal of opponents is 102. The hostile majority is consequently reduced from 107 to five. The list of those who have voted for the Bill includes the PRIME MINISTER and several members of the new Cabinet."

It thus appears that Feminine Emancipation is now no longer a party question, at least in the Legislature. It may be a question which will divide parties out of doors; that is to say, not garden parties, but dinner parties, of the kind sometimes called bear-parties, consisting of men only, who dine together as MR. SPURGEON once suggested that they should dance. At evening parties, where men dance otherwise, there can be no difference anyhow between them and those they dance with, which they will confess to their partners.

There are, however, politicians in whose estimation Women's Suffrage ranks with the crotchets of the Nonconformists' Committee, the United Kingdom Alliance, the Liberation Society, and the Anti-Vaccination League. They think its discussion in the House of Commons should be confined to Wednesdays, when Honourable Gentlemen at large, and for the time being out of confinement, are allowed to discuss insane ideas. But is Agricultural Labourers' Suffrage an absurdity? and has not Female Suffrage the advantage in all reason compared to that? Are the nymphs less intelligent and worthy of political rights than the swains, the milkmaids than the shepherds, ploughmen, and carters? Is a washerwoman less capable of giving a proper vote than a man who lives by turning a mangle? Is not Household Suffrage at present incomplete?—for what is a household without a woman in it? Would not consistent legislation concede the suffrage to women? and what worse could come of female representation than an inconsistent Legislature?

Reynard's Last Resource.

AMONG recent news appeared the statement that a fox, the other day, chased by MR. GARTH's foxhounds, ran into the Easthamstead Union Workhouse. Reynard, if he acted with his usual sagacity, must have had a strong love of life. Otherwise, rather than go into the Workhouse, he would have preferred going literally to the dogs.



“OUR OP

AFTER GUIDO'S “AURORA



NG DAY.”
ERY LONG WAY, INDEED).

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

At the Princess's.



THE Author (MR. W. G. WILLS) of MR. IRVING as *Charles the First* and *Eugene Aram*, has thrown away a grand subject in his treatment of *Marie Stuart*. It is neither a good drama, nor a good poem.

Yet, had the leading parts been in the hands of powerful artists, the minor characters carefully cast and carefully played, had the piece been produced with such care as is now the rule and not the exception at most of our chief Theatres, and had the Stage Management been thoroughly efficient, *Marie Stuart*, despite its faults as a drama, despite its weakness as a poem, might have achieved a temporary success, though it could never have attained a lasting popularity. The Author began by not doing justice to himself; and the Actors, following suit, have not done justice to the Author.

The bills announce "the whole produced under the direction of MR. ALFRED NELSON and the personal supervision of the Author, MR. W. G. WILLS."

Well, I'm sorry for it:—therefore as to the stage arrangements, one must not be too hard on MR. NELSON, but divide the blame between him and his talented supervisor.

Your Representative would here observe that any English Author who treats of *MARY STUART* without the flight from Fotheringay, without the imprisonment, without showing Elizabeth, and without the scaffold and death of the Catholic Queen, knows very little of the way to get at the popular mind.

Your Representative played the eaves-dropper on this occasion, and was not surprised at what he heard—a conversational summary whereof he now proceeds to give for the benefit of those concerned in the Education of the People, and of MR. WILLS in particular, to whom such hints may be useful in future.

Inquiring Person (in the Stalls, to Well-read Friend). I say (referring to programme). Who was *Chastelard*?

Well-read Friend. Eh, *Chastelard*? (Thinks his friend has made a mistake, but, on looking at the *Dramatis Personæ*, sees he hasn't.) Ah, yes—*Chastelard*—(thinks)—well—(notices other people behind him interested in his reply)—he was a poet, who—let me see—it's difficult at this moment to recall—

Inquiring Person (with vague memory). Wasn't he choked by a crumb after writing something? (*Considers.*) Yes—there was a picture of him some years ago in the Academy.

Well-read Friend (puzzled). No—that was—at least—(doubtfully)—was that the name—*Chastelard*? (Wishes he'd read up all about *MARY STUART* before coming to the Theatre.) At this point enter MR. CHARLES HARCOURT as *CHASTELARD*.

Regular Playgoer (in Pit, to Companion). That's 'ARCOURT. Was at Drury. LOT! recollect him ever so long.

Companion. O, he's *Chastelard*. Who's he? *Mary's* father? *Regular Playgoer (who soon gets at the thread of the plot).* No. He's in love with *Mary*. I suppose he's the villain afterwards.

Companion (surprised). They call him "*Young Chastelard*." Why's that?

Regular Playgoer (puzzled). I don't know. Perhaps he's in disguise. You'll see (positively), he'll be the villain.

Companion (all attention). I can't hear what they're saying.

The Act goes on, and nothing particular happens, except that "*Young Chastelard*" is sent up the stage in disgrace, brought down the stage, and restored to favour, petted, snubbed, made to hand things to *Marie*, has roses given him which he pinches without making any wry faces over the thorns (on the principle of "grasp your nettle," I suppose), is called "*Chastelard*," and "*poor Chastelard*!" is told that he might be fitted for some "light and graceful poet"—which seems to suggest a fancy lamp-post in the Court garden—is suddenly, and much to his surprise banished, when he says that he will "set" the Queen "in the shrine of his memory"—the use of which simile, by the way, twice in the course of a short conversation, rather detracts from one's notion of him as a fertile poet. He has just before observed—

—“a young child's smile,
A prize, my liege,
Set like a jewel in my memory.”

Presently with much emotion, evinced by blinking, gasping, and hanging his head, exit *Young Chastelard*. He's back again, though, in less than five minutes, and accepts *Mary's* offer to take him with her to Scotland. End of Act I.

Act II. A Front Scene played in the broadest Scotch dialect. Local colouring this, and, no doubt, the humour of this scene would be highly appreciated, wherever the dialect should happen to be intelligible. As it was—except when the Provost uttered the word "breaks," whereat there was a laugh or two—the scene was a somewhat dull.

Then came Scene 2, "Edinburgh Gates." Arrangements supposed to have been made for the arrival of the Queen, but, apparently, for some long-expected visit of Hengler's Circus Troupe. In the book the stage-direction says, "*Distant cheering heard, and gun fired.*" Yes, there was the cheering, as heartily as it ever is done on the Stage; but as for the gun—all that we, in front, heard, was a series of what resembled the sound of blows from some heavy mallet on some wooden block. Whether anybody's head was being injured by the operation Your Representative cannot say, but should think not.

Quiet Person, in Stalls. I say, what's that row?

Mr. Wagg. Why, don't you see? Circus just arriving, Clown behind wishes to give a hint that JOHN KNOX is coming on. So he gets a hammer, and—

Quiet Person. Ah, I see. Yes—knooks.

Then enter JOHN KNOX, with such a brogue!!

Quiet Person, in Stalls. I say, is he really speaking Scotch?

Mr. Wagg. Well, I think so; because it's very much as spoken in some parts of Yorkshire.

It turns out that *John Knox* is not only a Low Churchman, but a Low Comedian. I do not know what reading MR. ROSSBY intended of the character at first, and am inclined to think that he meant to be serious and impressive throughout, but, after a few minutes of it, finding that the audience were inclined to laugh at the character, he kindly surrendered his own private view of *Knox* as a tragedian, and brought him out more like *Bos* or *Cox* than Mr. *Knox*. This gracious condescension on the part of the intelligent artist tended to lighten the piece considerably.

The one event of importance in this Act is that "*Young Chastelard*" appears to have been brought over to Scotland merely to be horribly snubbed in public on his first appearance in Edinburgh.

Here is a Gallery episode, to be taken for what it is worth:—

Bill (unread in Scottish history). I say, who's JOHN KNOX?

Tom (superciliously). KNOX? You just get brought up at the P'lice Court, and you'll see.

I forgot to say that the Circus notion is kept up by the entrance of a procession, and of *Mary Queen of Scots* on a white horse. When she had dismounted, the horse didn't do anything—no firing a pistol, or breakfasting with the Clown (*John Knox* might have gone in for this), and so the Circus part was a trifle flat.

The Third Act commences with "*Young Chastelard*" playing a game of "La Grace" with a Lady. Two sticks and a hoop. "As the scene opens," say the stage-directions, "a few last bars on the lute from *Marie*."

What this means is not quite clear; perhaps it is poetry. Your Representative did not notice the few last bars, or the lute.

"*Young Chastelard*," who (wonderful for his time of life), finishes his game sweetly and gracefully,—he is "La Grace" itself—and then insults *Lord James Murray*, who is a very unsympathetic person in maroon-coloured boots.

MR. WILLS makes *Lord James* call the Queen, "an instrument of Ultramontane schemes,"—meaning, I suppose, Papistical plots. An anachronism. The word "Ultramontane" had no such significance in the time of ELIZABETH as it has recently acquired. *Lord James Murray*, it is true, charges *Knox* with having used the phrase. *Knox* might have been literally "over the heads" of his congregation in the pulpit, and beyond them in his teaching, but he never got as far as anticipating the political slang of the nineteenth century.

Then comes a Scene between the Great Calvinist—the Protestant Performer—and the Catholic Queen, in which *John Knox* is funnier than ever.

To pass over such an interesting event as the appearance of "*Young Chastelard*" with a lute, on which, thank goodness, he only made one meaningless noise and finished, we come to the scene in "The Small Private Chapel of *Marie*," as the book of the play calls it, meaning the Queen's Private Chapel.

The book goes on, and describes the Scene according to MR. WILLS' mind's eye, or as he would probably have written in the stage-direction, to the "small private eye of the mind of WILLS,"—"Beautiful Norman stained-glass window; altar, with large crucifix; candles on either side."

Poor MR. WILLS! The book was in print, I'll be sworn, ere he had cast his eagle glance—that is, his WILLS' birds'-eye—o'er the scene as "his friends in front" saw it.

The Beautiful Norman Window was so remarkably like the



"HOIST WITH HIS OWN 'POMADE'!"

Customer (worried into it). "WELL, I DON'T MIND TAKING A SMALL BOTTLE——"

Barber. "BETTER 'AVE A TWO SHILLIN' ONE, SIR; IT 'OLDS FOUR TIMES AS MUCH AS THE OTHER——"

Customer (turning upon him). "O, THEN IF I TAKE THIS SHILLING BOTTLE, I SHALL BE DONE OUT OF HALF MY MONEY'S WORTH! THEN I WON'T HAVE ANY!" *[Escapes in triumph!]*

Kaleidoscopic Chromatope, which was one of our childish delights at the Polytechnic, that everyone's gaze was at once fixed on it, expecting it would revolve, or evolve, or involve, or in-and-out-volve, or perhaps break out into illuminated advertisements. It didn't; and disappointed everybody. I don't wonder that the Scottish people (bigoted, no doubt) were furious about this stained-glass window. The stage-directions go on to describe the scene:—

"*Altar, and large crucifix.*" Invisible. In a side-chapel I caught a glimpse of two professional Ritualists performing some service, but *what* it would be difficult to say. Perhaps one was saying "Mass" and the other "Vespers," both being mentioned in the book as occurring at the same time. Mass, however, as a matter of fact, is only said in the morning, and Vespers in the afternoon or evening: however, perhaps the professional ecclesiastics were a trifle nervous about this time, or their watches were wrong; or, for some other cause or another, they got the services muddled up.

"*Candles at either side.*"—MR. WILLS, perhaps, means on each side. However, if he left it to the choice of the Stage Manager, I can answer for there having been candles on one side at all events.

"*Each,*" continues the direction in the book, "*on entering, dips the finger in holy water and crosses the forehead with it.*"—This being just such a direction as would be written by a person who knew nothing whatever about the action he pretends to describe. These are details. But, as MR. WILLS has shown so much attention to details, he might have bestowed a little more care on them—or left them to the gentleman whom he was supervising; i.e., NELSON, his Stage Manager.

So the uninteresting work proceeds. John Knox gets his laughs, and, out of all character, is made to address St. Anthony, a Papist Saint. He finishes with a risky soliloquy, which is quite long enough, and then we get to *The Fifth Act*, in which there is just one spark of life and interest.

Here I must stop to quote:—

Marie (romantically). "O, CHASTELARD, I would we never met."

Chastelard (prosaically for him). "Then" (i.e. "if we hadn't met") "had I never heard those blessed words."

True, but remarkably commonplace. "The British fleet you cannot see, because it is not yet in sight" is something of a parallelism.

John Knox became a little more serious towards the end of the play, and with good reason. We all got more serious. But at last it ended, and so, my Readers, ends the full, true, and particular account given by

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

A GOOD JUDGE.

To confer a distinction of the nature of knighthood as the reward of services, how meritorious soever, of a character very much rather clerkly than knightly, and, though eminently respectable, altogether the reverse of chivalrous, the intention, said to have been contemplated, was, if so, conceived in a spirit of gratitude somewhat *minus* a sense of congruity. The *Times*, lately, having announced that a certain nobleman had been offered a step in the Peerage, proceeded further to mention that—

"It was also proposed to confer upon the RIGHT HON. RUSSELL GURNEY the Grand Cross of the Bath, in recognition of his labours in the Washington Claims Commission, but MR. GURNEY did not desire a distinction which seemed incompatible with his profession."

Here is evidence of the judicious and judicious mind. The Recorder of London has shown himself a good Judge. Has he not thereby clearly indicated the kind of honourable advancement which would suit his deserts?

POETRY OF MOTION.

THE performances of M^{LE}. SARA in characteristic dancing obtain applause. No doubt M^{LE}. SARA excels in the Saraband.



VINOUS LOGIC.

Respectable Pawnbroker (roused from his slumbers at 3 A.M. by repeated knockings at his door). "WELL! WHAT IS IT?"

Ebrius. "WHAT'S THE TIME?"

Respectable Pawnbroker. "WHAT! DO YOU MEAN TO SAY YOU'VE GOT ME OUT OF BED AT THIS TIME O' NIGHT TO ASK ME SUCH A FOOL'S QUESTION AS THAT!—POLICE! POLICE!"

Ebrius. "WELL, HANG IT, GOVERNOR—(hic!)—YOU'VE GOT MY WATCH!"

A Mouthful and More.

THE march into Coomassie was preceded by a battle with the Ashantees under their General AMANQUATIA. This was the battle of Amoaful, according to the spelling of some; the name of the place being spelt Amouful by others. Perhaps it will not escape observation that Amouful in sound nearly approaches a mouthful, which is a fulness far short of that filling of the digestive cavity to which SIR GENERAL WOLSELEY'S gallant soldiers treated the enemy.

A PUZZLE.—There has been a transfer of Seals, and yet the arrangements at the Zoological Gardens remain unchanged.

A CUP OF KINDNESS.

(Anacreontic after Dinner.)

GENTLEMEN, the "ruby" pass—
Let us fill a parting glass
To our friend upon our left,
Of whose talents we're bereft,
Only for a time, we trust;
I am sure that we all must.

Gentlemen, whilst here I stand
With this bumper in my hand,
Look, it doesn't overflow,
Though 'tis brimful of Bordeaux,
Your attention when I claim,
Need I MR. GLADSTONE name?

There is one boon, as you know,
Which, at least, to him we owe,
Needs no eloquence of mine
Tell you that is cheap French wine,
Which has been named after him,
"Gladstone"—Claret's synonym.

Blame his measures some we hear
In the interests of beer;
But 'twas he that, anyhow,
Cheapened wine, they must allow.
Thus, to every candid mind,
Benefactor of his kind.

No Teetotaller, so far,
Bent on closing every bar,
More like Bacchus, riding cask,
Tapped and flowing, so I ask,
Bacchanalians, drink with me
GLADSTONE'S health, and long live he!

MUSIC IN A MEETING-HOUSE.

ON Monday last week, according to the *City Press*, a Lecture was delivered by the REV. NEWMAN HALL on "The Dignity of Labour." On this occasion "the proceedings were opened by prayer," and, in the course of them, "the organist delighted the audience with a well-chosen selection of operatic and other music," which included the *Conspirators' Chorus*, the *Legend of Madame Angot*, and other pieces from the comic opera of that name. The congruity of these performances, with the rest of "the proceedings," has been questioned; but why proceedings which included light music should not be opened as they were, what reason is there which might not as well be alleged against saying grace before dinner, and its attendant light conversation? It does not appear that any hymns were sung to airs from *Madame Angot*; and if there were, and they were specimens of average psalmody, such tunes may perhaps be deemed more appropriate to them than the graver kind of music called sacred. Moreover, a little lively operatic music must have been an agreeable refreshment after a lecture on "The Dignity of Labour."

The Bench and the Bar.

SAID the MASTER OF THE ROLLS to MR. BAGSHAW, Q.C., who in Court, the other day, had spoken of one of his witnesses as "this gentleman," referring under that title to a Licensed Victualler,—"Since when has it become the fashion to call a publican a gentleman? Since the last general election, I suppose?" But, your Honour, before that, was not a publican, if sitting on a jury, always a gentleman of the jury? And, besides, has not mine host ever been acknowledged to rank among the Landlords of England?

AN ALLIANCE OF AMAZONS.



It is positively, if not credibly, reported that, within the last month, the women of Southern Ohio have succeeded in shutting up half of the liquor-shops in the chief towns. This achievement they are said to have accomplished by systematically mobbing those establishments and their keepers, and persisting in singing hymns and praying at the top of their voices outside

the doors. This American Ladies' campaign against drink and drink-sellers has been entitled the "Women's Whiskey War." It appears to "work well," as some journals say of our Licensing Act; only that measure has been followed by a considerable increase in the consumption of "intoxicating liquors." What is to prevent the Women of England from

following the example of their sisters in America, by taking the Liquor Law into their own hands at the instance of the United Kingdom Alliance? A nature not generally gregarious beyond measure, nor flighty. The Police, who, if they created a disturbance and an obstruction, would compel them to move on, and perhaps take some of them into custody on a charge of being in that very state occasioned by excess in spirituous and fermented liquors. Common-sense, which, in respect of those stimulants, approves of moderation, and is averse from total abstinence.

In Boston it seems that a "Woman's Whiskey War" is rendered unnecessary, or is averted, by the activity of the authorities in enforcing a Prohibitory Law. Not only have grog-shops been suppressed, but the Police have invaded the hotels, seizing and carrying off the stocks of cellars, including choice and old wines, to the value of from £600 to £2000. Let us hope that they and their employers in this exploit did not get very drunk upon their spoil.

The Freedom of the United States for the United Kingdom! There is a toast and sentiment for a Temperance dinner. It could be drunk in toast-and-water.

Instruction for Islanders.

According to news from Australia:—

"Advices from Fiji state that the majority of the Fijians were in favour of annexation to British dominions."

The Fiji Islanders have experienced, and had enough of, the blessings of Home Rule. Their case, and their conclusion, might be a warning, if not an example, to others.

EMPEROR AND EXETER HALL.

THE contemptuous observations with which the late meetings in London, assembled to express sympathy with the German nation in its struggle against Ultramontanism, were noticed by genteel ecclesiasticism, will be seen to have had their sagacity attested by the letter which, touching the demonstrations of vulgar British Protestants above referred to, the EMPEROR OF GERMANY has written to EARL RUSSELL. It cannot be supposed that this was composed without the supervision of BISMARCK, who must, therefore, share with his sovereign all the scorn which cultivation and refinement, combined with a sneaking kindness for Popery, can, in the choicest language, cast on such an effusion as this—

"I thank you sincerely for this communication, and for the accompanying expressions of your personal good will. It is incumbent on me to be the leader of my people in a struggle maintained through centuries past by German Emperors of earlier days, against a power the dominion of which has in no country of the world been found compatible with the freedom and welfare of nations—a power which, if victorious in our days, would imperil, not in Germany alone, the blessings of the Reformation, liberty of conscience, and the authority of the law."

Of course the shallowness, the historical ignorance, and practical impolicy of all this will be duly shown up and ridiculed, by criticism which will not fail to treat the foregoing passage as an extract from a speech at St. James's or Exeter Hall.

The following declaration, doubtless, will be unanswerable, if not conclusively refuted:—

"The latest measures of my Government do not infringe upon the Romish Church or the free exercise of their religion by her votaries; they only give to the independence of the legislation of this country some of the guarantees long possessed by other countries, and formerly possessed by Prussia, without being held by the Romish Church incompatible with the free exercise of her religion."

It will, of course, be sufficient condemnation of the stuff above-quoted to remark that it is written in the spirit of the Durham Letter and the Ecclesiastical Titles Act. But perhaps, also, the United Kingdom will be congratulated on not having an EMPEROR WILLIAM and a PRINCE BISMARCK to deal with Ultramontane Irish Bishops and Home Rule.

"A FREE BREAKFAST TABLE."—No more Reports of the Tichborne Trial.

FILTER AND FEVER.

THERE is certainly some truth in the advertising announcement that:—

"Typhoid Fever is allowed to be caused mainly by impure water. This last is entirely obviated by using the Filters manufactured by," &c., &c.

Undoubtedly Typhoid Fever is allowed to be caused mainly by impure water. It is allowed, and more, ordained, in the constitution of the natural laws, it is also allowed by people who, without doing all they can to obtain pure water, use impure. But this last is not entirely obviated by using any filter of any kind. Filters only serve to strain off the feculent matter which thickens water and discolours it. No filter will avail to purge water of soluble filth. "Your water," says the *Gravedigger*, in *Hamlet*, "is a sore decayer of your dead body;" and, when a churchyard adjoins a well, the drainage which percolates the intervening soil gets filtered already in its passage into the well from the churchyard, and can be but little improved by further filtration. The best way not to allow typhoid fever to be caused by impure water is not allowing Corporations and Vestries to constitute the sewers, over which they preside, tributaries to rivers, whence people derive their drinking-water. Typhoid fever is, indeed, caused mainly by impure water, which flows in the mains laid down from waterworks supplied from contaminated streams.

The Reward of Merit.

"We have much pleasure in announcing that MR. W. B. GURDON, principal Private Secretary to MR. GLADSTONE, has received the distinction of a Companionship of the Bath. MR. GURDON held this confidential post for two years during MR. GLADSTONE's tenure of the Chancellorship of the Exchequer up to 1866, and throughout the duration of the late Government."

WILL any one say that the new C.B. has not fairly earned his gurdon?

LITERARY COINCIDENCE.

THERE is a special fitness in most things. As an illustration of this profound remark, take the fact of the Author of *The Complete Angler* being also the Biographer of the great HOOKER.

BETWEEN THE BATTLES.



PROFESSOR HUXLEY has taken the word out of *Punch's* mouth. *Bos locutus est*: BULL has spoken. And unmistakeably.

The Battle of the Elections has been fought,—with unexpected upshot, and wonderful results in the returns of "killed, wounded, and missing."

Victors and vanquished of 1868 have wheeled about. "Ins" and "Outs" have—literally—taken each other's places. Whether BRITANNIA's brains have changed sides or not, her Members have. What was Opposition Bench is Treasury, and late Treasury has gone into Opposition.

Of a surety "The Whirligig of Time has brought about his revenges."

But if the Battle of the Elections be fought, that of the Session is yet to come.

Next fortnight is the breathing-time between the battles.

Punch has lost, alas! the cunning hand that used to extract for him the Essence of our Collective Wisdom—

"Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burn'd is Apollo's laurel bough!"

But "*uno avulso, non deficit alter*," and even if the metal be less finely wrought, he hopes he may say, without presumption, *Simili frondescit virga metallo*. But let *Punch* have his still never so well in order, and his retorts never so ready, till the Collective Wisdom is fairly at work there is no extracting its Essence. For the present he must be content to chronicle how, on *Thursday, March 5th*, was opened by Royal Commission the Parliament of 1874.

The Parliament of 1868 closed on the Right Honourable WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE, Premier, with a majority of some 66. The Parliament of 1874 opens on the Right Honourable BENJAMIN DISRAELI, First Lord of the Treasury, with a majority of 50.

The "descriptive" reports of the ceremony of the opening record the impressions of the describers—the Five Commissioners before the Throne, in their war-paint, red-robed, cocked-hatted; coming out "bizarre figures," according to one; "looking their parts to perfection" in the eyes of another;—"Guys," profanely insinuates the *Daily News*; "striking and Venetian," pronounces the *Pall Mall Gazette*.

Who shall decide when painters disagree?

To these ubiquitous descriptive pens may be left, also, the scenes in the House and out of the House; the *signalement* of the first man in; the list of irrepressibles who came two hours before business began—including our own ROEBUCK—no more "the stricken deer who left the herd," but a buck of grease, with bright eye, sleek coat, and horns sharp for strife. Be it theirs, too, to note how chatty and cheery were the old hands, veterans of earlier campaigns, survivors of many battles; how tremulous under the mask of composure, over-gay or over-grave, weakly-affable or stolidly-important, the *novi homines*, recruits of 1874; what cordial hand-shakes and hearty "how-do's" were exchanged between friends who had come safe out of the fire, or not less friendly foes who had felt, and respected, each other's steel.

Earliest among the early birds, *Punch* was glad to hail his friends MESSRS. BURT and MACDONALD, representatives of Underground Britain, Members for the Mine, sample black diamonds, "picked Wallsends." They have sought and found the fairest audience in the world. *Punch* will take his Davy that any light *theirs* can throw on dark places will be gladly received; that all they have to say to the purpose will be attentively—may respectfully—listened to, and weighed as carefully as was ever corve at pit-bank. And really these pioneers of the pick-hewers, we presume, of a way for other Working-men Representatives, equally stout and worthy—are about the only novelty, as far as *Punch* can pre-serve, of the new Parliament, always except the Parliament itself, with its sudden swap of sides, and strangely altered balances of Power.

There sat W. E. G.—Achilles may we call him, or *Arthur* after that disastrous fight in Lyonesse?—

"Laid widowed of the power in his eye
That bowed the will!"

hoarsely whispering to his *Sir Bedivere*,—GURDON shall we say, or CAVENTISH?—

"I perish by this people I have made;
Though the D. T. swear I should come again
To rule once more!"

One thing we are glad to see—*Arthur* has not yet been borne to Avalon. He has not yet embraced the scholar's life—betaken him to the digging of Greek roots, or the study of Pre-Hellenic fashions in the jewel-box of HELEN, lately recovered by SCHLIEHMANN from the ashes of Old Troy. He was present on Thursday, and did his *devoir* in the one stroke of work struck that day—the re-election of the SPEAKER.

It was wisely and gracefully done in BENJAMIN our Ruler to waive conflict on this ground. How could he do better than stick to the old BRAND? Where will the House find one sounder, wholesomer, more sustaining? And the new honour to the old man was gracefully as well as wisely paid.

Alike as brother Squire, and brother Sportsman, MR. CHAPLIN was the right man to move SPEAKER BRAND's re-election. Where will you find a better judge, whether of model Whip or consummate M. F. H.; or one better able to estimate as they deserve the rare qualities that have combined both excellences in one man?

Then, for a perfect type of the old Gentleman Whig to back the young Gentleman Conservative, what choice happier than LORD GEORGE CAVENTISH, Member of every Parliament under Victoria, and the friend of all that was best on both sides of them all?

Ah, dear boys! young OXFORD may sneer at Whigs and Whiggism, and, with *Aladdin*, call out, "New lamps for old ones!" The steady glow of the old light may, perhaps, serve as a safer beacon than the intermittent, if more blinding, flash of even the latest thing in electric illumination.

And, when proposer and seconder had said their respective says graciously and gallantly, Achilles himself crowned the choice of the House in a few well-chosen words. In that House, seldom unfaithful or ungrateful, he was not allowed to rise without a cheer; though, outside of it, not one voice of the many-headed was raised to greet him as he passed through Palace Yard—only here and there a hat—lifted, we presume, from the heads of the few, not the many. The other ex-Ministers do not seem to have received even the silent honours of the hat.

And so the SPEAKER has been led back to his chair, and THE HOUSE HAS A TONGUE. *Che paria*—that *Punch* may distill, in future Numbers, the Essence of its utterance!

SOMETHING TO BE THANKFUL FOR.



CONSIDERING
the present
position of
our Theatre,
such quali-
ties as spon-
taneity, grace,
the finest truth of
accent and emphasis,
tenderness in
grave passages,
mirthfulness in
gay ones, and all
these fused in
an atmosphere of
buoyancy and
brightness which
exhilarates like
champagne, and
irradiates like
light, are some-
thing to be in-
deed thankful
for, when found
combined in one
Actress on an
English Stage.

They are to be seen combined at this moment in Miss ELLEN TERRY's personation of *Philippa*, in MR. CHARLES READE's drama of *The Wandering Heir*, at the Queen's Theatre. Let those who may doubt if such praise now-a-days can have a solid foundation, go and admire for themselves. A new power of graceful comedy and womanly sentiment comes to us with the return to the boards of this young and charming Actress, whose eclipse for the last few years has been hard indeed upon a Stage that had no light to spare.

Hopeless Minority.

A SIGH may have been heaved by many a reader on perusing (through spectacles) the remark, in a recent *Times* leader, that, by the results of the late general election, "MR. GLADSTONE's majority of sixty was suddenly changed to a minority of fifty." A return, if possible, to a minority of fifty would, no doubt, be acceptable to many persons who have attained to threescore; and there are probably few who would not be glad to be reduced, if they could, to a minority of years under twenty-one.

APROPPOS ADVERTISING.

THIS month's issue of *Bradshaw's Railway Guide* begins with "Sudden Mourning," and ends with "The Shadow of Death."

THE H.R.H. HONEYMOONERS.

(From our Special and Private Inquiry Correspondent retained at Clarence House.)



DEAR FRIEND, AND
COMPANION OF
MY YOUTH,

You offer me two thousand pounds a line for information. You were so pleased with my doings on your account at the Court of St. Petersburg, where I threw all the other Correspondents into the shade, though only with one brief letter, that, apart from pecuniary considerations, which are all *Boshki* (as we say in Russia) to me, I shall be delighted to comply with your request. Make it guineas, and I'm on. Here is in-

telligence which no one has got except myself, your own Intelligent TOMMY.

"Welcome!" said I, standing on the steps—"welcome," said I, "to Clarence House."

I explained the origin of the name to our dear little Grand Duchess.

"CLARENCE, Ma'am, was drowned in a butt of Malmsey. Malmsey was a sweet liquor which attracted the flies in summer. This accounts for the proprietors of Flies letting out Clarences for hire. The butt is preserved and kept at Newington Butts. There is a butt in Parliament: his name is WHALLEY. There is another BUTT who is a Q.C."

"*Allez-vous promener!*" said the little darling, playfully.

O, ALFRED! if I were not DIOGENES, I would be ALEXANDER. No; I mean if she were not MARIE, she would be ALEXANDRA. I said this, and the Court simply *roared* as one man. There *was* only one man, and he was the Chief Butler; the others were looking after the luggage. He was dismissed at once. He had his choice to be knouted on the spot, or dismissed on the spot. He chose the latter. I begged him off, and then begged him on again.

"*Tariaha Mupzocq Krpt,*" murmured the Grand Duchess sweetly to me. The idiomatic English of this Russian sentence is, "O you Slyboots, I can refuse you nothing, you know."

Then they entered Clarence House. And I draw a veil. Or perhaps some of your talented artists will draw a veil just to indicate what I mean.

In the evening, after dinner, we do have, what are called in Russian, *Larz*. Such games! *La Chasse au Glissadier*—a Russo-French name for a game which is generally played on ice, and which may be translated into English as *Hunt the Slipper*. (I once knew a person of the name of HUNT, who did me out of two pun' ten. He was HUNT the Slipper with a vengeance. Never seen him since.) The game in palatial residences is thus played: carpets up, the floor is then rubbed with butter, or, on grand occasions, with lard. This is only when the Lardy-dardy Swells are present. (O how she screamed with delight at this, when Her Royal Highness had thoroughly mistressed the explanation, which she did, bless her! in less than half-an-hour, owing to my perfect command of the Russian tongue. N.B.—Nothing like a Russian tongue for breakfast. See *my master that* at Clarence House. My!) Well, then come the *Larz*. Up the middle, and down again. I was very often down *down*. "Like coofs ought to be," said I, when I lay prostrate for the tenth time. Cheers and laughter, and then I translated it for H.R.H. MARIE. Bless her! and bless our Sailor Prince, and all the Family. Hooray!

A little Grand Duchess is very fond of the Magic Lantern, as it reminds her of her native land, with its slides.

When I sit down at the piano, and ALFRED dances a hornpipe playing the violin, which he can do beautifully. His "*In my near a Wood*" would drive JOACHIM wild with envy. Good night the word.

Then our divine little Duchess enters, dressed in her costume of a Colonel of Russian Hussars. And don't I cry out "Huzza!" and don't she like it! Rather. Bless her! And then she sings, archly (to my accompaniment), "*Ah! que j'aime les Militaires!*" But, between the verses, the true instinct of the bride comes out, and she turns towards our Sailor Prince, and whispers, "*Si j'aime les Militaires, j'adore les Marins.*"

"*Dites cela aux troupes de la Marine,*" replies His Royal Highness, playfully.

So we go on. "*Galatea Wals*" next—me dancing alone. Then a few fireworks, and so to bed.

So no more at present from yours ever, who signs himself—and re-signs himself,—

INTELLIGENT TOMMY (pro tem.).

THE PRIZE, BUT REJECTED ODE.

MR. PUNCH, to you I appeal. MR. NEVILLE, of the Olympic, advertised for an Ode. Well, here's mine. Why hasn't it been accepted? I pore—I mean I pause—for a reply.

However, judge for yourself, and stand between the Public and me. As for MR. NEVILLE—do you remember the rhyme with which *Tony Lumpkin* sends *Constantia Neville* about her business at the end of *She Stoops to Conquer*—I mean in the speech which concludes with "And TONY LUMPKIN is his own man again!"?

No? Well, overhaul your play-book, and, when found, make a note of. But here you are,—I should say, here I am.

(*Pompous.*)

Long live our Sailor Prince,
ALFRED THE GREATER!
Never was, 'fore or since,
Such a first-rater.

(*Scherzo.*)

Bravo, ALF!
Music by HALFE
Or ARTHUR SULLIVAN play O!
Tune your fiddle
In the middle
Of the room, be gay O!

(*Maestoso.*)

Bang! Bang! Bang!
Hear the trumpet clang.
Hurrah! Hurrah!
For ALFRED the Tar!
And by his side
His Tar-tar Bride!

(*Con spirito.*)

What's he been arter?
Catching a Tartar?
No, you goose,
She's a Beautiful Russe;
Or, rhyming to "us,"
A Beautiful Russ.

(*Religioso.*)

O 'tis lovely when one sees
The Nations all at peace!
O! were all thus,
French, German, Russ,
Where would be the Police?

(*Effervescendo and crescendo.*)

Hurrah! Hurrah!
For the child of the CZAR!
Hurrah! Hurrah! (*Ad lib. till tired.*)

O, ALFRED, my Prince, you are in luck
To have caught such a lovely Muscovy duck.

Then one cheer more,
And a hearty one thorough!
For ALFRED and his wife,
I wish 'em a long life—
Here's to the DUCHESS OF EDINBOROUGH!

Why, Sir, under a Liberal Government, I should have had a pension, and an order for a pair of boots. But, no. Talent is unrecognised. My pen falls from my hand. I am loyal, but unfortunate. Adieu, MANAGER NEVILLE! You don't get me to write an Ode for you again.

MEMORANDUM FOR MINISTERS. — Without a Policy you can't Insure your Life.



EXTREMES THAT MEET.

AT MRS. LYONS CHACEY'S "SMALL AND EARLY."

Fair Enthusiast. "LOOK! LOOK! THERE STANDS MISS GANDER BELLWETHER, THE FAMOUS CHAMPION OF WOMEN'S RIGHTS, THE FUTURE FOUNDER OF A NEW PHILOSOPHY! ISN'T IT A PRETTY SIGHT TO SEE THE RISING YOUNG GENIUSES OF THE DAY ALL FLOCKING TO HER SIDE, AND HANGING ON HER LIPS, AND FEASTING ON THE SAD AND EARNEST UTTERANCES WRUNG FROM HER INDIGNANT HEART BY THE WRONGS OF HER WRETCHED SEX! O, ISN'T SHE DIVINE, CAPTAIN DANDELION!"

Captain Dandelion (of the 17th Waltzers). "HAW! 'FAIR OF TASTE, YOU KNOW! WATHER PWEFER SHE-WOMEN MYSELF—WATHER PWEFER THE WETCHED SEX WITH ALL ITS WONGS—HAW!"

Mr. Millefleurs (of the "Ess Bouquet" Club). "HAW! WATHER A GWUBBY, SKWUBBY LOT, THE WISING YOUNG GENIUSES! HAW—AW—AW!"

A METER FOR MEMORY.

PICKING oakum in penal servitude, MR. ARTHUR ORTON will probably be forgotten a great deal sooner than he ought to be, considered in a certain light. Ever since the end of his cross-examination on his first trial by ATTORNEY-GENERAL COLERIDGE, from then until his conviction, he has divided society at large into two classes opposite not only in opinion, but also as to character. Against him were ranged, with few exceptions, the educated, the rational, and the respectable part of the community; on his side, as a rule, the stupid, the ignorant, and the brutal. Therefore, for a considerable time, not only has MR. ORTON answered the purpose of the instrument desiderated by SYDNEY SMITH, namely, a foolometer, but he has also served for what may be denominated a scoundrelometer as well. His partisans consisted partly of persons incapable of perceiving, and drawing the plain inference from his illiterateness and vulgarity. These were the fools. The rest were persons many of whom believed that he was TICHBORNE because the wish that a low ruffian should turn out to be the inheritor of one of the oldest names and largest estates in England was father to the thought that he would.

It is surely no more than calling a spade a spade to term these people scoundrels. But, besides these, there were others, scoundrels in the lowest degree, who sided with ORTON, not because they believed he was TICHBORNE, but because they believed he was not TICHBORNE, admired the thorough coolness and effrontery with which he persisted in pretending to be, thought him altogether such an one as themselves, and therefore wished him, as an impostor, success. It may be a point of prudence to bear in mind the circumstance, if a fact in connection with any particular person or persons, that they sided with ORTON.

SOMETHING LIKE APPRECIATION.

MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN's last "*Oratorio*," "*The Light of the World*," was first brought out, we believe, at Birmingham, though, as a work of Art, emphatically *not* of the Brummagem order. Till very lately, like most works of high and pure Art in musical or any other form, "*The Light of the World*" has probably brought its author more praise than pudding. It has been reserved for a few Manchester artists and amateurs to show their appreciation of a fine work of Art, and their kindly regard for the Artist in a fashion as unusual as agreeable.

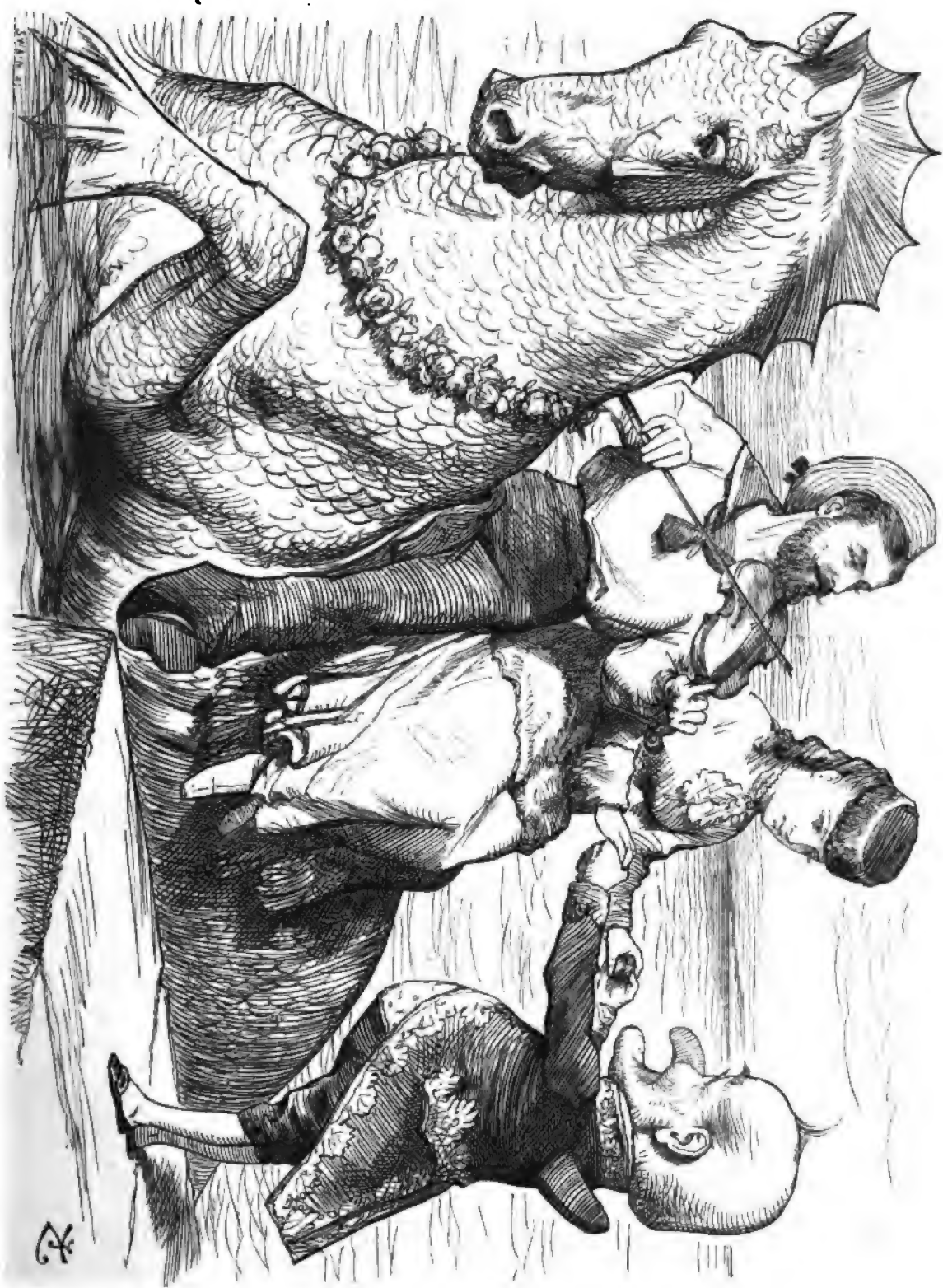
After a recent performance of his "*Light of the World*," in our Music-loving Cottonopolis, MR. SULLIVAN was entertained at supper by a body of his admirers, who, through MR. FOX TURNER, presented to MR. SULLIVAN a casket containing an old English silver goblet and a purse of two hundred sovereigns!

"So should desert in Arts be crowned!"

MR. PUNCH can only say to Manchester, and her hearty and generous patrons of good work, "Bravo!" and to all her captains and capitals of industry, "Go ye, and do likewise."

The Language of Flowers.

A CERTAIN MONSIEUR JOLIPIÉ, a florist of Naples, with a tremendous trade in early violets, has been the faithful to present to their Iulus, the PRINCE IMBROURIST, on his birthday, a monster bouquet of the Napo. The ceremony may best be described as a regular Jolific.



BRINGING HOME THE BRIDE.

"WELCOME, MY DARLING! WE'VE MADE A PET OF ALEXANDRIA, WE'LL MAKE A PET OF YOU!"

AN EARNEST APPEAL.

(To some Millions of Correspondents.)



MINA has invented sawing to pieces as a punishment. To be done to death with old saws is, we can answer for it, one of the most terrible tortures conceivable. Mr. Punch's columns are not open to jokes on the TRIANGLE Trial or the Ashantee War, more particularly to any which turn on *γῶδι σαυρόν*, Lawk-a-Massie, or A-Shanty.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

At a Gounod Concert, St. James's Hall.

ONLY to hear the "Funeral March of a Marionette," introduced into the drama of *Jeanne D'Arc*, is well worth the price of two stalls at St. James's Hall, even though the seats are perhaps the most uncomfortable in London. What are called "stalls," and what, therefore, one has a right, from experience in theatres, to expect, are, in St. James's Hall, simply long benches, with the numbers tied on to the backs of the seats. There are no divisions, no arms, no softness, no comfort—nothing. Hardly room to pass in or out, without putting your neighbours to much inconvenience. Of course there are draughts, but there are, more or less, draughts everywhere. This legitimate grumble being over, let us give ourselves to the music.

Well—this "Funeral March of a Marionette" is admirable, and the little puff of a squeak, with which it finishes, is quite a touch of genius.

Otherwise, the music of *Jeanne D'Arc* is not particularly striking, and probably suffers by being performed apart from the drama, which it was composed to illustrate. It's a pity, too, that for the solos some first-rate voices have not been engaged.

But to whose brilliant genius is due the authorship or translator-ship of the English words? Why is the name not given? Alas! 'twas ever thus: true genius and true modesty go hand in hand.

Isn't this a terrific chorus of "Fugitive Peasants"?—

"In their fury and their power

Hell flames did all devour,

And our Homes were made desolate in one short hour."

And "Ri fol de riddle lol de ray" should have been the finishing stroke of this master-piece.

The following is a novel and pretty idea for the refrain of a Ballad, sung by a Page (of *Agnes Sorel's* Court), who must have been a lively person to oblige the company with a song,—

"Heigh ho! Hard fate will have her way!

Heigh ho! heigh ho! and well-a-day!"

Isn't it affecting! Isn't it "quite too awfully charming?" and, really, when you come to consider it, so Shakspearian! Again—

EXECUTION IN PRUSSIA.

ACCORDING to the *Volkzeitung* of Cologne, a riot was occasioned on Saturday last week by the removal of the goods distrained by the political authorities from the residence of the BISHOP OF MÜNSTER:—

"The resentment of the Roman-Catholic populace was increased by the fact that the person who took charge of the furniture was a Lutheran joiner."

In this country there is, happily, no need for putting an execution into the house of any Roman-Catholic prelate. But, even if such there were, the offence which that proceeding might occasion would probably, at least, not be aggravated by any invidious antagonism of creed on the part of a sheriff's officer, or a man in possession. Unnecessary provocation would not have been given by the seizure of the BISHOP OF MÜNSTER's furniture, if the person who took charge of it had been a gentleman of the Hebrew persuasion.

SEASONABLE DIALOGUE.

Two Friends meeting.—Easterly Wind.

First Gentleman (with "very bad cold in 'is head," which makes him change all his "m's" and "n's" (as the case may be) into "b's," "d's" and "l's"). 'Ow d'ye do? I say, I couldn't call od you before. But I'll cub to-borrow—

Second Gentleman (a very "near" friend, afraid of the first being a "dear" friend, startled by the proposition). Coming to borrow? No, don't! I can't manage it—

First Gentleman (astonished). Why dot? I'll cub early to-borrow—

Second Gentleman. No use coming to borrow—because it's Lent.

[Exit hurriedly. Friend with cold blows his doze, and exit.]

"Dame Fortune, I will bear with gladness
All the woes thou art pleased to dart,
Save but one, too full of sadness,
That from my dear Love I must part.
This indeed is a cruel smart."

I guess, siree, it was a "cruel smart" young person who did this beautiful poetry. What playful fancy in the expression "to dart the woes."

Why, even the effect of the truly admirable "Marionette March" runs a fair chance of being utterly spoilt by the Librettist's explanation of what it all means. As if M. GOUNOD had not made the "Marionette March" speak for itself. There is not a bar of it, not a note of it, but tells its own part of the theme distinctly. Have a new edition of the Book sold in the Hall, with these stupid explanations omitted. They only bother and distract an audience.

Here is part of a "Patriotic Chorus," which terminates the Second Act:—

"Be 'Dieu le veut' our Shibboleth;
Let the foe now prepare for death.
Dieu le veut! Dieu le veut!
Dieu le veut! Yes, firmly united."

Let the audience call for the Librettist—insist upon his coming to the front, and then let them testify their grateful admiration of his work in the most appropriate manner.

"In one place I went to," said ARTEMUS WARD, "the people were very much delighted. They called me on, and—threw the benches at me."

By the way, there is a sentiment in the song and chorus of the Third Act, into which M. GOUNOD would be able to enter most heartily. It is this. Somebody, called Perrine, sings—

"Away! away! Ye British Poachers,
Seek not here your prey.
Away! Away!"

M. GOUNOD has not been well treated by "British Poachers," and has published in this very book a long list of Songs and Pieces of which he himself states, that, "he neither produced them, nor sanctioned the translations." Their number is Sixty: and I'm afraid the eminent Composer, if report be correct, did not get much benefit in England out of the ever-popular *Faust*.

The playful Librettist comes out with great vigour in a chorus of Soldiers playing dice, which goes on while two Saints, Saint Mar-



CIRCUMFERENCE.

Tailor (measuring Customer of "Ortonian" girth). "WOULD YOU HOLD THE END, SIR, WHILE I GO ROUND!"

garet and Saint Catherine, are singing up aloft, like DIBDIX's celebrated cherub, "keeping watch o'er the life of poor"—*Jeanne*.

The game of dice is arranged thus. The Tenors play the Basses, and the Basses are always getting the worst of it.

"Tenors. Six!
Basses. Three!
Tenors. 'Tis won! 'Tis won!"

A very simple game apparently. And what do the Basses, the unhappy losers, say to this? They are good placid creatures, merely astonished, that's all, and they exclaim,

"Basses. Oddzooks!"

Which is a really charming word for music at any time. "Oddzooks!" You can see the poor simple Basses scratching their heads and wondering "how it's done," and never for a moment suspecting the Tenors of having played falsely, while they sang truly. The Tenors "beat" the Basses invariably, and then they all join together—

"Boys, our cups we'll drain,
And then try again!"

While the Saints are giving *Jeanne* much the same advice as the Soldiers are giving themselves, only of course in more decorous language—

"Joan, be not dismayed," &c.
"Thou art in the angels' care.
Trust on! Daughter, do not despair."

And then, perhaps (only it's not down in the libretto) the Saints and *Jeanne*, in her sleep, also come out with "Oddzooks!"

The Play itself, if ever done into English as a whole, ought to be called "Oddzooks!"

Perhaps some antiquarian will tell us that *Zooks* was the very game of dice which these soldiers were playing. This explains the phrase: in such a case, of course, there would clearly be either "Oddzooks" or "Even-zooks," and the score would mount or diminish accordingly.

Let the Librettist look up this subject at the British Museum, and append a few learned Notes to his next edition; with also one

LATEST FROM IRELAND.

THERE is a new movement, and, of course, a new "era" in Ireland. The movement is one for forming a National Roll of those who are in favour of Home Rule. The first signatures were appended to the Roll at a meeting held last week, in a place which has witnessed many new movements and eras commenced and ended—the Rotunda in Dublin. The national colour, and singularly enough, the colour which is usually associated with simplicity and credulity, was sufficiently displayed in the course of the proceedings. The table at which the Chairman sat was covered with green baize; the cards of membership, produced by the Secretary, were green; and a badge of membership—green, we cannot doubt—was suggested, and well received by the body of the meeting, but disapproved by the M.P.'s and others on the platform. It is interesting and, perhaps, instructive, also to note, that the large volume which held the "National Home Rule Roll" (subscribers to pay one shilling each per annum) was bound in—calf.

A WHITE AMONG BLACKS.

AN interesting work, entitled *Dahomey As It Is*, has been published by a gentleman named SKERTCHLEY. MR. SKERTCHLEY is an enthusiastic entomologist, went insect-catching to Dahomey, where he got caught himself, having been lured up the country by QUINQU, Governor of Whydah, and detained some eight months by KING GELELE, in the capital of his black Majesty's kingdom. GELELE was anxious that MR. SKERTCHLEY should see what the "Customs" of Dahomey really were, and the account of them which has resulted from his observations will probably not alter the opinion about them previously formed by people in general. He witnessed the "Customs" for some four months, during which time they are annually celebrated in the metropolis of Dahomey, whereof, as you know, the name is Abomey, and the customs and the manners likewise are abominable.

HABES CONFITEMENTEM REUM.—Suitors write to the papers to complain of the "block in Chancery." Who but a block (we must ask) would be in Chancery?

illustration of soldiers of that date playing at "Zooks." But whatever he does, or doesn't, let him take out his description of the Marionette March, which everyone ought to hear, which is the gem of the whole, and which, under M. GOUXON's able direction, speaks for itself.

From Music to the Drama.

Your Representative has been everywhere and seen everything worth seeing, and not worth seeing. It is more pleasant, and far easier (as it simplifies matters considerably), to speak only of the first.

Of *Philip*, for example, there is much to be said—on both sides. Meanwhile, let me say, *Philip* is excellently acted. There is, to this Representative's thinking, no fault to be found with the performance of this piece; and, as it is a success, it will be, hereafter, worth while to inquire into the secret of its undoubted popularity.

While I am saying strong things, however, just let me add that, if anyone wants to know (or, if anyone doesn't want to know, he must take my advice all the same) how to make the hitherto impracticable Scotch costume artistically elegant, eccentric, funny, and, in fact, how work up such an old material as "plaid" into the most effective dresses I've seen on the stage for some considerable time, let him (the person above-mentioned) drop into the Gaiety (where he'll be cordially received by civil commissionaires, a courteous Bachelor of Arts, in full uniform, who will reduce your comfort to a mathematical certainty, and finally by the box-keeper and the fairy-like attendants) see *Guy Fawkes*, and then let him agree as to what MR. ALFRED THOMPSON can do in Costume with the highly approbational and justly laudatory opinion of

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

Great Windfall.

OUR *Inheritance in the Great Pyramid* is advertised. The new Crown Lawyers should be interrogated to know whether the Succession Duty has been paid. It might prove a welcome addition to the next Surplus.



RUDIMENTS OF REPARTEE.

Mariar Hann. "YAH! D' YER KNOW ME!"

Maud Evangeline. "NO; AND I SHOULDN'T LIKE TO!"

TICHBORNIANA.

BEFORE the Jury finally separated, the Foreman, with much care, carved his initials on his desk, and all the panel inscribed their names in indelible ink on their seats—avoiding the panels, from a natural wish to avoid anything suggestive of a play on words at a moment of such solemnity. By a special order of the Court, they were permitted to carry away with them a small piece of the Box, to be preserved as a memento of the most remarkable period in their lives, and handed down, as an heirloom, to their latest posterity.

The leave-taking between the Jury and the Officers of the Court was of the most touching description. The Police had great difficulty in suppressing their emotion.

That the Jury dined together on the day of their release is a fact which hardly needs to be mentioned. The toasts of "The Judges," "The Counsel for the Crown," and "The Infant Heir," were received with the utmost enthusiasm; but in deference to a feeling which will be well understood, no speeches were made on the occasion. The evening was enlivened by some agreeable singing—that fine English ballad, "*Wapping Old Stairs*," calling forth an unanimous *encore*.

Such is the force of habit, and so strong is the ruling passion, that one or two of the Jury found themselves in the train going to Westminster on the following Monday morning; but, apart from the curious psychological fact that all of them more or less still dream of Dr. KENZALT, we are happy to say that we have not heard of any unpleasant results of their long confinement.

Whatever else may be omitted to be done in Parliament this Session, a Special Act ought, undoubtedly, to be passed, exempting the Tichborne Jury from serving on juries of every sort and description for the rest of their lives. It is hardly necessary to add that

A STROKE OF STATESMANSHIP.

It was telegraphed, the other day, from Paris, that—

"The Minister of the Interior has forbidden the sale of the COUNT DE CHAMBORED's photograph."

What a necessary, dignified, and politic precaution! Is it not as politic as dignified, and even more politic than necessary? But for it the COUNT DE CHAMBORED would be so likely to be called to the throne by popular acclamation! It is so sure effectually to arrest the progress of Legitimist opinions! Fortunately for the French Republic there are no coins which bear the image and superscription of HENRI V. If there were any, would not the Minister of the Interior call them all in? Perhaps, then, it would be well to withdraw from circulation all the money which, stamped with the portraits of past French sovereigns, may suggest monarchical ideas. Here, now, is a suggestion for a Statesman of enlarged views presiding over the internal affairs of a great nation.

GLIMPSES OF THE FUTURE.

MUCH ingenuity has been displayed in marking out a new career for MR. GLADSTONE, now that, happily for himself, he is released from the cares and worries of office. He is to retire for a time from the leadership of his party; he is to go to Italy; he is to retire into the monastery of La Trappe; he is to take a trip to the Holy Land; he is to devote himself to literature, and more particularly to the translation of classical poetry; and he is to give his nights and days, not to his country or the House of Commons, but to the study of philology. Have the ingenious speculators got to the bottom of their budget of imaginations, or are they preparing still greater surprises for us and MR. GLADSTONE? Perhaps, before another week comes round, we shall be told that he intends to explore the plains of Troy; or to breed poultry on an extensive scale; or to give himself no rest until he has unravelled the mystery of the authorship of the *Letters of Junius*.

Operatic.

ONE of the new Sopranos who will be heard this season at Her Majesty's Opera is M^{lle}. SINGELLI. We hope she will be successful, if only that we may have the pleasure of making a slight alteration in her name, and speaking of her as M^{lle}. SINGWELLI.

they will have the right of admission to the Court of Queen's Bench whenever they choose to attend its sittings.

The LORD CHIEF JUSTICE and his colleagues passed a tranquil night, and spent the next day in happy seclusion. Congratulations are flowing in from the Bench and the Bar, the two Houses of Parliament, the great Officers of State, the Corps Diplomatique, the principal Crowned Heads of Europe, the Partington Local Improvement Commissioners, and many other Municipal Bodies and Public Associations.

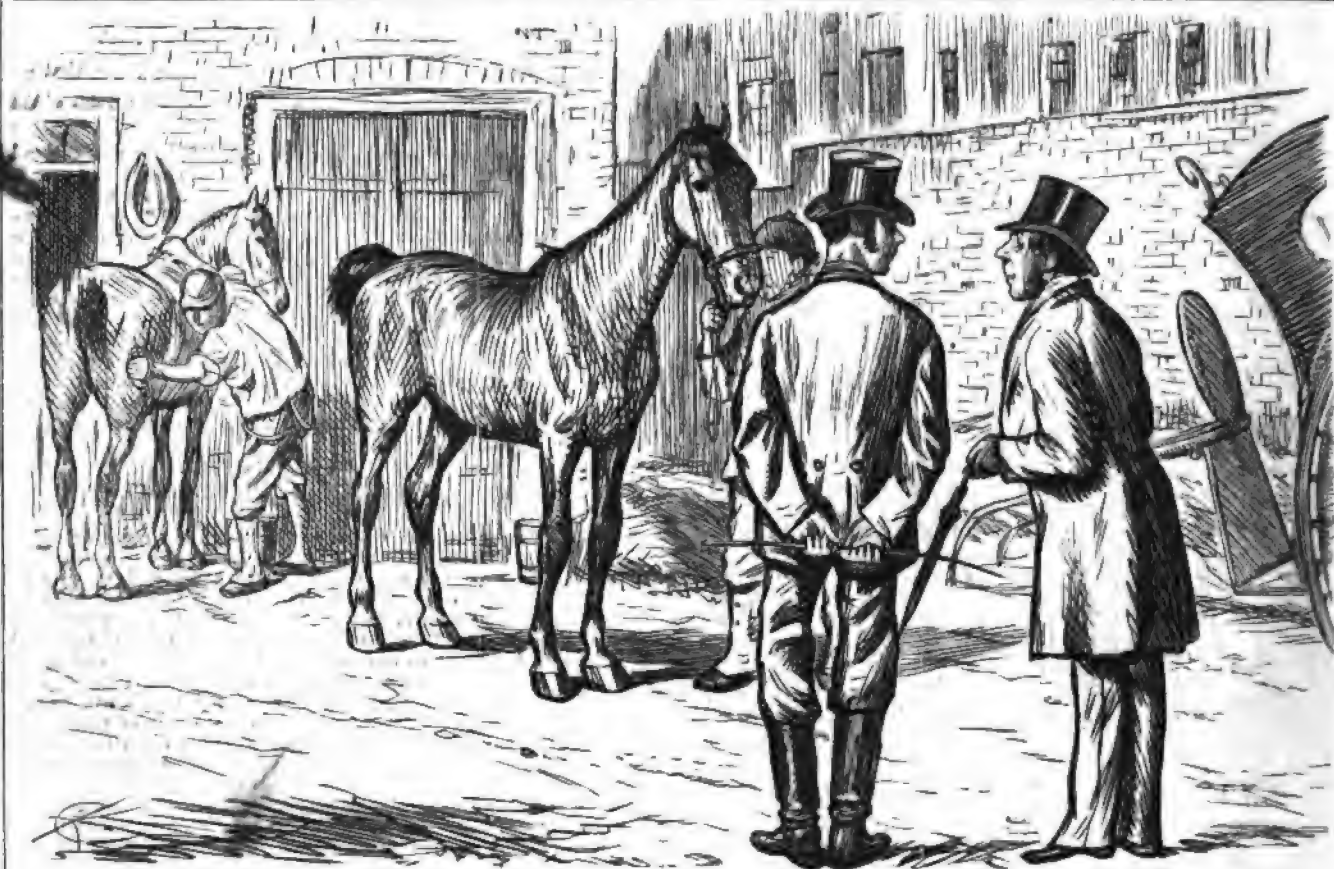
The result of the trial was immediately telegraphed to all parts of the world; but through unavoidable horological differences, it was the common topic of conversation in South American and Australian circles at an earlier hour than in the Clubs and Dining Houses of London.

The shorthand writers made short work of it. They put on short coats, and at once started off for a short excursion in a picturesque part of the country, but not in the neighbourhood of the Tichborne property.

A Committee of Ladies of the highest rank and most distinguished social position are now engaged in deliberating on the new name to be given to the old-fashioned dance, hitherto known as "Sir Roger."

Anglo-Egyptian.

A STATISTICAL account of Beer, by M. VÖGEL, contains some interesting particulars relative to that invigorating liquor. Among these is the statement that in Egypt, where beer was first brewed at Pelusium, "in the year 2017," it continues to be brewed still, and is called "booza." What a pretty instance of analogy between the popular dialect of one of the "Indo-European" races, and the Egyptian language!



A MINE OF SPECULATION.

Dealer (to Wavering Customer). "WELL, OF COURSE WE ALL KNOW THAT—HE'S GOT 'IS BAD POINTS AN' 'IS GOOD POINTS; BUT WHAT I SAY IS, THERE'S NO DECEPTION ABOUT 'IS BAD POINTS—WE CAN SEE 'EM. BUT WE CAN'T NONE OF US TELL 'OW MANY GOOD POINTS HE MAY 'AVE TILL WE COMES TO KNOW 'IM!!"

[The "Party" took time to consider.]

THE WORST OF A VILLAIN.

WEIGH HANNIBAL! Alive, and at his best,
How many stone had that great Leader weighed
Compared with that huge Criminal, now drest
In prison garb, by special measure made?

O that in penal servitude that slave
Were saleable, and would, if he were sold,
Fetch such a price as though the worthless knave
For some fit use were worth his weight in gold!

'Tis hard for those in fortune who have rued
A villain's crime, that, not in any way
Can money's value out of him be screwed,
So that his punishment might them repay.

Nought to their good his oakum-picking tends.
E'en were he pilloried, like knaves of yore,
His infamy would make them no amends;
No dole of damaged revenue restore.

To use of sorriest horse, or ox, or ass,
There is no putting yon Impostor big.
No good whale's blubber is that monstrous mass;
That fat no bacon of a wholesome pig.

Word and Deed.

THE Spanish Minister of Finance has taken to calling the bonds he is always trying to get off his hands, and on to other peoples', "Pagaré." We would warn our readers not to confound this unfamiliar term with the better-known "puggaree." The confusion may come easier, as both are fabrics of the "all-round-my-hat" order. The Spanish word "Pagaré" means "I will pay," but the Spanish Minister means by it "I won't."

"WANTED"—AND LIKELY TO BE.

"WANTED, a Thorough and Trustworthy GENERAL SERVANT, aged 30 to 40, with a good personal Character. Wages £15, all found. No knives, boots, or windows. Two in family."

THE Advertiser must be endowed with a singularly sanguine temperament, if she expects to find a Servant willing to submit to the very hard terms she imposes. "No knives"—the only conclusion we can come to is that the unfortunate domestic will be expected to go back to a state of rude and barbarous manners, and to eat with her fingers. "No boots"—similarly she must also forego the comfort of going about her work decently shod, which, unless she is of Irish extraction, she will find a cruel deprivation. "No windows"—lastly, and probably this would be felt to be the most irksome condition of all, she must endure to pass all her time in apartments where the natural light of day is never seen. The most forlorn maid-of-all-work would refuse a place so studiously deprived of all attraction.

Strong Antipathies.

ON the nineteenth of this month a Paper was read before the Linnean Society, entitled "Systematic List of the Spiders at present known to inhabit Great Britain and Ireland." As a natural consequence, the respectable female who cleans the rooms occupied by the learned body has ever since been hysterical. If, as is expected, this Paper on Great British Spiders is followed up by another on the Earwigs residing in these Islands, great fears are entertained that she will send in her resignation.

THE REAL TICHEBORNE TRIAL.

HAVING to sit under the shower of puns and parodies it has called down on Punch's devoted head.



EXCHANGE !

Togswell (in the Washing Room at the Office, proceeding to dress for the De Brouncy's Dinner-Party). "HULLO! WHAT THE DOOOR!"—(Pulling out, in dismay, from black bag, a pair of blue flannel Tights, a pink striped Jersey, and a spiked canvas Shoe.)—"CONFOUND IT! YES!—I MUST HAVE TAKEN THAT FELLOW'S BAG WHO SAID HE WAS GOING TO THE ATHLETIC SPORTS THIS AFTERNOON, AND HE'S GOT MINE WITH MY DRESS CLOTHES!!"

A FOE TO IRISH WALL-FRUIT.

THAT vigorous writer of strong common-sense, mingled with headstrong nonsense, old COBBETT, does not appear to have numbered entomology among his knowledges. He certainly would not have hailed the discovery of a new insect as astronomers welcome that of a new planet. There can be no doubt that he had not any the least respect for a cockroach, or anything of the kind, and that he would have rejoiced not at all in any addition to our catalogue of beetles. Yet there is one beetle of which, on grounds other than scientific, it is conceivable that he would have glorified the advent in the choicest of his plain English. This new thing in *Coleoptera* is the Colorado Potato Beetle, which, spreading of late from the Rocky Mountains, where it fed on wild potatoes, has now overrun much of the adjoining territory, in which it devours the cultivated potato-crops. It behaves itself to the potatoes as a locust; only that locusts are a passing devastation, whereas Potato Beetles settle themselves and extend. COBBETT, therefore, who was hostile to potatoes, and abused them as violently as he did his political enemies, would now, no doubt, if still flourishing, be elated with hope that the Potato Beetle would shortly come by some means to be imported from the United States into the United Kingdom. Now, however, who is there so odd and perverse as not to consider that such an arrival would be an immense calamity?

MR. GLADSTONE, whilst yet in office, was memorialised by the Secretary of the Central Chamber of Agriculture, on the 10th of February, with a suggestion that the ports should be closed against American seed potatoes. The *Times* says that:—

"In reply, a letter was received last week from the office of the Privy Council for Trade, to the effect that, according to the American official reports, it does not appear that the eggs or larvae of the Colorado Beetle have been or are deposited or conveyed in the tuber of the potato; and, therefore, there is considered to be no reason to prevent the importation of seed potatoes from America into the United Kingdom, until the case is proved to be otherwise."

Until the case is proved to be otherwise? But how then? Is it impossible that the case may be proved to be otherwise in the first instance, on some fine

morning, by the discovery of an English or Irish potato-field in the occupation of the Colorado Beetle? It may not at present appear that eggs or larvae have been deposited or conveyed in such wise as, for aught anyone knows, it may very soon appear that they can. May not earth containing eggs adhere to tubers? What if the case be thus proved otherwise by experience, making Privy Councillors wise? Let us hope that the Privy Council for Trade is not too confident that, if it does not take care, it will not, by-and-by, have to stamp out the Colorado Potato Beetle. In the meanwhile, may no specimen of that unpleasant creature ever be seen on this side of the Atlantic, except at a *Conversazione* of the Entomological Society, or in the British Museum.

SLIGHT TO THE CITY-KING.

O how shall tongue declare
What is more than ear can bear?
That irreverent Crew
Of the darker Blue!
They have slighted the Great LORD MAYOR!

Aghast and amazed we stare
To think any men could dare
Disregard and decline
To attend and dine,
When required by the Great LORD MAYOR!

Of culture were they so bare
As not to be fully aware
They should understand
Each request a command
That's received from the Great LORD MAYOR?

What mortal who loves good fare,
And has proper regard and care
For his inward man,
Could be otherwise than
Glad to dine with the Great LORD MAYOR?

Where hope they to go, O where?
Of their future we quite despair!
And how sad the truth
'Twas old Oxford's youth
Who did snub the Great LORD MAYOR!

Contempt of the Civic Chair!
High Treason beyond compare.
And neglect to write!
It was impolite,
Said the justly incensed LORD MAYOR.

O, tell it not over there
In Paris, or France elsewhere,
Where our neighbours all
Are prepared to fall
At the feet of the Great LORD MAYOR!

One fancies the rudest bear,
Or boar in his forest lair,
Would at once turn out,
With obsequious snout,
At the beck of the Great LORD MAYOR.

Our clothes we are fit to tear,
We are almost ready our hair
To pluck and rend,
While it stands on end
At this slight to the Great LORD MAYOR!

Ye reprobate youth, beware!
For an awful fright prepare:
Father Thames will rise,
And forbid your prize,
And avenge the Great LORD MAYOR.

Further comment, O Muse, forbear,
At the taste our wonder share
Of that ill-timed note
From the Oxford Boat,
And their snub by the Great LORD MAYOR.

THOUGHT FOR A SCHOOLBOY'S THEME.—Beauty and Bashfulness are often united; yet the loveliest Maiden is admired for her Cheek.

PARLIAMENTARY PRELIMINARIES.

OFFICIAL HAY-MAKING.—FROM THE TENT OF ACHILLES.



PUNCH hopes it is not profane to quote the Psalmist's—"All flesh is Grass;" and when M.P.'s are cut down in the prime of their Parliamentary life, what more natural than that, like other Grasses, they should become Hay, and in that form be pitchforked from the lower level of the Commons to that receptacle for ripened reputations—that Parliamentary hay-left—the Upper House?

Hence, the last act of W. E. G.'s official life was to make Hay when the sun did *not* shine, and to pitchfork into the Upper House a batch of his most loyal and laborious lieutenants,

in and out of Office—MONSELL and CARDWELL, and CHICHESTER FORTESCUE, LORD ENFIELD and LORD ELIOT (live sons of live Lords), MR. EDMUND HAMMOND, and SIR THOMAS FREMANTLE.

There, in that Lotus-land whither BRUCE, that most ill-used, and well-abused, of Ministers, has gone before them—that upper region

"Of purer sunlight and diviner air,
Where never winds breathe keenly,"

these, being translated, sit as my Lords EMLY and CARDWELL, CARLINGFORD and COTTESLOE, STAFFORD and KIRKELLA.

It would be hard to deny our Upper BENJAMIN his spell at Hay-making too, particularly now his sun is shining so bright. And where could he find a better fork-full than in *Punch's* good friend, SIR JOHN PAXINGTON, always so "cut and dry" that he may be said to have been half way to Hay already—marked, as it were, for the pitchfork, even before his elevation? So SIR JOHN is translated into BARON HAMPTON.

We would fain say of the whole batch, as SHAKESPEARE sings of the roses,—

"Of their sweet deaths are sweeter odours made."

May they bear with them, to the existence they are entering, a whiff of the wisdom gathered in that they are leaving—a wholesome breath of the Commons, to freshen the closer atmosphere of the House Hereditary.

A Voice from the Tent of Achilles!

But not such a clarion-note as the son of Peleus sent forth, when standing at the ditch—

"Thrice great Achilles spake,
And thrice in heat of all the charge the Trojans started back."

The trumpet of our Achilles sends forth but an uncertain sound,—

"I will be your leader, an you must needs have me—though for my own part, look you—"

In short, we have here a most qualified acceptance of the responsible duties of Head of Her Majesty's Opposition, in the tone of a General who, seeing his troops in hopeless confusion, and already demoralised on the eve of battle, resumes, half-heartedly and reluctantly, the command he had laid down in the discouragement of recent and unexpected defeat—more after the fashion of a Spanish than an English Captain.

But better a leader on any terms, even such shrewdly qualified ones as those of this letter, than a pack of riotous hounds without a whip, an army of sheep without a shepherd—such as our Liberal array seemed dissolving into—with just "vis" enough to quarrel among themselves, none to face their foemen in the field.

But let Achilles only take the field, and we may trust his temperament to show fight.

So let BRITANNIA bring him his arms, wrought by Vulcan, including the famous Shield, (in his own version,) and let us await his battle-cry, till (in old CHAPMAN's rendering)—

"As a voice is heard
With emulous attention, when any town is sphered
With siege of such a foe as kills men's minds, and for the town

Makes sound his trumpet, so the blast by Thetis' issue blown,
Won emulously the ears of all—

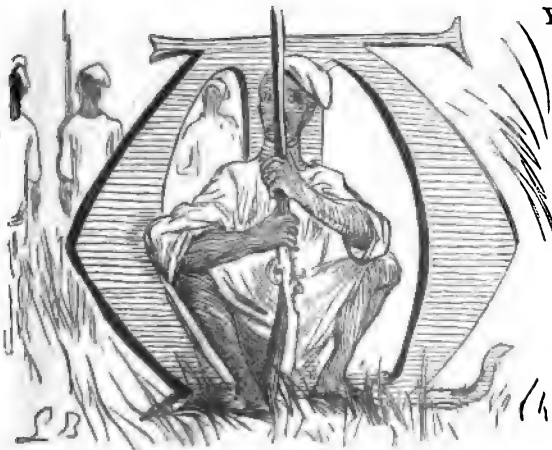
The Voice is the Voice of Achilles, after all; and where is the
voice like it—among Greeks or Trojans?

The writs for Ministers' vacated seats have been moved for, and
the opposing armies will be arrayed, Generals, Brigadier Officers,
and all, by the 20th of this present March—and then, "God defend
the Right!"

ANOTHER WELCOME.

TO KING COFFEE'S UMBRELLA.*

By Punch's Poet Laureate.



Y QUEEN, of COFFEE'S
downfall —
hurled from
power—
The King whose
cut-throat
customs,
with rough
rein,
Even Ashantee
Caboceers
restrain—
Behold, if not the
fruit, at least
the flower,
Umbrella!

Welcome, colossal
flower — six
yards, if one—
To Britain, now
her flowers
are under
snow!

From hand to hand, from use to use you go,
From wild Coomassie to South Kensington,
A prize Umbrella!

II.

News of KING COFFEE'S fall Press trumps have blown,
COFFEE, thy name is *Echo's* household word;
Times, *News*, and *Daily Telegraph* have heard;
Our *Standard* for thy *Standard* hath made known,
Umbrella!

What Special Correspondent but made free
With thee and thine, according to his bent;
And he who not for news but fighting went,
SIR GARNET, has come back, if not with thee,
With thy Umbrella!

III.

How our two Empires ever came to strife—
Thine with its fetish slaves and howling hordes,
Mine with its Commerce, Commons, Church, and Lords,
I can't explain; can you now, on your life,
Umbrella?

But if, perforce, we had to do the thing,
Ne'er better at his work did General go,
More pluck blue or red-jackets ne'er did show,
Than they who took—if not Coomassie's King—
That King's Umbrella!

IV.

War's fate brings this, thy symbol, to the land
Which can't allow black Kings to bar the way,
But burns 'em out, and calls on them to pay,
Gold, fifty thousand ounces, and this grand
Umbrella!

Now that Umbrella's life is in the West,
Where Kensington Museum opens its door;
Where, if thou drawest crowds of rich and poor,
By the department shall the name be blessed
Of this Umbrella!

V.

But if you, COFFEE, dare boil o'er again,
What though on grounds that COFFEE may think fair;
Besides the fire and fine repeated there,
We'll hang your body here! His shroud be then,
Umbrella!

And 'twere no more, KING COFFEE, than your due,
Whose bloody customs shock the sickened soul,
Round this big stick the velvet to up-roll,
Were you here, and from black to whack you blue
With your Umbrella!

* It is, or ought to be, known to all that the umbrella is the symbol of Royal authority in Ashantee.

SOMETHING ABOUT IT.

(From a Private Journal. Dated March 12, 1874.)

ENTRANCE OF DUKE and DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH into
London, *via* Paddington.

"If you're waking," I said to the Landlady overnight—
"if you're waking, call me early, call me early, mother
dear." And she did: the consequence was an awful head-
ache. Very bilious. This, however, did not discourage
me; for, on looking in the glass, I was pleased to find
that my face had hoisted, so to speak, the Russian
colours—yellow and black. My cheeks were yellow, and
I was black under the eyes. Had it been otherwise, I
should not have been so happy as I was. My nose was
red in consequence of the cold, but as this was the uni-
form of England, what did it matter? On the contrary,
it (I mean my nose) was in itself a pointed compliment.
Thus I represented the alliance between the two great
nations. "If," said I to myself, "ALEXANDROVNA is
only pleased, I shall be satisfied."

It was freezingly cold—snow on the ground. My
Landlady had provided me with a pair of skates, broiled,
for breakfast. Seasonable.

The only person who ought to have represented the
Bar of England on that day out of doors should have
been SERJEANT SLEIGH.

The Life Guards Blue (with cold) were out, and every-
one was about, shivering, sliding, falling.

Everywhere, decorated in yellow and black, were tall
Poles, out of compliment, I suppose, to Russia.

But soon the Winter of our discontent was made glorious
Summer by the appearance of the Sun over the Duke of
York's Column.

Then we did cheer. How cold the white statues
looked.

But what I wanted to know was, where was MR.
SANGER's circus troupe, which had announced its inten-
tion of joining the Royal *cortège* on the route? Well,
it didn't come out till the next day, and there was such
an elephant in it! Evidently an allusion to Russia in
India.

"Now," said the Duchess, smiling, as she entered
the *salle à manger* at Buckingham Palace, "now we've
finished the *entrée*, let's come to the *pièce de résistance*."
They laughed ha! ha!—and then they dined.

The decorations in many places were by MESSRS.
DE-FREEZE, a most appropriate name for the occasion.

Everything went off well. So did I.

The illuminations were nothing much. That eminent
snip, MR. POOLE, came out with nine-tailor power, and
eclipsed all his former efforts with glass, colours, and
gas.

The residence of the Newly-married was gorgeous
within in the evening. Hot water was freely ordered
all round. "Rations of grog," was the word of our
Sailor Prince, and "All hands to tallow noses." Fan-
tasias on the warming-pans. Hot Coddings every-
where. Extra blankets. And so to bed.

Thus ended the Great Festivity of March—that is, of
our "Wedding March."

Letters and Figures.

It has been proposed in the London School-Board to
raise a further sum of £50,000. With what they have
already raised, this, it is said, will make a million and
a quarter—to show for which there will be bricks and
mortar. How many figures to set against the Three R's!

A Bigot.

DR. COLENZO, of Natal, who considers the Pentateuch
untrustworthy, will never, when he wants a new suit of
clothes, deal with MOSES. It is said that the latter
offered, contrary to his principles, to trust DR. COLENZO.
In spite of this, DR. COLENZO still refuses to credit
MOSES.



THE LAST WORD.

Cabby (to stately Party, who has given him his legal Fare). " 'MAKIN' YER FORTUNE, SIR, NO DOUBT !"

Swell (not exactly catching the Remark). " EH ?"

Cabby. " YOU 'RE A LAYIN' BY A GOOD BIT O' MONEY, SIR, I 'LL BE BOUND !"

Swell (indignantly). " WHAT D'YOU MEAN, SIR ?"

Cabby. " WHY YOU DON'T SPEND MUCH, SEEKIN'LY !"

[Drives off in triumph.]

TO MARIE ALEXANDROVNA,

DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH.

(Married at St. Petersburg, January 23, 1874: entered London, in a snow-storm, March 12, 1874.)

THERE lived an ancestress * of thine,
Now centuries ago,
A Princess of that Stuart line,
Whence thy house-honours flow.
By all of all sorts, low or high,
Cherished as soon as seen,
Whom, for a name to love her by,
They called "The Winter Queen."

And so, remembering the day
That London welcomed thee—
How, spite of storms that swept the way,
A million stood to see:
How sleet and snow drove wild o'er-head,
And melted into mire,
How Winter came in Spring-time's stead,
With frost to spoil our fire,—

"The Winter Duchess" seems a name
We might on thee bestow,
For all said 'twas for thee it came,
That out-of-season snow:
That Russia, loth to loose the arm
Of love about thee cast,
Sent those white watchers, not to harm,
But hold thee to the last.

* ELIZABETH, Queen of Bohemia, daughter of JAMES THE FIRST.

"Blest is the bride," says our old saw,
"On whom the sunshine falls,"
But mayst thou show that winter's flaw*
As rich bride-blessing calls.
The North-wind's nip, that chilled the blood
Our welcome warmer proved,
Which frost and sleet and snow withstood,
Unbid, unbought, unmoved.

Cities of statelier palaces
Thou hast seen, not a few,
But no such million as these,
Self-ranged in order due;
No crowd more prompt to speak or strike,
But none more quick to own
The pulses that stir all alike,
Be their seat stool or throne.

The closer to her new home's heart
The bride, methinks, should prove,
Whom the old home, whose light thou wert,
Clasps with such lingering love.
So England, knowing thy home-life
Loving and loved has been,
A mother's heart to thee, young wife,
Sets wide—both folk, and QUEEN!

* "May stop a hole to expel the winter's flaw."

SHAKESPEARE: *Hamlet*.

OPPORTUNE.

It was very thoughtful of KING COFFEE to leave his umbrella behind for SIR GARNET WOLSELEY just when he wanted it—the beginning of the rainy season.



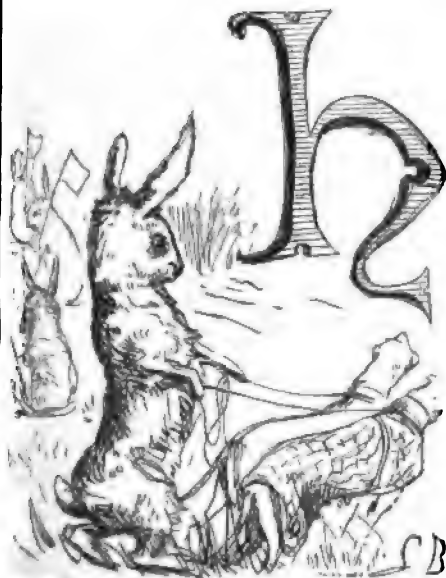
DEARLY BOUGHT.

SIR GARNET. "IT DON'T LOOK MUCH, MADAM, BUT IT HAS COST GOOD MONEY, AND BETTER LIVES."

BRITANNIA. "AND BUT FOR YOU, SIR GARNET, MIGHT HAVE COST MORE OF BOTH!"

[“KING COFFEE'S Umbrella has been brought to England.”—*Morning Paper*.]

COUNTING THE COSTS.



The two Potentates will be elected craftsmen of the Leather-Sellers. Complimentary lodgings will be taken for them in Leather Lane, and a suburban villa at Leatherhead. For further particulars in advance, see *Court Circular*.

ow now, *Mesdames, et Mesdemoiselles*?

"It is estimated that £300,000 sterling are spent annually in England on false hair."

We should like to know how many hundred thousand pounds sterling have been expended the last year or two by England on the false hair now being rapidly reduced in cellular tissue by prison diet.

Nothing Like Leather.

THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA will be here in May. The EMPEROR OF MOROCCO is also expected. Russia and Morocco will, of course, sign a binding treaty.

OCCASIONAL HAPPY THOUGHTS.

The memorable Trial of Jarvis's Cob interrupted by something about Gloppin's Grandmother.

GLOPPIN, "who knows all about it," ("it" meaning The Horse generally,) can't come when he's wanted, of course.

If you do require a friend's advice, depend on it that you can't depend on it: or, rather, that you can't calculate upon getting it at the important moment.

Then he, GLOPPIN, I mean—I know him—will come to me weeks afterwards, and say, "My dear fellow, I am so sorry I couldn't come over to you on that day. I'd ha' given something to ha' seen that mare you bought. I could ha' told you at once she wouldn't suit you." And so on.

He will—anyone will—volunteer information as to what I do want. But what I don't want, and what I oughtn't to buy on any account, not a word about that.

When I see GLOPPIN again I'll be bitter with him. I'll have something cutting to say to him. The worst of it is that, if I don't come across him for two months, I shall, perhaps, have forgotten all about it—shall embrace him heartily, and say, "Hallo, GLOPPIN! I am so pleased to see you!"—when I really ought to take his hand quietly, and say, reservedly and sadly, "GLOPPIN, you should have come to me in the hour of need. Never more, GLOPPIN, be officer of mine."

Then GLOPPIN would explain. He always explains, and invariably makes it appear that, whatever the fault was, it was all on your side, never on his. *Qui s'excuse s'accuse* is what he acts upon, and so he never has an excuse, but an explanation. His explanations, too, are overwhelming and unanswerable. He contrives to show himself in such brilliant colours, and his friend (the injured party) he exhibits, by inference, as a mean and sordid character.

Thus, supposing, in consequence of GLOPPIN's not coming when required, and giving his valuable advice about the horse, I buy the animal, and the animal turns out "nasty"—say that he bites my leg, or hand, or rears or kicks, or rolls over with me—(this last must be very uncomfortable, though, somehow, it sounds genial and funny)—and I have several ribs broken. Well, I meet GLOPPIN afterwards, and I say to him, coldly and reproachfully,—

"Ah, GLOPPIN, if you had come as you offered to do, and had given me your advice, I shouldn't have bought that infernal animal, which rolled over with me, which pitched me over his head, which kicked my teeth out, which bit a piece out of my arm." &c., &c.

GLOPPIN does not there and then express his sorrow, but immediately, in an injured tone, and looking horribly hurt (more than myself, who am hurt all over), replies,—

"My dear fellow, how could I? When your telegram came I had been up from eight in the evening till five the next morning

attending to my poor Grandmother, who, I thought, couldn't have lived out the night."

I am done—at once. I feel I've been brutal. To have asked him to tear himself away from his dying Grandmother's bedside, in order to give his opinion of a friend's horse—yes, it was too much.

"I am sorry," I reply, sinking my subject of grief in his, "to hear such bad news of your Grandmother. Has she—I mean is she—?"

"Yes," says GLOPPIN, cheerfully, "she's all right now. Out, and about. She's a wonderful woman for her age."

"But," I ask, partially recovering from the first shock, "why didn't you drop me a line of explanation?"

"My dear fellow," he replies, "how could I? I couldn't leave her for a moment. Your telegram arrived all right, but they didn't like to disturb me, and of course they were right; and when I opened it, it was too late to explain. I could only reply, 'Can't come.' You got that, didn't you?"

Yes, I own I got that. And we are both satisfied. That is, I accept his explanation. But, if I were to be asked, what I thought, candidly speaking, on the subject, I should be compelled on oath to reply, "I do not believe in GLOPPIN's Grandmother."

Whenever GLOPPIN doesn't want to do anything that you want him to do, his excuse is his Grandmother.

Ask him to lend you five pounds: he can't, because his money is somehow tied up in his Grandmother's, and he can't ask his Grandmother, suddenly, to lend five pounds, because she's liable to fits, if startled.

He dines with his friends frequently, and laments he can't invite them in return, as it's his Grandmother's house, and she is unable to receive company. "And," he adds, feelingly, "I couldn't send her to bed while we're having a jollification in the dining-room. Besides," he continues, "the old lady is so fond of society that she wouldn't go to bed if I had friends there; and staying up late kills her. She tried it once, and was so ill I thought she'd have died. So I'm obliged to keep very quiet at home."

This is a divergence; but his not coming has riled me, and I can't help noting down how often GLOPPIN has failed me, when I have most relied upon him, and how every time his excuse has been his Grandmother. She is always doing something wrong, or getting him, or herself, into some scrape or other. She will go to church, and sit in a draught: results, almost serious to her, and much anxiety to GLOPPIN. She will venture out in slippery weather, and down she comes: very near a fracture, and more anxiety to GLOPPIN. She will sit up late, and be very unwell next day; she will go to the Bank by herself, and come "a nasty one" into the mud, off the lowest step of an omnibus, the conductor of which has mounted his perch, sung out "All right behind!" and the public conveyance gone on at a trot. Concussion: more anxiety to GLOPPIN. She visits her Solicitor's, and is summoned by a cabman, and GLOPPIN has to go with her to a police-court. And, above everything, she has one great dread in life, one horror which she is always anticipating, and GLOPPIN tells me what it is.

"You'd hardly believe it," says GLOPPIN, knowing that I have taken a good deal on trust about his Grandmother, "you'd hardly believe it, but she has never had the measles."

At this phenomenon, I exclaim, "Really?"

"It's a fact," says GLOPPIN, shaking his head decisively; "my Grandmother has never had the measles, and I'm not sure whether she ever had the whooping-cough. Medical men say that to catch either, at her age, is most dangerous."

"But," I suggest, "surely these are ills which only extremely youthful flesh is heir to?"

"There's the danger," returns GLOPPIN. "She's all right now, but, should she get into her second childhood, what, medically, is there against her having her first childhood's illnesses, overdue, as it were, and with accumulated interest, eh?"

I confess his reasoning seems correct, though, somehow, not quite right somewhere. There's a flaw in the premisses.

Happy Thought (in Note-Book).—Several floors on the premises. (Work this out, and make it into some story about SHERIDAN and his son having an argument in a lodging-house.)

The long and short of all this is, that GLOPPIN doesn't come.

My Aunt is nervously afraid that GLOPPIN's Grandmother is ill again, and observes that she (my Aunt) would rather not go out in the trap with the new cob.

Happy Thought.—I'll drive over to TROT, the vet's, and ask him what his opinion is.

My man, MURGLE, the Groom-Gardener (which sounds something about as uncertain as a horse-marine), makes a great fuss with preparations. I hear him "way-ing" and "woa-ing" and "come-overing," and pishing and blowing, until, finding he is a long time, I enter the stable, and see him having a fight with the cob, which objects to the collar being put over its head.

MURGLE is going at the animal, as if harnessing him were a labour for Hercules.

The horse won't have the collar put on in MURGLE's way, and MURGLE, perspiring, won't give in.



MANNERS!

"MAY I HAVE THE PLEASURE OF ENGAGING YOU FOR THE NEXT VALSE?"
 "ALL RIGHT! WHAT'S YOUR NAME?"
 "MY NAME! OH—ER—LORD ALGERNON PLANTAGENET MONTGOMERY DE—"
 "O, BOTHER! WHAT A LOT!"

He has got the collar as far as the cob's eyes, where it sticks, and makes the poor creature wild.

MURGLE has got all the rest of the harness on first, and the cob seems to me to show ominous signs of impatience about the tail.

"Can't you manage it?" I ask MURGLE. I know I can't help him.

"Ar'll do it afore arve done with him," says MURGLE, with cheerful determination.

It is now a contest. The Horse won't give in, nor will MURGLE. I am on the point of saying, "Well, it's no good keeping a horse that you can't harness under an hour and a half,"—by which I really mean "it's no good keeping a man who knows nothing about horses,"—when the stable-yard gate opens, and a small, thick-set, shambling man, in an ostler's dress, enters. He has come from JARVIS's. He sets matters right in a second. He is only two-thirds of MURGLE's height, but he manages the cob's head perfectly. The collar seems suddenly to have become india-rubber in his hands, and fits the cob's head and neck to a nicety.

Then he looks at the harness. MURGLE has buckled up the crupper so tightly that it's a wonder the horse hasn't kicked the stable to pieces. I had noticed something wrong about his tail.

MURGLE tries to induce the horse to accept the bit at his hands.

The horse won't; resolutely. In fact, he won't have it; not a bit. The Ostler says simply, "Ere, give it me!" He has the most evident contempt for MURGLE.

Happy Thought.—To get little Ostler to give MURGLE lessons in harnessing.

"He knows me," says the Ostler, alluding to the horse.

"O' course he does, DICK," answers MURGLE, eyeing me doubtfully, to see if I accept *this* as an excuse for *his* not being able to do anything with the animal. I don't.

The Ostler, having harnessed him and put him in the trap, says as "MR. JARVIS wished him to come with me."

I feel it is but just, that JARVIS should be represented at the trial. I accept; and we—Myself and the Ostler—are to start.

A TEN-YEAR-OLD MARTYR.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,

THERE will be a great deal of war-paint going round soon, in the shape of titles, honours, and decorations, official rewards for "killing, slaying, and burning." Will you give a decoration to the little motherless girl of ten, LOUISA ROW,* who "undertook the cooking" for her father, "a labourer," and his family, and died in the execution of her duty?

She has not killed anyone, black or white, except herself; she has not burned anyone's huts, or anyone's villages—she has only burned herself. She will get no glory, unless you, with a stroke of your pen, will put one little star of honour upon her unknown grave.

THE AUTHOR OF "OLIVE VARCOE."

Will our Correspondent accept this inscription for her poor little martyr's tombstone?

Duty's small Servant, without prize or praise,

How soon on thy hard life hath death come down!

Take this brief record of thy childish days—

Gold, tried with fire, makes the best Martyr's Crown.

* "A painful death by burning has happened at Torquay. LOUISA ROW, aged ten, lost her mother a few weeks ago, and undertook the cooking for her father, a labourer, and the rest of the family. She had well performed the duties devolving upon her since her mother's death, until one day she went too near the grate, her frock was ignited, and she was terribly burned. The poor child lived several days after the accident. At the inquest, a verdict of 'Accidental death' was returned."

A Boon to the Million.

TAX A to give to B, C, D,
 Untaxed Sugar; ditto tea.
 That's your Breakfast Table Free:
 Fairer what demand can be?

A Common Complaint.

UNTIL he read that reference was made to its prevalence in the veterinary report, at the recent Monthly Meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society, SLOPERKOTON acknowledges that he did not know what "Quarter Evil" really was. His idea had always been that it was rent-day.

PONTIFICAL PLEASANTRIES.

LIKE his predecessor, GREGORY, the first of that name, who made puns which are historical, the present Holy Father, POPE PIUS THE NINTH, is well known to be fond of his joke. He lately deigned to make one which has gone the round of the papers. In a familiar allocution spoken to CARDINAL TARQUINI, His Holiness addressed that "Prince of the Church" as:—

"Tarquinis atavis edite regibus."

May this pleasantry be said to be POPE PIUS's last? Probably not. A recent telegram from Italy announces that:—

"SANO, the Japanese Minister, had an audience of the POPE yesterday before leaving Rome. His Holiness recommended to him the interests of the Catholics in Japan."

There is every reason to believe that the venerable Pontiff added, "And We cannot but say that—*Orandum est ut sit mens sana in corpore Sano.*"

Which words, if applied to SANO by the Head of the Latin Church, SANO, not knowing Latin Grammar, most likely took for the Apostolical benediction; the thought of having received which may be no small comfort to him.

Letting Loose an Irish Gentleman.

WE read in a list of the Vice-Regal Household, of "one Gentleman at large." If there is only one Gentleman at large, even in the seat of Vice-Royalty, what must be the state of private households in Ireland! How can Home Rule ever be possible in a country where restraint, even of Gentlemen, is so habitual that the appearance of so much as one at large in Dublin Castle, is thought worthy of mention in the newspapers!



DE MORTUIS.

Sympathetic Young Mother. "A' WUNNER YE COULD BE SAE CRUEL AS TAR
KILL THAT BONNIE WEE CAUP!"

Practical Butcher. "WEE, YE SEE, YE'LL NO EAT THEM LEEVIN'!"

AIMÉE DESCLÉE.

BORN 1837. DIED MARCH, 1874.

"AIMÉE:" sweet name! Ere she who bore it died
On the steep steps that scale the House of Fame,
Critical Paris, in her cynic pride,
Had turned to truth the omen of the name.

For Paris loved her: gave her all the heart
She has to lend to those whom she loves best.
Nor Paris only: this, our busy mart,
Gave her the love less readily profest.

Hers the High Art, that keeps Truth's lowly way,
A way that asks patience and pride to tread,
Biding sore travel many a dusty day,
Staying a high heart, oft, on bitter bread:

Seeing adventurers by other roads,
Shoot, swift, to loud-voiced name and public stare,
Learning to steel heart to Ambition's goads,
From Siren songs of praise the ear forbear.

Such was the life she lived for many a year
Of little-valued, less-rewarded, toil,
Till when Fame's trump rang for her, sweet and clear,
Her ear was dulled by weary wait and coil.

Then came a space of summer, all too brief,
With fruit of Art, and swift-sprung flowers of fame,
What skill so touched the truths of joy and grief,
So waked the theatre to loud acclaim!

But too late came that harvest of her pains,
The roots of Death had struck deep in her heart;
And what cares Death for glory or for gains,
Guerdon of that short life, so spent for Art.

NEW BOOKS.

A Book has been published with the vague title *How to Economise like a Lady*. Like what Lady? Name!

Another good title. *The Great Ice Age*. Clearly a good opportunity for an advertisement for MR. GUNTER.

Hints for Young Huntsmen. (Bound, or in a Paper Cover.) What would a real huntsman care about a paper covert, unless the hints are simply for boys engaged in a paper-chase.

Broken Bonds. By HAWLEY SMART. Have not read this, but suppose it must be something about the late Claimant swindle.

The Two Pets.

MISS CELIA when she takes the air
In Hyde Park, you may meet her there,
A pug-dog, fat and panting, carries:
A lucky dog, you'll say, and yet
MISS CELIA, ten to one I bet,
Will drop the pug-dog when she marries.

Snow and Antiquity.

THE Romans thought precious little of the Snow. They spoke of it as *Nix*. VIRGIL, who hated cold, wrote plaintively to his friend TIBULLUS, "*Nix mihi dolor*," "Snow is really a grief to me;" and this line was subsequently adopted by the celebrated DUMTAXUS KANTOR, the great comic singer of his day, and formed into a popular Roman chorus, since rendered into English as "*Nix my dolly*." The above information may be relied on.

Towering Loyalty.

THE Special Reporter of the *Daily Telegraph* records the following expression of loyalty at the late meet of the Queen's Stag-hounds, attended by HER MAJESTY and the DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH:—

"A squat church tower lifted itself above a cluster of houses."

—What Quaker could keep his hat on after that?

And she was dying, with the pitiless cry
Of box and pit and gallery, in her ear,
"Give us thy life, but act, and, after, die;
It is to live with thy life we are here."

Thou art at rest, Poor AIMÉE! bravelier none,
Or less complaining, bowed to Heaven's dark doom;
More modestly and meekly ne'er was one
Bore late-earned honours to an early tomb.

Cruelty to Men and Animals.

HERE'S COMMODORE HEWETT so demoralised by the atmosphere of carnage breathed at Coomassie, that he does not scruple to avow his hope soon "to dispatch *Victor Emmanuel*, and all the more serious fever and dysentery cases." This is really as bad as NAPOLEON and the Jaffa plague-patients! Then, again, what will the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals say to a "*Dromedary* taking thirty-nine invalids to St. Vincent"?

Loyal and Managerial.

"I'll do something to attract the Public," said the Manager of a London Theatre which had not been doing very well lately, "I'll do something, and that too on the DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH's processional day. If I can't draw, hang it, I can illuminate."
He did. It attracted crowds—outside.

BAL-CONIC SECTIONS.

PROTESTING against the flimsy erections raised to accommodate spectators on the entry of the DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH, a Correspondent of the *Times* observes that "Pasteboard balconies are a standing danger." A falling one, we should have rather thought.

MYSTERY AND MUSIC.

THE art of musical composition is certainly a wonderful art, and the art of musical criticism is an art which is still more wonderful. To people unacquainted with the mysteries of musical slangography, phrases such as "resolution of a discord," "contrapuntal progress," or "intrusion of the dominant," convey about as much as the inscriptions in Chinese on rare old Nankin vases. Even when more ordinary language is employed, it is often vastly difficult to ferret out its meaning. Here, for instance, is a sentence lately published on a piece of music by MOZART:—

"The lovely undulating movement of the melody bears witness to the extremely happy mood of the great Master."

We really have no notion what constitutes in music an undulating movement; nor does the epithet of "lovely" in any way enlighten us. Movements which are undulating are by no means always lovely; for instance, DR. JOHNSON used to undulate, or roll himself about, but his movements, we are told, were decidedly ungainly. The rolling of a steamboat is another not uncommon kind of undulating movement, and one by no means likely to excite a happy mood in a musician. If MOZART had ever suffered from a movement of this sort, it is probable that the melody suggested to his mind would have been a sadly mournful and by no means extremely happy one.

Brighton and Rome.

THE *Post* announces that Brighton is just now particularly full; the Aquarium continuing to be a great attraction. The Aquarium at Brighton, which is full of fishes, may be compared to that ecclesiastical confederacy which calls its Chief "the Fisherman," and, moreover, as Ultramontaniam everywhere constitutes an *imperium in imperio*, so does the Brighton Aquarium form a watering-place within a watering-place.

A CANNIBAL AT LARGE.



THE Young Lady in high life, who was declared last week to have "devoured her little Baby Boy with kisses," has, at the present hour of writing, as we hear, not been arrested for this hideous act of cannibalism. But there are full-grown babies, such as the one in his own prime cut, whom even Mr. Punch would like to devour—with kisses! (O you naughty old Punchy-wunchy!)

SONGS FOR SPRING.

NOTHING, we are told, succeeds like success: so we can hardly be surprised that the success of the new songs, "*There Sits a Bird on yonder Tree*," and "*A Bird Sang in a Hawthorn Tree*," is likely to bring forth a number of successors. Among them, a little bird informs us, we may include the following,—"*There Hops a Tomtit on an Old Plum-tree*," "*A Jackdaw Caved on a Mistletoe Bough*," and "*There Twits a Swallow on a tall Chimney*:" all of which will, doubtless, well deserve whatever popularity they may fortunately get.

Indeed, now Spring-time is at hand, it is likely that the music-shops will teem with songs on subjects founded upon natural history. For instance, we may look for "*The Grasshopper Chirps in the New-mown Hay*," "*See the Cheerful Earwig Stirring*," or "*Hark the Gay Cornercrake amid the Green Corn*:" and a hundred other jovial and seasonable songs. Moreover, singers of a sentimental turn may find a mournful melody in ditties such as these, "*The Blackbird Eats the Early Worm*," "*'Twas a Hairy Caterpillar on a red, red Rose*," and, finally, a song to be warbled with deep pathos, "*The Snail Consumes my Cabbage Sweet*!"

LONDON'S PRIDE.

CERTAIN well-known public objects in our leading thoroughfares are understood to have affected the DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH on the day of the Royal March in a most remarkable manner. The pedestals and columns, with their contents, in Waterloo Place and Cookspur Street wrought in Her Royal Highness a sensation to which she had hitherto been a stranger; but when she beheld the equestrian and martial effigies that Charing Cross and Trafalgar Square had to reveal, her feelings knew no bounds. She begged the Duke to procure her photographs of all the beautiful works of Art she had seen that day—a commission which he assured her there would not be the slightest difficulty in executing. Our only regret is that Hyde Park Corner and Constitution Hill were not also in the line of the procession; but, perhaps, it was as well to leave one or two of our most striking memorials for Her Royal Highness's inspection on some future occasion.

Physic for Coffee.

KING COFFEE CALLI having transmitted to SIR GARNET WOOLSELEY one thousand ounces of gold as an instalment of the indemnity which he had agreed to pay, SIR GARNET, we are told, "sent him a rough draught of the Treaty to consider at his leisure." His Aahant Majesty no doubt found this draught disagreeably bitter. It is to be hoped that he has not been sufficiently well physicked to prevent him from ever committing any excess again which will make him have to swallow another.

Ancient and Modern.

A PAPER on "The Retreat of the Ten Thousand" has lately been read at one of our Scientific Institutions. An event of considerable historic importance, all will admit; but, perhaps, at the present moment, the London West-Indians feel a still keener interest in the Retreat of the Upper Ten Thousand.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



ESTE! How is Essence to be distilled without spirit in the "wash"? The Chemists say, Where sugar is, there must be spirit. But on Thursday, March 19th, the beverage served up at St. Stephen's was *eau sucrée*—sugar without spirit—Chemistry to the contrary notwithstanding.

The work of the Session opened to MOZART's classical scena "*Placido e il Mar*," from *Admetos*. That air, we take to be about the equivalent for our vernacular "*All Serene*." This concerted piece was sung in unison in the Peers by my Lords GRANVILLE and DERBY—with just the requisite touch of discord to avert the insipidity thrown in by those masters of

the inharmonious, the DUKE OF SOMERSET and EARL GREY. The Duke was in fine candid condition. He has seldom infused more caustic in his water from the well of truth, and the Earl's ditto to my Lord Duke was very cordial. Their disagreeable truths were highly appreciated, particularly by the friends of the late Administration. My Lord SELBORNE's mild wisdom, administered as an anodyne, fell just a little flat. Perhaps the natural connection of WHITE with the Natural History of Selborne may account for the respectful, if not responsive, reception of LORD SELBORNE's essay at white-washing.

In the Commons there prevailed the same unwonted determination of everybody to agree with everybody, but without so much as a Somerset or a Grey to trail an untrodden coat through the fair, and flourish a superfluous shillelagh. Even ROBERT was at rest, and gored nobody. It is true that MR. McCULLAGH TORRENS was delivered of an Amendment to the Address, but only to stifle his own child shortly after birth. And those admirable duellists—"duettists," for once—MR. GLADSTONE (and let Mr. Punch, *en passant*, congratulate the Party and the Public on his first act of leadership) and MR. DISRAELI, executed a harmonious movement in common measure—to the air, "let bygones be bygones"—with just enough piquancy in the Gladstonian touch of self-justification, and of smartness in the Disraelian rejoinder, introduced in their respective solo passages, to take off the effect of flatness and fulsomeness. Yes—on the stage of St. Stephen's, as on any other stage, when they do agree, their unanimity is wonderful!

But, after all, how quarrel over an Address made up of points so safe as European Peace, Royal Marriage, and Ashantee Defeat, or so sad as the Indian Famine: crowned by promises so modest as—

1. Simplification of Land-Laws—a bold enough promise, however, as far as probabilities of success go, even with CAIRNS in office and SELBORNE out to help him.
2. Extension to Ireland of the Judicial re-arrangements and administrative fusion of Law and Equity, already enacted for England.
3. A Royal Commission to inquire into the working of the Master and Servant's Act, and the Criminal Offences Act of last Session.
4. A Sop in the Pot: Reform of the proved injustices of the Liquor Law.
5. Amendment of the Law as to Friendly and Provident Societies.

Not one "blazing" or heroic undertaking among the five; but all sufficiently difficult, and very

much wanted—practical improvements, in fact, of a real importance bearing no proportion to the show they make upon paper.

This unpretending and inoffensive Address, out of which all the ingenuity of a Home-Ruler could not pick matter for a quarrel, was moved in the Lords, by two *débutants*, the MARQUIS OF LOTHIAN and EARL OF CADOGAN.

Both acquitted themselves creditably, and were duly patted on the back by the soft palm of GRANVILLE, and the rougher fist of DERBY.

In the Commons, the same function was fulfilled, with a touch of quite unusual life and effect, by SIR W. STIRLING MAXWELL—a veteran doing recruits' work—who made a good point of GLADSTONE's tumble into the pit dugged by him for his enemy, and waxed, *more Scutorum*, eloquent over the Black Watch, and their conduct in Ashantee-land, and "Ditto to KEIR" was duly intoned out of the CALLENDER to which Manchester has attached her imprimatur.

MR. McCULLAGH TORRENS—*Torrentum mellifluentissimum*—could only advise, by way of Amendment, a stronger touch or two in the sentence of the Address devoted to Indian Famine; but, on being appealed to by the Leaders on both sides, not to interrupt the harmony of the evening, withdrew his suggestion—

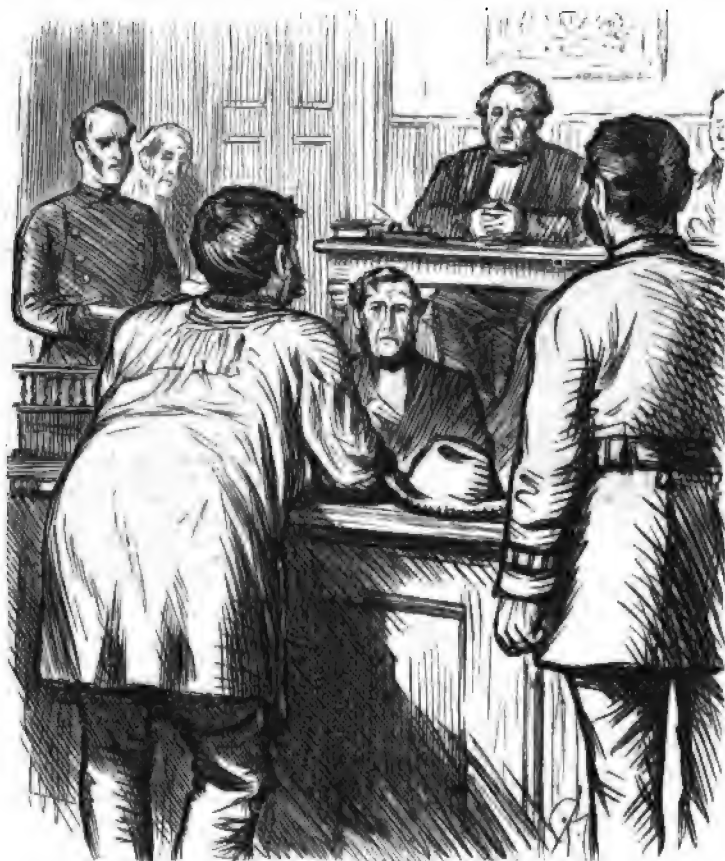
"And all went merry as a marriage-bell,"

till, on Friday, MR. BUTT moved his Home-Rule Amendment, "That Ireland is dissatisfied: complains that she does not enjoy the full benefit of the British Constitution and laws; and that Parliament would do well to consider Ireland's dissatisfaction."

Parliament, for the present, declines; by the mouth of MR. CHAPLIN, Country Squire (who lays Irish disloyalty at MR. GLADSTONE's door, alongside the Irish Church and Land Acts); MR. NEWDEGATE, Member for Protestantism (who looks on the Irish as England's *Intransigentes*, and takes the opportunity of cushioning off MR. BUTT into MR. GLADSTONE, for resigning without a vote); and MR. GLADSTONE, who administered a quiet, but heavy, back-hander to SQUIRE CHAPLIN, and Protestant NEWDEGATE, and then proceeded to demolish BUTT, like a master of the art. With a few well-planted blows of the Gladstonian hammer, his hoops were knocked off, his staves set gaping, his seams leaking,—in a word, the BUTT ceased to hold water.

"What are *exclusively* Irish affairs?" asked MR. GLADSTONE. "The Fenian prisoners? Are our Irish friends, when invested with exclusive control of their own affairs in Dublin, to come over here, and meddle with matters exclusively English and Scottish?" Or are we to have four Parliaments—one Imperial, one Local English, ditto Irish, ditto Scotch?

As for the charge of confiscating Irish Church property (CHAPLIN)—where there are 600,000 Protestants, and nearly 5,000,000 Roman Catholics, is it confiscation, to deal with said property for the good of the majority, after satisfying every individual



THE POLICE AND THE PUBLIC.

Magistrate. "YOU SAY, PRISONER, YOU'VE A COMPLAINT AGAINST THE CONSTABLE. WHAT IS IT?"

Prisoner. "PLEASE, SIR, HE TOOK ME UNAWARES, SIR!"

claim of the minority? As for confiscating the Land, how comes it that, since the passing of the Irish Land Act, the market value of Irish estates has risen? And how came Conservatives to vote with Liberals on its Second Reading, 442 Ayes to 11 Noes?

LORD R. MONTAGU wanted to know why, if the Colonies had their Parliaments, Ireland should not have hers? SIR ROBERT has one qualification for an Irish Member, he does not feel a *non sequitur*.

Probably he will pooh-pooh such answers as,—First, that Ireland is not a Colony; secondly, that the Colonies are not represented, as Ireland is, in the Imperial Parliament.

CAPTAIN NOLAN, Galway County, Home-Ruler, disclaims for his friends any wish for separation. He thinks the Coercion Laws press hard on farmers, who can't carry fire-arms for the protection of their crops (but when it becomes a question between rooks and landlords, CAPTAIN NOLAN?).

MR. W. JOHNSTON (Belfast) protests against any further attempt to conciliate a party which can never be conciliated with safety to the British Empire, and honour to the British Crown. Home-Rule means Rome Rule. Though "National" papers might exult over everything that injured England, even over the prospect of disaster to British arms in Ashantee, forgetting that SIR GARNET WOLSELEY was an Irishman, Ulster would always resist the dismemberment of the Empire.

MR. MITCHELL HENRY was all for conciliating. Home-Rule does not mean rebellion. It is rebellion's remedy. Ireland is losing population; and if she is increasing her bankers' deposits, it is because she is afraid to use her money.

SIR M. HICKS BEACH (Secretary for Ireland) rejoiced to find all Home-Rulers agreed on one point, that Home-Rule does not mean separation from the Empire. But what does it mean? There's the rub.

"For the Priesthood Home-Rule means denominational education, supported by grants of money; for the Farmers Home-Rule means the transference of property from their landlords to themselves. Home-Rule means purchase of Irish Railways: higher salaries of national schoolmasters: hardly a wish in Ireland but has been included under 'Home-Rule.' If Ireland is to be self-governing and self-taxing, with power over her Customs and Excise, that is a dismemberment of the United Kingdom. To any such interpretation of Home-Rule no Government in this country could for a moment consent."

As for the Coercion Acts MR. BUTT has admitted

"that the state of Ireland is at present exceptionally peaceful and quiet, owing mainly

to the Acts in question. They do not interfere with law-abiding citizens; but they do keep quiet those who would otherwise be a terror to their fellow-subjects."

Sound sense, SIR MICHAEL, simply spoken.

And so is what followed in your rejoinder to MR. BUTT. "Local wants might with advantage be dealt with by local tribunals—but not only in Ireland—in England and Scotland as well. This is Home-Rule of Home matters not for Ireland, but for all parts of the Empire." But then it would rob MR. BUTT of his cry, and MR. SULLIVAN of the sale of his *Nation*.

MR. SULLIVAN made a slashing maiden speech, with a good deal of fire and fun, to prove that the Coercion Acts are not wanted in Ireland—which MR. SULLIVAN does not for a moment believe—and wound up with a peroration of Irish brilliancy, if of Irish blarney too.

"He looked forward to a brighter and happier future, not only for his own country, but for England. They were tired of hatred, and would be glad to have a spell of love. If the Irish had hated, it was because the English in their place would have hated too; if they had been angered, it was because the English, under the same goad, would have been similarly roused. They were there to fight with Constitutional weapons; to meet friendliness with friendliness, not to be received with taunts, or, if they were, they could bear them with the equanimity of a party that felt they had the power in their hands."

Delightful, if true, MR. SULLIVAN!

The House divided, 315 against 50 for MR. BUTT'S Amendment.

The first thing the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER had to do—and more power to him!—was to move for a Bill, giving authority to the Secretary of State for India to raise money here for relief of the famine yonder; and on Friday LORD G. HAMILTON, in the Commons, brought in the Bill. Both the MARQUIS OF SALISBURY and his Under-Secretary described the magnitude of the calamity, the measures taken, defended LORD NORTH-BROOK'S non-interference with exports, admitted there had been some delay in the organisation of transport, but believed that all deficiencies were now being supplied, and that not only the Governor-General, but every Indian official, from highest to lowest, was bending his utmost energies to the performance of his duty at this terrible crisis.

The loan would be raised without an English guarantee, and though it is hoped that only four millions and a half will be needed for famine outlay, ten millions will be raised so as to leave more than the widest margin between hopes and fears. Roads and Irrigation Works are the best securities against famine, and these will be forwarded with the utmost energy.

As soon after the close of the financial year as possible will come the Battle of the Budget!

There ought to be no lack of spirit in our Essence then. Given five million surplus. Required, to keep the flies from the sugar! (See our Initial.)

The Royal Commission on the laws relating to Employers and Employed, includes the weighty names of the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE, LORD WINMARLEIGH (translation into Peerish of COLONEL WILSON PATTEN), MR. BOUVIERIE (the candid friend), the RECORDER OF LONDON, SIR MONTAGUE SMITH (of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council), MR. ROEBUCK and MR. GOLDNEY (M.P.'s for Sheffield and Chippenham), MR. MACDONALD, M.P. for Stafford (Working-man's Representative), and MR. T. HUGHES (Working-man's "parent, guide, philosopher, and friend"). This is surely a Committee of whose composition no reasonable man, working or other, can complain, though MR. G. POTTER does denounce MESSRS. MACDONALD and HUGHES as "traitors to the cause of the Working-man." That is only "pretty POTTER'S way."

CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN has written to inform the House that he has committed one of its Members—MR. WHALLEY—for contempt. MR. WHALLEY has already committed himself so often to, if not for, contempt of Court, Commons, and all sensible people, that it seems almost superfluous to refer the case to a Select Committee. MR. WHALLEY asked for a Committee of Privileges, but as that includes, as the SPEAKER explained, all "knights of the shire, all gentlemen of the long robe, and all the merchants in the House," it might have proved too large a body to deal even with the privileges of as big an—well, let us say "individual"—as MR. WHALLEY. Digitized by Google



BITTER.

Discontented Cabby (to Ladies, who, wishing to get rid of their small change, have tendered him one fourpenny piece, two threepenny ditto, one penny, one halfpenny, and two farthings—the sum total amounting to his proper fare). "WELL! 'OW LONG MIGHT YER BOTH A' BEEN A SAVIN' UP FOR THIS LITTLE TREAT!"

OYSTERS, SIR!

(A Song of Other Days. By Our City Remembrancer.)

THERE was a song called "Oysters, Sir!" which our fair young ladies sung

Long time ago, Mr. Alderman, in the days when you were young; For Oysters, Sir, were such common things they were cried about the street,

Cheap food which the London populace could afford the means to eat.

Ah, those were the good old coaching days, these railway times before.

Oysters here, there, and everywhere there were no trains then that bore.

And then a dozen of Oysters, Sir, you know, and a pint of stout, For supper or lunch were thought to be a reasonable blow-out.

Oysters, Sir, native Oysters cost five shillings a barrel, then; But Oysters, Sir,—why, of Oysters, Sir, a barrel is now twice ten.

And a dozen amount to half-a-crown as across the counter sold. Why 'tis eating money is Oysters, Sir! Why 'tis almost eating gold!

Oysters, Sir, yes, and beef, Sir, of both you could once partake At small expense, when your Oyster-sauce was companion to your rump-steak,

But your beef, Sir, now, and your Oysters, Sir, together so dear have grown,

They soon, except to a millionaire, will be luxuries quite unknown.

You hear much talk of the People's rise in the mental and moral scale;

But the rise in the People's Oysters, Sir, is a fact we must all bewail.

Our wonderful Railway-extension, too, is your eloquent speaker's theme; But the wonders of high-priced Oysters, Sir, must be counted with those of steam!

A Useful Fellow.

"Valet, Footman, or Attendant. Insane or otherwise. Good experience. Shooting and Hunting. Address, &c."

THIS young man is a pattern to all his fraternity. He is the very soul of accommodation. He can be "insane or otherwise." We should prefer him "otherwise"; but it is useless for us to think of negotiating for his services. He names "shooting and hunting," and we could not offer him both.

French Homoeopathy.

IMPERIAL France went mad, and rushed into war with Germany. The Bonapartist Demonstration at Chiselhurst is given out as foretelling the restoration of the Empire. This will be taking more than "a hair of the dog that bit you,"—taking his heir, in the person of PRINCE LOUIS.

The Latest Musical.

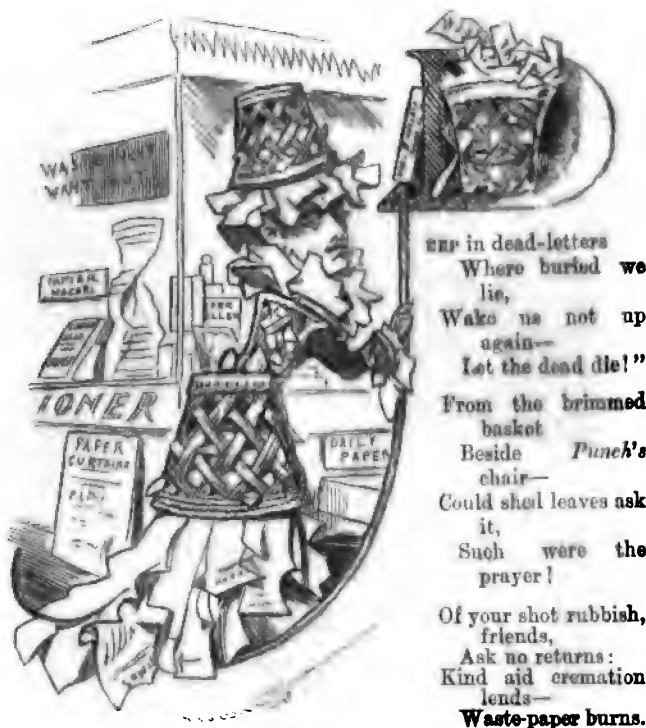
LAST Thursday a brilliant and crowded audience gave a cheery welcome to MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN's new Oratorio, *The Light of the World*. It is sufficient for *Punch* to quote the Laureate, and say, "Our ARTHUR kept his best until the last."

THE RIGHT MAN IN THE RIGHT PLACE.

I. R. B. writes from Aldershot, *à propos* of our last week's Cartoon, to know where the Rifleman is? He himself suggests the answer—"Under cover" of course. . . . Or so far in the front as to be invisible from our artist's point of view.

NO CONTRIBUTIONS RETURNED.

From our Waste-paper Basket.



THE UNIVERSITY DOAT-RACE.

By our new and specially engaged Sporting Correspondent, whose signature is appended.

UNDOUBTEDLY, Sir, I am going to supply a want—a want really felt by the majority of your readers. The void thus hinted at is "Sporting News" generally, and no better opportunity could have occurred for starting this idea than the great annual inter-University water course.

There is a tide in the affairs of man which, if taken at Putney Bridge, there or thereabouts, and at the right moment, will land you at Mortlake.

From this incidental quotation you will see that I know all about it, and can be at once poetic, prosaic, romantic, and matter-of-fact, but always sporting.

For a long time, it is true, you had nothing for me to do—which lends itself to a rhyme—

For a time, it is true,
I had nothing to do—

(You see my facility for this sort of thing, produced, I assure you, without the slightest study, and warranted genuine—no connection with anyone who has said it before) and I was always trying to impress the value of my services on the Common-sense Department at Mr. Punch's head-quarters.

I reminded the authorities that when these pages were adorned by the writings of the Great "Fat Contributor," you still had room for "A Spare Man."

I am that Spare Man.

The spare man in the spare place. I am only a few inches round the waist, and my average weight is under eleven stone.

The Examination I passed at your Office, to prove myself qualified, did prove it, and on the replies to such questions as to

Which is the Stroke?

Which is the Bow?

Does Bow ever pull Stroke, and vice versa?

—I say, in answering these, I came off triumphantly.

The advantage which my size and figure give me over all other Sporting Correspondents, is marvellous, and my expertness (some stupid may say that he only knew of my "pertness" without the "ex."—let him!) in swimming, driving, riding, and my long experience across the Pampas of South America, render me hardy, nervous, dexterous, and untrappable.

So wishing to give my readers the very best possible information

with regard to the coming race, in order that they may not put their money-bags on the wrong horse, I made an appointment with a trustworthy spy (a "creature" of mine), and conveniently posted myself in order to receive an answer by return. It isn't often that a man is able to post himself, but I did, and what is more, did not get into the wrong box.

From information I received, I went down to Chiswick.

When at Chiswick, somebody in reply to a very simple question on my part, said to me rather roughly, "Oh! go to Putney!"

And so taking the hint, as, at all events, well intentioned, I went.

Do you know the Rushes on the bank? I don't mean the "Ugly Rushes" which occur when the crowd is in motion, but the pretty rushes, the rushes which "green grow, O," and so forth?

Well, that was my hiding-place. I don't mind saying so now that all is past—I mean the boats have passed, and my report is finished.

I was at first surprised to find that there were twelve people in the eight-oared boat, but I subsequently discovered that I'd been watching a scratch crew from London. Very unfair to come out twelve to eight, but owing to my whispered instructions to the Coxen (I mean the steerer, but he is called the Coxen) the Oxford men were able to hold their own.

The Oxford Crew has improved every day, and I really am inclined to think that unless anything should happen of sufficient importance to upset the calculations into which I carefully entered on this day, Oxford may be very safely backed. What I say is, put the pot on. (Given from the Rushes, Monday evening, 23rd March.)

Tuesday, 24.—Take the pot off again. The state of the betting yesterday as regards Oxford, was certainly "Polly put the kettle on," but to-day the next line comes in and says, "Polly take it off again."

Of course I would never let any private friendly feeling interfere with business, but the Coxen of the Cambridge boat has some of the best cigars I've ever smoked. Where he gets them I don't know, but he has promised me a case full. I dined early, and (not being in training) freely, mixing my little extra go of Thomas Toddy in order to keep the cold out. Having taken all that was necessary as a preservation from drowning—(I always do this when I'm going near the water, because prevention is better than cure; and if they give any number of glasses of hot brandy to a man after he's hauled out half drowned, why not take that quantity beforehand, and thus ensure safety by anticipation?)—well, as I was saying, having taken all that was necessary, I sallied forth to see the crew. It was with great difficulty that I did see the crew—I suppose on account of the fog, or mist, on the river. When, however, I caught a glimpse of them, it seemed to me that there were sixteen men in each boat—a strain which I am sure the tight little craft could not bear. If they must have spare men (like myself), why take 'em out in the same boat, and at the same time?

They seemed, too (and I speak impartially of both crews, and partially, also, from notes made on the spot, and from recollection), to be rowing very unsteadily. They were swaying about, and their oars going in anyhow.

From the bank I remonstrated with them, and explained, with my umbrella, in pantomime, "how it's done."

I suppose my energy led me to make a false step, as I have been subsequently informed that I was dragged out of the water by two amiable barges (whom, at all events, I have had to pay handsomely for the service), brought home, and put to bed. It is most fortunate I was not drowned; but that I attribute entirely to my having so closely observed a distinguishing portion of the Humane Society's rules about the treatment of drowning persons in regard to liquor, as mentioned above.

Thinking it over so far, I say, have no hesitation. Put the pot on. Cambridge does the trick. S. M.

Wednesday Morning.—(Latest Intelligence.)—As you publish to-day, of course I can only go up to the last moment. I saw 'em this morning. (The Oxford Coxen has got some good cigars, too, by the way. But I never allow personal friendship to prejudice business.) Take the pot off again, and hold on.

My offer of a double crew by way of a trial trip was accepted. I wanted to arrive at what exactly were the odds. Evidently, if I could get three eights all at once to row either University crew, it would be easily arrived at. If eight men in one boat can beat twenty-four men in three boats, what's the odds? But I needn't go into this simple question of the very *abc* of Arithmetica, and *xyz* of Algebra.

If my crews hadn't behaved like idiots, coming down there merely to dine with me, and going back by train, I should have been able to tell my readers something this morning (in confidence), which would have made a fortune for the gent wot runs and reads between the lines. By the way, reading between the lines is a very dangerous amusement: I don't advise anyone to try it with a Magazine, or a Newspaper, in his hands, at Clapham Junction.

But there can hardly be a question as to the results, any more than there can be as to a little bit of private Sporting Intelligence which

I will give you next week, and which, if acted upon, will make cent. per cent. for the clever people, and put the knowing ones in the cart. I can imagine a knowing one, who must be uncommonly sorry now, that he ever let himself be put into a *carte*; meaning Mr. JEAN LUIE. But, there, we've had quite enough of that.

I was told by a Trainer that I ought to have seen the Cambridge Crew in their swing. I replied that I really did not care about witnessing their childish amusements in recreation time, but wished only to consider them in their business hours. The idea of these athletes in a swing!—absurd. He smiled. I smiled. I mention this to show how not for one minute would I depart from my professional duties to you, to my readers, and to my country.

My final vaccination (as Mrs. RAMSBOTHAM would have said), without prejudice, or wishing to hurt the feelings of either party (including the LORD MAYOR, who has not asked me to dine, but no matter)—I say my final vaccination, put into a perfectly unobjectionable, though questionable form, is this:—

Which Crew rows dark?

The evident answer to this, the intelligent Thinkist will see at a glance, and will spot as

THE WINNER

mentioned, and backed, down to a tenpenny nail, by

THE STARS MAN.

ALWAYS A DIFFICULTY.



WOOD-BLOCK writes to know whether the principal difficulty of the Dutch in Sumatra is not like that of the wood engraver, "Cross 'Atchin'."

A CRUEL SUGGESTION.

OF course KING COFFEE loomed large in the Address! Poor CALCALI—his sufferings at the loss of his Umbrella would be bitterly aggravated if he could read the awful amount of imbecile jokes cracked on his head, by Mr. Punch's Correspondents.

We can imagine few more terrible punishments for his Ashantee Majesty, had he been captured in Coomassie, than to be pilloried and pelted with the bad puns he has provoked!

We are inclined to think that if the prospect of this fate

were clearly impressed on the Ashantee monarch, it might restrain him from future aggressions, far more effectively than the Treaty Sir GARNET has sent him for ratification.

OUR LEADER ON THE EVENT OF THE WEEK.

SPRING has returned with scrupulous punctuality. The first flowers are emerging from the bosom of the earth in our front and back gardens, the first leaves are tinting landscape and lawn with their emeraldine hues. There is, in the absence of a searching wind, and when it does not freeze or snow, a balmy breath in the air, which stirs the sap and the blood of the young, quickens the languid circulation of those who are advanced in life, and affects even middle-aged persons with an undefinable feeling of satisfaction.

The dark days of Winter are gone with the pantomime and the pudding of Yule-tide, the sun rises at 5.43 A.M., the gates of Kensington Gardens remain open until half-past six in the gradually lengthening evenings.

Many notable anniversaries recur with sunshine, and the song of birds, and the sweet breath of violets, and delicate portions of roasted lamb. There is the day which law and long-established usage have for ages appropriated to pecuniary transactions between landlord and tenant; there is the day, the initiatory one of the coming month, from which the spread of refinement and the exertions of the London School Board have not yet succeeded in banishing the generally harmless, but always irrational, practice of stultification; and there is that great annual festival, which the Calendar of the Church, the fiat of the Legislation, and the adamant-

tine traditions of countless generations, have all alike conspired to recognise as a welcome pause from toil and labour, industry and commerce, and all scholastic and official employments and duties.

But, perhaps, no anniversary of all those which at this season we look for with the certainty of the morning post and the evening paper, is marked with a stone of more alban whiteness, than the periodical event which the sure footfall of time once more brings round to us, on the last day of this the last whole week in March; the event which is eagerly discussed on the snow-capped summits of the frowning Himalayas, forms the subject of pecuniary wagers in the remote isolation of the Falkland Islands, and brings Putney and Mortlake vividly before the eye of the lonely wanderer amid the blue lagoons of the far Pacific—the University Boat-Race.

The Boat-Race! It is difficult to restrain within proper bounds the desire that instinctively arises when we are under the influence of the spell which these magic words awakens, to treat the subject in all its branching ramifications; it is wellnigh impossible even to glance at the many and diversified topics which the mere mention of this great annual aquatic struggle calls up in the breast of the most thoughtless and unreflecting person.

We might transport our readers in imagination to the days when galley and trireme stoutly contended on the proud waters of the classic Aegean, and the psalm was sung, and the ode of victory swelled up to the topmost Acroceranian peaks, in praise and honour of the parsley-crowned victors. We might trace back the history of our twin venerable Universities to the dawn of learning which broke on the night of the dark ages, and to the grand old scholars whose figures loom dimly amid the revival of letters. We might follow the course of the sinuous Thames, with all its memories and associations and looks, from its first sedgey cradle among the springs and spires of Gloucestershire, past peopled towns and walled cities, pleasant lawns and terraced gardens, past Hammersmith Bridge and Chiswick Eyot, the Soap Works and the Oil Mills, Corney Reach and Craven Cottage, till it loses its bright entity in the embrace of the immeasurable sea. We might depict the crowded highway, and describe the still more crowded railway; contrast the coroneted Peer, with his shield of many quarterings, whose ancestors fought at Cressy, whose progenitors fell at Poitiers, with the eager mechanic from Clerkenwell, or the sturdy bricklayer's assistant from the neighbourhood of Mile End; and compare the grey-headed Incumbent, who has never failed, through twenty-two chequered years, to come up from his secluded parish in North Wilts, to gaze on the tumultuous scene, and touch once more the hands of old college companions, with the buoyant and boisterous youth still in the golden glow of a Freshman's happy inexperience.

We might, we say, enlarge on these and many other similar tempting themes; and we tear ourselves reluctantly away from the lines of thought on which the mind is even now swiftly journeying, awakened by old memories and stirred by equally ancient associations, to offer a parting wish that the twenty-eighth instant may be fine and fair, unattended by snow, unaccompanied by ice; that tidal exigencies may not compel the contest to take place at 8 A.M.; that the LORD MAYOR may be persuaded to remain in office, should Oxford have the temerity to win; and, lastly, but certainly not leastly, that Her Royal Highness the DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH—who, we are certain, will impartially wear both colours—may on Saturday be induced to pay the first of a long series of pleasant visits to the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-Race.

SAVAGES AND SOLDIERS.

ASHANTI troops were no mean foes
For British warriors to oppose.
It seems they stoutly held their own
With smooth-bore guns, and slugs of stone,
What, if their weapons had, instead,
Been breech-charged rifles, cartridge-fed?
And what if Science yield these arms,
Hereafter, to barbaric swarms?
This mote to trouble the mind's eye
May prove a big fact by-and-by;
Which to prevent we means must plan,
Or have to meet as best we can.

"The Black Watch."

The Black Watch will go night and day.
The Black Watch can be depended upon in any climate.
The Black Watch always keeps time.
The Black Watch is never out of gear.
The Black Watch wants no "winding up."
The Black Watch can be warranted for any period.



A CHOICE OF EVILS.

Fascinating Widow. "NOW, THAT WE ARE ALONE, MR. SILVERTONGUE, AND LIKELY TO REMAIN UNDISTURBED FOR ANOTHER HALF-HOUR OR SO, I HAVE A VERY GREAT FAVOUR TO ASK OF YOU!" *Amateur Vocalist.* "PRAY—PRAY DO!"

Fascinating Widow. "WILL YOU, WILL YOU SIT DOWN TO THE PIANO, AND SING ME BEETHOVEN'S 'ADELAIDA' RIGHT THROUGH, FROM BEGINNING TO END, FIRST IN GERMAN, THEN IN ITALIAN, AND THEN IN ENGLISH? WILL YOU, MR. SILVERTONGUE?"

[Much flattered, the gifted warbler complies, and little dreams that the fair one's sole object in getting him to sing is to escape from the tedium of his conversation.]

ENGLAND'S WELCOME TO HER WARRIORS.

(Portsmouth, March 20th, 1874.)

FLING, Portsmouth, fling your bunting wide, from window, yard,
and mast!
Cheer Training-ship and Flag-ship, as the homeward-bound steam
past!
From *St. Vincent*, and from *Victory*, and *Wellington* come well
These cheers that of warm welcome home from hard-fought battles
tell.

What if it be but four months since we cheered you out of port?
What if you're but a handful, though all of the right sort?
What if your foes were niggers, your campaign as short as sharp?
What if ribalds chaff KING COFFEE, and at Amoeful carp?

We have seen in that small compass of time, and fight and men,
As good work done as e'er was done, or will be done again:
As much head and heart in leaders, pluck and pith in rank and file,
As ever won renown for deeds of grander scale and style.

You had to face worse foemen than Ashantee's huge array,
Whose slugs rained on you from the bush through which you fought
your way;

You had mightier kings to conquer, stronger cities to burn down,
Than COFFEE, throned in blood and gold, and foul Coomassie town.

You had to face the Pestilence that lurks in brake and bush,
Athwart Malaria's swamp-fenced force your reconnaissance push:
King Fever and King Dysentery and King Death, their liege Lord,
Withstood you on your landing, and followed you aboard.

'Twas Afrio's olime you had to quell, and tame her soil of death,
Strongholds of swamp to conquer where 'tis poison to draw breath,

Foes, these, that ask more pluck to face than armies black or white,
Victories, these, which bring not the *Gazette* to crown the fight.

'Twas discipline as well as dash that carried you along,
A gallant handful, white to black, tens to ten thousands strong;
Thanks to a good head over you, and good hearts under him,
The star of England's honour in your guard not once waxed-dim!

With joy, we bid those home again we grieved to send away:
All England swells the welcome which Portsmouth speaks to-
day;
God bless you, gallant red-coats, and blue-jackets, one and all,
Still ready to go anywhere, do aught, at Duty's call!

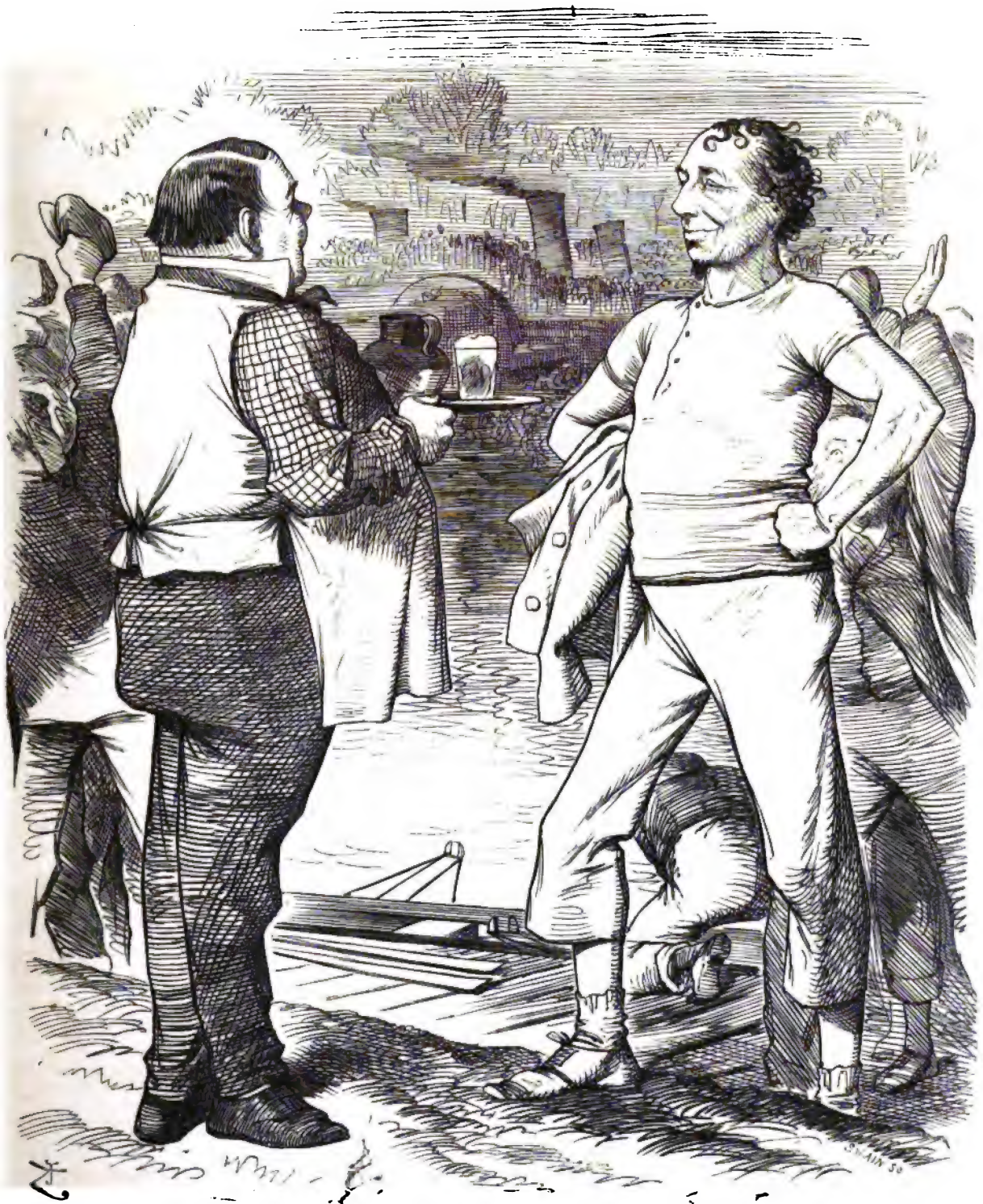
Old England's spirit is not dead. It is not like to die
While over you bronzed faces the old flag flaunts the sky;
And 'tis Old England's blood that speaks in warmth of heart and
hand,
To welcome back her war-worn sons, once more, to England's strand!

A Reason—with a Difference.

AMONG the other "Claimants" determined on trying their chances
of a grab at the surplus, are the Railway Directors, who are organ-
ising a movement to free them from the Duty on Passengers. There
is one ground for the demand we have not yet seen stated, that the
Directors have already freed themselves from most of their Duties to
Passengers.

PUTTING IT SHORTER.

A CORRESPONDENT writes to suggest a shorter title for the widely-
advertised "*Gladstone Bag*"—"the Sack!"



THE WINNING "STROKE."

PUBLICAN. "'OORAY! GLAD YOU'VE WON, SIR."

DIZZY. "THANKS. I KNEW THOSE SLIDING SEATS WOULD UPSET 'EM!"

BLACKS AND BLACKAMOORS.



AYE we not read, how "When Greek meets Greek, then comes the tug of war"? The case is precisely similar when "Black Watch" meets Niggers.

A NEW DETERGENT.

"CONSERVATIVE Soap" is advertised, but we are in ignorance as to the manner in which it operates on the human frame. Most likely, there are instructions sold with each packet, showing us how to absorb our political opinions through the pores of the skin. Testimonials, too, we should expect to find enclosed in the wrapper—from Whigs of many years standing, stating that, after half-a-dozen applications, they found themselves quite ready to support the present Ministry; or from some uncompromising Radical, announcing his complete purification from the last trace of his old opinions, as the happy result of a month's persevering washing. But one little difficulty seems to present itself. Take a man who is fond of his "Glycerine," or "Honey," and in the habit of consuming it in large quantities—how would it be possible for him to make a Liberal use of "Conservative" soap?

MR. PUNCH'S "SPEECH."

(As read by Public not Royal Commission.)

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

THE assembling of a new Parliament, the three hundred and thirty-fifth since the Wittenagemot was first established by our Saxon progenitors, resuscitates many recollections of the eventful past, awakens more speculations as to the interesting present, and projects piercing glances into the dark and uncertain future.

Perhaps, however, no question, not even that of the disposal of the Surplus Revenue, is of more absorbing interest for you, who meet together to-day six weeks later than the time usually appointed for the initiation of the deliberations of the National Legislature, than the inquiry—which I have been in daily expectation of seeing a numerous and influential deputation waiting on the PRIME MINISTER to preponderate, whether a Session only commencing in the middle of March will not be prolonged into September. Such distressing apprehensions are not altogether unnatural; but I am confident that in your calmer moments you will feel with me that a Conservative Government could not commit such a fatal error as to abridge by a single day the time which, by the wisdom of your ancestors, has been rigidly set apart for the pursuit and destruction of feathered game. Your mind set at rest on this important point, you will be able to give your serious and undivided attention to the business of legislation.

GENTLEMEN OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS,

A large proportion of your number find yourselves within these historic precincts for the first time in your lives. Most of you will never seek to catch the SPEAKER'S eye; some will become tiresome bores; and many will give complete dissatisfaction to deluded and angry constituents.

The Estimates which will be laid before you must, I imagine, in the main be those which the late Administration had the satisfaction of preparing for their successors.

Many sanguine and silly persons seem to expect that the good old times of waste and extravagance, profusion and prodigality, are about to return; and that coals and butchers' meat will be lower, wages and salaries higher, because a Conservative Ministry has succeeded to power. I rather suspect they will be disappointed.

I cannot give an opinion as to the manner in which the Government intend to dispose of the handsome legacy, amounting to several millions, bequeathed to them by their predecessors. Envy, never at any time a dominant passion in my breast when I think of the great, is certainly not now the feeling I entertain towards the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, expected, as he is, to please all classes, and especially that large and important section of the supporters of the Ministry who are looking for the abolition of the Duty on Malt; to say nothing of the Beer interest, the Railway

interest, the Advocates of a Free Breakfast table, the Opponents of the Income Tax, and all the other interests which consider themselves entitled to the lion's share of any surplus there may be.

MY LORDS AND GENTLEMEN,

You are anxious to know what is likely to be the course of this Session's legislation. Smooth, I imagine, but beyond hazarding that conjecture I am unable to assist you with a surmise. The PRIME MINISTER since he kissed hands, has wisely given us no inkling, or pen and inkling, of his policy; and the time that has elapsed since he was cheered by the far-seeing crowd on the railway platform at Windsor has been insufficient for the preparation of any important measures—unless with a sure foresight of recent events, he has employed his leisure, in the recess, in devising such schemes as shall satisfy the nation, delight the Party of which he is the leader, and confirm the allegiance of the Licensed Victuallers, the rural Clergy, and the Retail Tradesmen. Fortunately, the prospect of a Session of tranquil repose cannot be repugnant to a House of Commons, the majority of whose Members owe their Parliamentary being to constituencies which appear to be weary of the ferment of legislative activity, and to desire a season of political hibernation.

Looking, however, a little into the future, it is not impossible that great surprises may be in store for us all. Her Majesty's Ministers may before long resolve that the time has come when the Established Church of England and Wales must submit to some diminution of her powers, privileges, and emoluments; that the Game Laws are a barbarous relic of feudal times calling for instant abolition; that a bold and comprehensive measure for the Municipal Government of the entire Metropolis has been too long neglected and delayed; that Education, to be of any real service, should be compulsory, undenominational, and universal; that the Agricultural Labourer in the counties has an equal claim to the Franchise with the Bricklayer's Labourer in the towns; that Economy and Retrenchment are the only mottoes a Conservative banner should unfold; that the laws regulating the inheritance and settlement of real property demand a thorough revision; and that the most stringent action must be taken, no matter what powerful antagonism is aroused, to control the vice of inebriety and all its accompanying evils. Should a Conservative Ministry bring forward measures framed to accomplish these or similar ends, there can be little doubt that its Parliamentary supporters will speedily see their way to acquiescing in the propriety of their proposals.

It does not appear likely that your attention will be invited to any legislation affecting the trade and manufactures of this great commercial country, seeing that the Minister on whom the care of these vast and momentous interests devolves is not allowed a seat in the Cabinet.

If the Government think it their policy and their duty to direct your attention to Sanitary Legislation, the commonwealth of England cannot fail to be largely benefited. The Minister whose province it would be to prepare plans of such serious importance to the national welfare has also the disadvantage of not being a member of the Cabinet; but as the duties of the Lord Privy Seal are neither extensive nor onerous, that ornamental functionary will, I hope, be utilised for the introduction of Bills of Health into the House of Lords.

It now only remains for me to express my earnest hope that you will generally be diligent in the discharge of your important functions, and that those of you who have never as yet paid the slightest attention to politics, will at once commence that interesting study; that none of you will attempt to speak unless you have something really worth hearing to say; that you will all be as satisfied with yourselves at the close of your labours as you are now, before you have heard the sound of a Division bell, or listened to the Siren voice of the "Whip;" and that, whilst invested with legislative responsibilities, you will be always on the watch to resist the first insidious approaches of unseemly and undignified alumber.

Bad News for Travellers.

A CONTEMPORARY estimates that "a quarter of the Legislature" is composed of Railway Directors. Rather a bad look-out this, we apprehend, for those who hope for accident-preventing legislation. If any Railway Reform Bill is introduced in Parliament, we may feel certain that a quarter of the House, at any rate, will give no quarter to the Bill.

In a Nut-Shell.

"MR. H. W. STANLEY, author of *How I found Livingstone*, is likely to be the first in the field of all the Special Correspondents with his experiences of the Ashantee Campaign."—*Penny-a-liner's Paragraph*.

PUNCH'S Anticipatory Review of this remarkably early work.—
"Soon ripe, soon rotten."



"OTIUM CUM."

74 A. "NICE SPRING MORNING, MR. JAMES! TAKIN' IT EASY?"

Mr. James ("Liberal Party"). "MORNING, MR. ROBERT!"—(Languidly.)—"AH, IF YOU'D A' HAD FIVE YEARS O' HORFICK, YOU'D BE GLAD TO UNBEND A BIT, MY BOY, I CAN TELL YOU!!"

GUN-CLUB REFORM.

THE Gun Club is announced to meet, for its opening day, on Saturday the twenty-eighth instant—the day of the Oxford and Cambridge Boat Race. MR. ORTON, of course, will be unable to assist. The Gun Club, everyone knows, is an association for shooting tame pigeons. Is not this sport itself rather tame in comparison, not, indeed, with battue-shooting, which is even tamer than pigeon-shooting, but with shooting which may be classed among the wild sports of the South-West, and whereof an instance is presented by a local Hampshire paper, in part of a column of news under the heading of "Romsey?" Is not Broadlands near Romsey; stands there not in Romsey a statue of LORD PALMERSTON, besides the old Abbey Church: and is there not, therefore, more to be said of Romsey than that it is called by the older inhabitants of the neighbouring districts "Romsey on the Mud?" Note, further, that, in the language of those parts, "Have you been to Romsey?" is a jocular, and sometimes an irritating question. There is beer at Romsey; the beer is good and strong; at least, it used to be: the Romsey road might be straight, but the homeward walk thereon was often devious. At, or connected with Romsey, there appears to be a sort of minor and rustical Gun Club, and, in the paragraph above referred to, the exploits of some, perhaps, of its members are recorded as below. It is not certain that the gentlemen described as "a few friends" are Quakers:—

"SPARROW SHOOTING.—On Wednesday afternoon a few friends met to shoot off two or three matches at sparrows, as well as several sweepstakes, at Lockerley. The day was bitterly cold, and the betting ranged very much in favour of the birds, as many got away."

At any rate the betters in favour of the birds were, as many birds got away, by so many birds the winners. But the fact to be noted is, that many of the birds did get away. In the case of pigeon-shooting comparatively few birds get away. Herein lies the distinctive difference between the Gun Club which shot sparrows at Lockerley and that which shoots pigeons at Wormwood Scrubbs. Spar-

rows are smaller than pigeons; and being, moreover, wild sparrows, they afford all the wilder sport—as many of them get away. So, therefore, would not the Nobility and Gentry of the Gun Club (now *minus* ORTON) do a comparatively sportsmanlike thing if they would, for the future, take to shooting at sparrows instead of pigeons? If many of the sparrows got away, they would have tested the shooter's skill; as for those which did not get away, so much higher would be the sport of shooting them.

JURY INSURANCE.

It appears that, for the disastrous service imposed on the Special Jury in the monster Orton trial, who, consisting of commercial men, were forced ruinously to neglect their business, the Lords of the Treasury have decided on allowing those unfortunate gentlemen a compensation, to use a word ironically, of not more than three hundred guineas each. We congratulate SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE on following the Lowe example set by his predecessor of cheese-paring memory. It is all very well for the Jury, at news of such inadequate payment for their unparalleled expenditure of time and pains, to exclaim, through their Foreman—"What the Dickens!" All persons liable to serve on juries are liable to be sacrificed in respect of their incomes, if mercantile or professional, for their country's good. Of course the poor Public cannot afford the infinitesimal contribution requisite to pay individuals for their loss of time. Individuals must make up their minds for ruin, as for death, when the lot falls on them to suffer for the community at large, without looking for amends which would cost its members severally a fraction of a fraction of a farthing. He that objects to thus becoming a victim to Society would likewise be as selfish and unpatriotic as to complain of being selected to be eaten by his countrymen in a community of cannibals. Nevertheless, it would be a convenience if there were instituted a Jury Insurance Company, in which people in danger of being summoned to serve on Juries might insure their means of living against that calamity.



A STUDY OF INDECISION.

Stout Party (to himself). "H'm! UNDER, OR OVER?—THAT IS THE QUESTION!"

FENIAN DOVES IN CAGES.

THE weather on Sunday last week was quite mild. So, comparatively, was a Fenian Amnesty Demonstration, held in Hyde Park. Government was told that, if the Fenian prisoners were pardoned, they would emigrate, and give no more trouble. Nothing stronger appears to have come of the meeting than a Resolution representing "That the continued detention of forty political prisoners, who were only subordinates in the Fenian movement, the leaders of which have been set free, is inconsistent and unstatesmanlike, and that this meeting respectfully requests the Right Hon. BENJAMIN DISRAELI, First Lord of the Treasury, to use his influence with HER MAJESTY to extend the Royal prerogative in favour of an amnesty to these suffering men." Now, really this is a request, almost a supplication, couched in language very much like that which infant petitioners are recommended to use when they are told to "speak pretty." But is this uncommonly modest petition founded on fact? Is it true that the Fenian ravens have been let go, and that only the Fenian Doves remain caged, and in penal servitude? If so, perhaps the Right Honourable BENJAMIN DISRAELI may indeed see reason to think that continued rigour towards the doves is neither consistent with the lenity which has been extended to the ravens, nor exactly statesmanlike.

It is remarkable that, in the march of the Fenian Amnesty procession to Hyde Park, it was joined by the members of several Temperance Societies, who, with their bands and banners, fell into it in Trafalgar Square. This Temperance infusion, unlike tea, as it operates at most tea-meetings, seems to have had the very unusual effect of inducing temperate language. Perhaps the Fenian Amnesty question had already been discussed once by its promoters, taking counsel twice, according to the rule referred to in *Tristram Shandy*, after the manner of the ancient Scythians. Having, previously to Sunday, deliberated on it in a state of potheen, perhaps they met to consider it again on Sunday in a condition of sobriety.

The musical element, of which there is generally a liberal allowance in a Hyde Park demonstration, appears to have entered rather more largely than usual into this last one. The reporters note that when the meeting broke up, the bands played its various sections off the ground, to the tunes of "*God Save Ireland*," "*Rory O'Moore*," and "*Garry Owen*." These melodious and harmonious performances may have been meant to signify professions of concord, and to claim credit for the demonstration, as the very reverse of the man who hath no music in his soul, described by SHAKESPEARE. If that man is fit for

treasons, those other men, whose souls are musical, ought to be loyal-minded. Can it be that, possibly, they intended thus to profess themselves? Renunciation of "Home-Rule" might perchance have the effect of disposing ears to listen to the protestation of the Fenian prisoners that, if their treason were forgiven them this once, they would never do so any more.

COUNTER-CHARGES.

(*Manchester v. St. David's.*)

Two Bishops have spoke
On the Indian Famine.
May *Punch* leave his joke,
Either charge to examine?

One is Manchester's, noted
For sense and discerning;
One St. David's, devoted
To logic and learning.

Punch feels the less prest
His free comment to blench,
As both B.s are the best
Of the bunch—that is—Bench.

BISHOP FRAZER represses
All private donation;
Since to fight such distress is
The work of the nation.

"To make the State heedful,
All Charity chill;
As we can't give what's needful,
We'd better give—*nil*!"

THIRLWALL holds that we merit
The blessing of Heaven,
Less by gifts, than the spirit,
In which they are given.

So, no aid would refuse,—
No time's, money's devotion,—
Though all all can do's
But a drop in the Ocean.

With St. David's *Punch* might,
And would rather, be wrong,
Than with Manchester right;
And so sums up his song.

"Let us give, much or little,
(Our most will fall short)
If we look for aqualtal
In Conscience's Court.

"All the crumbs from BULL's table—
Yours—mine—all together,
Will scarce India enable
The tempest to weather.

"With all the State's doing,
And all it can do,
Starvation is sufig
To me and to you.

"If rich, pounds let us save,
If poor, pence let us spare;
But don't let us wave
Cool good-bye to Despair!

"Prudence talked out of place
Is the talk of a fool—
So, with *Punch*, set your face
'Gainst this Manchester School!"

Mind your H's.

THE School of Cookery in last year's International Exhibition was so deservedly popular, that we can fully understand MRS. TEMPLE BARE's satisfaction at hearing that a "Committee for Heating" is again at work this season. But we are afraid there is some mistake, and that this worthy lady and capital housekeeper has not yet mastered what has been the great difficulty of her life—the proper application of the aspirate.

ECCLESIASTICAL EXTREMES.



for the appointment of a Diocesan Council, partly lay, partly clerical, empowered, in the matter of rites and ceremonies, to enforce clerical obedience to lawful authority. This

THERE are not a few persons of ill-constituted mind to whom no spectacle affords greater amusement than that of glaring inconsistency solemnly practised by grave and reverend persons. What fun for such cynical catiffs it must be to contemplate the Church Clergy, High and Low, whose proper function mainly is to preach respect for the laws, disobeying the decisions of the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council in general, and its judgment in the *Purchas* case, in particular, right and left! Nobody should grudge anybody legitimate diversion; but canonical decency must be observed; and therefore the Bishops have, it is said, at a recent conference, agreed on a Bill

proposal is denounced by certain partisans, apparently holding the infallibility dogma, as it is understood by the Ritualists, who contend that Reverend Gentlemen should be left to be, in the construction of Rubrics and Articles, and their practice accordingly, a law unto themselves.

If any Clergyman chose to sacrifice a cock to *Æsculapius*, or a bull to *Pluto*, or were such a Ritualist as to celebrate the rites of *Bacchus* in his parish church, he would probably be at once removed, under a medical certificate, to an asylum for the insane. It is by no means clear that the simultaneous celebration of Mass in a Protestant place of worship could not be as effectually and legally stopped, in like manner. But let the Clergy be chartered to conduct the Church Services by their own interpretation of Church rules, and what is to prevent any one of them from saying or doing anything under the name of service, or, indeed, of saying and doing nothing at all, and sitting silent, himself and his congregation, after the manner of a meeting of the *Society of Friends*? Why should not Quakers be imitated if Roman Catholics may? And let it not be forgotten by churchgoers who object to narcotics, that the imitation of Quakers would very often involve no sermon.

MOTTO FOR MINISTERS (by a Scottish Licensed Victualler).—Beer and for-beer.

CINDERS AND CHIGNONS.

WE have now nearly survived Lent. Another year almost will have to elapse before the return of Ash Wednesday can enable any of the Ritualist Clergy of the Church of England to imitate, if so disposed, the observance of that day as practised by certain Roman-Catholic priests this year in Austria. These worthy ecclesiastics, according to the *New Free Press*, took the opportunity of the first day of Lent to attempt putting a stop to the prevalent excess of female apparel in the matter of head-dress, or, as the *Morning Post* puts it, "the practice so generally in vogue among females of all classes of dressing up their hair in an outrageous style." Our British contemporary, quoting our German, continues:—

"It is customary for devout girls, in some of the Roman-Catholic countries, on Ash Wednesday to apply for ashes to put upon their heads, meekly kneeling in front of the altar. The reforming priests have this year refused the gift to all who do not wear their hair in unpretentious style."

As Ritualism and an outrageous style of dressing the hair to a great extent coincide amongst fashionable females, the Ritualist Parsons of England will, next Ash Wednesday, if the present style remain so long in vogue, have it in their power, by a twofold imitation of Romish priests, to endeavour at least to effect a great reform in ladies' "heads." They can adopt the practice of distributing ashes, and likewise imitate the measure of refusing this cinerary coiffure to girls wearing fantastic head-gear. Such refusal of ashes would perhaps be felt as keenly as, in other days, and other circumstances, would have been, an ecclesiastical prohibition of hair-powder.

To be sure, it may be doubted if many English young ladies would be likely to present themselves postulants for ashes to be placed upon a head-dress of form, dimensions, and structure such as that they now commonly wear. That fabric, known by the general name of chignon, is in part factitious; and although to the simple-mindedness of Austrian maidens inconsistency may be invisible, yet, surely, very few of our own darlings can be so extremely obtuse as not to see that the idea of strewing ashes of penitence on false hair would be too absurd.

Political Heroism.

WE are glad to be assured, by fully competent authorities, that most of the ex-M.P.'s, who lost their seats at the Election, have borne their disappointment in an ex-M.P.lary manner.

ODD.—In an advertisement for places as Milliners, the advertisers express themselves as ready "to cut out and take orders." This sounds like an offer for duties something between an Errand Boy and a Curate, and means neither.

OUR SENTIMENTAL SONGSTERS.

IF we may judge by the advertisements, our Song-writers just now must be extremely busy. Hardly a day passes without our notice being called to some new batch of ballads, every one of which is pretty certain to delight the ears of all who hear it, at least, if we may credit the opinion of its publishers.

Some people fancy that the age of sentiment, like that of chivalry, is past: but, if a title be a guide to the purport of a song, we certainly should say that there is, at least, at present, no lack of a demand for sentimental ditties. Foremost in the list before us, we find one which is entitled "*Love Wakes and Weeps*," which may be followed, in a day or two, for aught that we can tell, by "*Love Moans and Groans*," or "*Love Sighs and Cries and Dies*," or something equally heart-rending. Then we see announced a song about "*Those Little Words Good-bye*" which, no doubt, will be succeeded by "*That Tiny Term Ta-Ta*," or by a song for a sweet tenor voice, "*Good Night, Old Boy, Good Night*," or by a charming little chanson, "*Mon Amie, Au Revoir*!"

As for "*The Homeward Watch*," which we described as being vastly popular, for anything we know, it may bear reference to the heroes of the Black Watch, who are now returning homeward from Ashantee. Assuredly we therefore should not vastly welcome any unheroic plagiary, such as "*The Outward-bound Chronometer*," or, "*The Clock now gone on Tick*." We should not be surprised, however, if a few of our burlesque writers be tempted now to parody a song which once was popular, and introduce a British Soldier returning from the war, and singing very cheerily the old air, "*My Heart and Loot*." To recall it to the memory of our Mediæval readers, we may just knock off the first line or two:—

"*Scams, Polly's Cottage. Polly seated at the tea-table. Enter British Hero, with a very little bundle, and a very big umbrella. Sings—*

"I give thee all, I've got no more,
Though poor the offering be,
My heart and loot from COFFEY's store;
And now let's have some tea!"

Hayman versus Glasse.

THE Counsel for the Plaintiff in this case stated that his Client's treatment had been unfair beyond precedent. Surely this is a mistake. Have we not heard before of a HAYMAN, who wishing to suspend another, was himself suspended instead.

A NICE INVESTMENT.—Amongst the advertisements of new undertakings we notice one of "The Universal Disinfecter Company." Our broker has instructions to procure us some shares, if they are in good odour.



THE FIRST OF APRIL.

Young Man from the Country (to Policeman in Moorgate Street). "WHERE IS FINSBURY CIRCUS?"

Constable (on the alert, sternly). "WHY, WHERE IT WAS YESTERDAY, YOUNG FELLER. NONE O' YER LARKS WITH ME!"

CATS VERSUS WIVES.

REVERED MR. PUNCH,

I AM moved to address you by the two following circumstances:—A gentleman (name, as *Mr. Tools* says, "of no consequence") was, the other day, sent to prison for fourteen days by one of our Metropolitan Magistrates for smashing a cat; and a day or two after, at the Durham Assizes, a man was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment for the comparatively venial offence of kicking his wife to death. Of course, if the woman had not been perverse enough to die, we should never have heard a word about this "little affair." But, as she did, there was a fuss made about it, and the poor husband was committed, tried, and even, *proh pudor!* sentenced. Luckily the Judge was able to mark his sense of the harshness of such proceedings on the part of committing Magistrates and Grand Jury by the leniency of his sentence.

Deductions:—

Firstly.—It is the glorious privilege of the British subject to torture his wife as much as he likes, providing she doesn't die under it.

Secondly.—For the small consideration of twelve months' imprisonment, he may kill her outright, if he confines himself to his natural weapons—hands, fists, hob-nailed boots, and articles of furniture. A knife may entail awkward consequences, but, really, it is quite unnecessary.

Thirdly.—The above punishments give us the equation, 1 wife = 24 cats—(within a fraction).

Fourthly.—How grateful we ought to be that we have a "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals;" and how thankful married men ought to be that it does not as yet include those lower animals called wives!

Fifthly.—What a subject of national pride it should be that SIR G. WOLSKLEY has put down, by treaty, the custom of human sacrifice in Ashantee! Perhaps, now that we have finished with KING COFFEE, we shall have time to "humanise" our own Black Country-

LADIES' BOAT-RACE FAVOURS.

At two chief seasons of the year
Do diverse ribbons meet the eye;
One is when Christmas-tide is near:
And one when Easter draweth nigh.

As Butchers trim prime beef's "warm gules,"
With azure bows the sight that catch,
So Poulterers, heeding contrast's rules,
White turkeys deck with pink to match.

Their several favours thus the Fair
Mount for Cam's or Isis' Crew,
But, in far greater part, they wear
The symbols of the Lighter Blue.

Must we suppose that Oxford, then,
At discount stands in Cupid's mart,
And at a premium Cambridge men
In Woman's soft and gentle heart?

Not so! with no such partial views
The favourite colour is displayed!
For most complexions, of the blues,
Light is the most becoming shade.

Were Oxford's dark-blue pink instead,
Then pink and azure worn would be
In such proportions as in red
And white at Christmas-time we see.

"In the Cold Shade."

Query by an Indignant Nationalist.

DOES MR. DISRAELI purpose to plant again in Ireland what MR. GLADSTONE so well called the "Upas tree," when he places our unhappy island thus, "*Sub tegmine Fagi*,"—under the baleful shadow of a BEACH?

THE FUNDS FOR EVER!

APPLY any portion of the Surplus to the Reduction of the National Debt? Certainly not. If the National Debt were extinguished, the Nation would owe nothing to itself. Of course it would then pursue a still more undignified policy than any which can possibly have merited the sarcasms of Continental critics.

men, the British collier, and his fellow savages of various trades and tribes.

Sixthly (and lastly).—What a wonderful and beautiful thing is the Penal Law, as administered.

Yours, bewildered,

JOHN SMITH.

P.S.—More bewildered than ever since he has read that HER MAJESTY has been pleased to extend her gracious pardon to the cat-killer, but has forgotten, apparently, the ill-used husband!

CAPER LAURI-VORUS.

"The goat, the gift of the Corporation to the Regiment, was then formally handed over, but left at liberty, an indulgence of which he took advantage when COLONEL DRAYTON presented COLONEL MOSTYN with a laurel-wreath, which the latter officer held carelessly for a moment while the troops were moving off; *King Coffee* (the goat) then advancing unobserved, began to browse upon it till in part it was mere twigs."—(*Reception of the 23rd Fusiliers at Portsmouth.*)—*Standard*, March 21, 1874.

THEIR capers He-goats ought to quit,

When they have taken the QUEEN's shilling!
Thy Greek sires had their weasands slit
At Bacchus' shrine, his vines for killing.

But thus to munch Fame's glorious wreath!

Browse thus upon the Laurel crown!—
The prize of Victory, wrung from Death,
In red brands of Coomassie town!

Or didst thou purpose, all the while,

To hint, what we may blush to utter,
That "glory," to the rank and file,
Means, at least, *should mean*, "Bread and butter"?

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



N^o if Punch—(*quod Dii avertant*!) had to form an Administration, he would pray that it might be after a resignation just before the opening of a Session, for then Ministers can fairly call upon ex-Ministers to do all the "cleaning up," to explain away the jobs, get out of the messes, dodge the questions,—nay, even to defend the estimates, while Ministers have but coolly to ask for what they want in advance, and get it.

Thanks to this happy conjuncture, we have had the pleasant sight—to an ironical Punch—of MR. SHAW-LEFEVRE getting up again to defend the purchase of the *Dromedary*—that very fishy bargain of the late Admiralty, in which the *Pall Mall*, and one or two other people and papers, will insist on seeing something very like a job—a sop, they say, to the Union Steamboat Company, who sold her just after they had been forced to give up that capital Zanzibar contract, so handsomely conceded by the RIGHT HONOURABLE ROBERT LOWE.

If the *Dromedary* was a job, (MR. LEFEVRE ingenuously pleads,) she was such a little one—only cost £15,000 at first, and carried a load of soldiers to the Gold Coast (when we had to hire transports for the trip at twice the money), and didn't go to the

bottom, and wasn't so much slower than her comrades, and isn't so very rotten, after all—at least, has a right to the benefit of the doubt on that point, *till* she is surveyed and condemned. And then MR. SHAW-LEFEVRE will, we doubt not, be furnished with a fresh set of reasons to justify the purchase.

Pleasant, as SAMUEL PEPPS would have said, to note how now-a-days every fault found with the late Administration is certain of being fairly weighed, every blot hit in their record at once put in train of searching inquiry, every reason against anything of their doing sure of the most impartial consideration.

New brooms never sweep anything so clean as the dirt left behind by the last tenants.

Of course it is not MR. WARD HUNT who need wince under my LORD LAUDERDALE's searching Monday review of our sea-going iron-clads. It is not for nothing that his Lordship lives near a Dockyard, and keeps his weather-eye open. According to the counts in my Lord's indictment, out of our 33 sea-going iron-clads, 13 want new boilers, while 7 are shaky, leaving us only 10 efficient armoured ships out of our 33 on paper. Or, gauging the strength of their wood and iron, 16 of the 33 have only 4½ inch plates—armour which guns of the period can smash like paper—while of 14 the wood is rotten, be the iron what it may.

Of course, LORD MALMESBURY, as Minister in charge, waited for an explanation from my LORD CAMPERDOWN, Explainer for the late Admiralty, and the Representative of ADMIRAL DUNCAN, made the best case he could for BRITANNIA's ugly ducklings. After all, there is a crumb or two of comfort in store for us. If our 33 iron-clads are such a shaky lot, what of the 299 armoured ships of all nations, which LORD LAUDERDALE hangs over us in *terrorem*?

The DUKE of SOMERSET (still in his character of candid friend to his quondam colleagues), pointed out that the measure of work doing in the Dockyards is the number of men employed; (delighted to hear it, from so good an authority). When he was in Office, he was called extravagant—(never by *Mr. Punch*, he will take his davy)—because he employed 18,000 workmen. After '70, the number was cut down to 11,200, but only to rise to 12,800 (in '71 and '72) and 13,500 (in '72 and '73). He should move for returns to show our tonnage in iron-clads, and the life of their boilers.

Then there was talk about Weights and Measures, and a notice from the EARL of LIMERICK, for returns of our Militia strength, and statistics of its recruiting, which, he thought, would show falling off in that estimable force.

Opposition Explainer on his legs again, for late Government. LORD LANSDOWNE did not think there was any symptom of Militia decline. 25,000 to 26,000 recruits had enlisted last year—a fair proportion of the 28,000 required to keep up the establishment of 140,000, on the five years' service scheme.

The same night the Commons had a vast variety of talk (*à la* WHITTAKER) on a vast variety of subjects—Election Expenses, Museums, Railway Accidents, the late Dissolution, Land Laws, the River Shannon, the Bengal Famine, Wormwood Scrubs, Civil Service Writers, Telegraphic Communications, Foreign Office Clerks—(LORD DREBY doesn't see his way to raise their salaries, and—*pace* SIR DRUMMOND WOLFE, whose kind efforts for his quondam comrades do him credit—F. O. Clerkships are the prizes of the Service already, with their chances of a diplomatic *début*, and their social cachet); Sandhurst—(the War Office, we are glad to see, means to discontinue the stupid blunder of sending young Officers back to school after doing duty with their regiments); Cavalry Inspection, and Registration of Letters. A pretty good range!

Then we came to Income-tax, MR. SANDFORD moving to exempt £500 incomes—by way of raising the question how the Income-tax might best be modified.

MR. SCOURFIELD could not admit we had a surplus, while we had a debt. At the same time he did not see why we should be in any "desperate hurry to fritter our means away in paying our debts"—to quote BRUMMEL.

MR. LAING delivered an excellent lecture in favour of Income-tax—"the key-stone of our finance, which has kept the arch tight since PERK put it in thirty years ago; which averts deficits, staves off panics, keeps up our credit, supplies sinews of war, enables us to remit taxation, diminish national debt, adjust JOHN BULL's load fairly between the big and small of his back; is at once fly-wheel,

governor, and lubricating-box of our financial engine." What fools we should be to sacrifice such a blessing! Dear, dear! one never knows, till one is told by a clever man like MR. LAING, how much one has to be thankful for! "Unpopular! Well, what tax is not unpopular? Suppose exemption could be extended to £200, with £100 deduction between, say £200 and £400, the mode of assessment might be improved. At any rate, better wait till we see what the surplus would be. Then what delightful things the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER might do! Why, he might even take off the Railway Passengers' Duty!"

Ah-ha! SAMUEL, SAMUEL! Are you there, old fox? *Tu es orfèvre, Maître Jossé.*

MR. HERMON hoped the tax would be made less inquisitorial; MR. C. LEWIS did not want to see it improved—except off the face of the earth; MR. HOBBS thought the House had better cease talking about it, till they could talk business; and LORD R. MONTAGUE (not at all wanted) begged in our ancient friend—the Old Man of the Sea.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER facetiously reminded the House that though there might be no indiscretion in asking any number of questions, there might be much in one little answer, and thanked Honourable Members for their contributions to the Budget.

Then Army and Navy were voted £2,000,000; Civil Service, £1,816,000; and Revenue Department, £1,856,000 in advance—financial year drawing to an end, and young ravens in these Services having to be fed.

The East India Loan Bill was read a Second Time, after an ineffectual plea for delay. *Bis dat qui cito dat*—particularly to hungry bellies.

And then, when MR. BURT and MR. BRYAN had moved to bring in Irish Municipal and Franchise Bills—assimilating Erin to England in both—the House, after this lively canter, adjourned at twenty minutes to seven. The whole night's performance may be described as a series of rapid acts, if not leading to anything in particular.

On Tuesday the House of Lords was on Railway Accidents, with a general feeling (shared out of doors) that the Companies want looking after, and their servants, as well as Passengers, protecting.

The House of Commons was two hours debating MR. HEYGATE'S Sessional Rule (it has stood the test of two Sessions with general acceptance) that no opposed Bill be taken after half-past twelve. When the clock strikes the magic half-hour—the House allows its Members half an hour more than the fairy godmother allowed Cinderella—the senatorial splendour is to drop from the Member in charge of Bill, who will at once sink into his natural nothingness.

And here the House had the first sensation of the Session. A hundred and ten of Acton's pack turned on their master, so many from the Government side going into one lobby with MR. HEYGATE, while MR. DISRAELI went into the other with MR. DILLWYN. The two had agreed to exempt from the Rule Bills that had passed Committee. The split might have been accident. It looked like a spark of mutiny.

To work off its excitement the House had some of the hardy annuals brought out—MR. P. TAYLOR'S Abolition of Game Laws, and MR. NEWDEGATE'S Visitation of Monk-and-Nunneries—

"Spring after spring, they flourish but to fade."

The first Wednesday was a short one—three hours with DILKE, over his Bill (defeated by 201 to 126) to keep Parliamentary polls open from 8 to 8. There was a great deal of *pro* and *con*. with cross-currents of experience and opinion. MR. CAVE did not know why Working-men alone should not put up with a little inconvenience. (Even Mr. Punch had to breakfast at the inconveniently early hour of eight at his last county election, and had to go without toast in consequence, as the kitchen-fire had not burnt clear.) MR. ROEBUCK had heard of no inconvenience in Sheffield. MR. MUNDELLA had heard of a great deal. MR. CROSS deprecated patch-work legislation (how Ministers should bless the inventor of that useful phrase!), and could not see that a grievance had been made out. At any rate, there was only one petition—from Lambeth. At Oldham about 17,000 contrived to vote, out of 18,000 on the register. That didn't look much like difficulty in the way of the Working-man who really cared about his vote.

MR. FORSTER thought there was a grievance in the large towns. SIR CHARLES'S Bill, however, made no distinction. The stern Baronet said he would be glad to accept a Select Committee: but the House preferred to throw out the Bill. MR. GLADSTONE voted in the minority. MR. DISRAELI did not vote. (Chief Justice *Punch*: "grievance not proved as opened. As to remedy, it must follow the grievance (c. a. v.).")

On Thursday LORD CHANCELLOR CAIRNS brought in his Bill for establishing a Register of Titles—not of deeds, remember. That was LORD WESTBURY'S mistake in 1862. He required all deeds—or, more puzzling still, their effect in registering party's opinion—to be registered. So nobody would register their land-dealings—

registration not being compulsory; and the office established under the dead letter of 1862 remains to be vivified by the touch of CAIRNS in 1874.

The measure now brought in is a reproduction of LORD CAIRNS' Bill of 1859; and a remodelling, with the aid of Vice-Chancellor SIR CHARLES HALL, of LORD SKELBORNE'S Bill of last Session. So the two greatest real property lawyers of the time—ominous conjunction!—are, for once, of a mind; and CHANCELLOR and Ex—with the double X's, HATHERLEY and CHELMSFORD, will, no doubt, contribute their best lights to the new Bill. *Proxit.*

Let *Punch* note this first redemption of a promise of the QUEEN'S speech, and in a crying matter,—the cruel costs of land-transfer.

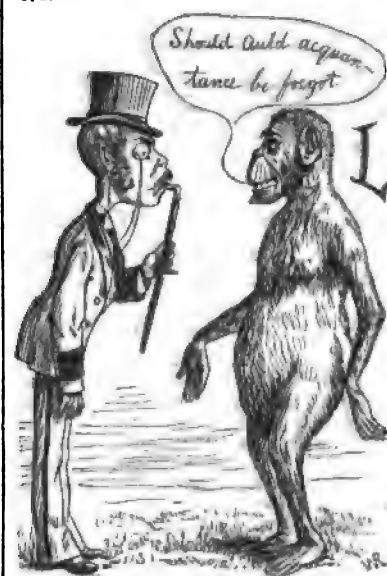
Talk of doing deeds! Think of the deeds we land-owners (*hem!*) have so long submitted to be done by!—those Title-deeds for sixty years back (forty is to be enough henceforward) and their investigation "in chambers," and the queries upon them, and the queries upon the queries, and the conferences, and the maddening delays—and the COSTS of it all!

When *Punch* looks round on his modest suburban freehold, and counts up the expense of its transfer to his hands from the wreck of that too speculative corn-merchant, who came to grief on Black Monday, 1846, he feels inclined to burst into song in the bosom of his family,

"Count land-transfer costs
Then and now, my dear bairns,
And you'll lift up your hands,
And bless the CHANCELLOR CAIRNS."

IN MEMORIAM.

"The Chimpanzee of the Zoological Gardens is dead!"—*Times*, March 21, 1874.



AMENT our poor brother departed!—

From anthropoid anthropos began—
And DARWIN deep mourning has started,
For this "*Princeps editio*" of man!

It seems as if Nature had matched him
And his visitors, man against brute;
But those who most closely have watched him,
On the rivalry choose to be mute.

Look at him—thus peacefully lying,
Manhood hid quadrumanhood within!
If developed, he might have feared dying,
As it is, what a 'scape of our sin!

Had selection made him man of monkey,
And taught him to cringe, cheat, and lie—
A la mode of my lord and his funkay,—
He had found it less easy to die.

No monkey speaks ill of a brother;
Chimpanzees hand o'er slander to man:
But could apes sit to cut up each other,
There he lies, let them say all they can!

He was not paid to slaughter and plunder,
He was not paid to lie in a wig;
He ne'er out-roared Truth with Press-thunder,
Milked a horse, or ran Stock Exchange rig!

He ne'er lived to be husband or father,
Or a model of both we had seen;
So much from his conduct we gather,
Since his home with the Zoolos has been.

Brother men, Chimpanzees thought too plainly,
You ne'er, do your utmost, can be,
Yet aspire—may it not be all vainly—
As good as poor *Joey* to be!



A WEST-END NOTION OF "HUMBLE ORIGIN."

Belgravian Crossing-Sweeper (offended). "WHY, I RECOLLEX YER WHEN YER WOS LIVIN' IN THE REGENCY PARK!"

FROM OUR OWN "OCCASIONAL."

PARIS, March 26.

NON curvis contingit adire Corinthum. It is not every man who can obtain admission to the Eleusinia—the sacred mysteries—of the last *répétition générale* of a new play at the Théâtre Français. The properest men and the improperest women solicit in vain; even the members of the Français themselves are not admitted without tickets. But it was enough to breathe the name of *Punch* to the door-keeper, and I was there, free as air,—

"*Punch* hath his servants at each private view,
On the free list, from China to Peru."

(I hope I may take the liberty of improving DR. JOHNSON, if MR. MANN may amend BOSWELL.)

REMUSAT was there—in the Manager's private box—and I dreamed of Utopian days when LORD GRANVILLE should sit in MR. BATEMAN'S at a full rehearsal of a drama by GEORGE ELIOT; and Mlle. FARGUEIL was there; and BLANCHE PIERSON was there; and I was there. So, I confess, were others: the Theatre being, in point of fact, full.

Full! yes, I should think so; full, from Pit to Paradise, of such an audience as an Actor might give his eyes to play to. Notabilities political, social, literary, dramatic; all eager and intent, and missing not a point as it fell; applauding rarely, but with true discrimination; enthusiastic once or twice, more often expressing approval by that indescribable kind of "coo," which is such a treat to hear—the same ripple of sound which just stirs an Italian audience sitting at an opera, at some subtle phrase or turn of melody. We don't do that in London—"that enlightened capital, without whose verdict of approval no Italian *artiste*, &c." We like our singers good-looking, and we like them loud. But, without that, "no *artiste*, &c." Ah! we know a lot, in matters of Art, we do. And we know that we know it. But to return to our rehearsal. Could it be really a rehearsal? I have seen such things in London, on the morning before a first performance.—Some of the actors, some of the dresses, and some of the words. Not much of anything—except interruptions. A few scene-shifters to advise, and some

carpenters to look on. "Never mind, it will be all right at night: " only it's all wrong, generally. So hopeful for the drama, and so fair to the author! Of course, say his critics, "An impossible play, though the management has done its best for it. But, where *did* he get it from?" There is some difference here. A perfect performance throughout, speaking of months of care, resulting in a perfect mastery of detail, with only one quaint sign that it was a rehearsal at all. There is a certain "Scosh milor," well played by FEBRE, who appeared in the earlier Acts with a thick light beard and no moustache—very suggestive of Bedford Row. In the last Act he took to whiskers, and the trick was done. He became quite the "milor," and undeniably "Scosh."

I say nothing of the play, of which all the world is having its say now. The Seventh Commandment is a good deal broken, and it must be nearly time to mend it. But I felt that it was a proud moment, as I walked along the Boulevards, tingling all over from the terrible realism of CROISSETTE'S death, which had startled that strong audience into a sudden chill of silence, and bound them to their seats for some seconds after the curtain had fallen. I know all about *Le Sphinx*, Gentlemen, while you are fighting for seats to-morrow.

And so out on the Boulevards, in the broad daylight. Groups of men talking of many matters—of the Septennat and the last dodge of the Duc d'IMBROGLIO, of Chiselhurst, and what not; but mostly of plays.

M. SARDOU, they say, will follow up *L'Oncle Sam* by a companion picture of English life, called *Le Lor Maire*. The play opens in *Lor Luz's* private study at the Mansion House, and discovers him reading the telegram of the Oxford Eight. The room is called "*Le Nid du Maire*." The play culminates in the indignant rising of the Thames to an unprecedented height, overwhelming "*les Darc-Bleus*;" while the waters divide, to allow Cambridge to pass dry-shod. Scriptural tableaux are very popular here. This is the earliest intelligence, and may be relied on.

The great heart of France has been stirred to its depths by the recent insult to our Chief Magistrate. Under the *coup* of this appalling idea, Sir, let us take a walk down the Boulevards, till we recover from our excitement!



THE LEVEE OF THE SEASON.

THE INTER-UNIVERSITY TOURNAMENT.



PUNCH's University Correspondent informs him that, but for the failure of certain arrangements of detail, the following competitions would have been added to the annual Oxford and Cambridge boat-race, athletic sports, and matches at billiards, rackets, and chess:—

First, a grand oratorical display between the Presidents of the Oxford and Cambridge Union Societies, assisted by the foremost speakers of those bodies. The subject of debate to be ethico-political. Inductive argument, or gestulation of any kind,

strictly forbidden. DR. KENEALY, Q.C., to be sole referee and umpire. The arrangements unfortunately fell through, as the SPEAKER did not in sufficient time express an intention of placing the floor and tea-room of the House of Commons at the disposal of the competitors.

Secondly, a grand Inter-University Pea-shooting contest. Conditions of the match to be that a private omnibus be hired for the conveyance of the competitors, and the same to be driven at a foot's pace from the Marble Arch to Regent's Circus. The rival candidates, in their proper colours, to be ranged back to back on the "knifeboard" of the vehicle, and the victory to be adjudged to that University whose representatives received the greatest number of summonses from outraged pedestrians.

Thirdly, a Match, four a side, for the most stunningly-dressed Undergraduates. The rival representatives to walk arm-in-arm once up and down Regent Street, at three o'clock in the afternoon. Captains to toss for choice of the sunny side of the street. Masque regalia not allowable.

Finally, a grand game of Draughts, to be played at Exeter Hall. Doors to be open at eight P.M. Six representative players of each University. The conditions of the match to be that each pair shall play three games; time to be called at eleven P.M. The losers to pay all expenses incidental to the hire of the Hall. The general public to be admitted by half-guinea tickets. The proceeds, if any, to go to the liquidation of the National Debt.

The revived Olympian Games were to have closed with an Inter-University Bull-dog Show at the Agricultural Hall, and an Exhibition of coloured Meerschaums at the Albert Ditto, with a massive gold medal for the ugliest canine and the loveliest clay, bearing the motto "*Detur digniori*," to be awarded by Her Gracious Majesty in person.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

At the Criterion and generally Round About.

SIR,

THE Criterion, "which," the proprietors would probably say, if they had any leisure for joking, "is not a criterion to go by, but one to enter"—possesses one of the prettiest, if not quite the prettiest (and I don't think, as the fat boy said, "I know a meerer") theatre in London. It is most elegant in its fittings, furniture, and decorations; and the one fault in its stalls is, that the backs of the seats are at such an angle to their base, as to render a passage between the rows embarrassing and unpleasant. It's all very well to say that the seats are moveable, and that the sitters can make room for you to pass if they are only willing to do so. But, as a rule, they are not willing. An Englishman once seated in a place of amusement regards every new arrival who may have to pass him as a borish intruder. By sacrificing one line of stalls, the comfort of the passer-by and the squatter would be secured; and this is worth consideration. In every other respect the interior of the Theatre seemed to Your Representative to be all that one could desire. Like the *Athénée* in Paris, and the *Opéra Comique*, the Criterion Theatre is *dans le cave*: but—

"I have been there, and still would go;
'Tis like a little Heaven below;"

that is, in a theatrical sense. Also, Your Representative must qualify the expression, "still would go," by adding, "when *Topsy-turvydom* is out of the bill." But for one song, tellingly rendered by MISS HOLLAND, it would have been all up with this wearisome piece. The idea, not a new one, was whimsical enough in itself, and would do, as it has done already, well enough on paper, or, when grotesquely illustrated, in a scene of a *Pantomime*, or *Extravaganza*. Since the first night, *Topsy-turvydom*, which commenced its unhappy career at the bottom of the bill, has been placed at the top, so as to be as much out of the way as possible, and perhaps, ere this appears, it will have been relegated to the limbo of Theatrical failures, in company with the *Blue Legged Lady*, *Charity*, and the Second Act of *Committed for Trial*. In those dismal Realms of Joy, *dramatis personæ* from the *Palace of Truth*, *Happy Arcadia*, and *Creatures of Impulse*, may meet together, bemoan their sad fate, think what they might have been if they only had their chances over again and could unite in making one good piece all together, instead of being compelled to suffer the consequences of being brought into the world as the weak offspring of a thoroughly worn-out idea.

From this melancholy spectacle—it wasn't a spectacle at all in the theatrical sense—it is refreshing to turn to MR. BYRON'S *American Lady*, emphatically MR. BYRON'S *American Lady* and nobody else's. There is a plot, as there was in the same author's *Haunted Houses* (does any one remember this remarkably ingenious play at the Adelphi?), Your Representative will on oath depose to its existence; at the same time he must take this opportunity of expressing his unbounded admiration of the detective-like faculties of the critics who actually discovered, and published it next morning. The dialogue sparkled in the gaslight, and the author, who himself played one of the characters, had taken care that all his lines should be cast in pleasant places. Every line he threw out furnished with a sharp hook, well baited, caught its fish.

Of course, given such a subject as an *American Lady*, and there is no one in town to play it like MRS. JOHN WOOD. If MRS. WOOD will not play in *Opéras Bouffes*, and when suited with a bouffe part, she is incomparable, well—you can't deal with her as the bird, that can sing but won't sing, is treated in the proverb.

So much for the *Criterion*, and now for a look round.

Philip is still "on his way through the 'theatrical' world," at the *Lycæum*, but I have not yet discovered who sings that boat-song, "Ohé! Ohé! on the banks of the Guadalquivir," behind the scenes? Is it, or is it not, MR. HAMILTON AIDÉ himself? *Juan* should be described in the bills in the old fashion thus—

Juan (with a song, without), MR. CLAYTON.

If *Philip* becomes a stock drama, *Juan* will, I suppose, fall to the singing comedian who is usually cast for *Sir Harry* in the *School for Scandal*.

There is some talk of reviving "Charles his friend" during the season (I mean MR. WILLS'S *Charles*), and on dit that the *Bells* are to be heard again. This is ringing the changes. Then there's to be MR. TOOLE at the Globe at Easter, in a new piece by MR. ALBERT. *The Clandestine Marriage*, and much work for the *Opéra Bouffe* department at the Gaiety about the same time.

"O what a season we are having!" is, I hear, to be the cry. The German Reed *troupe* opens at St. George's Hall, and LEOCO'S new Comic Opera is to be played by the Belgian Company in London somewhere about June.

I am informed by a gentleman who kindly represented Your Representative in his stall at M. HUMBERT'S Theatre at Brussels, that in some respects *Giroflé* is better than *Madame Angot*. Another gentleman, equally trustworthy, told me it wasn't anything of the sort.

The former said it was merely an ordinary Comic Opera; the latter that it was a regular *Opéra Bouffe* under the name of Comic Opera. The second was in ecstasies about the *Pirate Chorus*; the first pooh-pooh'd the *Pirate Chorus*, observed 'twas a weak attempt to repeat the *Conspirators' Chorus*, and added that the *morceau* was the tenor-song.

One of my informants was very unwell on the voyage back, so he may have been inclined to review the events of the *première* with a jaundiced eye.

I present you with the above three-penn'orth of useful information, and foreseeing much work in the Operatic and Dramatic department, remain, as ever,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

FASTS AND FESTIVALS.

RITUALISM may draw considerably crowded churches by the attraction of dresses and decorations, but its preachers have not succeeded in impressing the British Public with an idea of the difference between festive and penitential holidays. The Railway Companies announce no end of Fast Trains to run on Good Friday.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

(Rowed Saturday, March 28, 1874.)



ATISFIED! If my readers ain't, they ought to be. If they haven't made pots of money—didn't I say put the pot on Cambridge last week?—it's no fault of mine. Didn't I advise you to take it off Oxford? Of course. "Which crew rowed dark?" Why, Light rowed dark, and was, as I predicted, the winner. The Spare Man sat in the only spare space on board his crowded vessel, and surveyed mankind from Chiswick to Putney! By his side sat an amiable and clever draughtsman, as sporting with his pencil as is your own Spare Man with his pen. I was glorying in our athletes: so was he. He agreed with me: I agreed with him: and

the cup which cheers, but does not inebriate up to a certain point, agreed with both of us.

"Here, Sir," quoth I, "are our young Academicians. Oxonians and Cantabs—cousins, being children of Sister Universities."

"Hear! hear!" from my A.D.C.—which doesn't stand for *Aide-de-Camp*, but for Amiable and Clever Draughtsman.

"Why should our friend WILKIE COLLINS—"

"No name!" interrupted the A.D.C., emerging from a silent draught.

"Hand me the beaker," I continued, "and ply thy pencil."

He plied, and complied.

"Why," I resumed, after a refresher, which was perfectly legal, "why should he try to frighten our athletes from their sports with his Geoffrey Delamayn in *Man and Wife*? Listen, my Amiable one, to the noise in those reeds."



GEOGRAPHY.

"THE DUTCH COME FROM RUSSIA, DON'T THEY, MAUD?"

"NO, DEAR! ONLY THE DUCHESSES!"

"'Tis the voice of the Froggy, I hear him complain," observed the A.D.C. And then, having said his say, he cut his pencil, and drew a long breath.

"Yes, 'tis even so," I replied. "And the moral is, that even on the most festive occasions there will always be croakers."

"Eftsoons!" exclaimed the A.D.C., being waggish, "thou hast said well."

"I penetrate the jocosity, frogs, efts, and eftsoons. My friend, draw it mild."

He took up his pencil and drew it mild. (Look at the efts and the frogs in the Initial. Walk up. Walk up!)

"Why didn't Oxfer ddine with the MAYOR?" asked the Amiable.

"I give it up. What is the answer?"

"The answer came by telegraph. The MAYOR didn't seem inclined to take No for an answer."

"There should have been," said I, "a special performance in honour of the event, given at the Olympic before Clancarty. They once played at that house a neat *lever de rideau*, translated from the French, which was called *Je Dine chez ma Mère*. It could have been adapted for Cambridge as *Je ne Dine pas chez Milord Maire*."

"*La Belle France*!" sighed the Amiable one, thinking of the happy day when he saw Boulogne for the first and only time, through a telescope, from the upper cliff at Folkestone.

"Quite so; but '*La Belle*' doesn't go in for this sort of thing. How would any Continental people like to give up their tobacco, their liquor—"

"Pass the wine-cup!"

"And remember," said I, not heeding the request, "that this is one of the few races where betting is comparatively harmless, where all must be done, so to speak, aboveboard; where—"

"Hi! Horrooh! Well pulled! Now you're winning! Well pulled! Go it, Oxford! Go it, Cambridge!" I drank the health of the winner.

LE-COQ OF THE WALK.

(AID—" *Telle était Madame Angot*! ")

On Himalayan mountains,
Beside Sahara's sands,
To plash of Boman fountains,
To blare of German bands;
On every rushing river,
In every crushing train—
Will none the world deliver
From Angot on the brain?

" *Très jolie*

Pou jolie! "—

Far and wide, and high and low!

O, the bore of it!

Please no more of it!

Save us from *Madame Angot*!

One cannot sing the old songs,

E'en to the oldest birds

They've left out in the cold songs

That once were household words!

JOHN, THOMAS, JANE, and MARY,

Maid, mistress, man and boy,

The minstrel of the Prairie,

The Grinler of Savoy,

Four one ditty in,

Every city in,

Street and crescent, square and row,

Nought claps stopper u-

pon that Opera,

There's no end to *Ma'me Angot*!

From Europe's cities olden,

To New World's modernest,

Where Frisco's portals golden

Glow in the golden West—

From Cadiz to Coosnassie,

From Cairo to Cathay,

That blessed market lassie

Goes on all night and day.

With her melody,

Till each fellow de-

tests his horn and P. an' O,

In each key it is,

O, ye deities,

Rid us of the *Dam(e) Angot*!

SHOUTER TO SHOUTER. — The very best Second in a Mill (Coffee or other)—The Forty-Second!

"Lor' bless you, it was a hollow thing from the first," I observed, as I handed the empty tankard to my Amiable friend.

The artist drew me—towards him.

"Farewell!" he said; "there is no more between us. I thought that this was an event where all was fair and aboveboard. You said so. I go to present my compliments to that young lady sitting by *Mr. Punch*. She has won twenty pairs of gloves from me. The Initial I shall present to our dear old P. as a memento of the race. Farewell, brave Spaniard!"

He went for'ard, I went aft. He to the lady of his love ("I will not name, &c.")—words of tenor-song, I to luncheon.

So, Oxford and Cambridge, *au revoir* next year. In the meantime, think of the old refrain,

"Row, brothers, row,"

and drink to the health of one who signs himself

THE SPARE MAN.

Minos Minax.

MY DEAR MALINS,

*QUUM semel occideris, et de te candida Minos
Fecerit arbitria!!!*

Thy good friend,

RHADAMANTHUS (for Self and Partners).

P.S.—Beware of *obiter dicta*, and don't forget my notions about *corruptio optimi pessima*. Be wise in time.

REFLECTION ON EMPEROR WILLIAM'S BIRTHDAY.—Yes! he has set his mark upon the age, and his Bis-mark, too!



MADDENING.

Husband. "If, as I said before, MATILDA, you still cherished that feeling of affection for me which you once professed, my wish would be law to you. I repeat it, MATILDA—LAW!" *Matilda.* "Lor'!"

POLITICS BELOW STAIRS.

"A Good Cook wants a Situation. Can give satisfactory Testimonials. Tory family preferred.—Apply," &c.

ARE we to conclude from this Advertisement that the new Ministry have won the affections of another large and influential class of the community? Are the kitchen, and the servants' hall, and the house-keeper's room, as warm admirers of MR. DISRAELI and his colleagues as the bar and the bar-parlour and the tap-room? The preference "Cook" shows for a "Tory family" seems to favour this supposition. We see her in our mind's eye. A very superior person—such ordinary terms as character or references have no place in her superfine vocabulary: she can give satisfactory "testimonials," perhaps from some of the leaders of her party. A woman tenacious of her perquisites and privileges; stoutly opposed to all such stuff and nonsense as economy, retrenchment, and reform; the uncompromising enemy of a miserable "cheese-paring" policy; with a strong bias towards meat at every meal in the day, and decided opinions as to the quality and quantity of her beer. A being, too, in whom some strange inconsistencies blend: a Tory, and yet not conservative of the cold meat; a Conservative, with the most liberal views of the diet indispensable to the comfort and happiness of upper servants. Would that our political opinions were such as she could approve, that we might strain every nerve to add so great a prize to our other household treasures! But we doubt not she has already found what she yearned for, and that "Cook" is now "dishing up" in some fine old prejudiced family whose opinions on the county franchise and the law of primogeniture are as sound and constitutional as her own, and where the dripping and the kitchen-stuff are on the most lavish scale. Long may she live to rule the roast!

RUGBY'S REASON.

RUGBY, in eyes of priest and layman,
Was in a dwindling way;
So they who ruled suspended HAYMAN,
For fear of more decay.

TITLE TO LOOT.

(See the account given by GENERAL MONTAUBAN DUC DE PALIKAO of the Plundering of the Summer Palace, as compared with the accounts of eye-witnesses, the Official Dispatches, and LORD ELGIN'S Correspondence.)

YOUR modern Greek, when he would speak
A robber's praise afar,
Calls him not "thief," or "klepht," in brief,
But dubs him *Palikar*!

And when one reads MONTAUBAN's deeds
Of Summer Palace plunder,
One asks if "R," in "*PALIKAR*,"
For "O" is not a blunder?

Put *Palik*—"ar" to "so," nigh,
One difference is left:
The Frenchman would hide loot with lie,
The Greek proclaims his theft.

"Will not this Malice, Somerset, be left?"

THE original "Noble Savage," whom *Punch* (*Providus Auspex*) so dubbed in 1851 for cantankerous obstruction of free approach to the south entrance of the Great Exhibition, having never forgotten or forgiven his displacement from the Cabinet of 1868, has treated the Upper House to the only drop of bitter to be found in the debate on the Address. An ingenious noter of coincidences points out that in both cases (twenty-three years asunder) the ground of offence was the removal of an old pump.

Dismemberment of the British Empire.

WHILE MR. BUTT and his friends are endeavouring to sever the connection between Great Britain and Ireland, no one seems to heed the fact that Great Britain herself is tumbling to pieces. The following startling announcement appears in the *Daily Telegraph* of the twentieth instant:—

"Extremely high winds have blown off the north-west coast of Scotland."



THE SIMPLICITY OF TRUTH.

"O, WHAT DO YOU THINK, MR. LILLYBROW? THE OTHER DAY I WAS TAKEN FOR TWENTY-FIVE, AND I AM ONLY EIGHTEEN!"

"HAW! WONDER WHAT YOU'LL BE TAKEN FOR WHEN YOU'RE TWENTY-FIVE!"

"FOR BETTER FOR WORSE, I HOPE!"

[Mr. Lillybrow looks pensive.]

FROM OUR OWN "OCCASIONAL."

PARIS, April 1.

PARIS is dull, I am told. And, socially, it may be. Probably I am not a competent reader of the Parisian spirit-level. To me Paris seems, as always, the liveliest place in the world—the idlest, and the richest, and the Parisians as incomprehensible and as fascinating a race as ever. The legacy of "Imperial Corruption" seems to have been invested at high interest; though, no doubt, the legacy-duty was heavy.

Is it conceivable, Sir, I ask you, that a Parisian public can already sit to see the siege of Paris travestied on the stage of the *Français*? I could scarcely credit my eyes or ears when I went the other night to "*Jean de Thommeraye*," and saw the actors playing at the soldiers of that sad and shameful warfare, sitting as I was with real soldiers next me, and, all around, men and women who should have felt to their heart's core the shame and the sad-

ness of it. But they delighted in the allusions and applauded the sentiments, and I went away wondering whether the story of three years ago was not all a fiction, and the true history that of MESSRS. AUGIER and SANDEAU!

It is all a mistake! Each individual Parisian was a patriot and a hero. The invading forces were driven from the walls like chaff. The French army, flushed with victory— But why describe what M. PHILIPPOTEAU has painted for his panorama in the Champs Elysées, where the showman explains to a sympathising audience how mean it was of the Prussians to fire from the higher ground, and to fight at such odds in the way of numbers, too?

Basta! All this is too serious. Give us our *panem et circenses*, and no more of it. We are all talking about CROIZETTE, who is the heroine of Paris to-day. All the critics abuse her and M. FEUILLET'S *Sphinx*, which is silly and unclean enough, certainly. Her agony is a "rattle attached to the *Sphinx*'s tail," says one wit; "there's an Act missing at the end," says another—"the scene of the dissection!" Indeed, that it is "*trop fort*" is the general verdict. May be, but it is uncommonly fine, and CROIZETTE is a darling. Would not the young ladies like to know how she is dressed? "A tunic of black blonde, over a skirt of lemon-coloured silk, spangled with stars in blue steel, with coiffure of the same stars." Good night, and dream of it, while Your Occasional puts into rhyme what is left of his reason on the theme of this fascinating

CROIZETTE.

In the famous palace,
Of the Fields Elysian,
Critics the most callous
Saw a charming vision,—

If a year or two you
Can your memory force back—
Two eyes that shot through you,
From a girl on horseback.

Dainty little dame,
Fairy-like her hand was!
And the painter's name
CAROLUS DURAND was.

This delicious girl
Had a nose of noses;
Teeth like rows of pearl
Peeping out of roses.

While there shone a light
In the saucy eye, which
Made you pass the night
Dreaming of the sly witch.

Gazers all she drew, this
Prettiest of minxes:
Is it *she*, then, who this
Puzzle of a *Sphinx* is?

Changing us to stones,
Chilling all our blood in
All our marrowbones—
Dying on a sudden.

Poisoned in a way,
O so very dreadful!
Leaving one all day
With one's heart and head full.

"Surely as my wife
Wears another's back tress,"
Qnoth I, "on my life,
Ne'er was such an actress."

And your graceful form
While my greedy eyes ate,
Thus my fancy warm
Rhymed you, pretty CROIZETTE!

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



on the present, Parliament is keeping the Easter Holiday it has not earned.

There is but little Essence to be extracted from the last words of the Collective Wisdom, before it dispersed to enlighten the lieges out of London, between All Fools' Day

and the 13th of April. MR. CROSS is the hero of the situation, out of the House, at all events, thanks to his daily and all-day dealings with the deputations whose spokesmen save him the trouble of answering them by answering each other. As *Portia* of her courtiers, MR. CROSS may say of his—

"While we shut the gate upon one woeer,
Another knocks at the door."

And they come attracted by "*les beaux yeux de sa cassette*," too, like those who sought the caskets of Belmont.

Friday, March 27.—On the last sitting before the recess, MR. CROSS made an emphatic declaration, echoed by cheers which proclaimed the House at his back, that it is *not* the intention of the Government to interfere with the course of law in the case of the Fenian prisoners still under sentence. As these are all either accessories to murder, or soldiers who have broken the bonds of military fidelity as well as civil allegiance, the sound sense of the country agrees with the conclusion of the Executive, that remission of punishment would be unpardonable weakness.

MR. DISRAELI had declined to give any answer on the subject to a Deputation composed mainly of Irish Members, but with two English ones among them (SIR CHARLES DILKE and MR. MUNDELLA). It is to be presumed that the Liberal voters of Chelsea and Sheffield include an appreciable proportion of Irish roughs who must be conciliated—a small but suggestive instalment of the price payable for the Irish vote which falls so heavy on our American cousins.

The same night SIR CHARLES DILKE wanted the Ballot-box taken to pieces and set to-rights, pointing out a number of hitches in its machinery. The House prudently preferred to await the report of the Election Judges.

Monday, March 30.—Imagine a Pickford van blocking the way of the LORD MAYOR'S coach! Even so a Metropolitan Board of Works' Bill for two hours delayed the vote of thanks to our gallant redcoats and blue jackets of the Gold Coast campaign, from GENERAL SIR GARNET WOLSELEY downwards. Soldiers, sailors, marines, black troops and white, fighting men, medical officers, commissariat, control, and transport services—all were included in the thanks of England, given by the Leaders of Government and Opposition in Lords and Commons, and echoed by the country. And as Lords and Commons spoke on Monday night, the QUEEN had spoken on Monday afternoon, in the Great Park of Windsor, at the Review of the troops of the Expedition (all but the Naval

Brigade, who will have a review of their own when they are all home again); and the City has since spoken, at the Banquet given by the LORD MAYOR to SIR GARNET and his officers on Tuesday.

The triple tongue of QUEEN, Legislature, and City is not too much to utter the fulness of BRITANNIA'S heart, in welcome and thanks to her brave sons. They have fought not with KING COFFEE only, but with those mightier confederate sovereigns, Time and Tide, Plague and Pestilence; and they have had to do all this on calculations, as MR. DISRAELI well reminded the House, not of months, or weeks, or days, but of hours! The critics-complain that the rhetoric of Monday night was below the occasion. *Punch* declines to endorse that complaint. The facts were beyond rhetoric, and they were impressively stated. MR. DISRAELI'S peroration was quintessential and will not bear abridgement:—

"It has always," he said, "been a vulgar error to associate military glory only with armies of great magnitude. But some of the greatest military feats have been performed by very small armies. In modern history, nothing, perhaps, is more illustrative of this truth than the conquest of Mexico by Cortes. So great a result effected by such slight means is not easily matched in the history of men. Even in our own times, in that great Continental war which occupied a great part and the early portion of this century, when hosts counted, not only by hundreds of thousands, but by millions, were arrayed against each other, it was a small army, admirably disciplined—which, to use the words of their illustrious commander, would go anywhere—it was a small army like that, under our matelasse-Wellington, which really decided the fate of Europe. I am not wishing to exaggerate the gallant deeds, of which we are naturally proud, of SIR GARNET WOLSELEY. I do not mean to say that they are to be counted amongst the decisive battles of the world, but I think we may say of them truly, that they are such deeds as thrill the hearts of households, and, by the examples they offer of energy and endurance, sustain and strengthen the tone of the nation."

And then MR. HARDY moved: the Army Estimates—on his Predecessor's lines—

"*Sie vos non vobis Estimate—atta, amice!*"

He did his work, of course, in the delightfully candid spirit natural under the circumstances—nothing extenuating, setting down naught in malice (but probably setting up just as little in admiration), and reserving for future consideration

"all great questions which may arise with regard to retirement, promotion, the steps necessary to secure greater efficiency in the Reserves, Recruiting, and the Brigade Dépôts."

For the present, the sum of our military case, as prepared by the late Government and presented by the present, seems to be—

"Cost" close on last year—no difference worth speaking of.

"Recruiting"—So-so.

"Character of men obtained"—Fairly satisfactory.

"Working of new Brigade System"—Not yet to be safely pronounced upon.

"Desertion"—Very bad. Rises to 35 per cent. of recruits in all arms; in the Army Service Corps, to 146 per cent. (Something wrong in *that* branch, pretty clearly.) "Some new conditions are about to be instituted, which, it is hoped, will diminish this enormous prevalence of desertion." But we hear of nothing very hopeful under this head.

"Health of troops"—Satisfactory.

"Number of regulars, 128,000"—As few as we can get along with.

"Military education of Officers"—in course of experimental remodelling, the late system being admittedly a failure.

"Arms"—All our infantry will, in a few weeks, have the Martini-Henry rifle instead of the Snider—a weapon of greater precision for one of less.

"Militia—Strength" 101,470,—i.e. 27,462 deficient. Militia reserve, 29,103; this added to Army reserve gives 37,530 total reserve force, all liable for foreign service.

Of 129 Commissions, offered to Militia Officers (on examination), only 35 have been taken up; but there is to be another examination in April.

"Grouping of Regiments," a difficult business, and has to be cautiously dealt with. Local prejudices too strong to be safely ridden roughshod over.

"Army Reserve"—(on paper) 7000 strong; but as yet a mere nominal force, neither to be got at when wanted, nor to be held to terms of service. Wants overhauling altogether.

"Brigade Dépôts"—system as yet in course of organisation; 31 out of 70 Dépôts only formed. Experience of working yet to be acquired.

"Volunteers"—have fallen in numbers from their original enrolled strength of 199,000 to 153,000, but these are efficient.

"Total force," including regulars and auxiliaries, 458,000 to 459,900.

"Thing most wanted at the War-Office"—Information. War-Office is at last to have an Intelligence Department. If it were but as easy to find the Intelligence as the Department!

Note this—the tail of MR. HARDY'S speech, but carrying, like the postscript of a lady's letter, the point of the whole:—

"Is it not a remarkable thing (asked the WAR SECRETARY) that though we had been in possession of territories upon the Gold Coast for such a great number of years, there was so little information with respect to the interior of that coast that in sending out the Ashantee Expedition all sorts of useless things were provided, and all sorts of useful things were omitted? [MR. GLADSTONE dissented.] I am only saying what has been said practically to-night—that when MR. GARNET WOLSELEY was sent out the Government was absolutely without information. That is a most unsatisfactory state of things, and I hope that the Intelligence Department now connected with the War Office will give instruction that will be satisfactory. *Hitherto, we have been supplied with unimpeachable information collected from foreign sources, and have been content with being ignorant of our own country and our own colonies;* but I hope that this Intelligence Department, by corresponding with officers in every part of this country, by calling their attention to all the strategical points in their own district, by obtaining information with regard to roads, canals, railways, and everything connected with their district, and by obtaining similar information with regard to our colonies and the means of defence in their disposal, will remedy this state of things."

SIR WILLIAM LARSEN moved, as usual, to reduce the number of men voted by 10,000, observing, with a perfect perception of the effect of his Motion—

"On looking back at the division lists on this subject for several years, we found it did not matter whether the proposed reduction of 10,000 or 20,000 men, for this Motion was always rejected by a large majority."

COMMONS. BARNETT administered, with good sense and good humor, the wiggings to which the Temperance Bazaar so plaintively laid himself open. Few Members talk such sound sense on all matters connected with soldiering as the Member for West Sussex. In what he says of LORD CARDWELL, we are afraid he speaks the feelings of most soldiers. Admitting that the late War-Minister had done much for the Artillery, for the Militia, and the Volunteers, it would be untruthful (said the Colonel) to assert that he was liked in the Army. He had trodden on its prejudices and dangerously disregarded its *esprit de corps*.

"It was all very well to say 'why should not a man do as well in one regiment as in another, why should he not be promoted from one regiment to another, why should he not fight as well in one regiment as another?' No doubt he would fight as well, but we had only to look to the last campaign to see what *esprit de corps* had animated everybody from the colonel to the drummer, as if each thought his own regiment the best, and they might depend on it anything that injuriously affected that sentiment would injure the efficiency of the Army."

You never said a truer word, Colonel. And you spoke just as much to the purpose on Dépôt Centres.

"The great object of these centres was 'to unite in one harmonious whole' all the branches of the Service. Moreover, the regiment belonging to the county was at times to be at its Dépôt Centre, so that both officers and men should be well known, and that recruits should take pride and pleasure in joining their county regiment. But up to the present this intention had not been carried out, and where recruits had been got for county regiments, and those regiments for the moment happened to be full, instead of keeping the recruits as supernumeraries, they were draughted off into Scotch regiments, and sent to places where they were wanted to fill up vacancies."

On Recruiting, and the Reserve MR. HOLMS and COL. ALEXANDER followed suit in the same sensible key, and, altogether the discussion was an informing one, speaking well for the truth-eliciting influences of Estimates prepared by one side and moved by the other.

Of course SIR WILFRID'S Motion for reduction was defeated as usual by 256 to 45.

MR. WARD HUNT promised the Naval Estimates for the 20th of April.

Tuesday, March 31.—The Committee of Privileges, *in re* WHALLEY, has very wisely reported that the matter requires no further attention from the House. MR. WHALLEY, and 300 of his Peterborough supporters think otherwise, and the pertinacious Member for the little Cathedral Borough and the big Convict Blackguard means to move for another Committee. Don't he wish he may get it?

On the Motion for Adjournment, MR. RUSSELL GURNEY appealed to the Government to make the needful provision for the interment in Westminster Abbey of DR. LIVINGSTONE'S remains. His family cannot, and ought not to be asked to bear the charge; the Geographical Society have no funds. MR. DISRAELI will see to it. Under this Government we hope there is no danger that the feeling of the

country will be outraged in such a matter. But there are permanent officers of the Treasury, trained on cheese-parings and candle-ends, whom MR. DISRAELI will do well to look after.

THE COMING DONKEY-SHOW.



FIRST few days of May, the Merry Month of May, will perhaps this year be merrier than usual. This increase of merriment will be probably occasioned by a novel exhibition which has just been advertised. In addition to the yearly show of jackasses, in the Green and adjoining wood it, for which the early days of May have long been memorable, there will be held a show of Donkeys at the Crystal Palace. In order to prevent overcrowding at the common kinds of

exhibitions, we are requested to announce that donkeys, such for instance as the following, will not on this occasion be received for exhibition:—

Donkeys who wear an eye-glass, not because they are short-sighted, but because they think it fashionable.

Donkeys who attempt to give dinners *à la Russe*, although their cook has barely brains enough to roast a leg of mutton.

Donkeys, who in travelling, still stick to the stupid old conventionality of ordering wine they dare not drink, for the good of the house, and the refreshment of the waiter.

Donkeys who propose for the hand of a young lady, before they have made certain that they will be accepted.

Donkeys who are willing, "just for form's sake," to inscribe their name upon a bill-stamp, to oblige a chance acquaintance whom they know but slightly.

Donkeys who put their faith in "crowded houses" and "unparalleled successes" as paraded in advertisements.

Donkeys who buy pictures which they don't a bit appreciate, simply for the sake of airing their pecuniosity.

Donkeys whose long ears enjoy the music of the organ-grinders.

Donkeys who give shillings to street-beggars, and think they thereby do a charity.

Donkeys who convivially attempt to sing a song, when they have quite forgotten the words and really never knew the music.

Donkeys who believe that genuine old crusted port can actually be purchased at half-a-crown a bottle.

Donkeys who think turtle-soup the quintessence of good cookery, and choicest luxury obtainable.

Donkeys who get on their legs to bray at wedding-breakfasts, birthday-dinners, and all sorts of social gatherings, which might not be so unpleasant were it not for their sweet voices.

Donkeys who eat salmon out of season at five shillings a pound, and disdain to touch it when it costs but eighteenpence, and is in its fullest flavour.

Donkeys who bid at auctions for things they do not want, because they fancy they are going cheaply.

Donkeys who are prejudiced against Australian meat because of its cheapness.

Donkeys who will blackball men against whom they know nothing, for the sake of showing their own sulkeness.

Donkeys who buy pears at twenty guineas a-dozen, and credulously hope to find them worth the money.

And, finally, donkeys who keep on sending jokes to *Punch*, expecting he will publish them.

QUITE AT HOME.

ONE of MR. GYE'S promised new tenors is SIGNOR PIAZZA. There are not likely to be two Opera-singers of the same name, or we would have suggested that this Gentleman should be distinguished as Covent Garden PIAZZA.



"REALISING THE IDEAL."

AWFUL DISILLUSION OF MR. GOLIGHTLY, THAT EARNEST YOUNG ENTHUSIAST, ON FIRST ENCOUNTERING AT ONE OF MRS. LYON HUNTER'S EVENINGS THE GIFTED AUTHORESS OF "HEART-THROBS: A LIFE'S EARTHQUAKE, AND OTHER POEMS;" "THE SIREN: A TALE OF PASSION;" "DALILAH: A STORY OF THE DAY;" AND A LARGE FAMILY OF SENSATIONS IN THREE VOLUMES, UNDER EQUALLY SUGGESTIVE TITLES.

CROSS-CURRENTS AT THE HOME OFFICE.

HOME SECRETARY CROSS must be somewhat at a loss—

He being, as we hear he is, an upright, downright, man,
Whose taste is all for fighting fair, and not upon the cross—
No Mr. Facing-both-ways, who still turns cat-in-pan.*

With his rival interviewers, the Grocers and the Brewers,
Then the Church of England Temperates and REVEREND CANON
ELLISON,
Then the Publicans and Sinners, and Teetotal doctrine-dinners,
With SIR WILFRID, that Sir Wilful, their zeal to blow the
bellows on.

One deputation gone its antagonist comes on;

Black-and-all-black out at one door, white-and-all-white in at
'tother;

'Tis hard work for the Messengers to teach these criss-cross pas-
sengers

Within Home Office precincts their fires of wrath to smother;

Hard to hold Abstainers tight from Alcohol alight,

Keep red-hot counter-irritants from buffets on the stair-case,
Stay Freedom's fierce abettors from clapping foes in fetters—
And for mutual repression they *do* make out a rare case!

Yet HOME SECRETARY CROSS, if 'twixt extremes he toss,
Is spared the fame of proving that all whites involve their blacks;
These rival Shibboleth-shouters, these whole-hog out-and-outers,
To save *him* the toil of flooring, lay each other on their backs.

Serenely CROSS may sit, of argument well quit,

In the clash of counter-interest and counter-irritation,
Sit and smile, and bow them out to the doom, beyond a doubt,
Of Kilkenny's feline fighters—death by cross-extermination!

* "I turned a cat-in-pan once more,
And so I got preferment!"

Vicar of Bray.

A NEW COMPOSER.

IN a recent notice in a leading journal of the Monday Popular Concerts, the critic goes into well-deserved praises of the four-part songs of the charming quartette of Swedish singers, who, after winning the heart of musical Paris, have come to take by storm that of musical London. He tells us quite truly that—

"Their voices—two sopranos, mezzo soprano, and contralto—blend delightfully; that their intonation is faultless; and the *ensemble* leaves absolutely nothing to desire."

And then he goes on to inform us that—

"The Swedish ladies gave two part-songs by LINDBLAD, one by *Svensk Folkvisa*, and one by EISENHOFER. '*Necken*,' the melody by *Folkvisa*, is identical with that which M. AMBROISE THOMAS has so happily introduced in the last scene of his *Hamlet*—the scene of *Ophelia's* madness."

This is exactly as if the critic had informed us that the author of an English song was "POPULAR MELODY," such being the Swedish (*Svensk*) meaning of *Folk-visa*.

We have been used in Italian Catalogues to see that industrious artist "IGNOTO" (our MR. ANON.) frequently mentioned, but it is the first time we have heard of the famous Swedish composer, "POPULAR MELODY."

Mistake and No Mistake.

MONSIGNOR CAPEL has been delivering discourses in English at Rome. In one of them, according to an epitome of it in the *Times*:—

"Impeccability, he said, is not infallibility. The very worst man may be infallible so long as God chooses to speak through him."

Of course he may; but what if the worst of men choose to tell lies? To be entirely infallible, must he not be incapable of deceiving as well as exempt from error, and therefore be impeccable so far as veracity is concerned? This not being the place for controversy, perhaps these questions will be answered in some other.



THE BOY WITH MANY FRIENDS.

(With Mr. Punch's apologies to Mr. Webster, F.A.)

DOGS OF WAR.



THE *Morning Post* evinces a nice discrimination in the heading of a paragraph entitled—

“A TALE OF A DOG.”

—A dog, who already bore about his muzzle some not inglorious scars, accompanied his master, who carried on his breast the Victoria Cross, to the Ashantee campaign. Being of the bull-dog breed, and with a natural turn for fighting, he distinguished himself on several occasions, and indeed throughout the campaign. In one instance he rushed into the

enemy's ranks, and singling out one of his naked foes, so bit and worried him that he actually brought in the prisoner in triumph. He was such a favourite with the men that in a heavy engagement their fire was suspended for a minute to allow of his uninjured retreat from one of his desperate forays. He lives to enjoy his return and his honour, and at this moment is one of the greatest pets in Belgravia.

“None but the brave deserve the fair,” it is sung. Certainly the latter are partial to the former; indeed they dote upon the military; and no wonder that one of the greatest pets in Belgravia at this moment is a martial bull-dog.

However, in calling the account of this quadruped's exploits simply “A Tale of a Dog,” there is a degree of judgment which would not have appeared in entitling it “Canine Courage,” for moral philosophers question if the bull-dog spirit is true courage. And is not the better part of valour allowed to be discretion, which neither dog nor man shows in putting himself, if he can help it, in the way of projectiles which lacerate flesh and break bones—unless it is his duty?

Now the dog is not a responsible being; has no duty; and can have no reasonable motive for going into action, except that which drove NAPOLEON THE THIRD to seek death at Sedan—the fear of something worse than death. That, to be sure, might well enough determine a very unhappy and also very sagacious dog to “rush into the enemy's ranks,” for a dog has no hands with which to blow his brains out, no soul to be lost or saved, and would perhaps be likely to get himself put out of his misery, in battle, more easily than in any way by which he could contrive to commit suicide. We doubt if the mere pleasure of indulging “a natural turn for fighting” would impel a wise dog to go under fire.

However, all dogs are not wise—unhappily, we might say, if pugnacity like that of the soldiering bull-dog above-mentioned could be turned to account. What a blessing it would be, dear friends, if we could fight all our battles, whether with Ashantees or any other foreigners, by means of bull-dogs!

Nevertheless, honour to the brave! The Victoria Cross is a symbol which a quadruped should not wear; that might not the pet bull-dog of Belgravia be decorated with a suitable Collar of the Order?

OCCASIONAL HAPPY THOUGHTS.

My Drive Commences—Two Drives and a Ride—End of Jarvis's Cob—Trott's Quiet Animal.

THE Shambling Ostler wants to know if he is to drive JARVIS's horse. The alternative is my driving him.

Happy Thought.—Let him drive. Just because he is JARVIS's own man, and, therefore, if anything happens to the horse, the legal maxim, *Qui facit per alium facit per se*, will hold good—i.e., when JARVIS's paid agent, the Ostler, is driving, in effect JARVIS himself is holding the reins.

JARVIS's Ostler is *facit per se* for JARVIS.

I enter the well of the T-cart behind. Dick the Ostler mounts to the driving-box. I stand up, holding on to the rail in front, after the manner of a Groom in a break when they're trying steppers.

This position, my eye on the horse, has a sporting look as we drive into the lane, and leave MUSELE at the gate staring.

My first impression of JARVIS's Cob is, that he is curiously clever in the use of his near fore-leg, which he seems to employ in preference to any of the others. He beats time with it, marking, as it were, the first note of each bar.

Happy Thought (which I keep to myself because it would be lost on the Ostler).—If “time flies,” and JARVIS's Horse can beat time on the road, at what a tremendous pace JARVIS's Horse must go. Work this out, and put it down to SYDNEY SMITH.

I remark, on this leg, to the Ostler.

“He seems,” I say diffidently, not liking to pronounce that he actually does what I am going to complain of—and after all I may be deceived, and the Ostler must be considered as an expert—“He seems,” I say, “to rather stomp on his near fore-leg.”

The Ostler is a man of very few words. He spares one or two for me. “Lor, no, Sir,” he replies, huskily, and without turning.

Now, if ever I saw a stumper with my own very dear eyes, that stumper is before me, and is the near fore-leg of JARVIS's horse. And if ever I heard a stumper, that stumper is the positive negative of my proposition conveyed in the Ostler's reply.

Now, which is right?—he or I? Can I doubt my senses? If so, which sense?—my sight or my hearing? or both? I see the horse stomp, I hear him stomp, and I also hear the Ostler deny, *totidem verbis*, that he does stomp.

Happy Thought.—New sign for an Inn. Instead of the “*Maggie and Stump*,” the “*Horse and Stump*.” Will send this to the person who invents signs for Inns. By the way, who is he? Is it a regular profession,—the Sign-Inventor?

The Ostler makes a mysterious noise. When the horse hears this, he stomps less, and goes quicker.

“It's only his way at starting sometimes,” the Ostler explains.

So far I see the Ostler is right. The horse has dropped his stump, and is going well—with an exception. He doesn't seem quite to know what to do with his head. He jerks it up loosely, about every two minutes, towards the left, as though he were saying, “Look

here! Come this way, down to the left: that's where I want to go.” I remark this to the Ostler.

“That ain't nothing,” replies the Ostler. “It's only his way. He's as sound a little oss as can be. If you waste drive him all day he'd be no different.”

To the horse's credit-side I must note that he doesn't shy, doesn't rear, or attempt to run away. That, in fact, he is quiet in harness.

I observe that I should like to take the reins.

The Ostler makes no objection. We change places. I drive, and the Ostler looks over my shoulder. I wish the Ostler had brought out a pocket-handkerchief. Sniffing may be, and probably is, economical, but it is unpleasant. Now I think of it, I never remember having heard of, or seen an Ostler with a pocket-handkerchief.

We turn to the right on a new road.

The horse seems to hang on my hand heavily.

This the sniffing Ostler attributes to the bit, “which,” he says, “don't give no freedom to the mouth.”

I can't help remarking that this stumping with his near fore-leg suggests lameness.

“Lame! Not him, Sir; it's only at startin' agen as he does it,” replies the Ostler; and then makes a new noise, something between a sniff and a chirrup, which is evidently recognised by the horse as a sound of encouragement, as he, in sporting phrase, “pulls himself together”—he is rather in pieces with detached legs acting on their own account, like those of his owner, JARVIS,—and goes along as though he had never known what stumping meant.

Happy Thought.—“Stumping the country,”—another idea for a sign-board,—“*The Horse and Speaker*,” or, “*Orse and Orator*.”

I don't think he'll do. On returning I find TROTT the vet, who has come over with a horse. GLOPPIN himself looks in.

TROTT's horse.—“Gay, light-hearted, carries his head well,” and his tail, too, for the matter of that; in fact, his tail is more effective than his head, as he has a way of flourishing the former round and round triumphantly, with a kind of Catherine-wheel effect.

Disadvantages of TROTT's horse.—He (the horse) is nearly sixteen hands, which I find an obstacle in mounting. I don't get on very easily, and it occurs to me that it is a nasty height to fall.

Advantages.—He is “showy,” and, what TROTT calls, a “Gentleman's horse every inch of him.” He's well worth his money (says TROTT), if I take him at seventy; and every week will increase his value. Some people would be glad of him at a hundred; only that having promised to get something good for me, TROTT has brought him here directly he (the horse) came out of the country.

Happy Thought.—Kind of TROTT, and thoughtful.

This puts JARVIS's Cob out of the question. Let JARVIS have his Cob back.

“I think you're right Sir,” says TROTT, confidentially speaking about JARVIS's Cob. “It's not the sort of thing for you. It 'ud do very well for a butcher, or MR. JARVIS himself to knock about on;



"USUFRUCT."

Wife. "GOOD GRACIOUS, GEORGE! WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?"

George ("who is so hasty"). "WELL, MY DEAR, YOU TALKED OF WAREHOUSING THE FURNITURE, WHILE WE WERE AWAY, IN A FIREPROOF 'THINGUMY,' SO I THOUGHT WE MIGHT AS WELL HAVE THE BURNING OF IT OURSELVES, AS COALS ARE SO DEAR!"

but you want something that'll not only do your country work, but if you do feel inclined to ride up to town, something that you can show on, and won't be ashamed of in a gentleman's stable."

Quite my view. So there's an end of JARVIS's Cob. After all he did stump. "I know him," says TROTT, summarily, "tender-toe'd."

This sounds as if JARVIS's Cob was always having his feet in hot water, or was a trifle gouty.

Happy Thought.—To ask TROTT (as a vet) whether a horse can have gout? TROTT smiles enigmatically. Clearly he is unwilling to impart professional knowledge for nothing. He has had to pay for his education, why should he give bits of it to me gratis? I do not, as counsel say, press the question.

Will TROTT's horse go in harness. Yes. I can try him. In TROTT's trap. Luckily GLOPPIN is able to accompany me on the occasion. TROTT doesn't come, no Ostler or employé of TROTT's comes. My Aunt so admires the horse that she proposes joining us, and does so.

I drive. Aunt by my side. GLOPPIN behind. The horse starts easily. Almost too easily, as he goes with a high step suddenly out of the yard, and we nearly graze the gate-post and take the paint off TROTT's wheels. It makes me gasp. Though I'm quite accustomed to the reins, yet I feel as though I were driving now for the first time. I turn him to the left with no decided object in view of going anywhere in particular, and he steps out freely.

But—there's a something—a sort of upheaving of his back and hind-quarters—which suggests an inclination on his part to get out of his harness. To my mind his very pace, his arched neck, and his eagerness to bulge out his chest and throw himself forward, suggest the idea of his feeling fettered, and wanting to chuck it all off and become the wild horse of the prairie, or, at all events, the browser on the common. As I may be wrong, I keep these reflections to myself, not wishing to make my Aunt nervous.

I feel, though, that she'll make me nervous very soon. She is

HORACE AT PUTNEY.

(March 28th, 1874.)

N.B.—*Punch*, as a rule, prefers the vernacular, but HORACE has a right to veil the mysteries of Isis in his own Latin.

RURSUS heu! victi rediere nostri!
Rursus et Cami rapuit juvenus
Nobilem palmam, assidui laboris
Mite levamen!

Fors, diu nobis placida et benigna,
Ore mutato nec ut ante nostris
Annuens remis, procul avolavit,
Perfida Virgo!

Heu! Quibus nostris vitiis iniquus
Tu sinis Camum dominare inultum?
Cur, pater, victum genus et nepotes
Negligis, Isis?

An suum tantà Tamesis fidelis
Præsidem magnum,* nihili æstimatum,
Vindicat penâ? Sceleris nostri
Hocce piamen?

Quem vocent victi juvenes ruentis
Remigi rebus? Prece quâ fatigent,
Dum rubent, *Almam* minus audientem
Carmina *Matrem*?

Cui dabunt partes scelus expiandi
Principes? Tandem venias, precamur,
Filius Morri,† superare remis
Inclutus olim!

Tu rudes nervos hominum recentum ‡
Voce formasti catus et recurva
Dorsa, sublimis rate vel propinquâ
Præpes in orâ:

Sæpius magnâ male remigantem
Voce dum terres, resonabat undis
Defluis ipso Jove oeu tonante O-
-xonius amnis.

Adveni O tandem! pater et rector
Remigi usque Isim patiens vocari—
Protinus priscos capient triumphos
Te duce, nostri!

* LORD MAYOR.

† I.e.—MORRISON.

‡ *Anglice*—"Freshmen."

perpetually clutching at the side-rail, and throwing herself back whenever the horse makes a start forward; of which movement (perfectly in keeping with my theory about his wishing to get out of it altogether) he seems to be remarkably fond.

"He doesn't want the whip," GLOPPIN remarks.

He does not; and, if he did, I should not like to try its effect on him.

"I like a horse that goes without a whip," says GLOPPIN again. Then, to my Aunt, "Don't you, Ma'am?"

My Aunt replies, smiling convulsively, "Yes, it's a—pretty—ah!"—(the horse has darted on, and she has been jerked back)—"but"—(to me)—"Do you think he's quite quiet?"

"O," I answer jauntily, but with secret misgivings as to what he'll do when I want to turn him and drive him back to TROTT's. "Oh, he's as quiet as a lamb."

Happy Thought.—I'd rather drive a lamb.

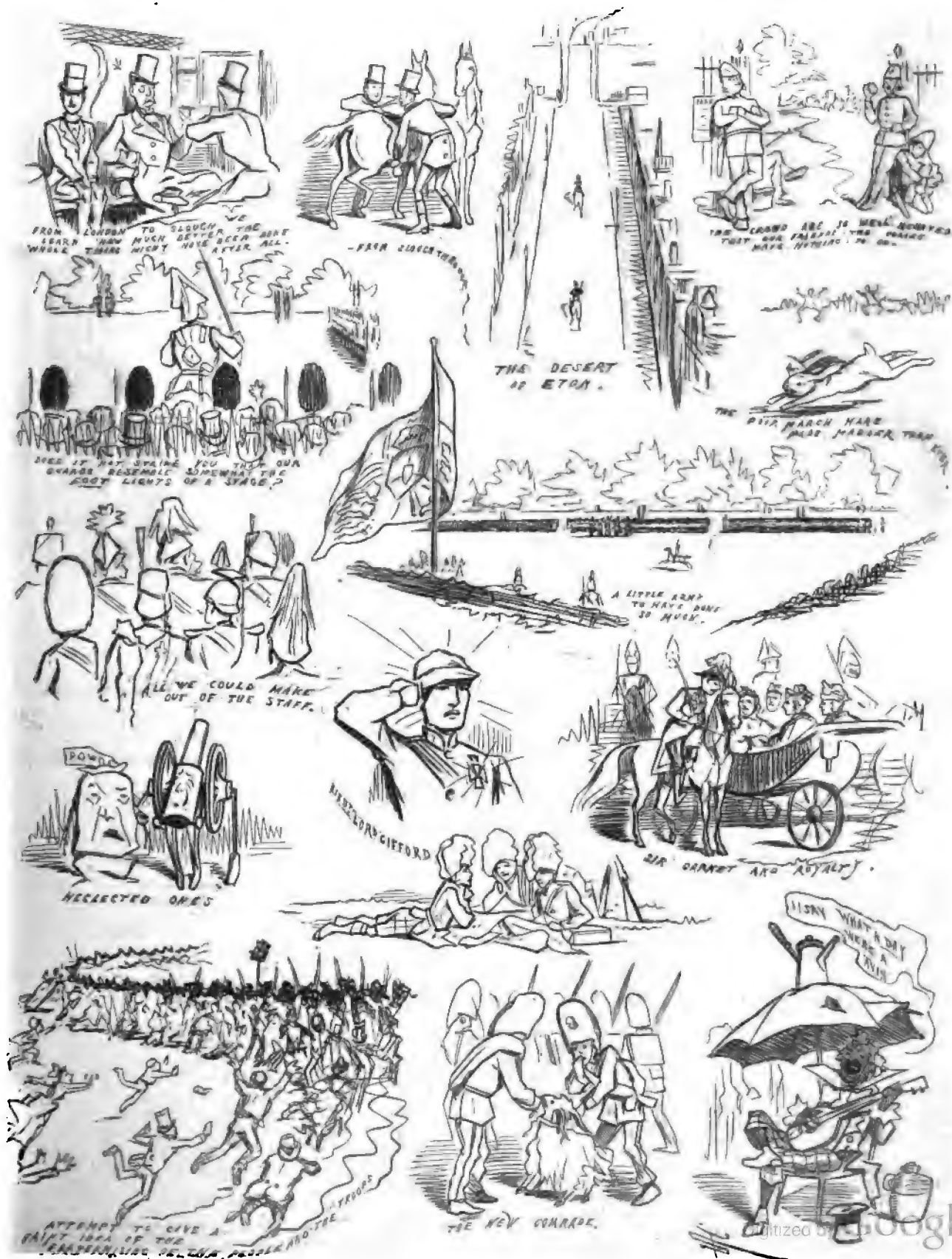
A Bit of Goldsmith's Work new Gilt.

WHEN lovely Woman, once so jolly,
Finds, late in life, that hair grows grey,
How make her case less melancholy,
How hide Time's step that none can stay?
The only way his track to cover,
To mask her age from every eye,
And if she have a spoon for lover
To keep him still "spoons," is—to Dye!

APPALLING THOUGHT.

WHAT a host of "Home Rulers" we should see avowed, if Women could offer themselves as Candidates at a General Election!

REVIEW OF THE TROOPS FROM THE GOLD COAST.





COMPREHENSIVE.

Preceptor. "NOW, CAN ANY OF YOU TELL ME ANYTHING REMARKABLE IN THE LIFE OF MOSES?"
Boy. "YES, SIR. HE WAS THE ONLY MAN WHO BROKE ALL THE COMMANDMENTS AT ONCE!"

A GRANT IN AID, AND A CHECK THAT WANTS CROSSING.

WE have been long looking forward—if we should not rather say behind the hoarding which has for some months enclosed the so-called garden of Leicester Square—to a brilliant transformation-scene in that forlorn area. Nettles, mangy and soot-ingrained turf, withered shrubs, broken bottles, dead cats, and all the other abominations of desolation which have so long held undisputed possession of that melancholy spot—working up to a central climax of woful waste in the mutilated and mouldering effigies of the FIRST GEORGE and his steed—were, of a sudden, to be exchanged for green grass-plots, golden gravel-walks, and bright flower-beds, encircling a marble fountain crowned by a full-length statue of SHAKESPEARE, and around him, at the four corners of the trim and tasteful garden, marble busts of the four "*genii loci*"—NEWTON, REYNOLDS, HOGARTH, and HUNTER.

The worker of this potent magic was to be BARON ALBERT GRANT, who, fired with a desire to embellish our great Metropolis, had acquired for a round sum all but all the proprietary rights in the ground that money could buy, with a view to hand over the area so acquired, after embellishing it as we have described, to the Metropolitan Board of Works, to have and to hold for the benefit of the lieges of London.

This we call something like A Grant, and anything but a barren Grant, destined, as we had hoped it would prove, to be productive of similar acts of liberality, taste, and munificence by other public-spirited persons. But, lo! a Dog in the Manger has barked; and the withering hand of Chancery is invoked to stay this consummation so devoutly to be wished.

The "party" who has thus stepped in as the reverse of a *Deus ex machina*, is, we are informed, the recent acquirer of some small rights which enable him thus to oppose a great Metropolitan improvement, and put a public benefactor to cost and inconvenience.

We hope it will be found that the day for such an abuse of Chancery procedure is over, and that Equity distinctly declines any longer to be perverted to such ill purpose. At all events,

Parliament can override even Equity when iniquitous; and we hope, in this case, if the Vice-Chancellor be powerless to protect Leicester Square against the Dog in the Manger, that the House of Commons will be able to defend that luckless area against Vice-Chancellor and Dog in the Manger both together.

STANZAS TO TWO STROKES.

(RHOADES, *Cantab*, and WAY, *Oxon*.)

THE right Way of two Roads,
 Those to winning and losing,
 May be hit in three modes—
 By style, strength, or both, using.

The Light-blues will still sway
 The stern dictates of Fate,
 While their RHOADES takes a WAY
 So uncommonly straight.

But the Way that was rowed
 By this year's darker blue,
 Most certainly showed
 Far too much of a "slew."

Long their faith may both pin
 To strength, style, and fairplay,
 But Oxford won't win
 Until RHOADES is a WAY.

Palm and Willow.

ON Sunday last week a good many people were observed going about carrying Willow-branches in bud. In answer to inquiries, it was said that they carried Willow because the day was Palm Sunday. Probably they were Irish.



"BUSINESS!"

Bath-Chairman. "I s'POSE THE DUKE OF EDINBORO' AND HIS MISSIS WILL BE BY DIRECTLY!"

Policeman. "NO, THEY WON'T. THEY AIN'T IN TOWN."

Bath-Chairman. "AIN'T THEY?—I SAY, IF THAT OLD LADY IN MY CHAIR ASKS YOU, SAY 'YOU DON'T KNOW,' 'CAUSE SHE'S A WAITIN' TO SEE 'EM, AND I'M ENGAGED BY THE HOUR!"

UNREALISED BEATITUDE!

THE LION has not as yet come to lie down with the Lamb, but VICTOR-EMMANUEL and FRANCIS-JOSEPH are on visiting terms. Who shall undertake to say that the man who predicts that the Millennium will arrive between this and the first of this month next year is a fool? Not above ten years since, at Venice, the Austrians and the Italians were found refusing to sit in the same *cafés*. Two years later the Italian army was beaten by an Austrian force at Custozza, and the Italian navy at Lissa. Yet last year the KING OF ITALY was enthusiastically received at Vienna, and the EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA may expect the same reception at Rome. *Il Rè Galantuomo* at the late celebration of his jubilee indignantly tore up a memorial presented to him from the inhabitants of Trieste, praying that they might cease to be Austrian, and become Italian. The Correspondent of a contemporary concludes a series of remarks to the foregoing effect by the observation that:—

"It is scarcely too much to say, that no one has more brought about this cordiality than the POPE. All the Powers on the Continent have learnt that they have a common foe in the Roman Church. The Vatican Council, which decreed the infallibility of the Pope, sounded his knell."

That is the knell, so to speak, of the Temporal Papacy. Far distant be the time for sounding a knell literally, in personal relation to the Pontificate. *Viva il Papa!* though not as *il Papa Rè*. May his Holiness outlive the *annos Petri* by many years beyond his present number in the enjoyment of all true temporal blessings, amongst which his best wishers would hardly reckon the cares of the Temporal Power. It is hoped that thus much may be said without presumption, though to invoke a benediction on the POPE OF ROME may be deemed not only an impertinence but also a carriage of coals to Newcastle. There is, however, a blessing even of a spiritual nature which perhaps it is no offence to wish that the Holy Father may realise when he considers how highly he has contributed to bring about the cordiality at present existing between all the principal Continental Powers, with United Germany at the head of them. Can that blessing be so much as named without appearing

in a manner to neglect an admonition which warns us not to teach an aged female relative a peculiar method of eating eggs? *Beati pacifici!* Meditation on that merited beatitude might greatly solace the sanctoripaternal heart.

"BOS LOCUTUS EST!"

A LAY OF 'THE NEWMARKET STRIKE.

He sang it at morn, when the rooks took flight
Over the misty hill:
He sang it at noon, when the sun was bright
In the drip from the wheel of the mill:
He sang it at eve, when with weary hoof
Home came the plodding team,
And he sang it at night, 'neath his crazy roof,
Till his song died off in his dream:
And the song of HODGE was in minor key,
Less of music in it than moan:
The song of a life that blank of glee
From youth to age had grown.

"Children eight, and a wife sore-tried,
And twelve bob a-week to feed us:
They *do* say as we be our country's pride—
But she don't seem much to heed us.

"Parson do preach, and tell we to pray,
And to think of our work, and not ask more pay:
And to follow ploughshare, and never think
Of crazy cottage and ditch-stuff's stink—
That doctor do say breeds ager and chills,
Or, worse than that, the fever that kills—
And a' bids me pay my way like a man,
Whether I can't, or whether I can:
And, as I ha'n't beef, to be thankful for bread,
And bless the Lord it ain't turmuts instead:
And never envy the farmer's pig,
For all a' lies warm, and is fed so big;
While the Missus and little 'uns grows that thin,
You may count the bones underneath their skin:
I'm to call all I gits 'the chastening rod,'
And look up to my betters, and then thank God,

"For my children eight, and my wife sore tried,
And the twelve bob a-week to feed us:
They *do* say we be the country's pride—
But it don't much seem to heed us!

"Parson he preaches of Beulah's land,
And the sheep, all sorts, at the Throne's right 'and—
I often thinks how 's their 'lotments given,
With landlords and farmers and labourers even—
To think of a place with no shop to pay,
And no workin' through winter and summer's day!
And never no clay to clog a man's feet,
Nor no smooks to be mucked wi' the rain and sleet,
And to think of the Missus and childer in white,
Well-fed, and well-clad, and all in the light,
Wi' plenty to eat, and time to play,
And no winter nights to shiver away;
And I thinks till the pains drop off o' my back,
And there's no rheumatics my joints to rack,
Though what 's afore me I knows right well—
The workhouse ward and the workhouse shell.
Well, there's troubles for lab'ers and farmers alike,
And p'raps tain't for sich as us to strike:
P'raps there must be poor as well as rich,
And I'd best stick to plough and hedge and ditch;
Though bellies may pinch and bairns may squall,
There's Hope, like Charity, for us all.
JOE ARCH he talks well, and, to listen to he,
There's wonders 'tother side the sea—
But I dunnow, somehow I'm used to here,
And I'll do as I've done this many a year—

"With a fam'ly of eight, and wife sore tried,
And twelve bob a-week to feed us:
They *do* say as we be our country's pride—
But it don't seem much to heed us!"

QUESTION FOR NAVAL EXAMINATIONS.

Q. Can you give any other name for a Ship's Cut-water?
A. Yes. A Sea-saw.

MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.



THE world it matters vastly little what the words be of a song, so long as they be fortunately married to good music. Singers in society are rarely very careful in their articulation, and song-writers are doubtless well acquainted with this fact, and therefore apt to take small pains about their lyric compositions. This in some way may account for the surprising silliness, and hardly compensating sweetness, of many very popular and highly sentimental ditties. When we listen to the tunefulness of MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN'S "Little Maid of Arcadée," we feel tempted to compose a companion piece of poetry, with the hope that it might lure him into taking out his note-book, and delighting every drawing-room with another pleasant melody. Embellished with an elegant and highly-coloured portrait of a pretty lady's-maid, or sentimental kitchen ditto, our song, were it entitled "Little Maid of Belgraves," would doubtless charm the listening ears and touch the tender heart of many a JOHN THOMAS.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

A Dream after seeing the School for Scandal at the Prince of Wales's.

SIR,

I WAS enchanted, I was ravished with pleasure. I had supper, and an animated discussion. I went to bed, and fell asleep. In my dreams,—for I was troubled with dreams that night, and will not take supper so late again—I fancied I was Somewhere, I don't know where, and met MR. B. SHERIDAN, who straightway informed me that he, too, had been out that night, in order to be present at the Prince of Wales's. I record what I can remember of the conversation which took place between the Illustrious Author and Your Representative:—

Your Representative. I trust, Sir, you were both pleased and satisfied with the performance at the Prince of Wales's Theatre?

Sheridan. Why, Sir, I am not inclined to be pleased with anything, or anybody. For nineteen years I had been endeavouring to satisfy myself with my own style in *The School for Scandal*, and never succeeded.

Your Representative. What did you think, Sir, of the dresses and the scenery at the Prince of Wales's? Was not the illusion perfect?

Sheridan. 'Egad, it was not an illusion at all; it was reality. From a painted ceiling to a tea-cup, from a black boy to a candle-snuffer, there they were. It positively grieved me to turn from my place on the stage towards the audience. If it were not that I feel some delicacy about startling Mr. and Mrs. BANCROFT, I would visit them on purpose to tender my most sincere thanks, compliment them, as they deserve, on their liberality and good taste, and offer a few suggestions.

Your Representative. I am sure they would be pleased to see you.

Sheridan. Hum! you forget what David says—

Your Representative. DAVID the Psalmist?

Sheridan. Odds harps and harpstrings, no, Sir! My David.

Your Representative. Ah, in *The Rivals*?

Sheridan. I am glad to find I am so well remembered. "Our ancestors," says he, "are very good kind of folks: but they are the last people I should choose to have a visiting acquaintance with."

Your Representative. An idea which you used in another form in *The School for Scandal*.

Sheridan. Sir, you belong to the category of damned good-natured friends; but let me tell you there are more ways than one of serving venison. But as I shall not disturb the repose of the Management of the Prince of Wales's, let us discuss some items of the latest revival—

Your Representative. Thank you, Sir. If you would favour me with your view of MR. BANCROFT as—

Sheridan. *Joseph Surface*? With all the pleasure in Elysian life. MR. BANCROFT'S *Joseph Surface*, as a highly artistic study, was admirable. I say emphatically "as a study." I can make no comparisons. For, as MR. BANCROFT was CAPTAIN HAWTREE in *Caste*, so ninety-seven years ago, MR. PALMER—Plausible JACK PALMER—was JOSEPH SURFACE to the life. The great merit of his performance was that artificial as is the character, MR. BANCROFT never forgets, even in the scene with *Lady Teazle*, which most nearly approaches passion, that *Joseph's* assumed strait-lacedness of demeanor has become part and parcel of himself, and cannot be thrown entirely aside, until he is well assured that the cloak is no longer necessary to his disguise.

Your Representative. Sir, I am beholden to you.

Sheridan. Their arrangement of scenes (except in the First Act where *Lady Teazle* and *Sir Peter* fall out in *Lady Snootwell's* drawing-room), was an improvement—yes, really an improvement—on my own plan. What say you?

Your Representative. Sir, I would not venture to differ from so excellent an authority. The stage management throughout was, even for the Prince of Wales's, exceptionally good. The natural arrangement of *Charles Surface's* guests around his table, the ease with which the seating of *Moses* on one side, and of *Mr. Premium* on the other, was managed, contributed materially to realise what the half-tipsy reckless party would have considered as the fun of admitting a Jew money-lender and a broker within the circle of their own choice society.

Sheridan. I wish DAVY GARRICK had been there. But he would not come. By the way, GARRICK wasn't so tall as MR. HARE, and the latter looked a pigmy by the side of MR. BANCROFT'S *Joseph*.

Your Representative. And how, Sir, did you like MR. HARE as *Sir Peter*?

Sheridan. Gad, Sir, I think MR. ROBERTSON had this gentleman's measurement down to the last inch. Considering the great difficulties with which he had to contend, MR. HARE'S performance was highly creditable to him. But, I admit I am somewhat difficult to please. MR. KING at Old Drury, whose wardrobe was limited, was fitted to a nicety. MATHEWS imitated him, and did not satisfy me.

Your Representative. MR. HARE looked a perfect picture.

Sheridan. There I grant you. But he was more like the portrait of Uncle Oliver in *Charles's* room, than of my *Sir Peter*; as, to my thinking, he had a damned disinheriting countenance, and, like the ladies and gentlemen on the walls, he never moved a muscle.

Your Representative. But, Sir, under favour, Sir, when, after the discovery in the Screen Scene, he closed his eyes, as, for the moment, he shut the door of his heart against *Lady Teazle*, and refused to allow her to take his hand, was not his action excellent then?

Sheridan. I grant you. And so, also, when he blurted out, "Zounds, Madam, you had no taste when you married me," his look of blank dismay at being caught in such a word-trap could not have been better.

Your Representative. But, Sir, what sort of a man did you intend *Sir Peter* to be?

Sheridan. 'Slife, Sir, the question's scarcely a fair one. He was *Old Teazle*, in a farce, to begin with, and gradually the farce became a comedy; and *Old Teazle* grew into *Sir Peter*. He commenced by being an old fool—he ended by being an old wit, whose cynicism was the result of his folly. I found this out after I had finished him. How, to your thinking, was the *Charles* of MR. COGHLAN? I, myself, could wish for no better.

Your Representative. After that expression of feeling, any opinion on my part would be uncalled for, had you not been good enough to demand it. To my mind, MR. COGHLAN was the careless, lounging-at-his-ease, good-hearted *roué* to the very life. When in his chair at the head of his own table, he strikingly recalled to my memory the figure of the dissipated husband in HOGARTH'S *Marriage à la Mode*. His performance left nothing to be desired. But, had Nature only foreseen that, one of these days, he would be cast for this part, and had, providentially, gifted him with a less sinister expression about the mouth, then, in every detail, MR. COGHLAN'S *Charles Surface* would have been perfect. This may be considered hypercritical, and I admit that this trifling accidental defect in no appreciable degree detracts from the merit of this clever actor's impersonation.

Sheridan. They did not make so much of *Moses* as we did originally.

Your Representative. No, Sir; and I confess I was not sorry to see this infraction of ancient custom. *Moses* had degenerated into buffoonery, with a catch sentence of "I'll take my oath of that!" They do well to keep your Israelite in the background. At the Prince of Wales's, *Moses* is very much where MOSES is in the old riddle "when the candle went out." Talking of innovations, by the way, there was a striking novelty, where all was so strikingly novel, in giving *Sir Benjamin Backbite* to the *jeune premier*.

Sheridan. Novelty, Sir!

Your Representative. Why, Sir, *Sir Benjamin Backbite* is usually given to a low comedian.

Sheridan. Zounds, Sir! there never was such a mistake. The Management of the Prince of Wales's has acted most wisely—a rare instance in the history of theatrical managements.

Your Representative. Present company—

Sheridan (smiling). Not excepted, Sir. I do not think that the now-existing Committee of Old Drury would have been so favourably disposed towards me, as, I hear, they have been towards MR. CHATTERTON. But as I was saying, they have done well and wisely at the Prince of Wales's in giving *Sir Benjamin* to MR. LIN RAYNE, who, but for the drawback of habitual self-consciousness, which sacrifices the interests of the scene for the sake of an individual appeal to the audience, is the legitimate successor of the original MR. DODD, the most perfect fopling of his time, "the prince of pink heels, and the soul of empty eminence."

Your Representative. And the *Crabtree* of MR. WOOD?

Sheridan. 'Gad, Sir, *Crabtree* is WOOD. PARSONS was much the same—a fidgety old fellow who afterwards played *Cumber*—I mean *Sir Fretful* to the life.

Your Representative. MISS FANNY JOSEPHS was charming as *Lady Sneerwell*, and MRS. MURRY'S *Mrs. Candour* was as good as could be wished. And as to MRS. BANCROFT'S *Lady Teazle*, Sir—

Sheridan. Whatever the Manageress of the Prince of Wales's does, she does well. But let me hear your opinion.

Your Representative. Well, Sir, with all due deference, it appears to me that the key-note of MRS. BANCROFT'S *Lady Teazle* is to be found in *Sir Peter's* description of her: "*She plays her part in all the extravagant foppery of the fashion and the town with as ready a grace as if she had never seen a bush or a grass-plot out of Grosvenor Square.*" There it is exactly. The clever, quick-witted country girl, the rural coquette, who, six months ago, jogged on a pillion on old Dobbin's back behind the butler, refused the fox-hunting Squire and accepted *Sir Peter*, has, with ready perception of the requirements of her new rank, rapidly assimilated herself to the character of the society in which she is henceforward to live, move, and have her being, and seeing that she must either rule among the peacocks, or be sneered at, and plucked as an intrusive jackdaw, she has at once successfully adopted all the graces and the manners of a woman of fashion. Giddy with excitement, she is, for a brief space only, in danger of yielding up her belief in virtue before the specious doctrines of a detestably false philosophy.

Sheridan (shaking me by the hand). Sir, this is all most true.

Your Representative. As Mr. Snake, (and, after him, the recently unfortunate MR. JEAN LUIE,) says, "I scorn a lie." But to continue. Note MRS. BANCROFT'S repentant air in the Screen Scene, and her look of scorn for *Joseph* when he attempts to assist her from the room. Excuse my saying it, MR. SHERIDAN, but I cannot understand why on earth you allowed *Charles Surface* to indulge his elegant raillery—we call it "chaffing" now-a-days, by your leave, Sir—at *Sir Peter's* expense in that trying and most serious situation.

Sheridan. Serious, Sir! A plague of your seriousness! Don't mistake me, Sir. That scene was farcical, and the situation was farcical, and *Charles Surface* laughed at it as afterwards *Old Rowley* laughed at it, as *Sir Oliver* laughed at it, and as we should have laughed at it in my time. Serious!

Your Representative. But, surely, Sir—

Sheridan. 'Slife, Sir, I am beginning to think that the youngsters pretend to understand me better than I ever understood myself. I am my own LORD BURLINGHAM, and my shake of my head means a devilish deal more than I could possibly have imagined. It is getting late, and we keep early hours. Besides, I should like to talk this over with GARRICK. Be it yours, Sir, to "draw wise morals from my play." And so I take my leave. Your most obsequious!

Your Representative. Your most devoted!

And so I awake—just in time to sign myself, quite wide awake,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S. The minuet danced by MRS. BANCROFT, MISS JOSEPHS, MR. WOOD, and MR. LIN RAYNE, is alone worth a second visit, and the picture and frame are worth two more after that. Even with a view to learned theatrical conversation at the dinner-table and at five o'clock teas, everyone should see the revival at the Prince of Wales's of the *School for Scandal*.

Becoming Caution.

A WRITER on the Agricultural Statistics of Ireland, in the *Irish Times* for April 4th, notices that—

"Horses showed an increase over the previous year to the number of 2879; while Asses (quadruped) were 978 in excess."

WHAT LITERARY LADIES OUGHT TO WEAR.—Book Mulin.

ADDISON'S AGGRAVATION;

OR, "OH! PATTI NON TIENE!"

"Yes, all right; you shall have hair-pins, violet powder, and foot-warmer."—ADDISON to PATTIE LAVERNE.

(See Report of a late Trial at Liverpool.)

How could the most errant of Stars not be caught
By a telegram thus with all gallantry freighted?

But *femine curie* too often.

And violet-powder, and hair-pins to boot,
And even a warmer for each fairy foot,
A hard PATTIE won't soften!

How sad for this most enterprising lessee,
That in spite of his telegrams frolic and free,

MISS PATTIE turned traitor.

And if swingeing damages ADDISON get,
Punch must honestly own he will feel no regret
To be a "Spectator."

Young Ladies that country engagements accept,
To their country engagements should strictly be kept,

If by power of attorney;

And when a fair Star thus comes down from her sphere,
Punch can only exclaim, "Ah, how *facilis* here
Is *Descensus Laverni*!"

FRUITS OF PISCICULTURE.



THE good news of last week includes the tidings, delightful if true, that, on Wednesday morning, a fine salmon-trout supposed to weigh from ten to eleven pounds was seen by a ferryman named BARKER, leaping about in the Thames off Gordon House, Isleworth, the residence of LORD KILMOREY. Among the better news is the event that a salmon-trout weighing 7lb. 4oz., was actually caught off the island near the same place by a barge-man named FINN. MR. FINN was offered ten shillings for his prize, but preferred to keep it for his own consumption, whence we rejoice to infer that he is a prosperous bargee. It is a hopeful fact that a salmon-trout has been taken in the

Thames, and a remarkable one that it was caught by a FINN.

THE LABOUR LAWS COMMISSION.

APPROACH of May with tints so gay

Is what the minstrel muses on:

But worthier far of poet's lay

Th' inquiry that TOM HUGHES is on.

Masters' and Workmen's wrongs and rights

MACDONALD too will sit upon;

While Lords and Lawyers blend their lights,

Some plan of peace to hit upon.

Of Capital's and Labour's laws,

When they've the tangled clue undone,

Let Men and Masters join applause,

And bless the Squire of Hughenden!

THE REVERSE OF THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

A SCHOOL in which very few Members of Society are brought up—
—a Charity School.



THE ROUND OF THE STUDIOS.

Affable Stranger. "GOOD MORNING, MR. M'GILP! I HAVEN'T THE PLEASURE OF YOUR ACQUAINTANCE, BUT A BROTHER OF MINE MET YOU, SOME YEARS AGO, AT A GARDEN-PARTY, AND I THOUGHT YOU WOULDN'T MIND MY CALLING TO SEE YOUR PICTURES, AND—ER—BRINGING SOME COUSINS OF MY WIFE'S!"

[Our Artist bows low, to dissemble the too exuberant rapture that beams all over his tell-tale countenance.]

FROM OUR OWN "OCCASIONAL."

PARIS, April 8.

AFTER the longest run known in dramatic annals—a year and odd months (Sundays and all)—long enough to produce for her parent a whole progeny of grandchildren in all forms and all languages, *Madame Angot's Daughter* gives up the ghost to-night. There is talk of a procession of the *Dames de la Halle* in honour of her obsequies; for she has supplied that worthy sisterhood with a new store of haff. Wandering through the Fish Market the other day, and venturing on a few friendly inquiries after *Clairette*, Your Occasional was met with a storm of repartee, couched in unintelligible words and most intelligible gestures, which would have made the fortune of several comedies and pantomimes. If ever the world establish the universal language which there is to be no mistaking, the Fish Market of Paris will be the school for learning it! For one other thing let us thank *Mlle. Clairette*. She has proved, or should have proved, to conviction, that for a play or an opera to be successful in Paris it need not be of the usual unsavoury kind. A piece thoroughly "*honnête*"—barring a few little harmless eccentricities which need shock nobody—Lecocq's opera has had a greater success than all the horrors of late years put together. Everybody must wish that M. LECOCQ had stuck to his colours. But not he. Your French writer or composer now-a-days is nothing if not unclean. So we get *Giroflé Girofla* from one who is musician enough to afford to know better. It is in the blood, somehow. However well they all begin, they come to this complexion at last. ABOUT lowers himself, from *Tolla* and *Germaine* to *Madelon* and *l'Infâme*; FEUILLET, after the *Roman d'un Jeune Homme Pauvre*, gives us *Julie*; and even VICTOR HUGO, greatest and once purest name of all, catches the infection in *L'Homme qui Rit*. Not that I am comparing serious works to the banalities of *opéra-bouffe*; but the difference is a question of degree. Let dynasties change as they will, the great god Priapus reigns in France. It is curious to trace back the growth of his worship, and taking the work of his high-priest, M. DUMAS

fil, to wonder at the comparative purity of the *Demi-Monde* which shocked everybody at the time, when honest old SCRIBE's *drame bourgeois* was still popular. It is a long step from the *Demi-Monde* to some of the author's later productions. I wonder, by the way, what SCRIBE would think of M. FEUILLET being called by the *Times* Correspondent a pupil of his school? Also, I wonder much, though humbly, what that gentleman thought he meant when he said so.

Now-a-days, to be sufficiently nasty is to be a Genius, as far as I can make out. Here is everybody reading *Madame Bovary*, an old novel of FLAUBERT, to whom public attention has been re-directed by the utter collapse of his first dramatic attempt, *Le Candidat*. "Such a wonderful book!" says everybody. So I read it; and I defy MR. MUDIE to find anything stupider than *Madame Bovary* anywhere. But we wade through the deserts of dulness to linger on the oases of naughtiness, and are bound, I suppose, to be thankful and refreshed. DUMAS's bright wit and polished French excuse him many things; but, as for his imitators that have neither wit nor style,—well, they, like *Audrey*, may "thank the gods they are foul," for it is their only stock-in-trade.

Let us, on our side of the water, be as decent as we can, and not quarrel too much even with our erratic but excellent LORD CHAMBERLAIN. We have given up the modesty of the eye, worse luck; let us preserve the modesty of the heart and ear, if possible. And don't let us get hold of the idea that, if we throw a parson, by way of salt, into an immodest story, he serves to sweeten it. Suppose the salt were to lose its savour instead?

So, light lie the earth on *Madame Angot's Daughter*! We have had one glimpse, and a long one, too, of a world, even in the regions of *opéra-bouffe*, into which modest women may be admitted; and there may, some day, arise a school of managers, authors, and composers who will profit by the lesson, and learn that, even in Paris, decency does not mean failure, or indecency success. It is a curious fact that *Mlle. Clairette*, who has made her Manager's fortune, was previously bowed out by three others—no doubt, because she was so stupidly proper.



A NEW ARCH-BISHOP.

JOSEPH ARCH (so BISHOP OF MANCHESTER). "AH! MY LORD, I NEVER EXPECTED TO FIND YOUR LORDSHIP ON OUR SIDE!"

[See the BISHOP OF MANCHESTER'S Letter to the *Times* on the Lock-out of the Labourers—"Are the Farmers mad?" &c., &c.]

GLOVER AND GLOVER.



THERE are two GLOVERS of whom Posterity will read the names in biographical dictionaries. Both of them bear a relation to LEONIDAS. The first, GLOVER the Poet, celebrated the valour of that hero. The second, CAPTAIN GLOVER, of Ashantee renown, emulated it. Happily, however, there is this difference between CAPTAIN GLOVER and LEONIDAS, that, whereas the latter fell at Thermopylae, the former lives to receive the thanks of Parliament, and to dine with the LORD MAYOR.

"L'ŒIL DE MAÎTRE."

A PROPOS of a recent *fiasco* at a great public school, a Member of the Governing Body was heard to remark that he had already "a Master in his eye." Mr. Punch, whilst freely admitting that Governing Bodies are not to be ranked as ordinary mortals, cannot help observing that the person referred to would be more likely to have a Pupil in his eye than a Master.

OUR NEW NOVEL.

MINDFUL of the success which attended the publication of *Mokanna*, *Chickin Hazard*, and the *Treble Temptation* in this Journal, &c., in the true spirit of enterprise, and not to be behind any of our worthy contemporaries in the production of genuine novelties, we beg to present our readers with the First Number of a new Serial entitled

ONE-AND-THREE!

BY THAT DISTINGUISHED FRENCH NOVELIST

VICTOR NOGO.

Adapted expressly to the exigencies of this Paper by an Eminent Translator. All rights reserved. In case of any difficulties arising out of the present adaptation, it is earnestly requested that all applications should be made at the Office between the hours of ten and four daily, where a Fighting Correspondent is specially retained. Pistols on hire by the hour, and Coffee, sixpence a cup.

PART THE FIRST—ALL AT SEA.

BOOK THE FIRST.

The Forest of La Sodar-an-be.

On the first day of April a Regiment reconnoitred the dreaded forest of Sodar-an-be, in the department of Cellaret. Of six hundred Volunteers, mounted on backs of true Irish breed, called cork-screws, only twenty-one and a boy remained.

Each Regiment from Paris took with it five pieces of cannon; these put together would have made one gun.

On the 31st of March the Directory had issued the password to the troops—"O, you April fool!" One fool makes many. The woods and forests were crowded that day.

The Regiment engaged at La Sodar-an-be looked to the right, the left, before, behind, all at once. Each man, forming a square, looked round.

KLEBER has said, "Every soldier has a nose on his face." The man who uttered this was a Kleber man.

Every soldier knew that should his leader fail, he could follow his own nose,—to death, or victory.

The forest seemed deserted. Blunderbusses were heard at intervals. This caused redoubled vigilance in getting out of the way.

In a path a Soldier found a slug. He made signals. Nobody saw him. He repeated them. The slug moved on, and disappeared into an ambush.

In less than a minute a circle of pointed muskets surrounded it. The soldiers awaited the Sergeant's order.

The Vivandière pressed forward.

Curiosity is a feminine instinct.

"Halt!" she cried.

When the Vivandière cried "Halt!" the Sergeant dared not say "Fire!"

Seated among the bushes was a Woman with a small party of infants of various ages.

A Sunday-school out for a holiday. This was the ambush. The remains of one pork-pie was on the ground.

"A veal-and-ambush," said the Sergeant, grimly.

"How old are you all?" asked the Vivandière.

"Our united ages are fifty next birthday," replied the Woman.

"Your name?" asked the Vivandière, in a tone singularly harsh and peculiarly soft.

The Woman did not understand.

The Vivandière persisted.

The Woman stammered.

"P-p-p-p-pie-nic."

"And the children's?" asked the Vivandière.

"P-p-p-p-pie-a-n-n-n-in-n-n-nies."

"We will give you some soup," said the Vivandière.

At this the Woman began to feel a certain confidence. Where there is soup there is hope.

"Where do you come from?" asked the Sergeant.

The Woman replied, "Q-q-quite w-well th-th-thank you."

The Sergeant was stupefied. He often was. He had once been an Usher in a School where the Ollendorffian system of languages was practised, and considered himself a fine teacher.

He continued his interrogatories, and she replied, on this principle:—

"Have you my coat or the tailor's?"

"I have the tailor's."

"Have you my ugly hat?"

"I have not your ugly hat."

"Have you anything good?"

"I have nothing good."

"Are you cold?"

"I am not cold."

"Are you warm?"

"I am not warm."

"Have you my brother's handsome nose?"

"I have not your brother's handsome nose."

"Have you the fine old leather gun?"

"No, I have it not."

"Have you the wine?"

"No."

"The ribbon?"

"No."

"The golden button?"

"No."

"The cheese?"

"No."

"The coffee?"

"No."

"The silver candlestick?"

"No."

"Then what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing."

"Five thousand varieties of blackbeetles!" exclaimed a Grenadier.

The Woman gave a start of terror. It was all she had to give.

"You are not accustomed to soldiers' language," said the Vivandière, kindly.

"I h-h-h-ate b-b-b-lackbeetles," said the poor Woman.

"What have you to eat?" asked the Sergeant.

"Nothing but what she gets off the bushes," said the Vivandière.

"Sloe work!" said the Grenadier.

"Berry much so," answered the Sergeant, grimly.

The Vivandière filled a cup.

"Drink!"

The children obeyed. They made wry faces.

"It's our fine old One-and-Three," observed the Vivandière, turning to the Sergeant.

A thrill ran through the Regiment. It had not trembled in battle. It shuddered now.

"Comrades," exclaimed the Sergeant, "we'll adopt this little lot. Is it agreed?"

"Hurrah for the 'public!" shouted the Grenadiers, evasively.

"Fifty thousand names of small potatoes!" exclaimed the Grenadier. He lived on oaths.

"It is settled," said the Sergeant, and he kissed the young Woman, and cut a short twig for the benefit of the children. He was a Soldier; I have said he had been a Schoolmaster.

The Vivandière jumped for joy.

"I will give them our One-and-Three at half-price!" she exclaimed.

The children cried bitterly.

"Vive la 'publique!" cried the Soldiers.

And the Sergeant, turning to the woman, said—

"Quel jour est-ce que nous avons!" ("O what a day we are having!")

(To be continued.)



FLATTERING IMITATION.

Sarah. "THERE, MARY ANN, THAT'S THE 'AT AS I TOOK MINE FROM!"

THE GENTLE CRAFTSMAN.

SCENE.—*Working-men's Temperance Athenæum. At a table, seated reading newspapers, WILLIAM SMITHERS, skilled bricklayer, and JAMES BLOGG, Carman in the employ of a Coal-merchant.*

Smithers (laying down his paper). JAMES, I feel somewhat exhausted. Do not you? Suppose we partake of a little refreshment.

Blogg. What do you propose?

Smithers. Might I suggest tea?

Blogg. With bread-and-butter?

Smithers. Yes; and shall we say a portion of plum-cake?

Blogg. I think so. *(Beckons an Attendant.)* Tea, milk, sugar, bread-and-butter, and plum-cake for two. *(To Attendant, who retires.)* Does your journal contain any news of interest, WILLIAM?

Smithers. Little. A Correspondent inquires, "Where is the Great Liberal Party?"

Blogg. Echo answers, "Where!"

Smithers. Excuse me, JAMES. Echo never repeats the first word of a question, but always the last. Your friend BYRON was wrong. To the inquiry, "Where is the Great Liberal Party?" if Echo could reply "Where," Echo could as easily reply "Everywhere." And that would be the correct answer. The Great Liberal Party still constitutes the great majority of Englishmen.

(Re-enter Attendant with refreshments, and exit.)

Blogg. Yet that majority is represented by a majority of Conservatives. If the Great Liberal Party is to blend itself with the Great Conservative Party, how is the QUEEN'S Opposition to be carried on?

Smithers. By the Little Liberal Party, JAMES. By a Liberal Party formed of advanced Liberals, JAMES; in short, JAMES, by the Republican Party. That party, JAMES, I apprehend, will form Her Majesty's Opposition of the Future; and Her Majesty's Opposition of the Future will be an Opposition to the QUEEN.

Blogg. In the meanwhile, WILLIAM, you anticipate a course of essentially Liberal legislation?

Smithers. Certainly, whether the present Ministry remain in office or no. They will have forced upon them either Liberal measures, or resignation.

Blogg. Some of them, apparently, are not hostile to a large and enlightened policy of political and social reform.

Smithers. No, indeed. And in some particulars not a few have been converted to the most progressive views. For instance, there is Female Suffrage.

Blogg. Which MR. DISRAELI himself, I believe, is disposed to concede.

Smithers. Convinced that it will tend to the amelioration of our venerated institutions as well as to the elevation of Woman.

Blogg. His supporters' views on the Labour Question are supposed to be not unfriendly to the Working-man.

Smithers. Time will show. I trust that in legislating on our behalf they will not forget to afford us adequate protection from the tyranny of our own Order.

Blogg. There are said to be those among them who are not indisposed to entertain the idea of a Free Breakfast Table.

Smithers. Let us hope that they will balance any relief of that kind with a proportional reduction of direct taxation.

Blogg. A Free Stable, for instance; a Free Coat-of-Arms, and a Free Kitchen, with untaxed male domestics. But still do you not think that the fiscal burdens weigh most heavily on the Consuming Classes?

Smithers. The chief Consuming Classes, my dear JAMES, are the Consumers of Intoxicating Liquors. JAMES, would you legislate in order to promote the consumption of those *(making a face of disgust)* dreadful beverages?

Blogg. Rum, brandy, whiskey, gin, and beer. *(Makes similar faces.)* Those pernicious fluids, those deleterious potions! *(Makes more faces. They both make faces.)* Ugh! Reduce the duty on those horrid articles of consumption? O no, WILLIAM—never!

Smithers. The Liquor Traffic, JAMES, will have to be dealt with cautiously. The taxes of the Temperate, like yourself and me, are limited to an inconsiderable amount by means of duties which in point of fact constitute an exceedingly heavy fine on national drunkenness. Would you wish that fine abolished?

Blogg. O dear no, WILLIAM! O, certainly not. That were unselfish to the verge of imprudence.

Smithers. It is in the power of every Working-man, at present,



A TEMPTING INDUCEMENT.

Cheerful Agent for Life Assurance Company. "THE ADVANTAGE OF OUR COMPANY IS, THAT YOU DO NOT FORFEIT YOUR POLICY EITHER BY BEING HANGED OR BY COMMITTING SUICIDE! PRAY TAKE A PROSPECTUS!"

to reduce his taxes to something almost nominal by becoming a votary of total abstinence.

Blogg. Let us then, WILLIAM, think once, twice, and even thrice, before we demand any alteration of so advantageous an arrangement.

Smithers. Well, JAMES, it is now time to depart. Allow me to defray the expenses of our refreshment.

Blogg. Nay, WILLIAM, it was our joint indulgence. Suppose for the enjoyment of a pleasure which you would monopolise, we draw lots.

Smithers. Willingly.

[As they proceed to make the requisite arrangements for that mode of settling who is to "stand," the Scene closes.]

THE GIRLS' SCHOOL IN THE KITCHEN.

"A CAMBRIDGESHIRE VICAR," writing to the *Times*, truly remarks that "the art of cookery, under the auspices of MR. BUCKMASTER, is now assuming the place which it ought to hold among the accomplishments of English Ladies." It is, indeed, satisfactory to see the agitation for Women's Rights accompanied by a movement in the cultivation of their duties. Let the accomplishment of cooking be as generally studied by girls as that of music is, and the results of learning the one will probably prove in general a good deal more satisfactory than we find those of instruction in the other. The majority of our wives and daughters will be enabled to dress a dinner as well as they can dress themselves, and perhaps better than they dress their hair; and there will no longer be room for the unkind, if not altogether uncalled-for remark, that there are not many bread-winners whose wives are able to make bread-sauce.

CITY INTELLIGENCE.

It is rumoured on the Stock Exchange that, stimulated by the noble Grant of Leicester Square, a Marylebone Vestryman declares that he too has a Green in his eye. It is believed to be "Paddington."

MOTTO FOR THE INNS OF COURT.—"Brief life is here our portion."

SONG OF THE SIREN.

(*Pisciformis.*)

[A Morning Contemporary publishes the subjoined interesting announcement:—"BRIGHTON AQUARIUM.—The Mexican Axolotl, which have been for some time exhibited in one of the handsome vases in the entrance-hall of the Brighton Aquarium, spawned about a month ago. As the parents showed every disposition to devour their eggs, the latter were removed to one of the troughs of the salmon-hatching apparatus, where the young Axolotls may now be seen, having just been hatched after a period of twenty days in the egg."]

I'm the Mexican Axolotl;
And you all that gaze on me
Knew a thing beyond ARISTOTLE,
Who the like of me ne'er did see.
By the many who come to Brighton,
When their minds they here recruit,
I'm imagined to be a Triton,
Like the Greater Water Newt.

I'm the Mexican Axolotl,
From my native clime I've come,
Not to be kept in a bottle,
But in Brighton's Aquarium.
To quietude oft though sticking
When little inclined to move,
You behold me alive and kicking
Whenever I frisky prove.

I'm a creature between the fishes
And reptiles a place which fills,
For it breathes by lungs when it wishes,
And it likewise breathes by gills.
So I'm equal to respiration
Both on land and in water too,
Being nearly in all creation
The only amphibian true.

The blood of me cold, not warm, is;
For 'tis that of a creeping thing.
Yet the *Siren*, called *pisciformis*
In Zoology, this can sing:—
That the Mexican people eat us.
They esteem us right dainty meals.
For the table they mostly treat us
By stewing as you do eels.

For our flesh they've learned to prize us,
Poor Sirens of savoury fame;
And if e'er you acclimatise us,
You, perhaps, will do the same.
You eat turtle; why not fish-lizards?
Though your girls call us "nasty things!"
Our descendants may line great gizzards
At the banquets of City Kings.

And suppose, from that fate to snatch them,
We had eaten up all our spawn.
You, to cook them, would have to catch them,
And you couldn't when they were gone.
His own children, old Father Saturn
Stuffed into paternal chops:
And we should but have taken pattern
From the sire of the sons of Opa.

Our intent had Fate permitted,
In the germs we had nipped our brood.
And you then would have been outwitted,
If to rear them you thought for food.
May the bones, though but gristle, throttle,
That Briton who'd eat our fry!
So prays the Axolotl,—
For what the word means, Ax-my-eye!

SHAKESPEARIAN PENANCE.

THE latest rumour from Richmond (not that we guarantee it) affirms that the Vicar has determined to preach a Reconciliation Sermon, "with rough-cast about him, to signify wall."

GREAT CHEMICAL FEAT (By SIR G. W.).—Getting Gold out of COFFEE.



"OFF!"

Sergeant O'Leary. "DOUBLE! LEFT! RIGHT! WHAT THE BLAZES, PAT ROONEY, D'YE MANE BY NOT DOUBLIN' WID THE SQUAD!?"
Pat. "SHURE, SERGEANT, 'TWAEN'T A FAIR START!"

MIDLAND RAILWAY INSURANCE.

A good example is recorded in the newspaper announcement of an—

"INCREASE OF PAY TO RAILWAY SERVANTS.—The Directors of the Midland Railway Company have given a general advance of three shillings a week to their roadside station-masters. They have also decided to supply their porters, policemen, and others similarly situated, with extra uniform clothing, and allow them four days' leave of absence annually without stoppage."

It may be reasonably expected that an advance of the wages of Railway Servants will be found by the Midland Company well repaid by increased efficiency of service, attended with decrease of accidents, so that what they expend in wages will be very much more than made up to them by preservation from damages. Thus they will effect a two-fold kind of Railway Insurance—the insurance of their own pockets, and also that of their passengers' lives and limbs. These latter, to be sure, may be insured by their owners at an Accident Insurance Office, as far as their value in the event of their loss is concerned; but it is preferable that they should, to all possible extent, be insured against being lost at all. Considering this, the most thorough Conservative must approve of the Liberal Policy which has been adopted by the Midland Railway Directors.

Wine not Whiskey.

THE fairer portion, and better half, of mankind know who are their friends. Woman never repays kindness with hostility. The Pennsylvanian Ladies are waging a war against Whiskey. *Sine Cerere et Baccho friget Venus.* It is clear that Bacchus and Whiskey are not convertible terms.

A DEFINITION FOR SIR HENRY THOMPSON. — *Cremation*: "A consume-ation devoutly to be wished."

EX-KING CACOBABU.

(A Native Melody.)

CACOBABU, de Fiji King,
 To resign his sceptre mean:
 Bery wise and prudent thing;
 Cede him throne to England's QUEEN.
 CACOBABU have all made square;
 Get two hundred pounds a year:
 Free from trouble and from care,
 CACOBABU he drink him beer.

Coolie question settled now
 Like it never was afore.
 Put Exchequer straight; allow
 Fijia eattee men no more.
 Every chief he say, "Well done!"
 RITVO, TUI CAKAU,
 MAAFU, all; and shout, each one,
 "Hip! Hooray for CACOBABU!"

A Pleasant Prospect!

SIR,
 I OBSERVE that the Broad Churchman of the *Daily News* reports that in a Ritualist Easter Service at St. Matthias, South Kensington, "Nocturns are followed by Lauds."

Good gracious, Sir! What are we coming to? If the awful Anglican movement have brought us to Lauds already, how soon may we not be struggling with Star-Chambers!

Yours, JOHN KNOX TWITTERS.

A GOOD GROUND.

MR. GLADSTONE, who is working away at his *Homer*, gives as his reason, "Better rule Homer than Home-Ruler."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



OCTOR PUNCH'S young friends resumed their duties, on Monday, April 13, after the usual Easter recesses.

MAJOR BEAUMONT opened the work of the School by exhibiting his large plan—quite as imposing as any Christmas-piece ever displayed by Blue Coat Boy to LORD MAYOR—for substituting for the Militia a Reserve to be formed by rapid filtration of short-service men

through the ranks into an English Landwehr. This drew down a scattered fire of desultory criticism on LORD CARDWELL's Army changes—the short-service system, recruiting, and compulsory service—from such military experts as COLONEL NORTH, GENERAL SHUTE, MR. O'REILLY, SIR H. WILMOT, MAJOR DICKSON, and SIR G. BALFOUR, till MR. CAMPBELL BANNERMAN, taking up the cudgels for LORD CARDWELL, warned the House against pulling up the shoots of the military crop sown by the late Government to look how they were growing, and insisted on the homely wisdom of looking before leaping. MR. HARDY backed MR. BANNERMAN. After all, recruiting is not so very bad. It would be premature to pronounce the Service, as now settled, too short to be sweet to HODGE, or our Reserves past praying for.

Does not a British proverb say "Service is no inheritance"? Then what chance for schemes implying that the least pleasant form of service—Military Service—is to be everybody's inheritance? For this implication lies at the bottom of MAJOR BEAUMONT's proposition, which may be most briefly disposed of as "Prooshian."

Of course, England expects every man to do his duty, but that doesn't include regimental duty.

So MAJOR BEAUMONT withdrew his Motion, having ventilated the subject—"from all the airts the wind can blow;" for no two Members seemed to think alike on any one point started.

Only one thing seems disagreeably clear—that the Army has been thoroughly *dis*-organised. Is it settling down again into a sounder and stronger order (as CARDWELL & Co. maintain) or drifting nearer and nearer to chaos (as the military experts, for the most part, assert)?—that is the question about which JOHN BULL has a right to feel anxious, and on which he will extract little light from anything stated, or shown, in the Army discussions of the Session thus far.

Tuesday.—In the Pears, the LORD CHANCELLOR read to the House SIR GARNET WOLSKLEY's thanks in due form for their Lordships' resolution of thanks to himself and the officers, and soldiers, sailors, and marines. No one can deny that BRITANNIA has given SIR GARNET and his brave companions in arms an ample allowance of praise. She has now crowned the praise bestowed on all by a very good slice of solid pudding given to SIR GARNET himself, in the shape of an allowance of £25,000. This is what the QUEEN recommends and Parliament has cheerfully provided. Long may he live to enjoy it!

In the Commons. Good news for Art-lovers—the improvements in the National Gallery

are to be completed in a year, when all the National Pictures will be lodged at the sign of the Punch-bowl and Pepper-boxes, instead of being distributed between that house and the Brompton Boilers, as at present. So at all events our Art Treasures will now have one roof over their heads, if not a very stately or ornamental one.

SIR ROBERT MONTAGUE asked a silly question of MR. DISRAELI, and got no answer.

MR. BASS, moving to do away with the last rag of Imprisonment for Debt,—still hung out of the County Courts,—was defeated by 215 to 52.

Doctors differ as to the value of this drastic remedy for the serious disease of Small Debts, which is wide-spread among our labouring classes—and their wives. Probably the Scotch tallyman, or travelling pedlar, is at once the largest disseminator of the disease, and the most regular customer of the County Court for the Prison-physic so liberally dispensed there.

MR. LOPES thinks credit a blessing to the poor man, and this power of commitment the condition of Credit. So thought SIR H. JAMES once, but last year's Select Committee had converted him. It was the physis of Commitment that kept alive the disease of Credit.

And so the debate strayed off into the question: Which is best for the Working-man—that Credit should be kept alive by Power of Imprisonment, or that Power of Imprisonment should be done away with to get rid of Credit?

We have long ago settled the question for Master, why should we be still discussing it for Man?

Unluckily MR. BASS stopping short at £5 had to admit his Bill was illogical; so the House, under Cross-direction, threw it out.

The next time it appears *Punch* ventures to prophesy that it will be without a £5 limit. It may then challenge a division on its merits with a different result from the present.

Wednesday.—SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, who has already attached his name for ever to the Bank Holiday Act, was bowled out in the attempt to throw the agis of the Law over such Celtic Remains as have escaped pick and ploughshare. The schedule of his Bill included dyke and fort, dolmen and menhir, cairn and cromlech, burial-mound and hut-circle, but said nothing of later monuments.

The House cares a great deal about Rights of Property, and very little about Celtic Remains. It is not to be wondered at that Big Ben was allowed to toll the death-knell of the Bill to the Tennysonian tune of "Proputty, proputty," in spite of HOPE's flattering tale, and a formidable array, at the back of SIR JOHN and his Bill, of names divided in the House, but making common cause in defence of the Mysterious, Monumental, and Megalithic. SIR E. ANTROBUS, the owner of Stonehenge, declared that Archaeologists were the most formidable enemies the Great Stones had to fear; and vaunted his own care as having saved them from destruction at the hands of a band of enthusiastic excavators, headed by SIR JOHN LUBBOCK himself. SIR JOHN's plea for his Bill was swept away by respect for "proputty" and fear of a heavy pull on the Treasury together; and his Bill was kicked out, very decidedly, by 147 to 94, but we hope to revive in a more comprehensive form some day.

Then we became practical, and really carried through Second Reading two useful Bills—MR. ANDERSON's, for extending to Scotland SIR A. COCKBURN's Act for the Suppression of Betting-Houses—mark, not



"A REAL EASTER AMUSEMENT."

"MASTER IS VERY SORRY, MA'AM, BUT HE'S GOT SUCH A DREADFUL TOOTHACHE HE CAN'T SEE ANY PATIENTS TO-DAY!"

"betting," that is sanctioned by Society, but "betting-houses," the low haunts where low rogues tempt low fools into low turf transactions—"high" and "low" makes such a difference, you see,—and MR. MORLEY'S Bill, for remedying an oversight introduced by the Lords in amending the Married Woman's Property Act, which exempted the lady's pre-nuptial property from liability for her pre-nuptial debts.

And then on *Thursday*, was produced the exciting drama of *THE BUDGET*—to the most crowded House of the Season. Here is a brief analysis of what we think we are safe as describing as a great success for SIR STAFFORD NORTHCOTE, BART., the ingenious and ingenious author:—

The piece opens with a Prologue, entitled "Expenditure," in which we are introduced to those very familiar personages, Debt, Consolidated Fund, Army and Navy, Civil Service, Post-Office, Packet Service, Telegraphs, and Collection of Revenue. Their united incomes rise to the imposing dimensions of £72,503,000.

Act I. introduces a new figure—"Estimated Revenue"—who, in a struggle with Expenditure, comes out victorious. Estimated Revenue is the father of the child, whose fortunes give the leading interest to the night's performance—Surplus, a lusty young giant of SIX MILLIONS!

In Act II. the Author deals with the efforts of various rival powers—Indian Famine and English Fatness, Beer, Malt, Railways, &c., &c.—to get possession of Young Surplus, or to divide his wealth among them.

In Act III. we have the division of the spoil. Debt gets half a million; Local Taxation, for his children, Lunatics, Police, and Government Buildings' Rating, a million and a quarter; Income-tax, close on two millions (by remission of one of the four pennies now levied); Sugar, two millions full; and Horse Duty half a million.

The piece concludes with a general dance of the Relieved Industries, while the Disappointed Claimants—Beer, Malt, & Co.—sow, dissatisfied and discomfited, in the background. Though there were, of course, some dissentient voices, we are bound to state that on Thursday night the concluding *tableau* of SIR STAFFORD'S neat and inoffensive production brought down the Curtain to general applause.

Friday.—After notices and questions miscellaneous, the answers

to which showed what a vast deal the Government must have under consideration, MR. BAILLIE COCHRANE called attention to the Widows and Servants of Civil Servants, for whom the State makes no provision by way of pension. MR. COCHRANE quoted some hard cases of the kind, and there are but too many in the Civil Service as well as out of it. But the last sentence of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER'S answer contains the pith of the matter:—

"The proper system to adopt is to pay our servants fairly and liberally for the work they are called upon to do, and leave them to make their own provisions for those they leave behind them."

This, in or out of the House, comes home to common sense—so no wonder MR. COCHRANE took nothing by his motion, much as kindly feeling may have to say for it. Hard cases, it is said, make bad law. They are just as likely to make bad laws, if too sympathetically listened to. The House must be hard of head, and, on occasion, hard of hearing at the ear where Counsellor Kind-Heart is whispering while Counsellor Common-Sense whispers to a very different purpose in the other.

MR. BRASSEY has *Punch's* thanks for his speech on the Royal Naval Reserve, and the expediency of doing something to strengthen the ties between Merchant Service and Navy. He pointed out the means by which more boys might be trained for the Merchant Service more of our fishermen attached to the Coast Defence Force, and the Naval Reserves more efficiently stimulated and better looked after.

MR. BRASSEY speaks sense on a very weighty subject. The difficulty is to get the true blue Navy officer to believe in the Merchant sailor; to keep the Admiralty from, more or less, pooh-poohing London and Liverpool, Tyne and Thames, Clyde and Mersey, and their rough-and-ready "folks'le hands."

MR. GOSCHEN denied the existence of any such feeling on the part of the late Government, and MR. WARD HUNT on the part of the present. *Punch* rejoices to hear that we added 2000 to our Naval Reserve in the course of last year, and that it now stands at 13,000. But why is it not three times as large?

MR. M'GREGOR, for the Mercantile Marine, disclaimed any prejudice against the Naval Reserve.

CAPTAIN PRICE showed how the Reserve's drill might be improved; SIR JOHN HAY how its numbers and efficiency might be increased by



THE BANK HOLIDAY.

Papa. "Now, how shall we spend Monday most advantageously? You might take the girls, my love, to the German Bazaar; and I propose that as Charley intends to come out 'a Grecian,' he and I should have an instructive day at the Museum of Economic Geology!"

co-operation of Board of Trade, Admiralty, and Education Department.

MR. NORWOOD, MR. BENTINCK, and MR. GOURLEY raised a chorus over the deterioration of Poor JACK. SIR C. ADDERLEY, for the Board of Trade, ventured to contest this conclusion. There may be natural affinity between *couleur de rose* and Red Tape on this point. If JACK be as good as ever, then all ship-owners, ship-masters, and ship-men, generally of *Punch's* acquaintance, are in a conspiracy to run him down. All report Poor JACK's deterioration—not more, however, than might be expected from bad lodging, bad food, bad wages, bad discipline, and bad usage—in short, from bad conditions in all points of life before the mast, all bred of loosened ties between owner and man, eagerness to save, and haste to get rich.

If the discussion led to nothing very practical, it stirred the straw of a very serious subject, and may, and ought to, bear fruit.

Will MR. BRASSEY be good enough to keep "pegging away" at the matter, and see that the Admiralty new brooms are set to work, and kept to work, at it?

After JACK was got rid of, and a big batch of some twenty Estimates voted—including the expenses of most of the leading Departments.—MR. BUTT was beaten by 125 to 88 on the Second Reading of his Bill for lowering the Irish Municipal Franchise. MR. BUTT calls this assimilating the Irish Franchise to the English, but SIR M. H. BEACH pointed out that circumstances alter cases, and that the change would mean something like 16 per cent. of the rateable value in boroughs over-riding 82 per cent.

MR. HOLKER is appointed Solicitor-General, and the new writ is moved for Preston, which may be more than ever, "proud" Preston at this unexpected promotion of its young Q.C.

With a safe constituency for his spring-board, he has jumped clear over the heads of his professional betters, the Members for Norwich and Marylebone. Ah, if their seats had only been safe!

A CHARGE TO A WATCH.

HERE is wisdom. It is printed in the *Pall Mall Gazette*:—

"In delivering his visitation charge at Taunton yesterday, ARCHDEACON DENISON lamented the break-up of the old religious position on the Continent, as being satisfactory neither in fact nor in prospect. He condemned as worse even than persecution that hostility to all dogma which had set its mark on the century both in England and on the Continent, and which was the natural offspring of unfettered licence of private judgment, and synonymous with disbelief in and rejection of revealed religion."

Always duly pondering what he intends saying to the Clergy, whom he instructs whenever he performs archidiaconal functions, the thoughtful Archdeacon cannot have failed to give all due consideration to the fact that, in the "old religious position on the Continent," an Anglican Archdeacon would have been treated as a heretic; at one time possibly by *ante mortem* cremation. Of course; and, therefore, he very consistently pronounces hostility to all dogma worse even than persecution. It would be better that a Clergyman of the Church of England, for example—mind, for example—should be occasionally roasted alive, say in Spain, than that the old religious position in Spain should have become what it is now.

Here is more wisdom, reported to have proceeded from the lips of the closely reasoning Divine who shines as the Light of Somersetshire:—

"Speaking of the position of religious education at home, the Archdeacon said the Education Act had destroyed, with the consent, and not without the applause of the bishops, clergy, and people, the parish schools of England. He believed that absolutely secular schools were less dangerous than those schools which had been created under the Act."

From time to time, ARCHDEACON DENISON is accustomed to deliver himself of utterances which, like those above-instanced, are evidently the result of profound and logical thought applied seriously to serious subjects. It is desirable that a collection should be made, if possible, of the Venerable Archdeacon's sensible sayings.



DIFFICULTIES OF ART.

Fair Artist (to her Model). "I WANT AN EASY, GRACEFUL, AND REFINED ATTITUDE, MR. SCRUFF—a GALLANT YOUNG PRINCE, YOU KNOW, ASKING A HIGH-BORN DAMSEL (WHOM HE SECRETLY LOVES) TO BE HIS PARTNER IN A GAY SARABAND. TRY TO REALISE THE SITUATION, MR. SCRUFF."
(*Mr. Scruff does try to realise the situation.*)

David Livingstone.

*Died on the Shores of Lake Bemba, May 4, 1873.
Landed at Southampton, April 15; Buried in Westminster Abbey,
April 18, 1874.*

Droop half-mast colours, bow, bare-headed crowds,
As this plain coffin o'er the side is slung,
To pass by woods of masts and ratlined shrouds,
As erst by Afric's trunks liana-hung.

'Tis the last mile, of many thousands trod
With failing strength, but never-failing will,
By the worn frame, now at its rest with God,
That never rested from its fight with ill.

Or if the ache of travel and of toil
Would sometimes wring a short sharp cry of pain,
From agony of fever, blain, and boil,
'Twas but to crush it down, and on again!

He knew not that the trumpet he had blown,
Out of the darkness of that dismal land,
Had reached, and roused an army of its own,
To strike the chains from the Slave's fettered hand.

Now, we believe, he knows, sees all is well:
How God had stayed his will, and shaped his way,
To bring the light to those that darkling dwell,
With gains that life's devotion well repay.

Open the Abbey doors, and bear him in
To sleep with king and statesman, chief, and sage,

The Missionary, come of weaver-kin,
But great by work that brooks no lower wage.

He needs no epitaph to guard a name
Which men shall prize while worthy work is known;
He lived and died for good—be that his fame:
Let marble crumble: this is Living-stone.

"INFANDUS DOLOR."

We thought the last catastro-
-phe of OXTON, *alias* CASTRO,
Would only let an ass trow
That ROGER he could be;
And fondly hoped the Claimant,
By prison-food and raiment,
Would peacefully make payment
For his atrocity.

We thought to hear no more of
The most tremendous bore of
All bores that haunt the shore of
Our isle, from sea to sea:
No thin man, grown a fat one,
(For seven long years thrown at one),
Was such a curse as that one
To all humanity.

Will none in Lethe steep him?
Where Portland's waters deep hymn
(If that is where they keep him)
Their melancholy dirge,
Methinks the prisoned giant,
Obese and elephant,
At fools on rogues reliant
Grins in his sleeve of serge!

O, WHALLEY! MR. WHALLEY!
It makes one melancholy
To think the force of folly
Can reach to such a pitch!
In April-Fool lists bigger
Doth Peterborough figure,
Or he at whom we snigger—
Her Member—tell us which?

As for poor MR. SKIPWORTH,
Whose light's a farthing dip worth,
He's scarcely *Punch's* whip worth,
So lightly let him down:
But you, Q.C. KENEALY—
With mouth reverse of mealy—
"The Englishman"—no, really,
We can't be done so brown!

O bone of strife! for ever
Wise folks from fools to sever!
When over Charon's river
BAIGENT and BRAIN are gone,
When graceful hours ogle
The good and steadfast BOGLE,
OXTON, the mighty rogue, 'll
Lie through the ages on!

DEVOUTLY TO BE WISHED.

THERE was another Bore seen running up the Severn last week, and a third is expected in August. How much happier we should all be, if bores would but confine themselves to the Severn!

"HAVING THE LAST WORD."

A CORRESPONDENT suggests that *Echo's* real answer to the question (propounded by the Gentle Craftsman in our last)—"Where is the great Liberal Party?" must have been "*parti*."

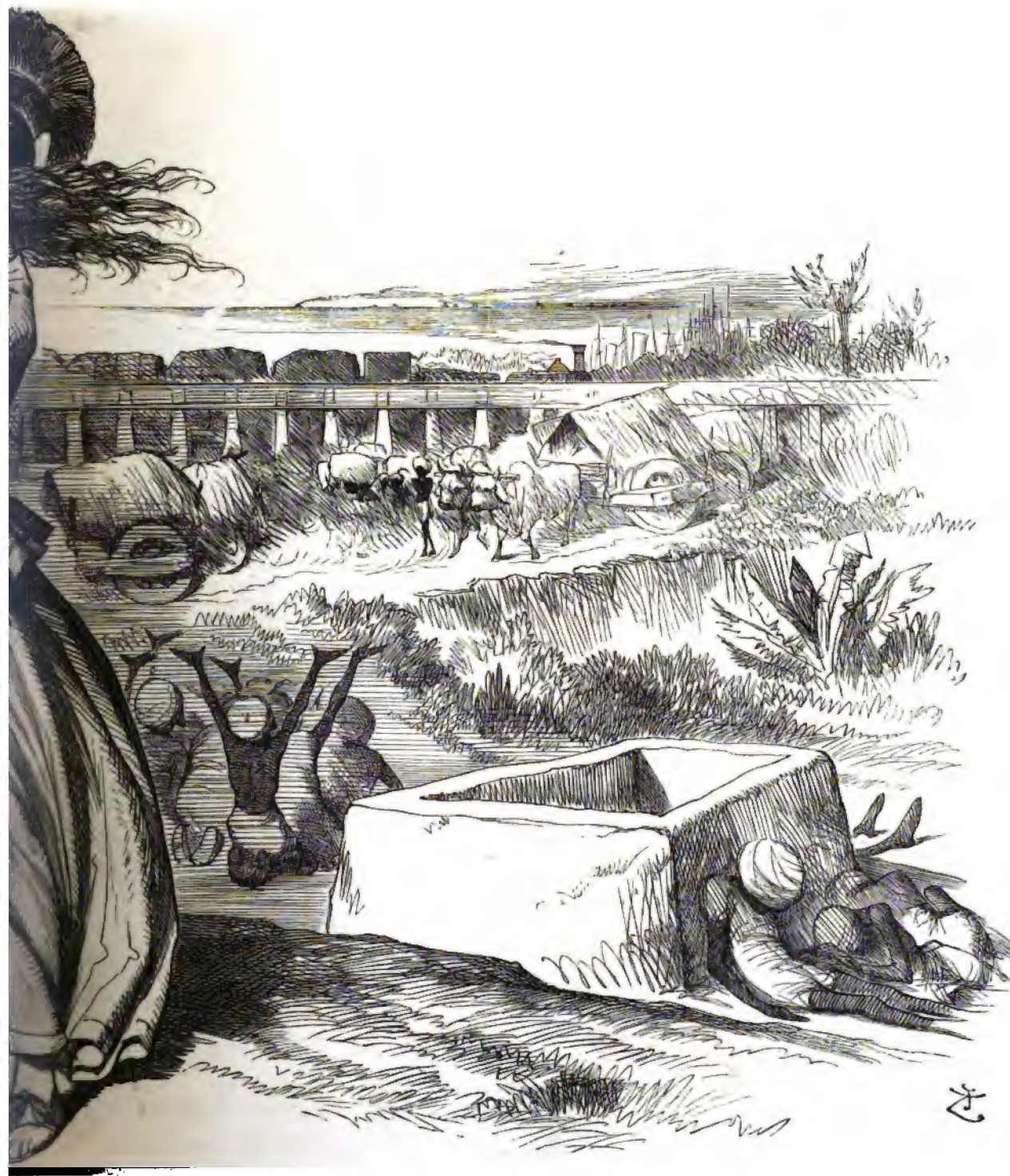
NEAT AND APPROPRIATE.

WE have to thank M. ADOLPHE BRAU, the eminent photographer, for coloured photos of KING COFFEE's umbrella, open and closed. We can only say, "*c'est très beau*."



WRESTLING

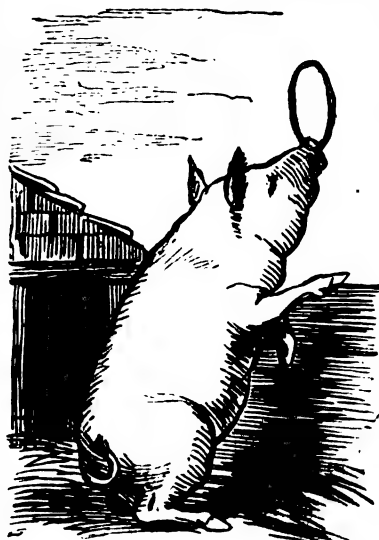
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FOR LIFE.

OUR ANCIENT LANDMARKS.

(By a Member of a Majority.)



X

H, I'm a Conservative to the backbone;
One that holds fast by the Altar and Throne,
And all of our old institutions and laws—
'Tis those things I call the Conservative Cause:

Those, and a thing which those things comprehend,
And which they subserve as the means to an end;
Property: that's what, above all, I stand for,
And which I most value rights vested in land for.

Above all, I'm bent on conserving my own;
And I'm safe to be trusted to do that alone.
Of all fixtures *à solo ad celum* posset
How to take care of them don't I know best?

As for old monuments, ancient remains,

Earthworks or graves on my downs or my plains,
No constitutional landmarks are they:
Why let them stand, when removal would pay?

Talk about tumuli, talk about mounds!
Wherefore should such things load arable grounds?
Dashed your cromlechs, and dolmens, and menhirs may be.
Cairns!—what are cairns, except LORD CAIRNS, to me?

Law may with reason an owner compel
Land, when a Railway demands it, to sell.
Railways make wealth, the true standard of worth:
Dolmens and cromlechs but cumber the earth.

Barrow, or cairn, or aught else on my field
I, for a price, to a Railway would yield.
Stonehenge itself, spite of all its renown,
If, in the way of a Line, should come down.

Bills to retain heaps of stones on their site,—
For which compensation, of course, must be slight,—
We, Self and Party, must stoutly refuse—
Practical men of Conservative views.

What we'd conserve, politicians of sense,
We can express in pounds, shillings, and pence.
Thus we, on principle, shorn the old shop
With a "property, property, property"—prop.

CREMATION AND CONCORD.

ON Saturday last two several deputations from Richmond waited on the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER to complain of "the action taken by the Rev. C. T. PROCTOR, in erecting a wall between the Conformists' and Nonconformists' portions of the new burial-ground." The Bishop "promised to take the subject into his most serious consideration," and to "do his best so to arrange matters as to restore peace to the parish of Richmond, and allay the present state of excited feeling." He has been as good as his word, and the wall is to be demolished. The excellent Bishop also took occasion to remark that "he was exceedingly sorry that there should be any divisions among Christians in life, and still more sorry that they should be divided in death." Hear, hear! If Christians can live at Richmond or elsewhere without a wall to separate them in the town, what can be the use of one dividing those who lie in the cemetery?

Divisions of living Christians from Christians appear to be interminable by any human means; but those which part the defunct could be put an end to even more completely than they will be terminated at Richmond by the demolition of a wall set up between Conformist and Nonconformist citizens of a necropolis.

Should the practice of cremation come to be substituted for that of interment, the organic remains of both Conformists and Nonconformists will speedily be resolved, by the agency of heat, for the

greater part of them into gases, which will blend at once with the atmosphere, and, through that medium, commingle. When Christians shall have been then united after dissolution, the most strenuous sticklers for division in death will, perhaps, think it hardly worth while to erect walls to separate small residuary quantities of phosphate of lime.

THE MARTYR OF CRICKET.

"In this case (of Breach of Promise) £2000 damages were awarded. The only reason the gentleman could give for breaking his engagement, was that the lady did not take any interest in Cricket."—*Liverpool Assizes: Law Report: Stevenson v. Eccles.*

"Not care who bat, or bowl, or field!"
Growled ECCLES to his conscious pillow,
"I'll teach the maid, who will not *wield*,
That she instead must *wear*, the willow."

But Miss to lose this Lord demurs,
Who for Lord's pastime disregarded her;
And so twelve anti-cricketers
Two thousand damages awarded her!

With tears of pride, Elevens, beweeep
This muloted martyr to the game:
His memory, like your wickets, keep,
Oval and Lord's—his earliest flame!

In wives may he yet make a catch—
Find some *Grace* worthy of his worth—
And when found, may they play a match
For life, of Cricket on the Hearth!

NATURE BROUGHT TO THE HAMMER.

THEY beat us in Norway. In that confined but picturesque country, buying and selling is not limited to such humdrum things as houses and farms, shops and warehouses, parks and gardens. They transact business there on a much grander scale. They deal in Waterfalls. No less than three are to be sold by auction at Christiansand the end of this month. There must be many of our wealthy countrymen who would be glad to embellish their estates with a Waterfall. But the difficulties of transport are, we fear, insuperable. This is to be lamented, for the Waterfalls' prospects in their own land do not seem to be of the most romantic character. The Norwegian mind is sadly prosaic, and shockingly business-like. The advertisement states that together with the Waterfalls are to be sold "areas of ground appertaining thereto, of sufficient size for factories on the same." What a fall is here!

AGRICULTURAL DISCONTENT.

TAKE the tax off sugar? Yaa!
What's the good o' that to we?
Not the better, ne'er a straa,
But the grocers, none wun't be.

Wi' the Malt-tax if, instead,
They'd ha' gone and done away,
Then the British Farmer med
Tell um "That's your time o' day!"

Sugar also 'd ha' come down,
Sweets for babes and suckluns, then;
Barley-sugar, if not brown:
What a gift that 'ood ha' ben!

An Upright Sovereign.

"KING COFFEE signs the Treaty, but is under an impression that the Indemnity stipulated for was 5000, not 50,000 ounces of gold."

THOUGH a long face KING COFFEE pull,
He dubs up as he ought:
His treaty he performs in full,
Who from it leaves out NOUGHT!

ONLY NATURAL.

"MR. JUSTICE GROVE has decided that the Hackney Election is void."

If any Election should have broken down, it was the Hackney—and with such a load of bunglers on its back too!

OUR NEW NOVEL.

ONE-AND-THREE!

BY THAT DISTINGUISHED FRENCH NOVELIST,
FICTOR NOGO.

PART THE FIRST—ALL AT SEA.

BOOK THE SECOND.

The Thimble-rigged Vessel off the Needles.

I.—The Ship.

FROM Kennel, L'Ile des Chiens, issued a barque, which soon turned into a deep bay.

This vessel, entered at Trinity College under the supervision of the Elder Brethren, was in reality a Man-of-war. Seen at a distance, she seemed only a Buoy.

She had the heavy look of a pacific merchantman, but her destiny was not the Pacific, but the Bellicose. Her name was in reality *The Bellicose*, painted under the letters *The Ringdove*.

She was thimble-rigged. This deceived the eye. There were three masts, capped with three thimbles, and the first mate wore the little P-jacket.

There was half a regiment of Horse Marines on board, in case of necessity.

The yards were made in Scotland,—the chief being Scotland Yard; and the Rudder cost two hundred pounds in Southampton. This being so, what was the name of the Captain? Not SMITH.

The Captain was TOMAS LE BRUN. The second in command was LE CHEVALIER JOANNES, the First Mate was LEFILSDE-ROBIN, and the Pilot was ROBIN, *son fils*—a Jersey man. True to his name, he was a man in a jersey.

There were basins, kettles for fish, tureens, and *pâtés de la mer* on board.

It was evident that the vessel had an unusual business on hand.

Indeed a man who had just come on board looked like it; but did not appear to feel like it.

His face was black, he wore high collars, and a white hat with a black band round it. The crown was out. At that Communist period this was not uncommon; many crowns were out. The wind blowing open his cloak showed a coat with long tails and large buttons, a dirty white vest, a frilled shirt, check trousers, large shoes, and a banjo.

He was conducted on board by MONSIEUR GUILLAUME GEORGES, Governor of L'Ile des Chiens, and M. LE PRINCE DE LA SALLE DE ST. JACQUES DE PICCADILLI.

The latter addressed the voyager.

"You swear you will never perform out of St. James's Hall?"

"I swear it."

"Good. *Au revoir*, MASSABONES."

MASSABONES was the name by which the Crew immediately designated their passenger.

GUILLAUME GEORGES and M. LE PRINCE DE LA SALLE DE ST. JACQUES DE PICCADILLI returned to shore.

The *Bellicose*, or *Ringdove*, set sail.

One hour afterwards, the Man at the Duke of York's Column received the message, "He has gone. Success is certain."

Four days previous, the Prefect at Boulogne-sur-Mer received this

despatch:—"A man will land, of whom this is the description: Black, long-tailed coat, check trousers, banjo. Warn the *baigneuses*. Wash the man. Find out who he is. Execute my orders and him."

II.—Parlour Cabin Boarders.

THE night was dark.

There was a Moon. It was the second night of a New Moon. The New Moon was not a success, therefore it was not full. It was but a speck in the sky, and the speck was a failure.

MASSABONES paced the deck.

He entered the cabin where sat BOBBILOT-AUX-CHEVEUX-BLANCS, and HEUREUXPIERRE-AU-FRONT-DE-BOIS.

"You are the only two on board who know my name."

"We will not reveal it."

"Nor will I."

He entered his cabin.

III.—Above and Below.

THE two Commanders, TOMAS LE BRUN and CHEVALIER JOANNES, walked the deck. This is their conversation caught by the shadows.

"Who's your hatter?"

"None."

"How's your poor feet?"

"Better."

"Where are we now?"

"All at sea."

"What's being played in London?"

"*La Fille de Madame Angot*."

"What in Paris?"

"*La Fille de Madame Angot*."

"What in Brussels?"

"*La Fille de Madame Angot*."

"No."

"True. It is *Giroflé*."

"Is there no chance?"

"For him?"

"Yes."

"None."

"Yet he is a novelty."

"In France, yes."

"And in France they like novelties."

LE BRUN burst out laughing.

JOANNES observed,

"He should try. On the sands first."

"As at Margate—"

"And Ramsgate—"



"You quote *Le Box*—"

"Yes, and *Lecoco's*."

"Bah! *Madame Angot* again."

"It will be Banjo against *Angot*."

"True, but his oath—"

"Never to perform out of—"

LE BRUN had no time to finish his sentence.

A desperate cry. At the same time a noise as unaccountable as it was awful.

From the interior of the vessel.

A frightful thing had just happened.

IV.—Pulcher Lebes Piscis.

ONE of the pretty kettles of fish had got loose.

This is, perhaps, the most formidable of marine accidents.

Everyone was at sea.

A kettle of fish, with steam full up and the lid on, that jumps off the stove in the caboose, becomes suddenly like some supernatural wild beast. It pitches with the pitching; it lops with the lopping; it rolls with the rolling; it dances waltzes, polkas, mazurkas; cannons like a billiard-ball; rebounds like a racquet-ball; is *partout dans le magasin*; it butts like a ram; it pops like a weasel; it hops about like old boots; it darts at you like Winkin; it dashes its wig; it comes at you like one o'clock. It has the weight of a Tupper's Philosophy, the agility of a Dancing Quaker, the im-



EUPHEMISTIC.

Tompkins (who has swallowed a bad Oyster). "HALLO! WHAT KIND OF OYSTER D'YE CALL THAT?" *Opener. "AMERICAN, SIR."*

Tompkins. "AH, THOUGHT SO. KNEW HIM DIRECTLY BY HIS 'TWANG.'"

perturbability of a Conservative Premier, the obstinacy of a policeman, the uncertainty of a Bench of Bishops, the roughness of a cabman, the tergiversatoriness of an independent Member, the violence of a Home-Ruler, the recklessness of a German Chancellor, the stupidity of an unostentatious Justice of the Peace, the versatility of a journalist, and the deafness of a pillar-post.

You can beard an oyster, you can get a chop and potato to follow, you can say bo to a goose, you can tickle a trout, you can hug the wild sea-shore, but there is no resource with a monster kettle of fish let loose.

It was, indeed, *le diable parmi les tailleurs*.

The whole Crew was astir. The scalding, boiling, raging monster was doing fearful damage. Legs, arms, fingers, toes, heads, all suffered horribly in turn.

It was the Cook's fault. He had forgotten to screw the kettle down. Now, there was a screw loose with a vengeance!

The two Commanders stood at the head of the stairs, afraid to descend.

They were pushed aside by the elbows of the Mysterious Passenger.

"What is in the fish-kettle?" he asked.

"Fish," answered LE BRUN.

"What beside?"

"Leeks. We have a store on board. The ship is full of leeks."

"Then nothing can save us?"

"Nothing—except—" The Second Commander paused.

"Except what?"

"Stopping the kettle. But nothing can be done without tin."

"I have no tin," said BOBBILLOT-AUX-CHEVEUX-BLANCS.

"Nor I," said the voyager, whom the Crew called MASSABONES.

Suddenly, into the midst of the arena, where the fish-kettle leaped and bounded, sprang a man. The Cook.

Behind a mast he waited for the fish-kettle.

He had dealt with it for years. It was his pet monster. He seemed to think it would recognise him.

He muttered to himself:

"It is going round like a Cook's tourist."

Then he addressed it, as though it loved him, and would obey him.

"Now then! Come up! will yer," he said.

Then a Titanic struggle began. The struggle between the Cook and his Kettle!

(To be continued.)

WRESTLING FOR LIFE.

Yes 'tis time to rouse and wrestle, but not
With those who discuss the whether or not,
If the duty be yours and mine, or the State's,
All or nobody's—small folk or great's—
To step between suffering and starvation
Of a hungry and humble and helpless nation;
Helpless now, and soon hopeless to be,
But for the Sahibs—that's you and me,
And Englishmen all, at home, or o'er sea.

Yes, 'tis time for England to wrestle for life,
At grips with Famine—a terrible strife!
So purse out of pocket, and hand to the plough,
And brains to the business—ALL, and Now!

Well for us, and hard for them
Whose toil the tide of death must stem;
Who face to face with Hunger must stand,
And stay, if they can, the stroke of his hand:
Must find—not the money—that's easy found—
Nor the rice—there's enough of that on the ground—
But the ways and means the grain to get
To the craving mouths of the millions met
Wherever there's Sahib's work to give,
Sahib's annas to earn, Sahib's stores to live.
Must find the steam-ships, and trams, and trains,
The boats and the bullocks, the coolies and wains
By hundreds and thousands, for hundreds of miles,
From the Ghauts choked up with the rice-bag piles,
To where the hungry mouths await
With a woful wail at the Sahib's gate!
See, the endless transport trains still going!
Hark the moan of the hungry, growing, growing!
Then, purse out of pocket, and hand to the plough,
And brains to the business—ALL, and Now!

Yes, the work is out there for the men of our race,
Who must up and look Famine full in the face;
Must steel their nerves to the pitiful cry
Of mothers with dying babes held high,
And drawn mouths shrouded in scant sarrees,
And wasted bodies on bended knees;
To Labour too weak to work, if it would,
And Caste that will not work if it could,
But turns from the Christian's food to die,
For fear pollution should come thereby.
Such are the scenes of the Sahib's ride,
On his mission of mercy far and wide,
Thrusting back Famine, inch by inch,
With no time to faint, and no will to flinch,
Fighting such fight as has seldom been fought,
And—God be thanked—as Englishmen ought!

But if it be theirs whose lot lies there,
The burden and heat of the work to bear,
'Tis surely ours, in our wealth and ease,
Here in the guard of our girdling seas,
To spare of our fatness, and help with our prayers,
And add the weight of our will to theirs,
And never question the why or how,—
But give what we can—GIVE ALL—GIVE NOW!

Dramatic Realism.

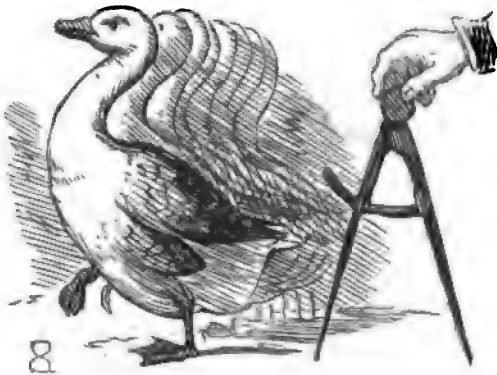
THE *Mirror* quotes a story to the effect that, at a San Francisco theatre, during the performance of a piece called the *Sea of Ice*, a current of cold air was let into the auditorium, to enable the spectators fully to appreciate the sensations of the actors. Where will the passion for stage realism end? Perhaps, by-and-by, we may come to real acting.

THE LATE PARKINGTON'S LATEST.

WHEN SIR GARNET WOLSELEY objected to the offer of a Peerage that everyone would suggest for him the title of LORD CHASSE-CAFÉ—"Pooh!" observed LORD HAMPTON; "as if it was appropriateness that suggested titles! Nobody calls me LORD MAL-A-DROITWICH."

A NICE FIRM.—Since LORD G. HAMILTON was appointed to the India Office, the two Members for Middlesex are familiarly known as "*Ind* and *Coop*."

INNOCENT QUERIES.



VALUED Correspondent, "SIMPLE SIMON," asks why the Cambridgeshire Labourers should emigrate, when they have a New-market for their labour at their own door; and further, how it is that the Prussians, with all their pride in BISMARCK's Military WILLIAM, should kick so at his Army Bill?

Milesian Autonomy.

CIVIL war in Spain seems to have grown chronic, and to be getting looked upon as the normal condition

of Milesian blood. But Spain has one thing which Ireland is said to want; namely, Home Rule. And see what comes of it!

Nancy in Trouble.

THE BISHOP OF NANCY, part of whose diocese lies in the territory lately annexed from France, has got himself into a scrape with the German Government by a pastoral addressed to his Curés, for which he has been summoned to answer before the tribunal of Saverny. Should he decline to attend, and be condemned for contumacy, BISMARCK will probably annex the German part of Nancy to a see of his own. He is not the man to stick at dismembering Nancy. It will not, however, be in his power to divorce the BISHOP of NANCY from Nancy altogether. Observe, that every Bishop is canonically married to his see, and that this, of course, is the case, but not particularly so, with the BISHOP of NANCY.

ADVICE TO AN AMATEUR VIOLINIST.—Rather than play indifferently, wait till you can play—differently.

of that country, much the same as combustion, more or less active, is that of Vesuvius. Now Spain, we know, is connected with Ireland by the community

COMING COOKERY.

BETTER days are in store for men and husbands. Their comfort, their temper, their pocket, their digestion, are all certain to be improved by the establishment of the School of Cookery now in active operation at South Kensington. Wives and mistresses of servants, both in the present and future tense and in the most industrious of moods, are at the present time hard at work, spending their mornings and afternoons in scouring and cleaning, roasting and frying, boiling and toiling, in the Classes for Practical Instruction which are being regularly held at the Training School in the Exhibition Road.

There are those who object to the system of Examinations now so extensively applied to every rank and age, every profession and calling in the kingdom; but we imagine the announcement in the Prospectus of the School that "at the end of each course an Examination is held, and the learners who successfully pass it receive a certificate that they have done so," will be received with unanimous satisfaction from one end of the country to the other. We are not told whether honours are to be awarded for extraordinary proficiency, or whether the successful candidates are to have degrees conferred upon them, and to be entitled to write after their names the letters M.C. (Mistress of Cookery); but there can be no doubt that henceforth, in all matrimonial negotiations, one of the first questions every prudent bachelor will put to the lady whom he seeks as his wife, will be, "Have you a Cookery Certificate?"

We look forward to a future for England more glorious and comfortable than ever, when a well-cooked potato will be a reasonable possibility, and no woman of sense will feel ashamed to be even "wooden spoon" in the coming Cookery Tripos.

As a small contribution to this good cause, we have the pleasure of placing the following paper of questions at the service of those who have the management of these excellent Examinations:—

EXAMINATION PAPER.

1. What are your views on Melted Butter?
2. Describe minutely the following processes:—
 - a. Boiling a Potato.
 - b. Poaching an Egg.
 - c. Frying a Rasher of Bacon.
 - d. Broiling a Mutton-Chop.
 - e. Tossing a Pancake.
 - f. Making Coffee.
3. Distinguish between a *carte* and a *menu*, a *gourmand* and a *gourmet*, a *fricandeau* and a *fricassée*, simmering and boiling, frying and broiling, an *entrée* and an *entremet*, and a leg of mutton and a leg of beef.
4. What wines ought to be served with (a) oysters; (b) turtle soup; (c) salmon; (d) venison; (e) ortolans; (f) grouse; and (g) Stilton cheese?
5. How would you act in the following emergency? At 4:30 P.M. you receive a telegram from your husband to say that he is bringing two friends home with him to dinner. Your dinner hour is six, and you have only provided a small joint, with vegetables and a pudding, sufficient for EDWARD and yourself. Your cook is one who cannot bear to be put out of her way, it is pouring with rain, and the butcher, poulterer, fishmonger, and greengrocer all live at a distance. There is nothing in the house but bread, flour, and butter, some apples and eggs, curry-powder, macaroni, rice, a piece of bacon, a good cheese, and a plate of prawns.

6. Give biographical notices of MRS. GLASSE, MRS. RUNDALL, and MISS ACTON; and enumerate the principal cookery-books which have appeared since the time of the first of these distinguished ladies.

7. What is the corresponding proverb to "Too many cooks spoil the broth" in the Erse, Russ, Finnish, Danish, Gaelic, Sanscrit, and Slavonic languages?

8. What ought to be the weekly consumption of butter, eggs, potatoes, and fire-wheels, in a household consisting of six adults?

9. If a leg of mutton weighing 8lbs. 10oz. requires to be roasted 2 hours 11 minutes, how long will it take to boil a piece of beef (silver side) sufficient to dine eight people?

10. Where are the following places, and for what are they famous—Bologna, Bath, Cheddar, Epping, Stilton, Westphalia, Burton, Aylesbury, Dorking, Gruyère, Roquefort, Banbury, Colchester, Mocha, and Dundee?

11. GREEN, who has an income under £600 a-year, and a family of six sons and daughters, all growing up, has been brought to think that he ought to give a dinner to the BLACKS, the BROWNS, the WHITES, and the GREYS. Draw up a bill of fare (month of May) suitable to the means of GREEN, and the expectations of his guests.

12. How do you propose to manage an oven and a General Servant; and can you prove your competency to regulate the kitchen flue and the dress of the kitchen domestic?

13. How can a leg of mutton be used up in an economical and savoury manner, with little expense and no grumbling?

14. Give diagrams of a sirloin, a saddle, a round, a briкет, a chump-end, a shoulder, a spare-rib, and a trussed fowl.

15. What is the maximum time required for blackleading an ordinary dining-room grate, burnishing a copper kettle, scouring a set of kitchen saucepans, and cleaning the doorsteps (in the last mentioned operation allowance to be made for conversation with the butcher and the baker)?

16. What opinions have you formed on the subject of dripping and kitchen-stuff?

"The Deformed Transformed."

LESS strange than sad that a self-formed Q.C.

Should, self-deformed, earn Bar's and Bench's ban;
More strange, KENEALY should the Proteus be
To change this Irish, to *The Englishman*.*

Of this cool venture one thing I opine,

For *Punch* himself and all his English kin—

We'll nor take in this *Englishman* of thine,

Nor by this *Englishman* be taken in.

* Such is the title of the new paper, founded, edited, and written, by DR. KENEALY, who blows his own trumpet through twenty-eight columns—by way, apparently, of raising the wind.

SHORT AND SHARP.

THE EARL OF PEMBROKE, whose South Sea experiences (see "the Earl and the Doctor") quite qualify him to advise the Government on such a subject, when questioned on the expediency of accepting KING CACOBAT's offer, summed up the character of that much perplexed Sovereign's subjects, black and white, in one word—Fiji-ty.



"TIME BY THE FORELOCK!"

Dodger. "HULLO, HOW ARE YOU! CAN'T STOP, THOUGH, OR I SHAN'T MISS MY TRAIN!"

Codger. "CATCH IT, YOU MEAN."

Dodger. "NO, I DON'T. I ALWAYS USED TO MISS MY RIGHT TRAIN, SO NOW I ALWAYS MISS THE ONE BEFORE IT, AND GET HOME IN TIME FOR DINNER! TA, TA!"

MAGUS ANTI-MAGUS.

HAIL! thou Episcopal Reformer thorough,
Eloquent PETERBOROUGH!
Who, deeming that too close is the affinity
"Twixt Dives and Divinity,
That money magnetises human nature,
That £ s. d. has special power to plague us,
Dost magically move the Legislature,
To exorcise SIMON MAGUS.

Who has not sighed to own that pleasant Rectory—
With drawing-room, refectory,
Coverts adjacent, stream where trout grow lusty,
An air that's never fusty,
A village population, not too many,
Rector who, growing old, feels 'twould be wiser,
Before he dies, to turn a final penny,
And so turns advertiser?

A Country Parson may have dwelling cosy,
Where peaches ripen rosy
On southern walls, and lawns and woods and waters
Delight his numerous daughters:
But, advertised for sale, the thing looks sinister,
And moves the outer world to scorn and malice:
Suppose, to swell a surplus, the Prime Minister
Should sell a Bishop's palace!

Go on, MAGEE: expose a crying scandal,
That asks rare pluck to handle:
Needs both sharp-pointed wit and keen-edged humour
To lance this ugly tumour.

DERBYSHIRE AND SURREY.

It has been announced that, on the recommendation of MR. DISRAELI, HER MAJESTY has been pleased to confer the dignity of a Baronetcy on MR. WILLIAM HENRY PEEK, one of the Members for Mid-Surrey. The Surrey hills may now lift up their heads, for the PEEK of Surrey has risen to an altitude not exceeded by the Peak of Derbyshire. But we would rather compare the Surrey PEEK to Mount Atlas, for Atlas was supposed to be a Caryatid to the heavens, and PEEK, since December, 1868, when he was first returned, "has given a consistent support to the Conservative Party." Hence the elevation of the Surrey PEEK, who (as we learn from the *Daily News*), "as a thank-offering for being made a Baronet, has forwarded a cheque for 2000 guineas to the Chairman of the Surrey Sessions."

The Surrey Bench may congratulate itself on having caught SIR H. PEEK red-handed . . . and with his red-hand in his pocket.

"Well done, old Hoss!"

HACKNEY has done itself justice by carrying PROFESSOR FAWCETT into Parliament, and riding double with HOLMS, too. It was a good stout young Hackney after all—if it *did* break down under an ill-arranged load of stupid stationery. The truth is, the lively young Metropolitan Borough has no turn for anything in the stationary line. It prefers Progress, and so chooses one of the most sensible, honest, and straightforward promoters of Progress, PROFESSOR FAWCETT, in preference to LIBERTENANT GILL, whoever that plucky young Conservative Candidate may be. *Punch* hasn't a notion.

ON A SWEET THING CRAMMING FOR MIDDLE CLASS EXAM.

SEE that meek maiden at her Logic toiling,
Her fair cheek wan, her soft, sweet brains a-boiling!
What's worse, I ask, in barbarous times' worst ills,
Than Women thus set grinding at their Mills?

AN EXEMPTION.—The new Bill which has been introduced into the House of Commons, to alter the law affecting Jurors, does not propose to abolish the Old Jewry in the City of London.

A NEW LITTLE GAME FOR AN OLD ONE (*as now played at the Home Office*).—Crooked Questions and Cross Answers.

Those parish homes that should be altars holy,
Hallowed by saints' pure life, and blood of martyr,
It is a consummation melancholy
To see them brought to barter,

A text for agitators anti-clerical
To preach tirades hysterical
Against the unclean brood that in State churches'
O'erladen branches perches.
On, till "*Ecclesie aurea atas redit*,"
And only simple Simons attempt Simony,
On, till MAGEE shall MAGUS so discredit,
Advowson-owners shy money!

SOMETHING LIKE A (C)RAM.

"COLLISION AT SEA.—At the time of the collision between the Pacific and Oriental steamer *Bangalore* and the *Prince Rupert*, the *Prince Rupert* was under full sail, and the *Bangalore* was coming up the Channel at quarter speed. Beyond the loss of her main yard, topgallant yard, bulwarks, and two boats in the rigging on her port side, the *Bangalore* sustained no damage. After the collision the *Prince Rupert* was off St. John's, New Brunswick."—*Irish Times*, April 23.

If the news in the *Irish Times* of 23rd April be true, our coasts are safe. The Lords of the Admiralty have only to buy the *Bangalore* at once. Coming up Channel at only quarter speed, she strikes the *Prince Rupert*, which disappears, and after the collision is found off St. John's, New Brunswick. Suppose we are without sea-going Iron-clads, what have we to fear, with the *Bangalore* which can hurl an enemy from the Channel to New Brunswick at a blow?

mean to send her to sea till we know more about her), only nine good for anything at all! Our MR. CORRY was abused for his lavish expenditure on the Navy, and yet, in less than seven years from Flying Childers's year, the Estimates are up within a quarter of a million to where our MR. CORRY left them.

"Though he" (MR. W. H.) "was not prepared to propose any addition to his predecessor's Estimates, he could not take upon himself to say that he was satisfied of their sufficiency to maintain the Navy in a satisfactory condition, nor could he conceal from himself that it might be necessary hereafter to make fresh demands on the public."

Then followed an awful pause.

"MR. P. looked at each other, pale and dumb,
Or whispering with white lips, 'The extras come, they come!'"

MR. REED laughed to scorn the idea of sending the 60,000 men who had been voted to sea in modern ships for Ten Millions. There must be more ships built. Is not REED there to build them? *Tw es orfere, Monsieur Josse!*

MR. GOSCHEN made as good a fight as could be expected on the spur of the moment. As MR. HUNT had found so much fault, he was surely bound to take action. But the House must bear in mind the increase in wages, coal, and cost of materials, the unexpected costliness of the repairs of Iron-clads, and the astonishing rapidity with which the modern type of ships deteriorated. (Lucky they do, by the way, for the model of one year is the awful warning of the next.) Some ships out of repair? Of course there were. Why, if every ship in the Navy were required to be completely efficient at every moment, the Estimates must be increased by hundreds of thousands.

And then on MR. SAMUDA's Motion progress was reported, and members skedaddled, asking each other ruefully, with MR. HUNT's indefinite "supplements" looming in the distance, "What is to become of the Budget?"

Altogether, this was a highly sensational evening . . . For what JOHN BULL thought of it next morning, see Cartoon.

Tuesday.—The BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH (DR. MAGEE) the Irish diamond of the Bench, moved for, and got, a Committee of the Lords to inquire into the Laws relating to Patronage, Simony, and the Exchange of Benefices in the Church of England.

In the Commons, *Punch* rejoiced to hear that the CHANCELLOR was considering the possibility of putting two Clerks on the Civil Service Commission!

Talk of new brooms, after that! Was ever such a thing heard of? The under millstone to have a voice as well as the upper!

COLONEL KINGSCOTE called attention to the social and sanitary state of the Forest of Dean—where is a population of 22,000 on Crown property contributing only £335 to the Poor-rates, largely productive in timber, coal, and iron, with no parochial system, no drainage, no water-supply, no surveyor of highways, no sanitary, highway, or parochial authority whatever within its bounds, and but one turnpike road. A property, in short, producing from the ground a valuable growth of navy oak and a nett revenue of \$14,684, and from the inhabitants an abundant and increasing crop of filth, ignorance, blackguardism, and typhoid fever.

MR. W. H. SMITH promised inquiry. Let him peg away at Her Majesty's Office of Woods.

There is no denying or disguising that the late abstract of correspondence between the Indian Government and the Secretary of State in Council, relative to the Drought in Bengal—official for "Famine,"—has been very "severely" edited; with an apparent disposition to back up LORD NORTHBROOK's views, and to clap an extinguisher on SIR GEORGE CAMPBELL's.

MR. O'DONNELL brought the matter tellingly, because temperately, forward, and moved a Resolution that the name of the Editor should be appended to such "Selections" for the future.

The case seemed irresistible, but the Motion was negatived; how, why, or through whom, the report of the night gives us no information.

MR. CROSS promises inquiry into the Dukinfield Colliery Explosion, which has cost fifty-three lives, on the Motion of MR. MACDONALD, Member for the Miners.

MR. BUTT carried, without a division, the Second Reading of his Bill, empowering Irish Corporations to elect their own High Sheriffs and Clerks of the Peace.

Wednesday.—MR. MONK's Revenue Officers' Voting, and MR. LOPEZ's Jurists' Bills were read a Second time; but as both will have to be further considered, we waive them now.

Thursday.—In the Lords, the LORD CHANCELLOR's Land Transfer Bills were advanced a stage. They are not to be referred to a Select Committee, for the House of Lords is always a Select Committee—only the Select Committee that sits at night has, usually, nothing to do; while a Select Committee in the morning interferes with their Lordships' appeal business.

In the Commons, we are going to look into the Suez Canal business, and see if M. DE LESSEPS is to be allowed to stop the commerce between West and East, along of a difference of a few francs a ton settled against him by the representatives of all nations, including his own.

Punch, and all England, rejoices to hear that CAPTAIN GLOVER is to have a mark of distinction given him for his services against Coomassie, and we hope a little bit of pudding besides.

The date of the abolition of the Duty on Refined Sugar (May 21) is not to be postponed.

On bringing up the Report on Budget Resolutions MR. GLADSTONE came out in the new character of "sucking dove," and said ditto to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER with an unctious of unanimity smooth and sweet enough to make

"Time run back and fetch the age of gold!"

when Liberal Lions and Tory Lambs lay side by side, and rival financiers blessed instead of bully-ragged each other. The Budget was the best possible Budget—the estimates of revenue the most trustworthy—the remissions of taxation the most happily chosen. "In short, if I were not GLADSTONE, I would be NORTHCOTE" was the burden of a speech that fills three columns of the *Times*.

Thus aided, abetted, and comforted, SIR STAFFORD soared into the seventh heaven of complacency on rose-coloured wings, was cock-surer than ever of his million and a half expansion of revenue,—have we not the absorption of spirits steadily increasing, and what will not free sugar do to swell consumption of all other victual, and to open all sorts of new industries?—and as for MR. WARD HUNT's threatened supplementary demands on the public purse for Navy expenses, what are a few hundreds of thousands, and who is JOHN BULL that he should go in fear of such fleabites?

But, still, was MR. WARD HUNT on Monday talking Bunkum? Scarcely apart, JOHN BULL would like to feel quite easy on that point.

MR. FREDEN divided the House on the repeal of the Malt Tax, with a division of 17 to 244; MR. LAING was not even allowed to move a Resolution for keeping the Income Tax at 3d. (by reason of informality), and SIR J. C. LAWRENCE was defeated by 255 to 139 on a Motion to exempt incomes under £200, and to deduct £100 in taxing incomes between £200 and £500.

The upshot of the evening was the voting the Budget Resolutions, without amendment. "So let that fly stick to the wa'!"

SIR STAFFORD may sleep on both ears, for the present.

Friday.—Their Lordships heard the late and present Secretary of State for India on "The Drought in Bengal." As became Secretaries of State for India, they justified, in the strongest terms, all that had been done by the Governor-General; and quite right too. The utmost encouragement that Parliament and the Country can give LORD NORTHBROOK is not more than he wants—and, as far as *Punch* can judge, deserves—in this terrible trial of his courage and resources. At the same time, one cannot blink the fact that the two strongest and hardest-headed of Indian administrators, LORD LAWRENCE and SIR GEORGE CAMPBELL, are at odds with him on the question of exportation. Doctors will differ, even when patients are dying; but LORD NORTHBROOK must have felt very clear as to his conclusions before he accepted the responsibility of differing with such authorities as LAWRENCE and CAMPBELL. It seems abundantly clear that all that can be done is being done, and will be done, at home and in India, by everybody in power from highest to lowest, till this affliction is overpast.

In the Commons we had a night. After the preternatural serenity of Thursday,

"Disaster per purum tenantes.
Egit equa volueremque currum."

MR. SMOLLETT drew down the thunder by a Resolution condemning the late Dissolution for precipitancy and surprise.

The bold Member for Cambridge is lucky or unlucky in the possession of a historic name, which recalls remembrances of *Random* and *Pickle*, *Bramble* and *Truncheon*. His attack combined the slapdash and mischief of the first pair, with the sting and coarseness of the second. But he caught it, when the King of Men arose, and smote Thersites! That was a caution!

"Infelix puer, atque impar congressus Achilli!"

But harder to bear than even the onslaught of ACHILLES in his wrath, was the ignominy of having to put up with WHALLEY for a Seconder! But for the plaintive backing of the Member for Garston—whose description of himself, discovered in prison on the 24th of January, suggests a picture to which CHIVINS' *Rogue* in the condemned cell would be feeble—MR. SMOLLETT would have had to go without even a single voice to carry his Motion as far as a negative without a division.

Before breaking up, the House did a good stroke of business in Supply, principally under the head of Public Works and Buildings, LORD H. LENOX smoothing away difficulties as ingeniously as MR. AYTON used to make them.



ILLI. ROBUR, ET AES TRIPLEX . . . !

"WHY, COOK, I DECLARE! HERE COMES THE LONG-LOST TORTOISE UNCLE PHILIP GAVE US LAST YEAR! AND OUT OF THE COAL-CELLAR, OF ALL PLACES IN THE WORLD!"

"LOR', MISS GRACE, IS THAT THE TORTOISE? WHY, I'VE BEEN A-USIN' OF 'IM ALL THROUGH THE WINTER TO BREAK THE COALS WITH!"

FROM OUR OWN "OCCASIONAL."

PARIS, April 25.

It must be a very pleasant thing (no disrespect to you, Sir) to be a French journalist. To sit down and write a pleasant article, about nothing on earth, sprinkled with epigrams more or less pointed (all epigrams look pointed in French, while, translated into English—but no matter!), made up of nice little anecdotes about the last new piece or the last new scandal—politics, and subjects requiring information, avoided so dexterously that I never can make out, on the one hand, where English newspapers get their French politics from, and, on the other, why every successive Government takes, after a time, to "warning" these gentlemen for their innocent productions—with a whole firmament of stars, as thus—

.....
thrown in at every third line to fill out the column. When a French journalist is, as *Rosalind* says, "gravelled for lack of matter, his cleanliest shift is to" star. And, finally, with your name in full signed ostentatiously at the end—it is difficult to imagine a pleasanter line in life. And what is the result? Journalism in France is the road to everything. It has the same mysterious oyster-opening qualification which tradition assigns with us to the fascinating and elevating profession of the Bar. If every British barrister is expected to attain to the Woolsack, every French journalist sees himself a possible THIERS or an embryo GIRARDIN. Then the pay! Do you know (no reproach to you, Sir), that, for one of those brilliant fireworks in the *Gaulois*, which leave his reader (and him) no wiser than he started, M. ALBERT WOLFF receives some two hundred and fifty francs—ten pounds sterling, money down? Meanwhile, he is making to himself a name and a style of his own.

Now, in England journalism means (in nine cases out of ten) a living grave. We are always being told that our wits are a sad falling-off from our fathers', and that there is no young talent now-a-days. Nonsense! there is as much of it as ever. But that same young wit, fresh from College triumph, and full of working power, but unacquainted with attorneys, and craving small profits and quick returns, drifts straight into anonymity, and writes flashy articles based upon a certain knowledge of Greek and Latin, and an uncertain smattering of general information, and what becomes of him in ten years? Like the chameleon, he has taken the colour of his soil. Has he *Saturday-Reviewed*?—he is chronically epigrammatic, ill-natured, superficial. Has he *Telegraphed*?—he is gushing, sentimental, spasmodic. Does he belong (I write with bated ink) to the "*Leading Journal*"?—he is ponderous, didactic, overpoweringly "well-informed." Has he been admitted among the sacred few that bear the mark of *Punch*, and recognise motley as their only wear?—he is pathetic, witty, or grotesque at will. But, one and all, these slaves of the pen have sacrificed their individuality. They are part of the great "We," and not one in a hundred will ever be an "I" till his last epitaph appears in the last paper for which he has worked, and informs the world, which has never heard of him, how MR. JONES carried all before him at College in the year of grace —, and ever since has been one of the stoutest pillars of journalism, but without a mark, a date, or a name, to tell "here JONES once wrote."

Look at the other side. Writing as an unit and a somebody, a French journalist works under a sense of personal responsibility. If he doesn't take care, he gets "called out." Calling out is very shocking, of course; and if "We" were called out in England we should stay at home. But though England doesn't call out, it brings actions. And what is the advantage to some unfortunate individual—who has made himself a singular, and finds himself some morning recklessly accused of indecency, perhaps, or immorality—of bringing an action against "us"? "We" are, very likely, some nasty little boy with a turn for writing smart sentences, indulging in our first letter, or our first criticism, and quite reckless of the



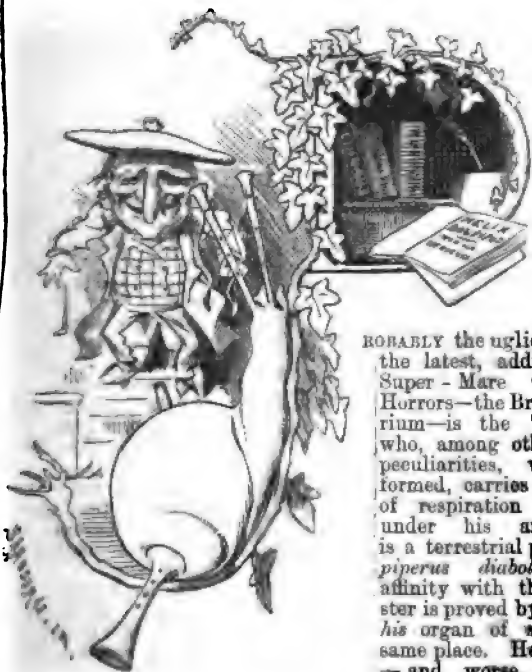
“THE OLD STORY!”

JOHN BULL. “O, HANG YOUR CHARGES AND COUNTER-CHARGES! YOU’RE ONE JUST AS BAD AS THE OTHER! TEN MILLIONS A-YEAR FOR MY NAVY, AND—AND NOT A SHIP TO MY BACK, AS USUAL!”

pain "We" give. But, for the purposes of the Law, we—the plural that isn't, and will, probably, never make itself, a singular—are the great newspaper which has published our valuable thought. It would be highly improper in our Editor to give up our name, and we take very good care not to do it ourselves. So we get a verdict against the poor singular, who has been weak enough to object to fair criticism; and the world says, as it is so fond of saying in the good old game of consequences, "Serve him right!"

Your Occasional began this letter with the intention of supplying some very valuable information about the present condition of French parties and French politics, with which it would give him the greatest possible pleasure—at the rate of remuneration mentioned above, by way of a delicate hint to you—to fill, at the least, another of your columns. But if he did, Sir, you are quite capable of cutting it all out. "We" propose, therefore, to continue the subject in our next.

"THERE BE LAND-MONSTERS AND SEA-MONSTERS."



ROBABLY the ugliest, as well as the latest, addition to that Super-Mare Chamber of Horrors—the Brighton Aquarium—is the "Sea-Devil," who, among other engaging peculiarities, we are informed, carries his "organs of respiration and sound under his arms." There is a terrestrial plague—*Beg-piperus diabolus*—whose affinity with this Sea-monster is proved by his carrying his organ of sound in the same place. He may be seen—and worse, heard—on Brighton Beach during the

season. Happy those who escape the formidable means of annoyance with which this terrestrial demon has been armed by one of those mysterious dispensations of creative power which puzzle the philosophers.

Another Deputation.

"The next Resolution, relating to the Sugar Duties, was also agreed to, with some verbal alteration proposed by the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, in respect to plums preserved in sugar."

WITH reference to the above extract from the proceedings of the House of Commons, we are requested to state that, owing to the pressure of business, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, to his extreme regret, was unable to receive a large and influential Deputation from the Children of England, to remonstrate with him for not extending the general remission of the Sugar Duties to Sugar-plums.

The Press and the Prince of Darkness.

If the *Echo* is worthy of its name, it has not reproduced words never spoken in stating that:—

"BISHOP HEDLEY (Roman Catholic), while preaching in Monmouth on Sunday evening, described the Press as 'the most powerful engine in the armoury of the Devil.'"

Let us hope that the Devil in whose armoury the Bishop regards the Press as an engine is only the Printer's Devil.

A LIKELY RESULT.—The Man who picked up an Acquaintance soon dropped him again.

THE HAMMER OF THOR.

"Si vis pacem, para bellum."



"A GIANT STEAM HAMMER.—A work of national importance was consummated yesterday in the completion of the 30-ton steam hammer, erected in the Royal Arsenal, Woolwich, for the manufacture of the great artillery of the future. The apparatus, which was ordered to be in readiness, if possible, by the 1st of May, in anticipation of the visit about to be paid to England by the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, has been, by dint of industry, finished a week within the date. Yesterday morning, the steam pipes were charged for the first time, and the hammer was worked. To say it is the largest and most powerful in the world conveys but a faint idea of its capabilities."—*Times*.

Is this the hammer of Thor
That was wielded long ago
By the giant god of war
In the realms of endless snow,
When our hero-sires came forth
From their home in the hardy North,
On their track of triumph and woe?

Ay, 'tis the weapon of might
The Scandinavian Mars,
Held in the front of fight
Under the frosty stars;
'Tis the constable's handiest tool
Against Folks or Kings of Misrule,
We show to the keenest of Czars.

'Twill whip up a hundred tons,
As in a giant's caprice,
And weld the mass to guns—
Monsters that still increase.
When thus the sons of THOR,
Can forge great weapons of war,
They have forged the Hammer of Peace.

AID TO THE ADMIRALTY.—How is the problem of Naval Reconstruction (which recurs annually) to be solved? One step towards permanently reconstructing the Navy might be the avoidance of misconstruction, which has been so rife in recent divisions of opinion at the Admiralty.

OUR NEW NOVEL.

ONE-AND-THREE!

BY FICTOR NOGO.

PART THE FIRST—AL' AT SEA.

BOOK THE SECOND.

V.—*Quodcunque vis, meus parvus carus.*

THE Cook's name was POTT.
It was a struggle between POTT and Kettle.
All watched in terrified silence.
No one spoke to the Man at the Wheel.
The struggle began.

"Kettle began it," muttered LE BRUN to himself, quoting from the *Cricket on the Hearth*. This fearful duel between POTT and Kettle was the nearest thing to Cricket on the Hearth that he had yet seen. It was Skittles in the Kitchen, it was Polo in the Pantry, it was Football in the Larder. Thus it chanced that he quoted unconsciously. Otherwise, it was not a time for quotations.

The whole happened in a half-light. It is not often that you find a whole in a half.

The boiling tin Kettle against the Cook, bold as brass.

It was tin against brass. Metal against mettle.

"Come on, carn't yer!" said the Man.

The Kettle seemed to listen; then, with a whisking noise, and spouting forth an overflow of boiling soup, it rushed at him.

He, supple, agile, adroit, glided away out of reach of these lightning-like movements.

The hissing monster turned, and came at him. With its spout, like a bird's beak. It sprang suddenly upon the Cook, and pecked him.

"Keep up your pecker," said LE BRUN, from the head of the stairs on the upper deck. He could sneer, even in the face of danger.

The Cook screwed himself noiselessly out of his jacket, and slid away. The senseless Kettle tore the garment to shreds.

Then the Cook rushed at the handle, as a Spanish Matador will seize a bull by the tail. Far safer than acting by the proverb, and taking him by the horns. Proverbs are not Practice. Even a wise saw has no wisdom teeth.

The handle came off in the man's grasp.

For a second the Kettle was puzzled at its loss. Then it showed its nails. They were not claws, they were not talons: simply nails. With fury redoubled by the indignity, it seemed to say, "Come, I've lost my tail: I must put an end to this, somehow." Then, in blind rage, hissing and steaming, it rushed upon the defeated Cook.

"Give it one in the eye!" shouted COMMANDER JOHANNES, from above.

The Cook, armed with a spit, attempted to act upon this advice. The Kettle had no eye, only a lid. This latter he failed to wound. The Furious Monster was on him, and, in another moment, the doom of the Man would have been sealed.

But for the Mysterious Passenger, MASSABONES, on the companion.

It flashed across him. An Inspiration. A memory of his early childhood. Kettle's sang—he sang. Now he sang loudly. He sang wisely, but not well.

The Kettle paused in its fierce onslaught. The Monster seemed to remember the time when it, too, sat on a hob, singing.

Clearly the creature was moved. Its lid trembled, and more than one drop trickled down its sides. Taking advantage of this momentary weakness, the Cook scrambled on his legs, and catching the machine a stupendous kick, sent it over, sprawling, on its side, spent, helpless: an inert, inanimate mass. Such a feat as this was only possible to one who had been brought up as the Son of a Sea Cook.

It was ended. The Man had conquered the Monster. The Cow had jumped over the Moon. The Pott had conquered the Kettle.

The whole Crew hurried down the companion.

But the soup was boiled away to nothing.

"Sir," said the Cook to the distinguished Passenger, "I owe you my life." And he handed him a paper with three letters on it. They were I. O. U.

The old man answered nothing. He appeared to be dead to what was going on around him. And more than dead, he was buried in thought.

A wonderful thing is steam. In an instant the kettle was securely lashed.



"Now," said the dignified Passenger, whom the Sailors only knew as MASSABONES, "the Kettle has been lashed, let the Cook be lashed, too."

The Ship's Chaplain, who, throughout the danger, had been seated on the main-topgallant mizen, reading the Act of Uniformity, now descended, and prepared the Man for his fate.

The Cat with nine tails—the last of its marvellous species—was brought out.

LE BRUN, JOHANNES, and ROBIN *son fils* bowed to the Passenger.

"You are the General," they said; "and a General always gives orders on board ship."

"Then," said the stately Passenger, "pitch him over."

They pitched him all over.

VI.—*Out with a Sail is with a Lottery.*

THE Sea rocked the vessel threateningly.

Since she had been on her cradle she had never been so rocked.

The damage done by the Kettle of fish was irreparable.

The MARQUIS DE BOBBILOT spoke to the Man at the Wheel.

"Where are we now?"

"Here," replied the Man, vaguely.

Neither one thing nor the other—such is the Sailor. A man is either a bad sailor, or a good sailor. To the former the answer had a disquieting significance. The motto of the Ocean is "rough and ready." The Sea was ready—it was going to be rough.

Ships in the offing. Ready to blow the *Ringdove* out of the water. The water ready to sink the *Ringdove*.

LE BRUN cried aloud, in his brave merriment, "Here's a go!"

VII.—*ax = y.*

THE Ship was little more than a wreck.

The Captain put his glass in his eye.

"I see the rocks."

"You see double," answered the Pilot.

"It's all up with us," said the Captain, looking at the ships-of-war.

"Or all down," said the Pilot, looking at the rocks.

"What are those rocks?" asked the MARQUIS DE BOBBILOT.

"Blue Rocks," answered the Pilot.

"Blue Rocks! Then we are near Hurlingham."

"A good shot of yours," replied ROBIN *son fils*.



THE PASSION FOR OLD CHINA.

Husband. "I THINK YOU MIGHT LET ME NURSE THAT TEAPOT A LITTLE NOW, MARGERY! YOU'VE HAD IT TO YOURSELF ALL THE MORNING, YOU KNOW!"

LE BRUN laughed aloud.

"Those are the Blue Rocks—we are the Pigeons. We have played, and lost."

The Sailors collected the pieces, and tried to put the cannon together.

"We have only one great gun on board," said BOBBILOT.

"True," replied JOHANNES; "he is there."

And he pointed towards MASSABOWES.

BOBBILOT nodded assent.

"And he must be let off," said HENRI LUXEMBOURG-AU-FRONT-DE-BOIS.

VIII.—Some one gets out.

THE Passenger had not quitted the deck. Amidst all the dangers he had not changed colour.

LE BRUN addressed the men.

"Sailors, Soldiers, and Mounted Marines. We must either be prisoners for travelling without a licence, or we go to pieces."

"Hear! Hear!"

"This man, our respected Passenger, does not wish to unblacken his face. To blacken a face is not to blacken a character. To save washing, is to save a great deal."

"Yes, yes, yes!" cried the Crew.

The distinguished Passenger put his hand to his heart, shook his head, and made an obeisance so low as to send his coat-tails up towards the sky, while his close-cropped hair nearly touched the deck.

"He is about to risk serious danger," continued LE BRUN.

"Hooray!"

"He must land on the coast. Where there is no coast, he cannot land. Where the sea is deeper than two inches, there is a chance of drowning. The Shrimp is taken where the Whale escapes. Or vice versa. Who will row this gentleman to shore?"

NEW SPANISH WAR INVENTION.

A *TIMES* telegram from Santander informs us that:—

"From one o'clock of the morning of the sixth to seven o'clock of the morning of the eighth (fifty-five hours), 425 shells were thrown into the town of Bilbao, there being constantly in the air five projectiles."

By simple arithmetic it follows that each shell must have been thirty-eight minutes in the air. As the time of flight of shells fired for the purposes of bombardment, according to the system of artillery hitherto in vogue, has never been known to exceed thirty-eight seconds, it is evident that this Correspondent has brought to our knowledge a wonderful discovery, which, if he would be kind enough to discover and communicate, our War Office authorities will, no doubt, immediately adopt.

Nothing can be conceived more trying to the nerves of a beleaguered garrison than a succession of shells, five at a time, wavering for thirty-eight minutes over their doomed heads, in a state of uncertainty as to where they will pitch.

The only wonder is how the defenders of Bilbao have been able to hold out so long against this fearful new missile; and we hope, if Our Own Correspondent has not invented it himself, that he will soon "nose" out the invention for the use of his country, whenever she is called upon to provide bombarding material.

We should propose to christen this formidable projectile the "Spanish-fly-shell."

Ashantee Glover.

THE thanks of one House, and much praise from the other,

Is this the reward that we give our brave GLOVER?

Promotion and Honours are scattered about,

But the hero of heroes is strangely left out.

His share is the many fine things that were said—

'Tis excellent butter—but where is the bread?

THE WISDOM OF ULYSSES.

PRESIDENT GRANT has vetoed the Bill for adding a hundred million in paper dollars to the United States currency. ULYSSES, in his wisdom, declines to figure as a GRANT in aid of bogus speculation, unsubstantial enterprise, and hollow prosperity,—with the certain prospect of discredit, collapse, and bankruptcy in the background.

"Here y' are, Sir!" cried all the Crew at once, eagerly, and in different tones. "Go out for a sail this morning, Sir? Nice day for a row, Sir? Fine outside. Eighteen pence an hour. Here y' are, Sir! Take you for a shilling."

"No. Who will go for nothing?"

The men held back.

Then one stepped forward.

"I will."

"Your name?"

"GUILLAUME TAILLEUR."

LE BRUN addressed him. "You are a gay young fellow, full of mirth and full of spree. You accept the situation?"

"I do."

The dignified Passenger took LE BRUN's hand. He murmured, "O, JOHNNY, I'm in luck dis time."

(To be continued.)

La Compagnie Transatlantique.

A HAPPY name, *n'est-ce pas?* Befits a purpose so gigantic! *La Ligne Française*, link of two worlds on either side the Atlantic! But where are worlds to link, since you've abandoned, in your pother, *L'Europe*,* on one side of the sea, and *L'Amérique* on t'other?

* *Punch* need scarcely remind his readers that these two fine steamers of *La Compagnie*, abandoned at sea by their officers and crews, have been brought into port by salvors who were sailors.

THE REAL AUTHORITIES ON SPIRITUALISM.

MILITIA-MEN. Aren't they disembodied eleven months out of the twelve?



"SMALL BY DEGREES."

Suffolk Farmer. "TWO SHILL'N'S A WEEK MORE!! NEVER! THAT 'LL NEVER DO!—OUT O' THE QUESTION!"

Suffolk Ploughman. "YOU'RE RIGHT THERE, MAS'R WUZZLES, SART'N SURE! IT 'ON'T DEW. OUR SAL SARY THERE 'LL BE EIGHT SHILL'N' AND THREEPENCE FOR BREAD, THREE-AND-SIXPENCE FOR RENT AND COAL, AND HALF-A-CRAOWN FOR CLUB, CLOTHES, BOTES, AND SHOES FOR THE OWD 'OMAN, FIVE KIDS, AND MR. NO, THAT 'ON'T DEW—THAT, THAT 'ON'T, B'UM BY. BUT IT 'LL BE ENOW TO BEGIN WITH!!"

BRITANNIA'S CHICKS IN A BAD WAY.

(A Fancy Sketch,—at least, Punch hopes so,—after W. HUNT.)

AIR—"Ten Little Niggers."

TEN British Iron-clads, above, and of, the line,
One eat her own copper off, then there were nine!
Nine British Iron-clads, much peppered in debate,
One struck a shoal—not in the charts—then there were eight!
Eight British Iron-clads, manœuvring off Devon,
One burst her boilers, then there were seven.
Seven British Iron-clads, lined all through with bricks,
The dry-rot got into one, then there were six.
Six British Iron-clads, unsteady to ride or drive,
One was rammed by all the rest, then there were five.
Five British Iron-clads, sailing round the Nore,
One fouled the Ramsgate light-ship, then there were four.
Four British Iron-clads, for harbour use, not sea,
One grounded on her own beef-bones, then there were three.
Three British Iron-clads, firing in review,
One blew her turrets through her keel, then there were two.
Two British Iron-clads, each with its monster gun,
One burst and blew her ship up, then there was one.
One British Iron-clad, won't stay, wear, steam, nor steer—
If the late bad lot come back again, p'raps *she* will disappear.

MEN OF THE NORTH, BEWARE!

THE *Sheffield Telegraph* of April 18th, contains the following mysterious advertisement:—

"WANTED, a MAN to make POTS, and pull out three HOLES in the North of England."

What has the North of England done amiss that gentle and amiable Sheffield should thus desire to pull holes in her? Are there not holes enough already in the bright and blooming coal-fields of Durham and Northumberland, and the iron-fields of Cleveland? Who can it be that thus proposes to mine—to undermine—the North? "Holes?" "Holy!" Can it be? A light dawns on me. "Holy Island!" "Holy Father!" Ha! ha! No—yes—it is—it must be! "Now, Jesuit, I have thee on the hip!" Yes, fool, idiot that I was! I see it now in all its hideous nakedness!—a Popish plot, an Ultramontane conspiracy!

A nous, NEWDEGATE! WHALLEY to the rescue!

Well may they advertise, at the same time, for one to "make Pots," those Pots to which our England will go, when once she has been made holy in the hideous hierarchical sense borne by the word on Ultramontane lips.

Unholy Roman, Avaunt! Rampant Ritualist, retire!

WHALLEY and NEWDEGATE aiding, I defy you and all your works, from the St. Barnabas Baldacchino to the Exeter Reredos!

The Gravedigger's Remonstrance.

(To SIR H. THOMPSON.)

Who are you, to be thieving
The poor Sexton's bread?
How can we earn our living,
If you urn our dead?

EVIDENT.—The Duty on Sugar is, of course, to bring in a Lump Sum.



"BALANCE, MESSIEURS!"

Old Groom. "WHAT I ALWAYS SAYS ABOUT JUMPIN', MASTER FRED, IS THIS—THE GREAT THING IS TO KEEP 'THE BALLAST.'" *Master Fred.* "YEE. AND THAT GENTLEMAN'S HORSE SEEMS TO PREFER SHIFTING HIS, JOE."

HAMPSHIRE HOGS AND HOGSTYES.

(See *Hampshire Independent*, April 25. "*Rural Life in Hampshire.*")

You 'vs heer'd folks talk o' Hampshire hogs; the hogs they means is we.

We doan't refuse the compliment we takes it for to be.
For unto prime perfection pigs in Hampshire we do bring;
And COBBETT says, "this hog is altogether a good thing."

That there's a hog on four legs though; but there be hogs likewise
Of our own breed in Hampshire, yet that lives like hogs in styes;
And two sich two-legged Hampshire hogs was WILLIAM and DAME

DAY,
As pigged in a chalk-pit on the Down, near Lasham, Alton-way.

Their house they couldn't bide in; a' was out of all repair.
And so they went and made themselves wot you med call a lair.
Dree hurdles, thatched, set in a hole, for a hut they made to do.
I calls that there a pigstye, and a sorry pigstye too.

And there they bid for some four year, until the 'ooman died,
O' dropsy caused by heart-disease, the doctor sartified.
The Crowner's quest as sat on her their verdict gie'd the same;
And on the want o' sanitairy inspection laid the blame.

Undressed and unattended nigh four days the coopee did lay
Upon a bed on the bare ground; none other goods had they.
And bad a place as was the stye where they a pig's life led,
'Twas ten times wuss than pigstyes be when one on 'um was dead.

No pig bean't never arter death neglected not like that;
We got too much respect for 'un, good pork and bacon fat.
And ne'er an Alton Guardian in his pigstye would allow
From Saturday to Tuesday for to lay his poor old sow.

It come out at the Crowner's quest, at Froyle, a year ago,
Some people o' them parts was in a chalk-pit piggun' too;

A family o' Hampshire Hogs, both gurt and little swine,
Housed in a way I shouldn't like to zee no hogs o' mine.

The Crowner's sent the verdict to the Local Guv'ment Board;
And now a fit Inspector p'raps the Guardians 'ool afford;
And then Hampshire Hogs on two legs wun't ne'er be found no more
A livun' in a pigstye that's too bad for hogs on four.

FACULTY AND FACULTY.

A RATHER uncommon event occurred the other day in the Lower House of Convocation. A moderate and reasonable speech was delivered there. The subject of it was the Archbishop's Message, and the speaker CANON GREGORY. According to report:—

"Speaking of the Exeter reredos case, CANON GREGORY said that it would be impossible to say what adornments might not be ordered to be removed if erected without a faculty."

There is a faculty without which some monuments are erected, as some follies are practised in some churches—the faculty of common sense on the part of Clergymen. In that case, indeed, ought the follies not to be stopped, and the monuments of folly removed? But the Exeter reredos appears to be hardly a monument of this description. The faculty without which it was erected was a permissive faculty, which should have been obtained from the Bishop. If, however, the BISHOP OF EXETER has such a faculty as common sense to confer, would he have objected to the erection of a simply ornamental and architectural work of Art?

Alarming Scarcity.

Is the country short of competent Judges? Is it found difficult to obtain fit Magistrates when vacancies occur? Is the demand for a good Lawyer greater than the supply of that valuable and expensive article? These questions, which suggest very serious reflections to the thoughtful mind, are prompted by observing the following significant notice—"Wanted first-class Bench hands."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



delay was only decent in the case of "a Bill that binds the Clergy hand and foot;"—a Bill (says *Punch*) that lessens cost and delay in enforcing the law against Ritualising Incumbents. Strange, how different a thing looks from opposite sides.

The LORD CHANCELLOR was all for delay, as the Bill "stirred the minds of great masses of people"—and masses, we suppose, should be stirred slowly. We should have thought "the masses" stirred the people more than the Bill.

The real objection to the Measure in certain quarters is, precisely, that it does stir "masses,"—sends them farther from us, it is to be hoped, and us from them. But we doubt if the Bill's clerical opponents would like this public identification with "masses." It is what they may expect at the hands of their enemies, the ultra-Protestants, but not of LORD CHANCELLOR CAIRNS.

Having hunted the Church Bill, their Lordships got on, and off, the Rail, LORD DELAWARE moving for a Royal Commission to inquire into Railway management, accidents, and means of preventing them—legislative and mechanical. Neglect of proper appliances and overworking of servants his Lordship thought the chief sources of smash.

LORD HOUGHTON (as leader for the Directors), spoke boldly up to his brief and instructions, contending all was for the best in this

best of possible railway worlds. Directors, he thought, behaved with "quite affecting disinterestedness." [If disinterestedness means not paying enough interest, we agree with LORD HOUGHTON—and shareholders generally—that the disinterestedness of Directors is affecting, painfully affecting.] Besides, the interest of Directors is that their lines should be well managed. True, my dear Lord, were there no "capital account" to counsel, "'Save' bene si possis, si non, quocunque modo, 'save!'" till a smash comes and swallows up four times the year's saving in compensations. But Directors are so disinterested. Bless you, they *are* paying compensations.

The DUKE OF RICHMOND was ready to grant a Select Committee—for the Government did not see their way to legislation. So the blind shall lead the blind, that both may not fall into a railway cutting.

The DUKE OF SOMERSET—who, like a certain other old gentleman, is always finding work for idle hands to do—suggested that the new Commission, which is over-paid and under-worked, should undertake the job. LORD CARLINGFORD—speaking with full official knowledge of CAPTAIN TYLER's big Report, and all the little Reports bred by all the railway accidents, printed at the public expense, and neatly docketed, and put away at the Board of Trade and all the railway offices—pointed out that nine accidents out of ten were caused by overgrown traffic. Traffic, in fact, has grown into a giant, with feet so big he can't put 'em down without smashing something, like a hen with too many chicks. Still he liked the idea of a Commission and an inquiry. Officials, and ex-officials always do. They stave off legislation, which means infinite trouble and vexation, often to no end, to already overtaxed office-staffs, and their heads.

LORD SALISBURY had no faith in legislation, none in inquiry, none—yes, a little, in Time-tables punctually kept. Would he suggest a Bill for enacting the month's *Bradshaw*, *en bloc*, as a law of the Medes and Persians, which no traffic-manager shall alter on pain of being torn to pieces by wild engines, and so give history its *Bradshaw* the managericide to balance *BRADSHAW* the register?

In the Commons. SAGO-GRAMMATHOS in his *Nero's History* has a chapter "On Owls in Ireland." "There are no owls in Ireland." So MR. DISRAELI, in answer to a question about the appropriation of the balance arising from the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, explained that there was no balance—at least, in the English sense. The Irish balance is a debt of £9,700,000, which will be paid in seventeen years, and then there will be five millions' worth of terminable annuities to divide. So, about 1893, Irish Patriots look out for a scramble. But Lord save us, where may Irish Patriots and Irish property be by that time? "Who fears to speak of ninety-eight?" "Who cares to hope from ninety-three?"

MR. BOURKE informed SIR G. JENKINSON that M. LESAKRS had shown his good sense by knocking under to the Porte, and not putting the canal lights out. The commercial world generally, the canal shareholders in particular, will say ditto to MR. BOURKE. Better half a loaf than no bread, and ten francs a ton than no francs at all.

In Report on Committee of Ways and Means, MR. PEEL hoped, and MR. BACKHOUSE regretted, and MR. HUBBARD recommended, and SIR L. PALK was sorry, and SIR G. BALFOUR and MR. KINNAIRD advocated, and LORD ELLINGTON and MR. HETGATE urged, and MR. ORR-EWING complained, to various effects about the Budget; but as nothing came of hopes, regrets, recommendations, griefs, advocacy, urgings, or complaints, suffice it to say the Budget Resolutions were agreed to, and ordered to be embodied in a Bill.

On Motion for going into Committee of Supply, MR. HANBURY moved that it is not desirable we should withdraw from the Gold Coast. True, a Select Committee in 1868 had advised retreat, but imports, exports, and revenue are growing. Did not CAPTAIN GLOVER tell them at Liverpool the other day there is gold to be picked up "like potatoes," within twenty miles of Accra? There can't be trade without protection, and nothing governs like a governor—*vide* Jamaica under SIR J. G. GRANT. Without a Government there would be nothing imported to the Gold Coast but rum and guns. We owe a duty to the natives, and the least they can do is to pay their duties to us. What if governors *do* die?

"Uno avulso non deficit alter
Aureus, et simili frondecit virga metallo."

There are always good Governors to be had, if you'll pay for 'em. MR. HOLMS, by way of seconding the Motion, argued that our Gold Coast Settlements cost more than they were worth, and that our late war promised a legacy of anything but peace. The war was due to Colonial Office meddling and muddling. The Ashantees were the best of the black bunch, and we had denied them access to trade-ports, and given KING COFFEE strong grounds to boil over. As to our duty in the future, it was to pave the way to clear out, and leave the natives and the traders to settle matters their own way. And thus was MR. HANBURY seconded. "Call you *that* backing of your friends," MR. HOLMS?

The Motion was adjourned till this day week, on the motion of MR. MILLS, who is welcome to the addition of "COFFEE" MILLS, if he likes.

And then we came to "the toast of the evening." Mr. Cross proposed the health of his friend, Mr. BUNG, and the Public. He began by sketching his friend's career, gave some lively statistics of the growth in drink, and the improvement in drinking-places. BUNG was a benefactor of his species. It was not public-houses that encouraged drinking—(true, but *sub-modo* Mr. Cross)—but higher wages and more Saint-Mondays. More inviting homes, and better education—these are the true checks on tipping. (True, O Mr. Cross! but please let us have as few public, and as well managed, as may be; and do what you can to secure that honest liquor shall be sold in them. We are all against "robbing a poor man of his beer," but would rather he were robbed of, than by, the drugged decoction of grains of Paradise, Cocculus indicus, and salt and water, which too often usurps the honoured name of malt-and-hops-juice.) So Mr. Cross proposes to abolish exempted houses, and to fix certain closing hours for all—12.30 A.M. for London, 11.30 P.M. for towns of over 10,000 inhabitants, and 11 P.M. for the rest of the country. Night-houses will be under these rules. Beer-houses will remain as they are. Any eccentric publican with a taste for being healthy, wealthy, and wise, may take out an early-closing licence, and shut up and go to bed an hour before his neighbours. (We don't envy that early pearl his life among his neighbouring night-owls.) Then Mr. Cross clips the Magistrate's claws. He is not to be bound to endorse the licence on a first conviction, nor to put the house under REVER. And mentions our friend ROBERTULUS. The Police powers of entry under the present Act are suspended, and the Force may only enter to keep order. The Adulteration Clauses are repealed, and Publicans will be left to the ordinary law on the subject. Mr. Cross wound up by professing his desire to supply the real wants of his friends the Public, and to induce respectable persons to follow the calling of his friend—he hoped he might be allowed to call him his valiant and valuable friend BUNG.

When Mr. Cross gracefully unbind, there rose a buzz of contradictory comment. Messrs. HARRY and PEASE wouldn't give BUNG even half-an-hour's law. Mr. RATHERONE and Mrs. H. JOHNSON regarded the Bill as a step in the wrong direction. Sir W. JOHNSON didn't see why the house of BUNG should be worse treated than the house of GIN; and Mr. TALBOT and Mrs. GOLDMAN, generally approving, were for closing at ten in towns under 2000.

SIR W. LAWSON gave the House a bit of his teetotal mind—hot. So Conservative reaction means half-an-hour's more boozing! What Mr. Punch thinks BUNG will think, and, indeed, what he thinks himself, will be seen in his Cartoon. If GRANDMOTHER BRUCE upset the coach, is GRANDMOTHER CROSS doing so very much to keep it on its wheels? And for the life of him Punch can't see why BUNG should have half-an-hour more night-life allowed him in London, than in Leeds and Birmingham, Manchester and Liverpool.

Tuesday.—In the Lords we learnt with pleasure that the Ashantee Loot is to be treated as prize. A little bit of butter on the common man's bread will make the handsome spread on SIR GARNET's big slice taste all the sweeter to his soldierly lips.

The Gold Coast Funds are to be drawn on for some compensation to CAPTAIN GLOVER and his Officers. BRITANNIA would not have minded putting her hand in her pocket for them too, as well as SIR GARNET.

The Government has no intention (the DUKE OF RICHMOND told LORD SIDSMOUTH) of altering the Education Act, "with a view to facilitate a return to the voluntary system in rural districts where the School Board system had failed." . . . in other words, to set the National School Committee up again, and put the School Board Committee down. MR. DISRAELI is too wise a man to believe that the clock can be stopped by putting back the hands of the dial.

In the Commons, Mr. BLENKINSOP moved, and moved very cleverly, the Purchase of Irish Railways by the State. Unfortunately his argument in favour of the purchase of Railways generally is all against the purchase of Irish Railways in particular. They don't pay because there is not trade and traffic enough, and State purchase can't make that. But their transfer to the State would create a delightful batch of berths for gentlemen of limited income, with "frinds" at head-quarters. Of course Mr. BLENKINSOP scorned the idea of suing "in forma pauperis." Whence did an Irishman sue? Bedad, if he hadn't a rap in his pocket, he'd talk as if he'd the Bank at his back. Is it "pay?" Sure we don't want England's dirty money. Ould Ireland 'll be ready to stand all the risk, and every shilling of the cost.—How?—Why, out of her own resources. Is it "loss?" Divil a loss in it at all, at all. Look at Belgium. Sure, State Railways pay there; and why not in Ould Ireland?

Mr. GOLDSMID—ah, bad cess to him for a Jew!—moved an amendment, that the purchase wouldn't pay, would breed jobs, and bother Parliament. Of course if the State bought the Irish lines, it must buy the English and Scotch. That would add a thousand millions—stop; let Punch try if he can put it down in cypher—\$1,000,000,000. There! cyphered in an instant! Doesn't it look imposing?—add a thousand millions (*vide* figures above) to the National Debt, and bring us in annually four millions—on the

wrong side. Fancy Government working all the Railways! Clapham Junction would be clearness and order compared with it! Think of *Bradshaw* in the shape of a monthly blue-book! That would be confusion worse confounded. Then the 250,000 Railway Servants, chosen by competitive examination, to be cut down from time to time, under Treasury Minute, by some BOB LOWE of the period, and the collieries, and steamers, and canals, and hotels Government would have to buy! Even *Punch's* mighty mind staggers under the idea!

The Collective Wisdom of England followed GOLDSMID, but the voice of Ireland was for BLENKINSOP.

SIR MICHAEL BRACE, on behalf of Government, repudiated a purchase, which would mean ten or fifteen per cent. rise in the market price of shares. How was that to be made up out of traffic that didn't pay as it was? Then the patronage—and in Ireland, too! Poor SIR MICHAEL, no doubt, saw in spirit all the general inequity of Erin, *patulus recubans sub tegmine Fagi*, and felt that no conceivable patulousness would be broad enough. He wondered Home-Rulers should suggest a gigantic measure of centralisation to take Irish Railways out of Irish hands. O, bother! sure wouldn't it rise the price o' shares, and be an illigant thing for the country entirely! Wouldn't it be Ireland for the Irish, and English salaries into the bargain?

But two Irish voices were uplifted in a nobler strain. Why is there no OMELIA to sing the lament of CONOLLY, the true son of Erin, "blushing for a gigantic job," and the war-song of the O'CONNOR, descendant of a hundred chieftains, as he raised the shout of "H... or Connacht," and was reproved by the SUMMER, and told the House, in trumpet-tones, how the Irish Railways that paid were Railways held by Irish shareholders, and managed by Irish Directors, and how the dirty, shabby, bankrupt concern were those in which the base Saxon held the shares, and plundered and blundered in the direction!

There was a hitch about the division; should it be on Amendment or Resolution? Ultimately a division was taken on both; the Resolution was negatived by 241 to 56; then the Amendment carried by 255 to 58. Apparently the House wished to emphasise its "No."

Wednesday.—COLONEL HOGE set a house's nest buzzing and sting-sharping, by moving the Second Reading of his Metropolitan Buildings Bill, empowering the Metropolitan Board of Works to regulate street-plans, buildings, noxious trades, &c.; i.e., to tread on the toes of Vested Right, whenever they are found trespassing on the public convenience. Vested Right won't have its toes trodden on by HOGE or BULL either, and showed its teeth through the mouths of MESSRS. A. B. HOPE, SAMUDA, BAILLIE-COCHRANE, NORWOOD, WATNEY, KAY-SHUTTLEWORTH, STEVENSON, and KINWAIRD. But that was all bark. Vested Right keeps its bite for the Select Committee which Mr. Cross promises. If Vested Right doesn't gnaw the heart out of COLONEL HOGE's Bill, *Punch* will own that the gallant soldier can fight to some purpose. But what a Hogg-bait we shall have!

Then followed debate on the Second Reading of Mr. M'LAGAN's Game Bill for Scotland. Another case of "*questio vexata*," between many men and many minds; no agreement as to principles, and much contradiction of interests. The Bill would take hares and rabbits out of the Game-pale, give the property in game to tenants, barring contract to the contrary, and transfer Game Law cases from the Magistrate to the Sheriff.

Government, per CRESE, objected to the Bill that it would settle nothing, and unsettle everything. As nobody seemed much to like it, the Bill was buried by 192 to 127. May *Punch* remind Scotch tenant (and other) farmers, of the old story of the B-flats in the inn-bed that would have lifted the sleeping traveller bodily on to the floor, had they but been of a mind?

Thursday.—The Lords took up (by LORD CARLINGTON), and then dropped, the County Rate Guarantee to Irish Railways. Apparently the subject is, more *Hibernico*, of the hot-potato kind.

In the Commons, in Committee of Supply on the Naval Estimates, CHILDERS—no longer "flying," but "fighting" CHILDERS—had it out with WARD HUNT.

It was his first chance, he explained, of exhibiting his command of the noble art of self-defence, since his health broke down four years since. He proved—by his own figures—that the late Government had saved nine millions in seven years, and vindicated—triumphantly, till next confusion—the Childerian consolidations, re-organisations, re-arrangements, overhauls, and turnings upside down, in Admiralty, Dockyards, Purchase and Store Departments, Foreign Squadrons, Coast-Guard, and Retired List; pitched into MR. HUNT for bringing out a Naval Bogy to frighten JOHN BULL; proved that we were more than a match at sea for France, the United States, Germany and Italy together; that if we were at war with any three of the strongest of them together, we could hold our own at once in the Channel, the Mediterranean, the Atlantic and Pacific; that in six months we should have swept the seas of our enemies' commerce—in twelve should have sole command of the ocean—with not a war-flag flying all the world over but the Union Jack.



THE BENEFIT OF THE DOUBT.

Ethel. "AND, O MAMMA, DO YOU KNOW AS WE WERE COMING ALONG WE SAW A HORRID, HORRID WOMAN WITH A RED, STRIPED SHAWL, DRINK SOMETHING OUT OF A BOTTLE, AND THEN HAND IT TO SOME MEN. I'M SURE SHE WAS TIPSY."

Beatrice (who always looks on the best side of things). "PERHAPS IT WAS ONLY CASTOR OIL, AFTER ALL!"

Zounds! We have read nothing like CHILDERS since *Bobadil's*—

"We twenty would come into the field, the tenth of March, or thereabouts, and we would challenge twenty of the enemy. They could not in their honour refuse us. Well, we would kill them: challenge twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them too! . . . and thus would we kill every man his twenty a day . . . till in two hundred days we had killed them all up by computation!"

MR. EGERTON denied any intention of bringing out an Admiralty Bogy, and entirely agreed with MR. WARD HUNT's statements. (What else is MR. EGERTON there for?)

LORD ESINGTON would be glad to know if MR. GOSCHEN's naval advisers had represented to him the inefficiency of our Iron-clad fleet, as a *Pall Mall* paragraph had told us.

MR. BRASSEY was practical and conciliatory, MR. BENTINCK damatory and dissatisfied, both as usual. MR. SHAW LE FEYRE put a few ex-official *couleur-de-rose* touches on the late Naval Administration. MR. WARD HUNT persisted he hadn't brought out a Bogy, but had spoken, even to the words, what his naval advisers put into his mouth. The real friend of the Navy had been SHORT, not CODLIN; CORRY, not CHILDERS—all the late Board had done had been gradually to spend more and more; and to build less and less. MR. GOSCHEN repeated his perfectly fair and final fa^çon—"If your supplementary estimate is so small, how can our short-comings have been so great? He hoped bygones would be bygones, and that all would work together to establish, not only the reputation, but the efficiency of the Navy."

MR. *Punch* must say that for candour, public spirit, good humour, and good sense, nobody comes out of this Admiralty mess so well as MR. GOSCHEN.

Friday.—The Lords talked about Schools—the Commons about Irish Fisheries. Of course they want "stimulating," that is, public money, and MR. SYNAN moved a Resolution to support any well considered measure for administering stimulants to this exhausted Irish industry. SIR M. BEACH thought the Irish Reproductive Loan Fund might be drawn on for small loans. But MR. BUTT would prefer £20,000 down. LORD HARTINGTON thought that

might do something; and MR. BUTT, seeing his chance, snatched a division, and beat the Government by 95 to 93. First blood for MR. BUTT; and great excitement.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK moved to carry school-teaching beyond the narrow region of the three R's "into the wide-spread domain of extras." LORD SANDON promised a move—cautious, of course, and in due time—in that direction.

Then the House and the Home-Rulers had a row over the *Flag of Ireland*—appropriate ensign for a shindy.

The *Flag* has published sedition, which SIR M. BEACH proved by reading some of it, and has only been "warned," not suppressed. "Shameful!" said SIR P. O'BRIEN. "Stupid!" argued MR. BUTT. Proceeding against such writings only makes martyrs of the writers. The Irish ATTORNEY-GENERAL showed how 'tis all in the interests of the dacent papers that we come down on the blackguard ones.

MR. DIGBY gave it them all round (like the man at Donnybrook Fair, who first counted the heads under the canvas of a tent, and then came down on every head in the row, impartially, with his shillelagh), pitching into Government and also into "the miserable scribblers of a venal Press." MR. HENRY and MR. MCKENNA followed suit against Government, MR. GREGORY against the "venal scribblers," and the row ended, as Irish rows usually do, without the smallest practical result.

Curious Ichthyological Observation.

"AQUARIUS" writes to call attention, as a striking instance of natural adaptation, to the decided tendency of the "loose fish" (*Pisces laxus*) to get tight. No doubt the creature has an instinctive sense of its own looseness, and strives thus to remedy it.

AMENDED PROVERB—FOR THE SEASON. (By a Belgavian Douger.)
—Marriages are made in—London.



THE GOOD LITTLE "VITLER."

GRANDMAMMA CROSS. "GRANDMA' BRUCE SENT YOU TO BED AT TWELVE O'CLOCK, BUT AS YOU WERE A VERY GOOD BOY LAST ELECTION, GRANDMA' CROSS WILL LET YOU STOP UP TILL HALF-PAST!!"

[Intense Delight of the good little Vitler.]

REPORTED PLUCK OF A POLICEMAN.



UNBESUED by the cry of "Mad Dog!" a huge wolf-dog ran a-muck the other day in Newington Causeway, "leaping and biting in all directions." Instantly "a general rush was made for the shop doors." Thus some persons "escaped from the infuriated hound;" but many who did not escape "were more or less severely bitten." *The Post* continues:—

"Police-Constable JOHN WREN, 318 M, seeing that prompt action was necessary, drew his staff, and started in pursuit past the Elephant and Castle, but, getting winded, took a cab, and was driven after the maddened brute, who had now maimed half-a-dozen persons, but he was unable to get ahead until passing Olney Street in the Walworth Road, a full mile and a quarter from the starting-point. The moment he passed the dog he jumped from the box of the cab, and gave the beast a tremendous blow across the loins; but it would have fared badly with the constable even then, had it not been that Mr. Brown's ironmongery store was close at hand, for the animal made a rush against the constable, who had just time to raise a coal-hammer which stood outside the shop, and give the dog a finishing blow."

Well done, brave BONES, adroit as brave. The number of Police-Constable JOHN WREN, 318, M, should be taken. If the facts related in the *Morning Post* may be taken to be facts, at least essentially, Policeman WREN, of the number and letter above-mentioned adroitly destroyed a mad dog at the imminent risk of hydrophobia. Has not the Victoria Cross been won by distinguished gallantry, but gallantry not more worthy of distinction than this? Collaring a mad dog is a serious business. We would suggest, as a neat and appropriate reward, a Civic wreath, in the shape of a dog-collar, inscribed "*Ob eives servatos.*"

BILL-STICKERS RE BLITHE!

A FEW thing the Metropolitan Board of Works wanted to do! At the instance of that society of sediles, a clause inserted in the Metropolitan Buildings and Management Bill proposed to make it an offence, unless the consent of the Metropolitan Board of Works should have been first obtained, to place any advertisement on any building or structure, excepting an announcement referring to the business of the occupier of the premises. This provision, if enacted and enforced, would have despoiled the Metropolis of some of its most ornamental features, namely, the beautiful posters placarded on every accessible hoarding, and the sides and fronts of many of the houses, exhibiting all possible varieties of charming contrasts of colour and congruities of design. What a refreshing change is presented to the eye of the Excursionist, seated with gazing on the dead green, or mixed green, yellow and white, of the fields, by the combinations of hue and form so different from anything in Nature which he encounters in the advertisements adorning every railway-station, and the interior of many even first-class carriages. Perhaps the Metropolitan Board of Works would like to abolish these splendid embellishments too. Of course a House the majority of whose Members have an eye as well to Beauty as to Business, refused to entertain a proposal equally injurious to both; and perhaps one of them will move a clause empowering bill-stickers, in defiance of any Board, or anybody, to improve the principal Statues,

Monuments, and Public Buildings of London by covering them all over with brilliant Advertisements, so as to afford the mind intellectual pleasure whilst they regale the sight.

WHAT BECOMES OF THE OLD RAILWAY SERVANTS.

MR. PUNCH,

DID you, Sir, ever see an old, or, rather, a very old Railway Servant, more particularly a Guard? I never did; and, I venture to say, neither have you, nor any of your numerous readers. What becomes of them? This is the mystery which has long oppressed me. I had often inquired of Railway Directors and Railway Managers, and was always met by evasive replies. I inquired of the men themselves, and have hitherto been met with evasion; but their nervous start at the question showed something lay hidden, which they were unwilling or afraid to divulge. At length, yesterday, I found one who, under a solemn pledge of secrecy as to his name and residence, revealed the startling secret.

Every Railway Servant, when he enters upon his employment, signs an agreement that he will—provided that he arrives at sixty years of age—allow himself to be converted, by some process or other, the secret of which is in the Manager's hands, into *Buffers*!

When he told me, my blood curdled in my veins, and I could only stare my informant in the face. Upon the whole, he took it quietly, and, being a bit of a wag, suggested that this was the origin of the expression "Old Buffer," first applied to some one, who had not duly administered a tip, by a railway official. This led him further to remark, that it was in death as in life—you have to lubricate the carriage buffers to ensure easy motion, and you have to grease the palms of the buffers in prospective to secure ready service—and (he added after a pause) information. I understood the hint. He furnished me with statistics, showing how few reached to sixty—if I recollect rightly, not five in a hundred; and the reasons he assigned were—(1) a carelessness of life, engendered through their knowledge of what would befall them should they reach that age; (2) the small pay, which killed the men off through starvation; (3) long hours, which induced death either from natural causes or by accident. He was conscientious enough to say the last was the worst, as in this case passengers generally were involved.

I had some thoughts of communicating this to Mr. Bass, whose efforts on behalf of Railway Servants are well known; and whose Bill against Organ-grinders, fitly named by you "Bass on Barrels," has stamped him as a practical legislator; while his munificent gift of a church to Burton-on-Trent leads one to believe there was something in the Publicans' late election-cry of "Beer and Bible"—but I refrained, although it would have been better had this growl had all the advantage of a deep bass instead of trusting to its and your own

TENOR.

THE PUBLICANS OR THE PEOPLE?

(A Government Question.)

YOUR gratitude for pelf and place,
From vanquished Liberals wrung,
Accords some grace to BONTIFACE—
We will not call him BUNG.

Whence, at midnight's witching hour,
The clock struck BRUCE before,
'Twill not strike CROSS, now you're in power,
Till thirty minutes more.

But which would customers incline
To think the greater boon,
That, or extended time to dine
On Sunday afternoon?

In laws to limit quenching thirst
Perhaps the better plan
Were to regard the Public first,
And then the Publican.

SUPPRESSION OF SMOKING IN CHURCH.

If the Archbishopial Clergy Regulation Bill becomes law, it will prevent Ritualists from burning incense any more, and thus from incensing not only one another, but also their Protestant neighbours.

THE WHIM OF THE DAY.

WHEN the glaze on china-ware cracks, it is said technically to be "crased." But what is the craze in old china, or the cracks either, to those of the people who collect it!

OUR NEW NOVEL.

ONE-AND-THREE!

BY THAT DISTINGUISHED FRENCH NOVELIST,

FICTOR NOGO.

PART THE FIRST—ALL AT SEA.

BOOK THE SECOND.

The Thimble-rigged Vessel off the Needles.

IX.—Where are you now?

A FEW minutes later the Captain's gig had been brought out.

BOBBILOT explained the nautical terms for this gig. They were two shillings for the first hour, eighteenpence for the second. Naturally the Old Man began with the second.

The Captain's gig, once hired, was immediately lowered. This did not alter the price. It was a bargain. An agreement. There are certain provisions in every agreement. These were placed in the gig. They were, a dozen of champagne, *très sec*, a Strasbourg pie, a Welsh rabbit, a raspberry and currant tart, three tins of Australian meat, a refrigerator, a cut off the joint, and a sausage-machine.

They calculated upon reaching the shore in one hour.

LE BRUN, always a scoffer, looked over the side of the vessel, and sneered this farewell to the boat—

"The night is dark for the gig. Take my gig-lamps."

And he threw his spectacles at the Old Man in the stern. Till now the Old Man had been the Distinguished Passenger; now, out of the light, he could no longer be distinguished. In the darkness a beggar is as good as a king.

The start was quickly made. The boat got well away from the vessel. The Old Man in the stern, the Sailor, who had volunteered, in the bow. There was no luggage in the bow: it was merely a bow without a trunk. In the stern the Old Man lay asleep on his chest.

The carman obeyed his Captain's order, who had said, "The shortest and the cheapest route."

He rowed in the direction of the Blue Rocks.

Suddenly, amid the wide and turbulent silence of the roaring sea, arose the blast of the speaking-trumpet, the boom of the drum, and the bang of the stricken gong.

It was the voice of COMMANDER JOHANNES defying the enemy: "Walk up! Walk up! Just a-goin' to begin."

The troops on board were the Mounted Marines. They were divided into Officers and Sub-Marines.

They nailed the White Feather to the Mast.

Then a din like the peeling of three hundred oranges burst over the depths of the sea.

Only those who have peeled three hundred oranges can know what this means.

The two men in the little boat kept silence. This arose from their not speaking.

Near the Blue Rocks are the Trappes. From the Trappes escape is difficult.

The Boat was a mere cockle-leaky in a high sea.

The Sailor spoke:

"Do you know where we are now?"

The Old Man replied,

"I can tell exactly by my magnificent compass."

He opened his chest, and produced some notes.

He said,

"This is the upper sea. A little lower down is a flat. We can land there."

Day appeared. Without MARTIN.

The two sat in the boat. A white, and, apparently, a black man. The latter could have explained this had he been willing. He could have said, "It is necessary I should be kept dark."

He did not say it, however. The silence remained unbroken. A silence once broken cannot be mended.

The Sailor broke it.

He looked fixedly at the Man in the stern, and said,

"I am the brother of him you ordered to be pitched over."

BOOK THE THIRD.

GUILLAUME TAILLEUR.

I.—The Speech and the Stumper.

THE Old Man slowly raised his head.

He who had spoken was a man about forty. His tone was soft. Judging from this latter, he was more piano than forty.

In his belt were pistols, knives, and daggers. He wore a frock, an open collar, a knotted tie, a small jacket, huge boots, and a cap. He had black ringlets, and a high colour: but for this he would have been plain. Every man has his price: his was a penny plain, and twopence coloured. Now he was twopence.

The other did not know this.

"Who comes there?" asked the Stern Passenger.

"A Grenadier."

"What do you want?"

"A pot of beer."

"Why?" asked the Old Man.

The Sailor was puzzled for an instant by the question. Then he answered,

"My brother's name was POTT."

"Well."

"I mean to make you die o'laughin'."

The situation was ticklish.

The Sailor began to sharpen his wits. The Stern Passenger regarded him unmoved, curiously.

The Old Man stood up in the boat.

"You would pot me?" said he.

"Like a hardy annual."

"Your name?"

"GUILLAUME TAILLEUR. My brother took POTT for tin."

"He was fortunate."

"Yea. Pott-lucky. Now he has cut his lucky. But you do not want to know all this in order to be killed by me."

The Passenger drew himself up as to take some one else down. This was what he had set himself to do.

"You know your Catechism?" he asked.

"M. or N., as the case may be," replied the Sailor. He pointed a remark at the Stern Passenger. Then he resumed: "It is all said. I give you one minute, MISTER KRISTIMINSTRAL."

"Why do you call me MISTER KRISTIMINSTRAL?"

"Because you are a Kristiminstral. That is plain enough. I have never seen one, but I have heard of them."

"If one had been a Kristiminstral, and was no Moore a Kristi-





CRUEL DISAPPOINTMENT.

Street Boy. "FIVE 'UNHED LIVES LOST!!' 'ERE'S A A'FNY! UMOA!
WHAT A SELL! 'ANG IT ALL! IT'S IN CALIFORNIA!"

THAT!

"THE SPEAKER.—I may state that it has sometimes happened that the House has negatived the proposal that the words proposed to be added should stand part of the question, but the effect of that vote is that an entry is made upon our journals that the word 'that' is the only word which remains."

HISTORIC Parliamentary *That!*
Of many a Resolution plat-
itudinous the kernel!
How most magnificent the att-
itude of isolated *That*,
Upon the House's journal!

The Irish Members rage and storm;
The bulls run wild, the words wax warm;
The fight assumes sublimity,
When BUTT, Home-Ruler sent by Heaven,
Says ninety out of ninety-seven
Is perfect unanimity.

GORMAN comes, the foe to vex,
And says he longs to change his sex,
And suddenly to dem ought
Left of CASSANDRA's petticoat,
Then on Atlantic waves to float
In search of "H—en—or Cannaught!"

Ye Orators of Erin, spare
Our English tongues! Such wear and tear
'Tis hopeless of sustaining:
For when dies out the finest roar,
The SPEAKER vows there's nothing more
Than one small *That* remaining.

Superfluous.

In a letter written to the *Times* a gentleman, under the signature of "R. C. B. C.," announces that he has established in Ireland an Irish School of Cookery. One Irish dish should be tabooed in that school. There can be no need of instruction how to make an Irish Stew, considering that England's cooks have taught nothing else since STONEBROW'S day: and the Irish, by this time, are perfect masters of the process.

TITLE FOR A DARWINIAN BOOK OF TRAVEL.—From the Isle of Dogs to the Isle of Man.

minstrel, but came out on a tour to amuse, delight, and instruct, what then?"

The Sailor bent his head in thought. The Stern Passenger laid down his banjo, and drew on his gloves. He fixed his hat firmly on his head. Then he waved aloft his umbrella.

"What then?" pursued the Dark and dignified Passenger, who had been hitherto known as MASSABONES. "Is it because You do not use the Archimedeian Lawn Mower that none other is genuine and strikes on its own box? No. Will You take upon yourself to assert that the Waxworks at MADAME TUSSEAUD's could ever be melted by a mere sale of woe, even though a tax were taken off horses, on the removal of the statue in Leicester Square, and a man of Straw were put at Rugby instead of a HAYMAN? No. Never! Shall it be said by those who can read, write, and speak it, but can't sing it, that the three years' system is to be abolished in the Army, and the best price given for gents' cast-off clothes? And, if so, why? or, if not, why not? And, should it be so, who will have caused it? Thou art the cause of this anguish, my mother. But can You say it is so? No. Then whose fault is it that carpets are beaten, that hair falls off in the presence of PULVERMACHEN's painless dentistry, that Linoleum is the best spring medicine, that perambulators are doubled up; that there are no more pills or other drugs, that you may go for miles along the LYONS and get back to MOSES in the Minorities, where baldness, greyness, and deficiency of hair, are guaranteed at twenty-three shillings a dozen, and Time, Labour, and half your fuel are saved by those who are willing and ready to dwell in a Paradisaical Pankkibanon, on the golden-grained shores of the Revalenta Arabica, with youth at the prow and PRIMSOLL at the helm, and the certainty that the duty on Sugar will make Convocation dance the *deux temps*, and interfere with the sale of Apollinaris Water in the progress of the New Law Courts? Go on! Where are we now? That's what's the matter."

The Old Man, erect and firm in the boat, while the sea raged mountains high, uttered these words in a voice louder than the noise of the waves, while he shook his umbrella aloft, and brought it down sharply on the seat before him. With it he, too, in his energy, fell. His hat rolled on the planks, but he quickly recovered himself, and then regained his legs. To have lost his legs at sea would have caused him delay and trouble. The Ocean is trackless, and legs once lost are gone, over the horizon, away, it may be, into the Offing Asylum, for ever.

The Sailor's hair had suddenly grown white. He trembled. He clasped his hands together, and murmured, "Angoore, I says, Angoore!"

Then he threw himself on his knees.
"My brother, the Cook, was wrong. I am another. It's a way we have in the Navy. We will not go home till morning. Till daylight does appear. Command. I obey!"

"I forgive you," said the Distinguished Passenger in the stern.

(To be continued.)

L'Africain.

AFTER a careful examination of the remarkable gold ornaments brought from Ashantee, the connoisseurs seem to be of opinion that the natives knew but little of the art of soldering. Perhaps it was as well that they were not also better acquainted with another art—that of soldiering.

THE HALF-HOUR BILL.

THE Publicans will never be fully satisfied with any measure but one of their own.



ABOVE THAT SORT OF THING.

First Collier. "HERE COMES T' NEW GANGER, BILL. HAST THOO HEARD, HE DOESN'T DRINK, NUR DOG-FEIGHT, AN' GOES TO CHU'CH! LET'S SMASH 'IM!"

Second Collier. "NA-AY, NA-AY, LAD, WE'VE GOTTEN SHAMPANE, AN' RIDES FUST-CLASS; LET'S BE GEN'LEMEN, NOT LOIKE THEM SCULEMESTERS I HEARD ON T'OTHER DAY AT RUGBY—BATTEN T' NEW GANGER!"

THE ARCHDEACON OF TAUNTON.

"ARCHDEACON DENISON presented schedules of *gravamina* complaining of the BISHOP OF BATH AND WELLS for revoking his Curate's licence, and for refusing to license another to priest's orders."

OUR earnest Archdeacon,
Your cause you will weaken
By plaguing the BISHOP OF BATH
AND WELLS—

Although he's obdurate
To you and your Curate,
Yet in the Church's safe path
He dwells.

GEORGE ANTHONY DENISON
Shall have *Punch's* benison
If for warfare he'll cotton to peace,
And try
To make charities cluster
Round life's autumn lustre.
Why should not these quarrels all cease?
Ah, why?

Why should you not fashion
Restraints on your passion:
And Church shibboleths all shout
"Avaunt" on;
Why not drop scorn and scoff too,
Leave your turn for taunt off too,
Though known as Archdeacon so stout,
Of Taunt-on?

PAPER KNIFE (*For Artists' Use.*)—The article which cuts up half your Academy picture, and picks holes in the rest.

AN AFRICAN WHITE ELEPHANT.

WE have too good grounds for supposing that there is an African as well as an Asiatic White Elephant. It is well known that White Elephants exist in Siam, and that, when the King of that country wishes to ruin any principal person whom he has a grudge against, he is accustomed to send him one of those animals, which the unhappy man is obliged to maintain, and by which he soon gets eaten out of house and home. There is every reason to apprehend that we shall discover a White Elephant in Elmina on the Gold Coast, of which we have obtained possession from the Dutch, thus letting ourselves in for the Ashantee War, and a costly Protectorate.

Poetry for Schoolboys.

LITTLE TOMMY TENDER, who received a flogging the week before his holidays, says his feelings were the contrary of those felt by the poet, when he penned the touching line—

"My grief lies onward, and my joy behind."

Ships not Shadows.

It appears that the nation has lately been scared by some exaggeration of talk about Phantom Ships. The Phantom Ship was a Flying Dutchman; and there is not one flying Englishman on the sea—though there is a Flying Squadron.

A Brilliant Display.

A CONTEMPORARY announces that the Conservative party at Windsor intend to celebrate the failure of the attempt to unseat MR. RICHARDSON-GARDNER, M.P., with a banquet and fireworks. The fireworks may be expected to include election squibs.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



AST and furious roared the storm without, but within the courts of Conservative Castle, all was, or at least seemed, serene.

"Watchman, what of the night?" Such was the question which, roused from the repose befitting his good grey head 'by muffled murmurs, as of mustering hosts,' the an-

cient, but still fiery LORD RUSSELL addressed to stalwart LORD DERBY, warder on the outer ward of the Castle, on the night of the fourth of May, 1874.

"I try to peer into the dark," quoth the old Captain, "but I see nothing; only I can hear France grimly grinding her teeth and her weapons; the clang of Germany's armour, as, season of rest though it be, she plies her sword and buckler practice; the muffled tramp of Russia, drawing slowly, but surely, nearer and nearer our Eastern borders; Austria shifting uneasily, between Germany's sword-exercise and the onward drag of the Russian glacier, 'Ohne hast, ohne rast.' And the lesser Powers—hark, how their teeth chatter, for all their guarantees!"

"I hear all you hear, my Lord," answered the Warder, "but I see and know nothing. I can but keep a good look-out, and pass the 'All's well!' from time to time. Meanwhile, we must trust in Providence, and keep our powder dry—what there is of it," he added, with a shrug.

And so they parted—the Warner and the Warder!"

The Blindworms: a Romance of History. Chapter last but one.

LORD RUSSELL was going to have asked a question about UNCLE SAM'S refusal of compensation to Canadians for Fenian-raid losses, but forbore, finding U. S. has given no directions for answering either questions or demands. En passant, LORD RUSSELL lifts the one hand absolutely clean of the dirt of the Washington Treaty (kneaded into humble-pie at Geneva for JOHN BULL'S eating), to arraign the Government that negotiated that Treaty as having "tarnished the national honour, lowered the national character, and sacrificed the national interest." (Stronger language this, my dear Lord, than we are in the habit of using, now-a-days, in Peers or Commons either.)

In the Commons, we had a good deal of confused talk about our White Elephant on the Gold Coast. Are we to wash our hands of it as clean as we can, or go on messing, or, if there is a third course, what is it? Nobody wishes us to stop. Everybody feels we can't go, except the Members for Crooket-Villa, SIR WILFRID LAWSON and MR. RICHARD. We have castles (such as they are), and a trade (such as it is), and treaties (such as never were), with KING CHAMBER, and KING COFFEE, and KING BUGABOO; and we can't leave the White-man's coast-clearing—even though it be, a good deal of it, laid down in White-man's grave,—to drop back into utter bush and barbarism.

MR. KNATCHBULL-HUGHESSEN gave a more full, true, and particular account

of the growth of the Ashantee quarrel than JOHN BULL has yet had. It seems pretty clear the row couldn't be helped. COFFEE thought he was more than a match for us, and had made up his mind to trial by battle, and only used the Elmina business as a peg to hang his black glove on.

Nothing came of the night's *palaver* but an adjournment, and an assurance that Government has nearly made up its large mind what to do in the matter, and will let us know the result "before the grouse scatter the House."

Tuesday.—The Lords really did a stroke of business on the Lands Transfer Bill: though they *did* adjourn at half-past seven.

SIR G. BOWYER asked a question, and got his answer. Did MR. DISRAELI know that the Irish Judges all wanted Irish Appeals left to the House of Lords? Yes, MR. DISRAELI *did* know—supposing that is, the Lords were left with any Appeal Jurisdiction at all. If not, the Irish Judges wished that the Appellant goose, of England, Scotland, and Ireland, should be cooked by the same cook and with the same sauce.

MR. EUSTACE SMITH wants a Committee to inquire into the Marine Department of the Board of Trade. LORD ESSLINGTON told him, and us, how the Department, in discharge of its recent duties, out of 264 ships detained by it had pronounced 234 unseaworthy, and of twenty-two stopped for over-loading had lightened every one.

SIR CHARLES ADDERLEY deprecated Inquiry Number Two while Inquiry Number One (under the DUKES OF SOMERSET'S Commission) is still in progress. (Sit down, SMITH, and shut up.)

The Committee of Council have lowered the Education standard which little out-door Paupers must jump over before they are allowed to earn wages. So, to-night, the late Educators, RIGHT HONOURABLES FORSTER and LOWE, with KAY-SHUTTLEWORTH and PLAYFAIR, &c., had it out with LORD SANDON, and divided against him 202 to 265.

Present Committee of Council says Standard five is too high for decent national school children—only 372,000 out of a million and a quarter jump over even Standard three. To keep up the standard means keeping little paupers in school, and out of work till thirteen—which is absurd.

"Not so absurd," say the Educators. It is their only chance of getting unpauperised. Our school standards are too low as it is. Lowering still further will be fatal—the small end of the wedge to split the slowly-growing tree of knowledge. And so says *Punch*, who will fight till he drops on this Education line by the side of his friend FORSTER. Meanwhile, the standard is lowered only for this year and the next. We hate lowering it at all, in face of the enemy; but many things may happen before 1875.

MR. LOWE came out gallantly in his great performance of the "Standard-Bearer," being the first time, if *Punch* is not mistaken, that this distinguished artist has favoured us this season.

Wednesday.—MR. MUNDELLA moved the Second Reading of his Amended Factory Act—to raise half-timers' age from eight to ten; full-timers from thirteen to fourteen; and reduce working hours, of mill-hands from sixty to fifty-four.

MR. MUNDELLA'S statistics and reasons read strong. Question is, first, should this be done? and, secondly, can it be done? PROFESSOR FAWCETT says "No" to the first question: but practice and experience are against him. It is done now, and done, all agree, to the good of all concerned. Can the movement against hours long for all, and too long for the weak—(women and children are both weak, as against men, Professor; and where is an *adult* wife's protection against her own self-sacrificing love, or a brute of a husband?),—be carried further without crippling our own production, and giving our rivals a dangerous pull of us? Doctors differ. Many masters (in and out of the House) say "No:" most of the men (and still more of the women and children, we suspect) say "Yes."

MR. CROSS—Was there ever such an audacious new broom!—actually proffers to the disputants something more specific than "consideration"—a Bill to fix Factory hours at twelve per day (from six to six, or seven to seven, at choice), and six on Saturdays, i.e., fifty-six hours a week. Half-timers' age to be nine till 1875, and then ten.



EFFECT OF M. LOPPÉ'S ALPINE PICTURES.

DARING ASCENT OF BEN-BAYSWATER, THE GRANITE MOUNTAIN ON THE NORTH SIDE OF KENSINGTON GARDENS, BY A RESPECTABLE OLD GENTLEMAN, ASSISTED BY HIS NEPHEWS, DISTINGUISHED MEMBERS OF THE ALPINE CLUB!

The compromise is to be accepted.

Let *Punch* note that all who spoke on the question were practical mill-masters. MR. CROSSLEY told how, when a lad of twelve, he had been worked as a mill-hand by his father, from six to eight. MR. MUNDELLA himself has stood at the loom. SIR THOMAS BAZLEY, MR. CALLENDER, MR. TENANT, and MR. HOLMS are all men of the mill; and yet they differ about the working of these changes. It was just a case for Government to split the difference, and Cross struck in in the right time, with a good aim, and putting his weight in the blow.

Thursday.—The LORD CHANCELLOR expounded the constitution of the new Court of Final Appeal, which is to be one for England, Scotland and Ireland (see above for the Irish Judges' wish on the matter); but of this High Court there is to be a First Division, including the Lord Chancellor, the Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, and the Master of the Rolls, *ex officio*, with two other Judges named by the Crown. The other Judges of Appeal will sit in Divisions of not less than three. If the three differ, then there may be rehearing before First Division. LORD CAIRNS hopes that this reduction (with the balance of gain between the reduction of four Irish Judges, and the appointment of a new Irish Lord Justice) will save £14,000 a-year. LORD SELBORNE doubts it. The big-wigs of the Peers, on the whole, approve with qualifications; but, of course, LORD REDESDALE and LORD DENMAN objected to be deprived of their jurisdiction as Lords of Appeal. They exercise it so regularly and so well!

In the Commons there was another Shipbuilding row, got up by SIR JOHN HAY—

"Fœnum habet in cornu; hunc tu Romane, caveto!"—

which soon thickened into confusion worse confounded, as usual. SIR WILLIAM HARCOURT contributed some of his peculiarly pungent fireworks to the amusement of the evening, till we had last week's fight between MR. HUNT and the critics of his criticisms all over again. MR. HUNT takes a Supplementary Estimate of £150,000 to replace the "dummies" by forwarding ships now on the stocks and building some unarmoured small craft. MR. GOSCHEN admits his sea-dogs *did* grumble, but not "officially," he says, and therefore

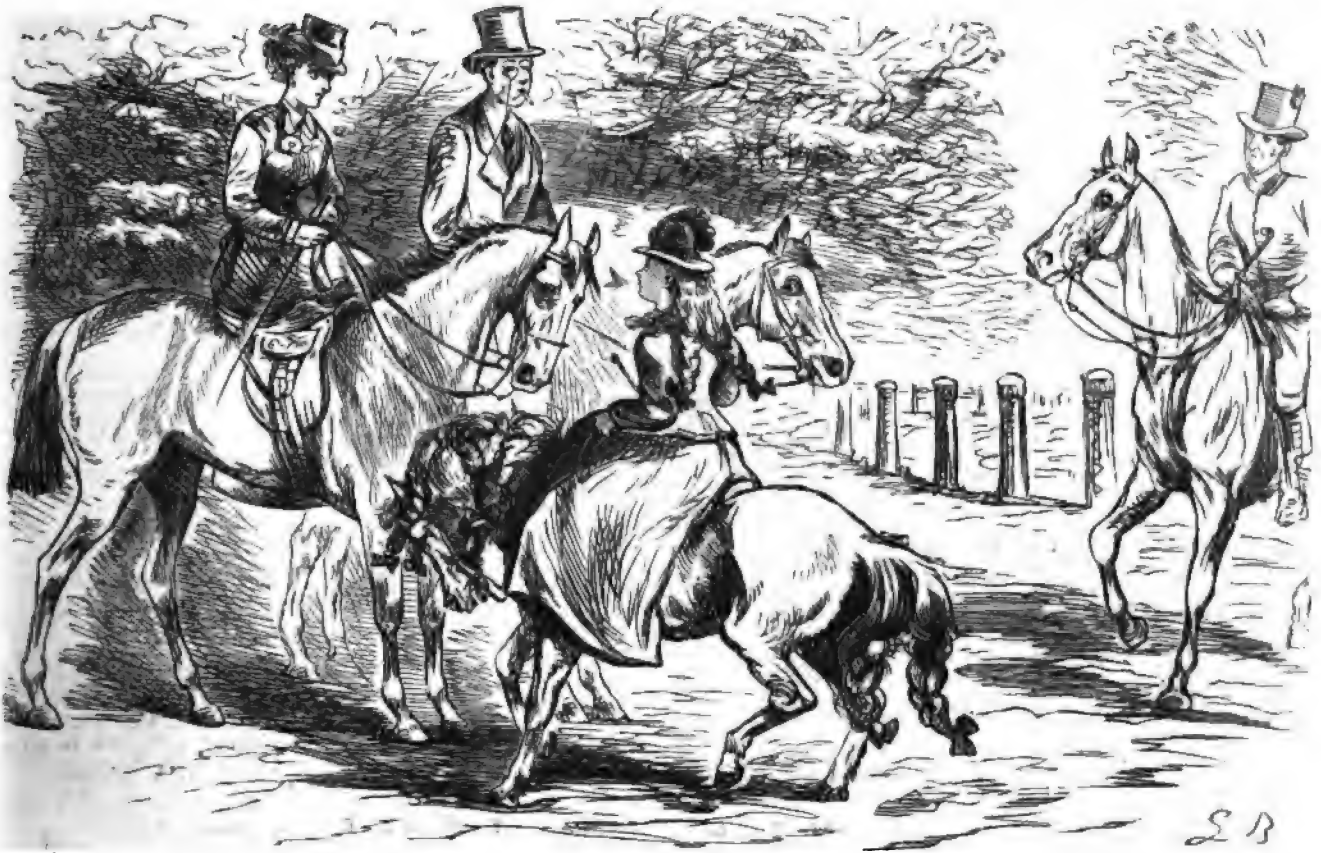
he gave the *Pall Mall* the lie the other day for saying they did. The night wound up with a considerable Irish row, led by SIR COLMAN O'LOGHLEN, in which MR. SULLIVAN distinguished himself—the wrong way, over the appointment of JUSTICE LAWSON to try the Galway Borough Election Petition, while one of the Commissioners of the Great Seal in Ireland—an office of honour held at pleasure of the Crown, and the holder of which cannot (it was argued) constitutionally try a right to a seat in Parliament. If this be a grievance, it seems too flimsy a one for any but Milesian temperaments to take fire over. The row ended, as Irish rows usually end, "*re infectâ*."

Friday.—In the Lords, my LORD NAPIER and ETTRICK tried to lay salt on my LORD DERBY's tail, but my LORD DERBY would not have his tail salted. Here is Afghanistan (said my LORD NAPIER and ETTRICK). LORD GRANVILLE last year fixed its northern boundary. Do you mean to see that boundary kept against all comers—in plain English, if Russia invade Afghanistan is it to be a "*casus belli*"?—(An awkward question to put on the eve of the Czar's friendly call.) LORD DERBY pointed out the inconveniences of answering such a question, and, in fact, declined to answer it, whereupon LORD GRANVILLE very much applauded him for what he'd done. Sufficient for the day is the Indian question thereof. The course of events may put it—worse luck—but not LORD NAPIER and ETTRICK.

Then we had another question, and an answer, of which; *Punch* takes a note, short but not sweet. "What are altar-cards?" asked EARL NELSON. "The small end of the Mass," said the ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY, and showed cards, anything but correct cards, to prove it.

In the Commons was talk about the writ for Stroud, where the late sitting Members have reason not to bless their d—d good-natured friends. The writ is to issue. There was no bribery, only treating, and that chiefly with tea and muffins! Ignominious!

MR. KAY-SHUTTLEWORTH sprung on the House about the biggest and ugliest problem of the time—how to lodge the London lower million. He sketched the perplexing and painful facts, the filth, the overcrowding, and every street improvement ending in an aggravation of the mischief. It is nobody's fault so much as every-



A PAIR.

Cousin Kate. "WHY, MINNIE, YOU AND PONY ARE ALL PLAITS TO-DAY!"

Minnie. "YES. PAPA SAID BOTH OUR MANES ARE TROUBLESOME, SO WE DRESS ALIKE."

body's misfortune, and comes naturally of the growth of a capital to the population of a kingdom.

MR. CROSS knows and groans under the evil; has it at heart to find out the road to a remedy, if he can, and promises a Government Bill. Somebody must have a power of Compulsory Clearance, probably the Board of Works, which people have ceased to call the Board of Works. But how, let COLONEL HOSE tell us, did the House treat the Board's Building Bill the other day?

What is to be done when strong powers are wanted, and Parliament—that is the Public—won't give the powers?

The House sensibly declined, by 201 to 110, to shut up the Whiskey from PADDY on Sundays, as it is now shut from SANDY—who is not cited as a model of "Sawbath" sobriety for all that—

For a' that and a' that,
And twice as much as a' that:
Your honest Scot will hae his pot
On Sawbaths too, for a' that!

RITUALIST AND REREDOS.

WHAT is the difference between a Reredos and a Ritualist? This is not a fool's question; for the difference is as important as it is obvious. That difference must strike anyone on reading the subjoined statement in the *Builder*:—

"In consequence of the Bishop's judgment in respect to the Exeter Cathedral Reredos, the Dean and Chapter have stopped the whole of the other works of restoration at this Cathedral. All the men employed there were paid off on Saturday, and matters are now at a standstill. The Dean and Chapter have unanimously resolved to appeal against the Bishop's order for the demolition of their costly Reredos."

The important difference between the Ritualist and the Reredos is that the latter, if illegal, is capable of being legally demolished, and the former is not. Should the judgment of the BISHOP of EXETER and JUDGE KEATING upon the Reredos in Exeter Cathedral be confirmed by the Privy Council, it will be lawful for a Bishop to

cause any similar Reredos, reared against his will, to be knocked down. But there is no dealing thus with a Ritualist who performs illegal rites in contempt both of his Bishop and the law declared by the Courts above. Yet a Reredos may be a structure no more offensive than a memorial window; as there is reason to suppose the Privy Council will pronounce that which has been put up in Exeter Cathedral to be. It is to be hoped that legislation will shortly place the Ritualist and the Reredos thus far on the same footing, that the former, if he persist in performing illicit rites in his Church, shall be liable to be, if not straightway demolished, at least summarily removed.

GAËL AND GROOM.

It is not often that the *Court Circular* suggests poetry. But the other day our stately contemporary came out with an announcement which recalls the stirring passage in *Childe Harold*:—

"And wild and high the 'Camerons' gathering' rose!
The war-cry of LOCHIEL, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard too have her Saxon foes!"

For the *Court Circular* said that:—

"MR. DONALD CAMERON (of Lochiel) has arrived at the Castle as Groom in Waiting."

Wow, Sirs, but these are better times than those whereof TOM CAMPBELL saide:—

"LOCHIEL, LOCHIEL, beware of the day."

When we behold the chief of the CAMERONS officiating in a service of honour about the Sovereign, we are delighted in being able to congratulate both Scotland and ourselves on the immensely altered, and improved, relations existing between the Tartan and the Throne.

SHERIDAN'S SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL (Latest Edition).—The revelations of the Dudley Election Inquiry.

OUR NEW NOVEL.

ONE-AND-THREE!

BY THAT DISTINGUISHED FRENCH NOVELIST,
FICTOR NOGO.

PART THE FIRST—ALL AT SEA.

BOOK THE THIRD.—GUILLAUME TAILLEUR.

II.—Stokes-on-Memory.

GUILLAUME TAILLEUR was a marvellous seaman. He performed miracles of dexterity: splashing one oar wildly into the waves, while the other was struggling with the breeze; receiving blows from both oars at once in the centre of his belt where the buckle was fastened. Those blows hurled him backwards, but in a moment he was in his place again, gasping, but intelligent.

"If all provisions fail," said the Old Man, "you can catch a crab."

The Sea grew calmer. He entered the bay called Coup-de-pied-en-air, in the neighbourhood of Cancan.

GUILLAUME drove the gig high up into the sand, and sprang on shore.

The Distinguished Passenger placed himself, in the fashion called *pique-à-bac*, on the Man's shoulders.

So they landed.

GUILLAUME TAILLEUR asked—"Well, Old Man, shall I go behind, or precede you?"

"Neither."

GUILLAUME regarded the speaker in utter astonishment. Of two things, one; he could not conceive inaction in either.

The dignified Passenger, whom GUILLAUME had now reverentially called "the Old Man," answered.

"GUILLAUME, we must separate."

He drew from his pocket a square card of a green colour. On it there were letters.

"Can you read?" he asked.

"No."

"So much the better. You have heard of an Order?"

"Yes; but I have never had one."

"Have you ever deserved one?"

"Often. When on shore I have displayed bills and posters."

"Good. Then take this now. On it is written, 'Admit two. Gallery.'"

"I understand."

"Have you a good memory?"

"I have studied *Stokes On Memory*."

"Where?"

"When I was in Stokes' Bay."

"That will do. Listen. You must go to the right, I to the left. When you come to the first field, take the left. Go straight on till you come to the second turning after the third stile. Leave the river behind you."

"I shall not take it with me."

The Old Man pursued, "When at the river, call at the right bank and ask for some money; mind, it must be the right bank, as to call at the wrong one would be dangerous. Conceal your weapons in your mouth, if necessary. Cut your stick when you get to the thicket. Go straight through Peckham Rye."

"Gin a body?"

"Meet a body?"

"Coming through the rye?"

"In that case not a sound must be heard; not even though your Pretty Jane?"

"Ha!"

"Should meet you in the evening when the bloom is on the Rye. Glide over ploughed fields. Walk on your head all among the barley: climb trees, eat nuts, see no one, hear nobody, turn to the left, and when in doubt lead trumps. You follow me?"

"Perfectly."

"You are not to."

"I understand."

"You recollect?"

"Every word. *Stokes*."

"When you get to the gallery can you give the call?"

GUILLAUME put the first and little fingers of both hands in his mouth, puffed out his cheeks, and gave the call.

It was shrill and coarser-mongerish.

"Good," said the Old Man.

"This sign reminds me of a well-known painter."

"An artist who paints a sign?"

"No; who paints for the public."

"I said, a sign."

"No; for the Academy."

GUILLAUME shook his head. Then he asked, "What artist did I remind you of just now?"

"WHISTLER," said the Old Man.

II.—Stokes on Memory continued.

THE Old Man showed the piece of cardboard to GUILLAUME TAILLEUR.

"Take it."

GUILLAUME took it and hid it somewhere about him.

The Old Man continued, "This is the Order. For the Gallery. You can give the call. Repeat it in a quiet street thrice. At the third time you will see a man come out of the ground."

"I know. Out of an airey."

"This man will be PLEES-MANEX, who is also called the Cook's Companion. You will show him this Order. He will understand. It admits two. Then you will go to the Wood of St. Jean, where you will find a Waterman on a cabstand. Tell him I love him, and that he must go back to his own parish. From there go to the Nouveau Chemin. Give the cry. A man will come out of a hole. It will be HEEVER, who will have been down among the coals. He is a man of *ton*. Tell him that best Wallsend must be

screened. Tell him that it will not do to be slack. Thence go to Saint-Giles-in-the-Seven-Dials, and speak to the man with pickled whealks and roasted apples. He is WHILKIE CODLINS. From thence you will go to Shepherd's Bush. Make tracks through the Bush till you see the Shepherd. The Shepherd I mean is at the Philharmonic, Islington. When there, address the Angel, who is not an Irvingite, but will give you an introduction to MR. BATEMAN. Thence to Kennington, where you must sound the Horns. You can get from there to Brumton-ess-dubbleyou. Recollect all this."

"I cannot read, but I know my A B C by heart."

"And Bradshaw?"

"And Bradshaw."

"Do you know Colline-des-Matoises?"

"Do I know it? I belong to Bois-du-Nord."

"Then you know the Station?"

"Where the Bobbies are? I should think so. The famous book with the night charges in it is in a side room. Quite close is the Underground."

"What Underground? I don't know what you mean."



"You can get from there to Marteau-forgeron by underground rail."

"There is a line of that description from Marteau-forgeron to La Mer-de-farine-détrempee; but there is not one from Collinedes-Matoises to Marteau-forgeron."

"O yes, indeed, Sir. Nobody but myself knows it. It is not talked about."

The Old Man shrugged his shoulders.

"We are wasting time. Listen. Go to Bath: also to Jericho. Thence you can go to the —"

He broke off.

"I forgot the money."

He took from his pocket a purse and a pocket-book, and placed them in GUILLAUME'S hand.

"These are your property—I should say, your properties. They were made for a piece at the Théâtre de la Reine. In the pocket-book are bills. It is better that nothing of the sort should be found on me. To resume. From there you will go to the Fosse-des-Chiens-de-la-Chasse, thence to l'Hôpital de Lit-agneau, where I shall come (if I do not stop at Holny-Catch or Hanwell), thence to Chapelle Blanche, from Chapelle Blanche to Chemin-du-Commerce, and thence to Les-œuvres-de-cire, Rue du Boulanger. Can you recollect all this?"

"Like STOKES."

"You will go, free of charge, for the card will ensure you a good reception, to the Cirque Rue du Régent, the Cirque Rue d'Oxford. You will see the gigantic company at HASHLEE'S. You will go to the Salle de St. Jacques, where are men with blackened faces. They have instruments in their hands, and make a noise. Tell them to make a hit. You will see MISTERMOORE. Kiss him for his mother."

He paused.

"GUILLAUME, I say all this to you. You do not understand: nor I, clearly, nor anyone else. That is nothing. No matter. Who's afraid? Why give more? To resume. Tell all I've told you to the Pocket Hanker Chiefs. Say 'Nobody nose as I nose!' Will you say all this?"

"Every word."

"Forget nothing."

"Certainly not."

"If you succeed, do you know what I will make you?"

"If I succeed you will make me a pair of new shoes."

"No."

"A new hat?"

"No."

"What then?"

"I will make an April Fool of you."

"Like my brother?"

"Like your brother."

"And, if I don't succeed, you'll pitch me over?"

"Like your brother."

"Agreed!"

The Old Man bent his head, and closed one eye, slowly. When he opened it, he was alone. GUILLAUME was going down the other side of the horizon. Night approached. Ships, riding at anchor, turned towards the sea-mews. The frogs on the Military undress were silent. The pools were full, white played on red, blue his player in hand, while the one star had gone, disappeared. Fisherwomen washed themselves ashore and went to bed. Gulls and rooks came out together: then went in for something: then, later, the rooks let in the gulls, and all was silent. The solitude was complete. There was a wild division of colour: the wind blew, the moon rose. The dew heavy, the night light.

(To be continued.)

Decidedly Supplementary.

WHEN next, WARD HUNT, in solemn sounding tones,
(GOSCHEN first cursed) you to your grief give vent,
Consigning the whole fleet to DAVY JONES,
Yet asking for a new one two per cent,
You'll pause, reflecting that if this mere mite
The growing danger of the hour can smother,
P'raps GOSCHEN, if he isn't too polite,
May hint, emphatically, "You're another!"

"The Heart of Africa."

(A Sore Virgiliana.)

"LUTUS aquæ dulces, vivoque sedilia saxo."
Virgil, *Æneid*, lib. i. l. 167.

(Freely translated by Mr. Punch)—

"Within are fresh-water lakes, and a pedestal for LIVINGSTONE."

THE MORNING WALK OF PERICLES.

"PERICLES himself, in a morning's walk in this great metropolis, beginning with South Kensington and ending with Wapping (a laugh), would almost despair of impressing on this colossal capital any consistent aspect of symmetry and beauty."—(THE RIGHT HON. B. DISRAELI'S Speech at the Dinner of the Royal Academy.)



O, from the Babylon of Herodotus

Trees of the Hanging Gardens nod at us;

Still we worship the euthanasia
Of the City of PERICLES and ASPASIA.

But what would PERICLES think if he went
Through mighty London's huge extent?
This is the question put to us gaily
By our PERICLES-DISRAELI.

Fancy a walk, without any stopping,
From COLE'S (C.B.) to ORTON'S, Wapping;
PERICLES arm-in-arm with DIZZY,
Through Streets hustlingly, horribly busy;

The Lilliput fountains of Trafalgar—
The great Law desert of Temple Bar—
Punch's Fleet Street, whose papers daily
Would puzzle PERICLES, not DISRAELI.

Would Architecture's Attic apostle
Care for our Capital Colossal?
Would he not sneer at its alleys ugly,
Where Nob, Snob, and Mob, cheek-by-jowl stew
snugly?

If he ever takes this morning walk,
He'll have one thing to cheer him, the PREMIER'S
talk:

How Mr. Punch would like to drop gaily
On PERICLES, arm-in-arm with DISRAELI!

The haunts of business passing beyond
To the "Ship and Turtle," or SPIERS AND POND,
Or wherever a dinner, devoid of fault,
May be pleasantly flavoured with Attic salt.

And when, his napkin over his knees,
With his Punch and his port sits PERICLES,
He'll say, before his final vale,
"Don't rebuild London, dear DISRAELI."

"There is a Tide in the Affairs of Men."

THE *Edinburgh Review*, in its article on the "past and future of the Whig Party," says that the Conservative Party has been brought into power by "a strong tidal wave." MR. GLADSTONE, on this being quoted to him, drily replied, "I don't consider this movement an ordinary 'tidal wave,' but an extraordinary 'great bore.'"



A FLOWER OF FASHION.

Fashionable Milliner. "YOU'LL HAVE THE FLOWER ON THE LEFT SIDE OF THE BONNET, OF COURSE, MADAM!"

Fashionable Lady. "WELL—ER—NO! THE FACT IS, THERE'S A PILLAR ON THE LEFT SIDE OF MY PEW IN CHURCH, SO THAT ONLY THE RIGHT SIDE OF MY HEAD IS SEEN BY THE CONGREGATION. OF COURSE I COULD CHANGE MY PEW!"

Fashionable Lady's Husband. "YA—AS. OR EVEN THE CHURCH, YOU KNOW, IF NECESSARY."

[*Fashionable Milliner considers the point.*]

AFTER THE ACADEMY.

How odd! Ulysses was ploughing near some Scotch Firs in The Heart of Surrey, and Clytemnestra, who had been Knitting a Stocking and Cow Tending in a Moorish Garden, Escaped by a North West Passage into The Picture Gallery (looking The Picture of Health), for A Cup of Tea at Five o'Clock with Marie Antoinette.

Lord Selborne and John Bright were discussing A State Secret; Monsignor Capel was recommending Pot-pourri to the Rev. James Martineau; the Archbishop of York and the Rev. Harry Jones were wavering between "Sermons in Stones" and Half Hours with the Best Authors—A Page of Rabelais, John Stuart Mill, Pamela, and Dr. Newman; and Charles the Second and Ophelia, Apollo and Lady Rachel Russell, all dressed in The Latest Fashion, were driving Four in Hand over The Field of the Cloth of Gold, to The Ball on Ship-board at Our Northern Walls.

Now it was Winter, with its Applicants for admission to a Casual Ward Out in the Cold! Now it was Summer Noon in the Soilly Isles, and A Venetian Fruit Seller brought Peaches From Naxos for The Blue Girls of Canterbury and Little Swansdown, who had all got mixed up with The Crowd before the Guards' Band, on their way in The Convent Boat to A Norwegian Wedding in the Jews' Quarter at Old Damascus! Prometheus Bound My Legal Adviser (feeling "A Little Better" for The Doctor's Visit) to The Defence of Latham House, and gave him Instructions in Deportment before The Queen of the Tournament, who was Blessing the Little Children—never Still for a Moment—and telling them Stories for Sunday Evenings in the Roman Cattle Market.

I was as busy as I could be—arbitrating on Newmarket Heath between Capital and Labour, inspecting Fox-hounds in Kennel, Eavesdropping in The Bazaar at Cairo, Visiting a Moor's House, taking lessons of a Country Dancing Master, Returning the Salute, and Calling the Roll after an Engagement when—I was called, and awoke.

It was very strange, for I had "Only been with a Few Friends" after leaving the Academy; but it might have been The Beefsteak Pudding which was the guilty cause of these disordered dreams.

THINGS THE CZAR WON'T DO.

DINE with EARL RUSSELL, and tell him, confidentially, over the claret, what BISMARCK and GORTSCHAKOFF settled the other day at Berlin.

Attend a State performance (revival) of *The Exiles of Siberia* at the Princess's.

Burst into tears at the sight of the Crimean Memorial in Waterloo Place, and renew the Treaty of Paris on the spot, out of consideration for the feeling of the neighbourhood.

Understand what an "immense draw" he will be at the Crystal Palace on the 16th, along with the fireworks.

Forget to call on Mr. Punch on his way to the City.

Ashes v. Fires.

"Crescere et cremari,
Sors dignissima laudari."

"May we each, in his turn,
Ripen, drop, and then burn."

SIR H. THOMPSON.

MILL talked of the "unearned increment" that comes to the price of land;

SIR HENRY'S "unurned incremant" in a different sense doth stand. The first means the rise in landlords' rents, though (MILL says) they never earn'd 'em; The other means our dead, whom, as yet, we won't pot after we've burned 'em.



THE NEW (NORTH) "STAR."

FREEDOM AND LOVE, GO FORTH TO MEET
THE CZAR ON WELCOME'S WINGS;
YOURS ARE THE SMILES THE GUEST TO GREET
WHO SUCH CREDENTIALS BRINGS.

IN THIS HAND, HIS AND OUR LOVED CHILD,
WHOM TO OUR PRINCE HE GAVE;
IN THAT, THE COLLAR THAT HE FILED
FROM THE NECK OF THE SLAVE.

WANTED, THE PHILOSOPHER.

"PHILOSOPHER WANTED (B.A. preferred), as SECRETARY to a LADIES' CLUB. State Terms and Salary required. Apply, by letter, to Eusebius, 22, Upper Berkeley Street West, Hyde Park Square."—(*Times Advertisement.*)



Spare their pains;
Wait her transit here, address
Upper Berkeley Street West—
Happy swains!

LL the young
Philosophers,
Lo, a sudden impulse
stirs;
Head and heart,
For the pippin, writ
—O glory!
"Detur sapien-
tiori"—
Keen to start!

Some 'twixt man
and ape the
chasm
To bridge o'er with
Protoplasm
Have endea-
voured:
Some for HUXLEY,
some for MOSES,
Have pulled caps,
and almost noses,
Science-severed!

Some who in Ker-
guelen's Land
To watch Venus'
transit planned,

From developments Darwinian
Some ascend on fancy's pinion,
Scorning ock;
Of development they dream,
Swift as light and soft as cream—
Hub. from Sec.!

"See" (triumphantly say some)
"Natural Selection come
To the rub,
When, by Nature's laws, the Blues
Their B.A. are free to choose
In their Club!"

Ladies, do think where you are!
Youth your Sec. should find a bar
In his way!
To B.A.'s sans barbe prefer
That sedate Philosopher,
Punch, B.A.!

"Wolf!"

THE Irish Roman Catholic Members have been so often disappointed about the appearance of the measure for putting Monks and Nuns under inspection, with which the Honourable Member for North Warwickshire "oft threatens, oft forbears to strike," that they have now christened his Motion for the Bill "The Convent Cell."

TIT FOR TAT.

SIR W. HAYTER, in his retirement, reading how the defeat of the Government on the Irish Fishery Loan Motion was entirely due to "bad whipping," remarked that such a blunder deserved a good whipping.

PUNCH'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

DESIROUS to be ahead as far as possible of the brilliant enterprise of the day, *Mr. Punch* has organised a staff of Special Correspondents, to report to him on countries hitherto unexplored, and, for the most part, undiscovered. It need not be said that immense energy and expense have been required to carry out this splendid scheme of thoroughly investigating the Universe; but it is well known that *Mr. Punch* spares neither brain nor coin when great deeds have to be done, and is always ready to discover a new Continent when one is wanted.

The first despatch received (by cable wire) is from one of the most reliable travellers upon his special staff, and relates to the hitherto undescribed island of

DARWINIA.

April 1, 1875.

As there is a considerable difference of latitude, my dear *Mr. Punch*, between London and this remarkable island, I calculate that you will receive this important despatch about a year before I have sent it. This is accounted for by the vertical precession of the parallaxes, which have been calculated by SIR ISAAC NEWTON at nineteen-twentieths of an inch in the twinkling of a bed-post. To this calculation some objection was made by LAPLACE, but it holds perfectly good.

I reached the island of Darwinia in a submarine steam-paddle canoe, after a voyage *entre deux eaux* of somewhat less than a million miles, with no provisions, except a box of lucifers that wouldn't ignite, and a mustard plaster. I am used to long voyages with an insufficient commissariat, and did not swear much. But I was glad to paddle my own canoe into the beautiful land-locked harbour of Darwinia. When I reached the pier, I was welcomed by a very handsome Ascidian, who protruded an undeveloped paw, and exclaimed,

"Am I not a man and a brother?"

I threw the end of a cigar at him, and proceeded to explore the capital of Darwinia.

It is in the form of the fifth proposition of the first book of Euclid. Each line is a street, and, at the apex of the triangle, there is a most magnificent temple, built entirely of the bones of gorillas, and dedicated to the Titan Isosceles, whom the Darwinians worship. It is related in their sacred traditions of that renowned demigod that his two legs were exactly equal in length, which is not the case with any of the inhabitants of Darwinia. They limp, and their gait thus acquires that one-sidedness which has been noticed in their

way of approaching and traversing any region of Darwinian investigation.

The Darwinians are a hospitable and amiable race, but they have a habit of rapid development which is rather trying to a nervous stranger like myself. I went the other night to a friend's house to eat oysters and drink Chablis. The Chablis behaved perfectly well, but I regret to say that I cannot give as good a character to the oysters. Before I had finished my first dozen, one of them had begun to develop, and had assumed the form of humanity on a very small scale. I had not noticed this curious fact, being occupied in conversation; but O, *Mr. Punch*, can you not imagine my horror, when, about to raise an oyster to my lips, I beheld a little homunculus laughing at me in the coolest fashion? Could I swallow this human oysterling? Would he have been nice eating? I did not try the experiment.

This is the chief discomfort of the otherwise pleasant island of Darwinia. Everything has an aggressive tendency to become something else. I have made the acquaintance of a very charming lady, who, like CHARLES LAMB, is peculiarly fond of sucking pig. I also like that succulent quadruped. She invited me to dine, with the temptation of a little pig (currant sauce, of course), and I went, fully determined to enjoy myself. Imagine my horror when I found that the pig had just developed into a handsome colley dog, and that the lady was occupied in developing into the strong-minded woman of the day. Now, the strong-minded woman of Darwinia is one of the most fearful developments of an objectionable species. She combines the scientific acquirements and aspirations of a GARRETT-ANDERSON with the combativeness of a BLAKE, the volubility of a BUTLER, the political irrepressibility of a BECKER, and the loudness, fastness, and slang of a Girl of the Period in our less developed sphere—only much, much more so!

Fearful as to whether the disease of development might be contagious, Your Correspondent immediately consulted the nearest physician, who recommended a lowering pill and a cold bath. Your Correspondent did not follow this prescription with absolute accuracy: he took, instead, a rump-steak and a bottle of port wine. He is, therefore, still alive to subscribe himself,

Your undeveloped,

MUNCHHAUSEN (BARON).

A DELICATE ATTENTION.

"No flags, please, through our streets as rolls the OAR;
Flags mean Poles; and he'd rather see no Poles, by far."



DIVISION OF LABOUR.

Facetious Volunteer Sub. "LOOK HERE, CAPTAIN; I'M TIRED OF THIS FUN. DO YOU MIND LOOKING AFTER THE MEN WHILE I GO AND GET TAKEN PRISONER?"

MEMS. OF CHINAMANIA.

By a Half-cracked Collector.

NEW YEAR'S DAY.—Spent a most delightful day in dusting my old Worcester. *Mem.*—Mind not to take up the blue milk-jug by the handle.

Lady-Day.—Having dreamt that Salisbury Plain is a very likely place for picking up old Sèvres, I take lodgings for a week in a mouldy old farm-house, where all that I pick up is a terribly bad cold and a quarrel with my landlady. *Mem.*—Dreams not always to be trusted.

April Fool's Day.—Great sale at GRISTY'S. Great sell for a good many of us. Nothing to be got cheap. LORD CROESCS bids a thousand guineas for a crackle tea-cup. Gets it. *Mem.*—To imitate his Lordship, and be bold in bidding.

May Day.—LADY HUMGRUFFIN'S *soirée*. Meet SIR MAC MUFFY DUFFY, the famous Scotch collector. Shows me an old Bow dog, fitted as a snuff-box. Always carries it about with him in his breeches' pocket. I say it is the finest Bow-wow dog I ever saw, and, the rappee notwithstanding, is not one to be sneezed at. Laugh heartily at this. SIR MAC MUFFY DUFFY doesn't. *Mem.*—In future, not to waste my wit upon a Scotchman.

My Birthday.—Old DONGER, the dealer, calls on me at lunch time, and, after drinking my good health in rather more than half a bottle of my choicest old East India Madeira, he shows me a magnificent old Willow-Pattern plate. Kindly lets me have it, as a favour, for five shillings. Discover, on consulting my Chaffers, that it is *not* the correct Quan-Sung-Hi Willow-Pattern of the 6th dynasty, and would be dear at five-pence. *Mem.*—Not to be so generous with my old Madeira.

Midsummer Day.—A day of sad disasters. At breakfast I sip hastily a scalding cup of tea, and, setting it down roughly, crack a valuable saucer. Then, while arranging my new cabinet, I chip off half the nose of my lovely Derby Milkmaid. Finally, the footman tumbles down-stairs after dinner, and fractures half a score of my pet Dreaden soup plates. *Mem.*—To stop a sovereign out of his next quarter's wages.

Some other Day.—A pleasant morning passed in viewing LORD TOM NODDY'S beautiful collection. Fell over head and ears in love with a charming Chelsea Shepherdess. Offered to exchange my crackle China tea-pot for her. *Mem.*—Exchange is no robbery, but may be an advantage.

Next day.—His Lordship sends me his Shepherdess, and, with a fond embrace at parting, I let him have my tea-pot. When too late, I find out that the anchor on my Phillis is indubitably forged, and that her left arm is loose and will come off in hot water. *Mem.*—In future, not to fall in love without a microscope.

Goose Day.—Being fond of the bird (WAGGE calls me an old cannibal), I rather over-eat myself, and have a dreadful nightmare. Dream that I have sat upon my hundred-guinea slop-basin! *Mem.*—Next year, not to help myself so freely to the stuffing.

Our Wedding-Day.—By way of a little treat, I take my wife to BOTHERBY'S. Sale-room very full, and sadly close and stuffy. The first lot which is offered is an Oriental bowl; but a dealer at my elbow whispers it is Lowestoft. Boldly make a bid of five guineas for a start, and, to my great surprise, I find it is knocked down to me without a second offer. I also find, however, on examining my purchase, that it is really Oriental, and, moreover, has been riveted in some half a dozen places. *Mem.*—To try and give up going into auction rooms, and to take the pledge of total china-buying abstinence.

A Terrible Hitch.

DEAR PUNCH,

I AM so puzzled. Can you solve my dilemma? Having a father and mother, I must have had two grandfathers; therefore, four great-grandfathers; therefore, eight great-great-grandfathers, and so on: till, many generations back, there must be an infinity of great-great-grandfathers. But I have always understood we all sprang from ADAM. I daresay this has perplexed many before, but I should be so glad if you will explain it to me.

Yours, ever faithfully,

DUNDERBARY.



VERY NATURAL.

"WELL, AND VAT-TO YOU SINK TIT HAPPEN TO ME AT MATAME TUSSAUD'S DE ODER TAY! A LATY DOOK ME FOR VUN OF DE VAX VICKERS, AND AGDUALLY ABOLLOCHISED VOR HER MISDAKE!"

"O WHAT FUN, MR. SCHMITZ! AND WAS IT IN THE CHAMBER OF HORRORS?"

A SMALL BOOK IS A GREAT BLESSING.

THIS is the One Hundred and Sixty year of the existence of the Royal Academy. A most memorable one. Perhaps the most memorable since its foundation. The Exhibition was never so large—the Catalogue never so small. *Mr. Punch* congratulates the President and all the Members, he congratulates the new Secretary and all the Officers, he congratulates the Public, he congratulates Himself, on the issue of the very convenient, the very comfortable, the very portable, the very handy new-sized Catalogue. It is one which sweetens the temper, smoothes wrinkles, banishes frowns, and increases twofold, fourfold, tenfold, manifold, the pleasure of a visit to the Exhibition. The dream of *Mr. Punch's* youth has come true, the ardent desire of his whole life is at last realised.

He has now only one more boon to ask. England is a great mechanical nation, and the age in which we live is distinguished for inventions and improvements everywhere and in all places. If the Royal Academy would confer with the Royal Society, or consult the Institute of Civil Engineers, *Mr. Punch* is confident that some better means might be devised than the present cumbrous arrangements with pieces of string and pasteboard tickets, for the custody of all the sticks, umbrellas, parasols, and sun-shades which the thousands of visitors are compelled to render up to the keeping of the Academy before they can enter its Pinakothek and Glyptothek. This done, the last drawback to a visit to Burlington House would disappear, the echo of the last grumble would fade into the distance of Piccadilly. From May to July the vestibule of the Academy would be crowded with happy, smiling faces, even on the rainiest and wettest of days; the indefatigable and patient attendants would take a more cheerful view of existence between the hours of 8 A.M. and 7 P.M.; all angry passions would be allayed, all impatient tempers soothed; and the nineteenth century would be signalised by another achievement of victorious skill, beside which our bridges, and tunnels, and viaducts, and embankments, would appear but as insignificant triumphs.

WELCOME, LITTLE STURGEON!

[The papers have announced a new arrival at the

"BRIGHTON AQUARIUM.—A royal sturgeon, caught in Rye harbour, has been successfully conveyed to the Brighton Aquarium by the curator. This royal fish measures 8ft. 6in. in length, and weighs 24cwt. It was brought seven miles overland to Rye Station, and conveyed thence to Brighton, a distance of fifty miles. The sturgeon is in good health and vigour, and is now swimming in one of the great tanks of the Aquarium. This is the largest specimen that has ever been exhibited."]

Altogether—Handelian.

WELCOME, welcome *Acipenser*
Sturio, throngs attract yet denser;
 Make those called immense, immenser!
 Nigh three hundred pounds!
 Pisciculture's champion Surgeon,
 BUCKLAND hails thee, giant Sturgeon.
 Draw more crowds than aught but SPURGEON
 Could within these bounds.

Daily hosts of fresh beholders,
 Thick as mites in cheese which moulders,
 High and low will, rubbing shoulders,
 At thee come to peep:
 Big fish feasting greedy sight on,
 The most brilliant eyes in Brighton,
 Thee will focus all their light on,
 Monster of the Deep!

At the tuberoles that sunder
 Thy spine's ridge will gaze in wonder,
 And thy mouth, which so far under—
 —lies thy taper snout;
 Mouth as any leather bottle's
 Void of teeth, but graced with wattles.
 Where are now the Axolotls?
 Thou wilt cut them out.

Stranded, by the waves forsaken,
 Thou for jetsam hadst been taken,
 Caught at sea, thou sav'st thy bacon,
 Likewise that of swine;
 Since thy flesh, experts in flavour
 Use to say, as veal doth savour,
 And with veal we hold in favour
 Bacon when we dine.

Glass twist thee and crowd that presses,
 In the Aquarium's recesses,
 Thou art safe from all distresses.
 Russia's mighty Czar
 With a visit soon must greet thee.
 Let's hope he'll not want to eat thee,
 Or misuse and ill-entreat thee
 For thy caviar.

In thy tank no hands can rip thee,
 Of thine isinglass to strip thee;
 Off to market none shall ship thee—
 Frisk, in joy, thy tail.
 Something, with amaze profounder
 Opening gazers' eyes yet rounder,
 Neighbour to thee, soon may flounder,
 Very like a whale!

Authority and Example.

THE *Post* announces that:—

"MR. DION BOUCICAULT, who has for some time past been fulfilling engagements in the United States, has arrived in England."

PRESIDENT GRANT has, by the exercise of his official authority, arrested a Currency Bill which, had it been enacted, would, we are told, have paved the way to repudiation. Thanks to MR. PRESIDENT GRANT'S veto, fortified with the example of MR. DION BOUCICAULT, it may now be hoped that the United States will continue to fulfil their engagements.

A PASSAGE IN THE *INFERNO*.—Passing over the Sticks (and Umbrellas) at the Royal Academy.

OLD IRELAND'S OLD OCTOBER.

"We are unable to inform our correspondent 'DECANUS, D.D.' what has become of the College October. We drank it out of huge silver flagons, *consule Planco*. How we all enjoyed it after night roll, especially when AMORY BUTLER opened on metaphysics. . . . They are all gone, those joyous, hopeful spirits—gone with the old October, and the ancient flagons. This is the day of 'Pale Ale' and 'Bitter Beer' and 'Smalls.' The old humming ale of the College was barrelled in one October and tapped the October of the next year. A pint of it sent a hard student to his room, sure of a sound sleep, and no headache in the morning."—*The Irish Times*.



With Irish "vis" and "vir" gone?
We haven't brain enough now
For ARISTOTLE'S ergon!

Alas, these days are sober,
And nobody can come nigh
Those quaffers of old October,
Trinity's old alumni:
For "small beer, that poor creature,"
Our moderns have a mania;
TOBY PHILPOTTS out of reach are
Of our tissue-paper crania.

As BUTT, Q.C., is weaker
Than DAN, that sturdy grumbler,
So from the two-quart beaker
We reach the half-pint tumbler:
Eheu! antiquum robur!
Old classics, old divinity,
Are fled with old October
From the grey old crypt of Trinity.

Yet if old Customs perish,
If old ale go, and old Churches,
If few the Humanities cherish,
And Divinity in the lurch is;
Yet to cry o'er spilt milk is vanity,
A sin that should ne'er be Trinity's,
While an Irish girl's humanity
Makes the hight of all divinities!

A Change for the Worse.

COOMASSIE burnt as soon as ta'en,
In fear its King did flee;
So Ash-and-Coffee now remain
Of what was Ash-an'-Tee!

NONCONFORMISTS IN CLOVER.

At the tenth triennial meeting of a certain Society, MR. H. RICHARD, M.P., in the Chair, the following circumstances were stated as among the grievances constituting reasons for the existence of that Association:—

"At the present time, in scores of Corporations, Nonconformists were in the majority, while at this moment the LORD MAYOR OF LONDON was a Dissenter. Now a Dissenter occupied a seat of high honour on the judicial bench. There had been Dissenters in the Councils of the QUEEN. A Dissenting General had saved the empire of the QUEEN in India, and they had seen a Dissenter mourned by Europe and the world, and buried in Westminster Abbey. Other disabilities had also been swept away, and the Universities with all their prizes and honours were open to the Nonconformists, who had nobly held their own at those institutions."

Who would not naturally expect that all this constituted a prologue to the question, "What do Nonconformists want?" But no; the assembly they were addressed to was a meeting of the Society for the Liberation of Religion from State Patronage and Control. Is it not rather hard to understand what process of Liberation, or deliberation, could make Nonconformists much better off than, on their own showing, they would seem to be?

FROM MART TO BART.

"On being made a Baronet, MR. H. PEEK (of the firm of PEEK BROTHERS, Tea-importers, Cheapside,) presented £2000 to the Surrey Bench for benevolent purposes, as a thank-offering."

If favour you'd curry
With those who make Barts,
Fight twice for Mid-Surrey,
And so win their hearts.

PEEK thus, from tea-dealing,
A Baronet made,
To show grateful feeling,
Two thousand has paid.

The Surrey Beaks say
Of his gift *à propos*,
'Tis but fair that PEEK pay
What is due to Pekoe.

NOXIOUS CORPORATE BODIES.

ANOTHER argument for "Cremation" has appeared in the shape of an advertisement of a Joint Stock Cemetery Company (Limited), which has bought forty-eight acres of land for the purpose of a new burial-ground, to be opened near the Crystal Palace. The Cemetery is to be select; the deceased labouring classes are to be kept out of it by the prohibition of Sunday funerals; exclusiveness which, perhaps, will not prevent injurious drainage into adjoining wells. Its promoters recommend their burial-place as situated in one of the most healthy suburbs of London. This advantage it will cease to possess as soon as a population shall have gathered round it. The citizens of a necropolis cannot emigrate, and they form a corporation with power to add to their number—and use it. To prevent such corporations from being formed, what practical way is there but the process recommended by SIR HENRY THOMPSON?

Hard Lines.

"The Best of Husbands. Chaps. from 16 to 23."
See Chambers's Journal for May, 1874.

Is not this rather a narrow limit of age? and does it not begin rather early? All the best of husbands we have known have been older chaps than these. Indeed we greatly doubt any chap of sixteen coming fairly within the category. The utmost we should expect would be that he might make a very fair husband—considering.

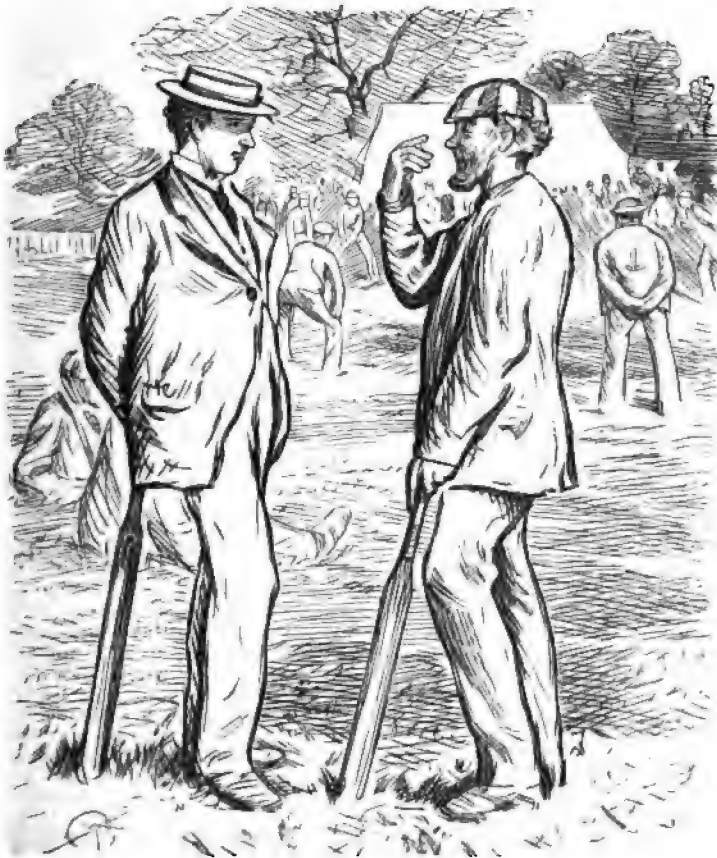
Punch's Thanksgiving.

(For a Pen that Cheers, and not Infuriates.)

PARKINS AND GOTTO are two pretty men,
They've invented a capital reservoir-pen;
A dip to a line will make Punch himself flag,
But two dips to the column, and won't his pen wag!

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

THE London, Chatham, and Dover Directors have fitted some trains with the Westerham Breaks, in a laudable determination to stop smashes.



"TO MEMORY DEAR."

Enthusiastic Cricketer. "AH, LAST SEASON WAS A GOOD ONE! I'D BOTH EYES BLACKED IN ONE MATCH, AND TWO FINGERS SMASHED IN THE RETURN MATCH THE SAME WEEK! BUT GIVE ME 1870 OVER AGAIN. I GOT THE BALL ON MY FOREHEAD AT 'SHORT LEG,' AND WAS SENSELESS FOR THREE-QUARTERS OF AN HOUR!" [! And ever since.

ACADEMY EXAMINATION PAPER.

THE time allowed for this Paper will be shortly announced from Greenwich Observatory.

The maximum number of marks is 10,000; the minimum, 0.

The Candidate who obtains the maximum number of marks will be invited to the Academy Dinner in 1875. If a lady, she will be seated at the President's right hand, and be asked to reply to the toast of "The Ladies."

The Candidate next in order of merit will be presented with a free admission to the Exhibition on Bank Holidays, the anniversary of the arrival of the Elgin Marbles, and SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS's birthday.

The Candidate who passes the third best examination will have the exclusive privilege of carrying his or her umbrella or parasol into the Galleries.

1. Where are the following places—Oxwich, Cowdray, The Boar's Head Tavern, The Butter Tower, Battersea Rise, Poultry Chambers, The Chops of the Bristol Channel, Cookham, Caldron Linn, Llyn Dinas, The Swallow Falls, Mount Sorrel, Dogger Bank, Mousehold Heath, Maresfield, The Yare, The Kanagawa, The Grudie, The Coilties, The Peaks of the Cobbler, Shooter's Hill, Killin, Dryburgh, The Wetterhorn, Scheveningen, and the Kyles of Bute?

2. Give biographical notices of William and Mary, Panthea and Abradates, Don Quixote, Sir Wilfrid Lawson, Undine, Sir Sydney Waterlow, Friar Lawrence, Lord Lawrence, Admiral Tarleton, Corporal Trim, Cardinal Wolsey, Gathorne Hardy, Mazeppa, Mesmer, Eily O'Connor, Richard Baxter, Jenny Caxon, Alcestis, Samuel Morley, Cinderella, M. Thiers, Christabel, Fedalma, Sir William Fergusson, Dr. Slop, Queen Anne, and the Goodwins.

3. Explain and elucidate Kelp, Apse, Bent Gatherers, Campanile, A Spoil Bank, A Dander after the Rain, Saithe Fishing, The Hill Fank, Jetsam and Flotsam, Bullaces, Black Mail, The Nutbrown Maid, A Norfolk Broad, A Murcian Lady, A Ground Swell, Reredos, Utilitarianism, *Æn. VI.*; *Georg. IV.*, and *Xen. Cyro.*

4. Translate Un Chaudronnier, Rouge et Noir, La Soubrette, Une Jeune Demoiselle, La Fleur de la Ville, Le Rendezvous, Sub Tegnime fagi, à la Russe, Le chemin barré, Il Suonatore di Violino, Genius Loci, Mer de Glace, Souvenir de Venise, Groupe de la Danse, La Leçon de Géographie, Ed io anche son pittore, Alto Relievo, and Terra-cotta.

5. What happened in 1457, 1658, 1793, 1795, 1873, and the Sixteenth Century?

6. How many representations of (1) Ophelia, (2) Juliet, and (3) Leander does the Exhibition contain?

7. Spell according to their proper pronunciation, Llugwy, Maesllwch, Porth Mendwy, Machynlleth, and Rhayadr-y-Wennol.

8. What is the time of Chancer, and The Dinner Hour, Wigan?

PRINCELY COTTAGES.

"THE PRINCE OF WALES began, immediately after his marriage, by building the Alexandra Cottages, a row of twelve dwellings, built of Carr stone found on the estate, faced by white stone, and each entered through a pretty porch, with gardens in front and rear. For these a rent of £4 per year is paid by the tenant. The cost of the erection of each was \$195. The Louise Cottages, built on the West Newton portion of the estate, are only inferior to the Alexandra Cottages in outward appearance; but they are also inferior in rent, and even their outside is attractive enough. They cost less than the Alexandra Cottages, the money laid out for the erection of each being only \$140. For these the tenants pay a yearly rental of £3 10s. each. On the whole, the Sandringham Cottages produce only about one and a half per cent. on the capital invested."—*The Hour*, May 12.

"THE Cottage-homes of England,
How beautiful they stand!"
(So once FELICIA HERMANS sang,
Throughout the lovely land!
By many a shining river-side
These happy homes are seen,
And clustering round the commons wide,
And 'neath the woodlands green.

The Cottage-homes of England—
Alas, how strong they smell!
There's fever in the cesspool,
And sewage in the well.
With ruddy cheeks and flaxen curls,
Though their tots shout and play,
The health of those gay boys and girls
Too soon will pass away.

The Cottage-homes of England!
Where each crammed sleeping-place
Foul air distils whose poison kills
Health, modesty and grace.
Who stables horse, or houseth kine,
As these poor peasants lie,
More thickly in their straw than swine
Are herded in a sty!

The Cottage-homes of England!—
But may they not be made
What Poetess FELICIA
In graceful verse portrayed?
With chambers where a purer air
The sleepers' lungs may bless,
And pretty porches, gardens fair?
The PRINCE OF WALES says, "Yes."

The Cottage-homes of England,
Whose aspect makes men wince,
May turn to happy dwellings yet,
With landlords like the Prince:
Then quicker brain and readier arm,
And more strength better spent,
May add an economic charm
To less than two per cent.

The Cottage-homes of England!
The toiler gay and blithe,
Who drinks his ale, and plies his flail,
And swings his sweeping scythe,
His sons and daughters, braed anew
With strength that nothing ails,
Will bless each Prince of landlords who
Does like the PRINCE OF WALES.

A REAL COMPLIMENT.

'Tis well *laudari a laudato*:
Say thy worst freely:
As well *damnari a damnato*,
DOCTOR KENEALY!

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



PUNCH doesn't envy the Archbishops the steering through the Lords of the Clerical Mutiny Bill, read a Second Time on Monday, May 11. LORD SHAFTESBURY hates the Bill, and LORD SALISBURY does not like it; LORD MARLBOROUGH wishes it dropped, and LORD NELSON would have it stopped; the MARQUIS OF BATH does not think it will do what's wanted; and LORD LIMERICK does not see that anything wants doing. But the Bishops, who

know best where the shoe pinches, and what it costs in time and money to ease it, declare things can't go on as they are: that the Episcopal Shepherds must have a cheaper and stronger crook to pull up the wild Ritualistic sheep, who have a trick of leaping the Anglican fences into the old Roman Road that runs on the other side of them (see *Punch's* Cartoon). His GRACE OF PETERBOROUGH, successor to WILBERFORCE's gift of speech, sees, with his keen Irish eye, that it all comes of trying to govern a Live Church by Dead Law. The Bill is an attempt to put life into the Law. The Lawyers naturally think the best of it. It had no friends so hopeful as Ex-CHANCELLORS HATHORLEY and LORD SELBORNE. The Low and Broad Church lay-peers (RICHMOND and SHAFTESBURY, HARROWBY and GRAY) insist that something must be done. Even the High Church—except its Intransigentes—can't deny it. So, though nobody liked the Bill, nobody divided against the Second Reading.

So, till the old Law can be overhauled (which is likely to come first, Disestablishment or the Greek Kalends?) its enforcement is to be left to a resultant of the forces of Episcopal discretion and Protestant aggravation. A nice life the poor Bishops are likely to have of it between their Purchases and their Westartons!

While the Peers were handling their Ritualistic hot potatoe, the Commons had in hand their hot-potato-Publican.

On MR. CROSS moving the Second Reading of his Half-hour Bill (a cross used, in fancy language, when the fancy had its organs, to mean squaring a fight for corrupt consideration), MESSRS. MELLY and PEASE (*Pease et Melle* reads like an Arcadian dish out of ATHENÆUS) moved an Amendment, that no Public-house Bill can be satisfactory which increases facilities for drinking and deals unequally with the Liquor trade.

SIR SELWYN IBBERTSON spoke well up to his Home Office brief. The principle of the Bill is to do away with Local discretion—to let Public opinion, per Parliament, fix the hour for shutting up the Public. There was confused talking on this, much as in the Lords; and the end was the same, nobody satisfied quite with what was being done, everybody satisfied something must be done, and nobody seeing his way to anything better that could be done; and so the Cross Bill was read a Second Time, to the cry of Watchman-Punch, "Half-after twelve, and a hazy night!"

Tuesday.—In the Lords, a very sensible speech from LORD CAERNARVON, setting forth a very sensible scheme for dealing with our White Elephant. Sierra Leone is to have one head, Lagos and Gold Coast (800 miles away), another, who is not to live in that sewage-soaked white-man's grave, called Cape Coast Castle, but in some place where cows, horses, and asses can survive the fever (that seems the measure of salubrity for Colonial Governors),—say at Accrah, with a road to the hills for breathable air in the deadly season. Officers are to

be paid living wages for taking their lives in their hands: the Military Force is to be a native one; of Houssas and other tribes that will fight; and we are to make a friend, if possible, instead of a foe, of KING COFFEE. But Government, it is feared, must have control over the trade in guns, though how, is not so clear. (Couldn't MR. WHITWORTH contrive a revolver that would turn round and shoot naughty Nigger, when naughty Nigger go for shoot White-man?)

LORD GREY approved, on the whole, though he didn't see his way to stopping rum and muskets, and didn't like the notion of Government monopolising the trade in these African luxuries. LORD KIMBERLEY was graciously pleased to lean towards approval, on the whole,—of course, couldn't commit himself—it wasn't to be expected—but really thought, all things considered, poor dear LORD CAERNARVON deserved to be patted on the back, and begged him to consider himself patted accordingly.

In the Commons—YORKE found he was not wanted, when he purposed to exempt the Law-Officers ("travelling politicians," he called them, with considerable impertinence, on their way, we presume, to their own ends as contra-distinguished from the country's) from going back to their Constituents on appointment. MR. HARDY thought that, considering how little exercise your hard-working Barrister gets, it would be cruel to stand in the way of his going down to the country whenever he has the chance. The House agreed with him, and put out the sun of YORKE without a division.

Then MR. DILLWYN wanted the Commons to make impertinent inquiries into House of Lords' Salaries, and odious comparisons with those of the House of Commons. (Ask what we pay our servants! Hang, the fellow!—was ever such impudence!) The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was quite against anything so indelicate; so was the House by 226 to 59—the dirty half-hundred, says my LORD CARABAS, who always smell something nasty when ever "salaries" are in the wind, and insist on stirring it.

MR. BUTT moved for papers in the case of PATRICK CASEY, MARTYR and RIBBON-MAN, who has been shut up for three years under the Irish Life and Property Protection Act. MR. ROEBUCK was horrified to hear of such a thing!—

"Obstupuit, steteruntque comae, et vox faucibus hæsit!"

But, after all, the Act was passed to enable the Executive to do such things, when necessary. Was it necessary here? That is the only question. LORD HARTINGTON thought there could be no harm in looking into the case; and MR. DISRAELI, like a sensible man, agreed the papers should be produced.

After which, the irrepressible WHALLEY began moving for a Select Committee on himself and his grievances, and that so movingly he set everybody going, and the House was straightway Counted Out. Whereupon *Punch* soliloquises,—

Plagues there are that beset life's tearful valley,

Which to elude asks more than mortal nous:

Lo, the House can be counted out from WHALLEY,

But who shall count-out WHALLEY from the House?

Wednesday was given to great and grave affairs.

MR. G. TREVELYAN moved the Second Reading of his Counties Household Franchise Bill. MR. DISRAELI had said that the only way to end heart-burnings between town and country, was to identify town and country suffrage. There were three millions called rural, but really urban, without votes. The country labourers were just as fit to vote as the town labourers. ARCH was an excellent man: but a labourers' vote was the keystone of the Arch. Equal electoral rights was a bait to draw our country mice over-sea. Why not bait our own trap with our own cheese, and catch, and keep 'em, at home?

MR. SAUL thought it was too soon to go tinkering the Constitution. The last election had returned a majority pledged (like Trappists) only to "silence and consideration."

MESSESS. BURT and MACDONALD, as in delegate-duty bound, supported the Bill. So did MESSESS. CAMPBELL-BANKERMAN, NOLAN, and NOLAN. MESSESS. NEWDEGATE, NEVILLE GREENVILLE, and SIR E. WILKINSON opposed it (common-place men, *pro* and *con*.); but only two Tritons rose among all the Minnows that Wednesday, MR. FORSTER for the Bill, and MR. DISRAELI against it. MR. FORSTER drew a distinction between rural labourers identical in crafts, intelligence and habits of thought, &c., with town artisans, and agricultural labourers proper. Exclusion could not be maintained in the case of the one. In the case of the other it was a question of practical politics. The agricultural labourers were a new force, and there were special reasons why they should now be admitted to the franchise—or why they should not—all depends on how you look at it, and, for the present, the country evidently prefers to look at it from the "not" side.

MR. DISRAELI, in reply to the sturdy Member for Bradford, spoke from the same side as the country. Here is no question of abstract Right, but of expediency and sound sense. It may well be that the country labourer is as fitted for the Franchise as the town artisan—or as unfitted (*aside*)—but that is not the point. This is not the moment to awaken an electoral buzz in Homer's wide-awake. He has been enough in his billy-cock already, thanks to ARCH & Co. But the real reason against the Bill is, that you can't give a vote to the country householder without redistributing the franchise on the equal electoral-district principle—which, on the basis of a Member to 43,000 electors, would extinguish 149 boroughs in England and Wales, 13 in Scotland, and 27 in Ireland. Is the House prepared for that change? No, said the House (with the country behind it) by 287 to 173. And so HOMER's claim was shelved in one Wednesday sitting, *Punch* ventures to think, less for the PREMIER's very Parliamentary reasons than, as the *Pall Mall Gazette*, pithily, if pitilessly, puts it, "because Conservatives have not the courage of those convictions of which the Reform Act of 1867 professes to be an embodiment; and because having already enfranchised a vast mass of ignorance and incapacity, the proposal to add to it another vast mass, of far more profound ignorance, and far more desperate incapacity, is a proposal at which both parties simply stand aghast."

Thursday.—The Bill to enforce Compulsory Registration of Births and Deaths was read a Second Time; and the Juries Bill was forwarded in Committee; but the Palladium is to stand as it is. No less a number than the mystic twelve is to pass between Her Sovereign Majesty the QUEEN and the Prisoner at the Bar, or the parties to a suit and the issue raised on the pleadings.

Friday.—A mad Colonel in Guatemala has flogged an English Vice-Consul. Guatemala has offered an indemnity, and every possible reparation. Guatemala being a small power, with English men-of-war in her waters, knows what to expect if she didn't. If J. B. would now and then hit one of his own size, when the big brute is clearly in the wrong!

Complaints are often made that Parliament won't furnish a grant for rare windfalls of Art. In the case of LANDSEER's most interesting portrait of SIR WALTER SCOTT (just sold at CHRISTIE'S), Parliament has furnished such a Grant—BARON ALBERT GRANT, M.P. for Kidderminster, who, having bought the portrait, has presented it to the National Portrait Gallery. Another proof, besides the present of a renovated Leicester Square to London, that the Member for Kidderminster is anything but a barren Grant, as far as gifts to the public are concerned.

There was much talk of Irish matters in Committee of Supply and before it; first, *pro* and *con*. Guarantees given to Railways out of local rates; then about Irish Queen's Plates, the allowance for which MR. ANDERSON (Glasgow) had the assurance to object to, and was smartly snubbed, being a mere puer Glasgow body, for interfering with an Irish vote. The fine old Irish sporting blood was soon up; and that bit of the night had a Charles-Leverish tone about it that was moighty refreshin'.

In discussing one of the votes for the Medical service of the Irish Prisons, there was a flinging about among the Irish Members of such dirty words as "animal" and "creature," more in the key of the Rotunda than the House of Commons. It seems odd, but *Punch* never remembers Irish Votes, and Irish Rows taking up so

much of the House's time as thus far in this Home-Rule Session,—except, of course, in MR. GLADSTONE's Upas-tree years.

During the night there was a stupid attempt to interfere with an excellent Government servant's employment of his holidays. The Erie Directors having asked the HON. T. BRUCE (about the best man they could have asked) to recommend them a fit and proper person to report on their line, he recommended CAPTAIN TYLER, one of the Railway Inspectors of the Board of Trade, (about the best man he could have recommended,) who was about to take his holidays, in which he could do the job. The President of his Board raised no objection; and MR. GOLDSMID, it is to be hoped, understands by this time that nobody else had any business to raise any.

The evening's entertainment concluded with a talk about Kaaghar, on whose throne is a clever Ameer, whose dominions LORD CLAUDE HAMILTON assures SIR C. DILKE, Russia has no intention of absorbing, and couldn't, if she had, they being defended on all sides by mountains 18,000 feet high.

WHITETHORN WINTER.

(A Choral on the late Cold Weather.)



Through the flowery month
of May
North and east winds
often blow.
Veiled with clouds of iron-
grey,
All the sky looms full of
snow.
Many a bitter frost o'
nights
Orchards of their crop
bereaves;
Nips, sears, pinches,
parches, blights,
Bites and blasts the ten-
der leaves.

Sadly drooping on the
trees
Shrunk and shrivelled
they appear.
Whilst we shudder in the
breeze,
Though the Sun shines
bright and clear.
Thrushes', blackbirds'
throats are dumb,
Finch and warbler
silence hold,

And the nightingale is numb,
And the cuckoo has a cold.

But though winds from north and east
Kill the fruit, and foliage mar,
They have blown some good at least,
Hither since they blew the CZAR.
Russian weather he has had,
Which we may congenial call.
So it has not been so bad,
Altogether, after all.

Pitch on coals; the hearth pile higher;
Crown it with a Christmas leg;
Put the kettle on the fire;
Boil the water; mix the grog.
Make it hot and strong enough!
Hunt the slipper you can play,
Boys and girls, or blind-man's-buff,
On an eve in chilly May.

A Fact of Spiritualism.

THERE is, or was lately, in the window of a shop in Southampton Row, Holborn, the portrait of a gentleman said to be a professional Medium. The face is depicted as flushed, and the eyes likewise appear suffused and sleepy. If that picture is the likeness of a real original, it may well be imagined to represent a person under the influence of Spirits.

CREAM OF TARTAR.—The CZAR.



WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

Scotch Lady (who has taken a House in the Highlands, her Servants suddenly giving "warning"). "WHAT'S THE REASON OF THIS! HAVE YOU NOT ALL YOU WANT!—GOOD ROOMS, AND GOOD FRESH AIR AND FOOD, AND EASY WORK!"

Spokenwoman. "YES, MEM—BUT—BUT THERE'S NO A DECENT LAAD WITHIN CRY O' US!"

THE DRAWING-ROOM.

(*A May Fair Eclogue.*)

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Aunt (past and past-praising.)

Maud (Anglican and Absolutist.)

Edith (Rationalist and Radical.)

Maud.

WELL, Auntie dear, how do you feel this morning?
To morning service, just think, I've not gone!
"Un foi, un roi,"—but still this is a warning.
I got home quite knocked up, with nothing on!

Edith.

I hope, dear, you had left some relics fragile
Of that delicious *feuille-morte* robe of yours?
I'm glad my dress was tough as I was agile,
So what I wore, like her that wore, endured.

The Aunt.

Ah, in QUEEN CHARLOTTE's days, when I was younger,
And rank was rank, such rude mobs never were.
I thought I should have dropped from downright hunger!
And I was scratched, yes—scratched, girls, with a spur!

Edith.

No wonder, Auntie, you can't eat your breakfast!
Praps 'twas the same male hoof that tore my train.
And did you see the *rivière* round MAUD's neck fast
In JANE MONT-TÉTE's chignon, or rather mane?

Maud.

You're a disloyal goose, dear, though my cousin;
No royal road to Loyalty is due:

Just count the friends,—you may count by the dozen,—
Who, spite of crush, fag, fasting, envy you!

The Aunt.

'Tis natural, as Democracy increases
The harder Royalty is to be seen.
And Shoddy would be gladly torn to pieces
(Home or U.S.) to courtsey to the QUEEN!

Edith.

But, Auntie, I'm not Shoddy: my opinion
Is, struggle and starvation don't agree:
O how I *did* long for a pullet's pinion,
And one sip of champagne, or even tea!

Maud.

Pray, EDITH, don't shock all one's higher notions:
You're Radical, if not Rational, I declare.
When to the QUEEN one offers one's devotions,
High-bred girls ought to live, and move, on air!

The Aunt.

Dear MAUD, you're sure to make the best of marriages!
EDITH's so rash, she isn't like my niece;
But still, they *might* give tea; and then the carriages
Might be got quicker up by the police.

Maud.

Aunt, do remember the French Revolution:
'Tis but a step from Court to guillotine.
Perish my own for England's Constitution;
Sink, *débutante*, but sing "God Save the QUEEN"!

Edith.

I like to see the QUEEN and the Princesses;
I like to look as pretty as I can;
But why should weary waits and damaged dresses
Darken a day that in bright hopes began?



“BLACK SHEEP.”

Maud.

EDITH, self-sacrifice is beneficial,
As, if you kept vigils and fasts, you'd know;
My Drawing-rooms are all self-sacrificial;
Were they made easy, think you I should go?

The Aunt.

My dears, enough of rhyme, and as for reason—
Girls can't know, that is, can't say what they mean—
But what we all want is, against next Season,
A larger Drawing-room for the poor dear QUEEN!

A CANTICLE OF THE CZAR.



"H OORAY, O ye inhabitants of Dover,"
A Poet sang:—"Lo, yonder who comes over!
The shouts and cheers of every loyal cove are
Due to the CZAR.

"O all ye ships and batteries, salute him!
With all your guns your loudest welcome shoot him!
O all ye bands, drum, trumpet, fife and flute him!
Play to the CZAR.

"O Officers of State, go forth to meet him!
O all ye Captains and Commanders, greet him!
Say that there's no one in the world to beat him.
So tell the CZAR.

"O all ye Mayors, of various Corporations!

With your Recorders, rush to railway stations,
And read addresses and congratulations
Unto the CZAR.

"O great LORD MAYOR of London, own thy greater!
With turtle serve the Russian Imperator;
Be thou dubbed Baronet, that thou didst oater
To him, the CZAR.

"Nor let him off thy fireworks, Crystal Palace;
But blaze away, till, though to splendours callous,
Cheers, crackers, and champagne from a full chalice,
Excite the CZAR.

"And, after Aldershot's mild show of battle,
On his soothed ear let our coiled Armstrongs rattle,
While in the Warren Woolwich infants prattle,
To please the CZAR.

"Let KING COLE's Albert Hall in his inspection
Rejoice; and, waxen tribute of affection,
MADAME TUSSAUD, add unto thy Collection
The reigning CZAR.

"Ye Lions all and Tigers, in the Gardens
Called 'Zoo,' and O ye Bears—a thousand pardons!—
No offence meant—thrust paws and snouts thro' barred dens
To greet the CZAR.

"O Elephant, wave all that in thy trunk is!
O Hippopotamus, Rhinoceros, Monkeys,
Your homage, of a better sort than flunkys',
Pay to the CZAR!

"He has released his serfs in bonds from serving;
In rule has shown beneficence unswerving;
Of praise, without a joke, he is deserving.
Farewell, sweet CZAR!"

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN

(Grumbles, but Pays a Visit or Two, and Reports.)

SIR,

SEASONS are altering everywhere. I believe it's all the effect of the Russian Marriage. Summer is winter—winter is summer. Spring comes in autumn, and autumn supplants spring. But Theatrical Seasons are becoming muddled.

The companies whirl about, so that a Theatre-goer has to follow them in cabs, in underground railways, or trams, or in omnibuses, as best he may.

We may soon look for the following:—

"IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT.

"The Gaiety Company will appear at the Globe on Tuesday and Wednesday while the Globe Company is performing at the Lyceum; and the Lyceum Company will appear at the Gaiety while the Globe Company are at the Strand (for *Matinées* only), with MR. H. J. MONTAGUE, who, by his own kind permission, will play *Toots*, at the Standard, with MR. PHELPS as *Sir Pertinax Macynophant* (for two evenings only), in consequence of the simultaneous appearance of the Company from the Court Theatre at the Philharmonic, Islington, where the Gaiety Opéra Bouffe Company (which has recently concluded a successful engagement at the Opéra Comique, Strand,) will give their *Matinées* of *Madame Angot*, *Guy Mannering*, and *Cox and Box*, previous to the *reentrée* of MR. CHARLES MATHEWS, who will appear in a round of his favourite characters for ten nights, in the absence of Miss NELLIE FARREN and MISS LOSEBY, now concluding their engagement—(by the kind permission of MR. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD, Lessee and Manager. No Fees.)—at the Alexandra, on the second of next month, when the Strand Company will appear, for a few nights only, at the Olympic, and the Olympic Company will take a short season at the Royalty, Dean Street, Soho, alternating with the Prince of Wales's Company, which will perform every Monday, Thursday, and Saturday (*Matinées*) at the Princess's (under the personal superintendence of MR. F. B. CHATTERTON), so that the Strand audience may have the opportunity, hitherto withheld from them, of witnessing the performance of a double company from the St. James's and Vaudeville, at Astley's, in some of their old favourite dramas.

"For further particulars, apply to MR. J. L. TOOLE, New York, America, U. S., no fixed address at present, or to MR. H. J. MONTAGUE, somewhere about with some of his Company, or to MR. JOHN HOLLINGSHEAD (at any Theatre in the Great Metropolis), and of anybody else who knows anything at all about it.

"In future the Librarians beg to inform their Patrons that though ready to sell Tickets for any of the Theatres, they will not guarantee the performance of any particular piece, or of any particular Company."

This promises to become a trifle complicated.

The Vaudeville Company are still at the Vaudeville, playing *Pride*, out of which more is made than could have been expected, except by the very sanguine, after the first night. There are some good, sharp telling Epigrams, not the effect of word-catching or word-play, but the genuine thing. There is in it much that is really admirable. It often happens that when the wife is charming and the husband odious, the latter is tolerated for the sake of the former. So with *Pride*. Epigrammatic Dialogue is wedded to muddle-headed, uninteresting Plot; so that ceasing to regard the latter, you can give your undivided attention to the former, and thence draw no small enjoyment.

MR. ALFRED THOMPSON has done something pretty for the Court Theatre called *Calyppo or the Art of Love*. It is not exactly a little Opéra Bouffe, nor a little Burlesque, nor a little musical Farce, nor a classical Vaudeville, nor in fact anything in particular; it is an airy nothing put on the stage at 9.30., when late diners can stroll in and be sufficiently amused and pleasantly soothed.

MISS SYLVIA HODSON who, I think, is new to London, is very promising. Pretty, bright, and intelligent, she appears to advantage both in the three-act farce of *Playing with Fire*, and in the after-piece above mentioned.

MR. ALBERT's *Wig and Gown* (in which MR. LIONEL BROUGH is capital, and MR. ARTHUR CECIL, as the Judge, capital also) was written for T—E. As a piece it is unsatisfactory; but MR. T—E has drawn good houses. The eminent Low Comedian (who, of course, would be annoyed if I mentioned his name, so I will only repeat T—E) is soon leaving us for America. Alas! poor England! Why can't he take us with him? No matter, MR. J. L. T—E (no names mentioned because this distinguished Drollerian hates publicity: and not torture itself, would drag from him the secret of where he is acting at this moment), if he cannot take us with him, takes our very best wishes, and may be happy in the United States. Farewell T—E!

I remain as ever,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

OUR NEW NOVEL.

ONE-AND-THREE!

BY THAT DISTINGUISHED FRENCH NOVELIST,
FICTOR NOGO.

PART THE FIRST—ALL AT SEA.

BOOK THE FOURTH—BILIBARLO.

I.—*The Top of the Morning.*

THE Old Man waited till GUILLAUME had disappeared, then he cocked his hat, so as to be ready for defence, and set out on his course. He took the direction of Hooain while GUILLAUME went towards Hesout.

Behind him were two dark triangles with his waist for their bases, and a button flapping against each heel for their apexes.

These triangles were his coat-tails.

Seen at a distance they appeared like the last letter but three of the alphabet. They told their own tale. Moreover they suited him down to the ground.

Before him was a post. The word *post* has always signified

Next he cast his eye on the top of an advertisement column. A line caught it. His eye being once fixed, he drew himself up.

Then he sat down, and began to make observations. Stretching away around him were seven towns and ten villages: the Old Man saw fourteen of one and twenty of the other.

Then he nodded his head to himself. Only those who know themselves can nod to themselves as acquaintances; seldom as friends.

He seemed to murmur to himself with every nod. "Dat's me, George."

Then he smiled. Then he closed his eyes, and for one hour he was tranquil. Even savage natures have their hours of melancholy; after meals. Voices awoke him; voices of children, also the martial sound of trumpets whose price had been one penny, and drums which could not have cost one farthing less.

The words were so near he could catch them. He could not catch the children. A thick hedge was between him and them. He listened.

A woman's voice said:

"Come along, TOMMY."

Another woman's voice said:

"We must run. The children are tired. How are your poor feet? Does it suit your daughter to eat some peaches? You must have some good soup. I have the good wine."

"No, you have not the good wine."

"Yes, I have the good wine, and the cheap wine."

"The children are industrious. The girls are as good (*sage*) as their brothers."

"I have brought some good cherries, some good strawberries, and some good peaches."

"Tell me, TOMMY, have you some sugar?"

A child's voice—that of a girl—answered.

"TOMMY is only at exercise two in OLLENDORF. I am at twenty-six."

"Then you know—"

"That the Italian has the painter's cheese, the neighbour's hay, and a great deal of salt. The peasant has not any rice. He has a great deal of courage, and he has eight good trunks, and the captain's ten hammers."

The voices grew fainter and fainter. Then they died away.

II.—*Through Two Ears.*

THE Old Man remained motionless.

He was thinking hardly. Hardly of several persons. What had not this child's voice said? "The peasant has not any rice"—"the Italian has the painter's cheese, and the neighbour's hay."

It fell upon the ears of one who could sympathise with the peasant, who detested the Italian, looking upon him as a vocal rival—a mere Singer's machine in creation.

He rose, struck his banjo, and sat on a stile. He was taking two bars rest.

To him it seemed a strange time. He was not sleeping, he was not waking; he was not thinking, he was not meditating; he was not speaking, he was not singing, he was not silent; he was not walking, he was not riding; he was not sitting, he was not standing. Had there been no railing, he would have fallen over the cliff. Was he on his head or his heels? Heels, he thought, for choice; but was uncertain. He drew forth the bottle once more, and held it between his eye and the light. It was empty. This caused him to smile. He shook his head reproachfully. Then he fell backwards over a stone. Two suns seemed to him to be shining in the heavens, and the moons were out for three months ahead. He saw the unlicensed shooting stars and shuddered. Suppose the fiat had gone forth—

"Rubbish may be shot here."

The Old Man felt an indescribable calm. There he lay: no one knew his name. He himself, had he been asked, could not have remembered it. Herein was his chance of safety. He was tranquil, he was happy. A little more and he would have fallen asleep. He had not a little more with him, so he remained awake.



"behind" before. Here, in this country of inversions, its meaning had been changed. This post stood out in the half-light like a Pyramid of Chops in the midst of the Dessert.

It was the last post out that night. And yet this post did not belong to the night, but to the morning. The Morning Post. The Old Man knew this. It was an obstacle in his path. An obstacle to be removed, and to be used.

He had his own way. The barnacles which he had saved from the boat he now placed across his shortened nose. Had this feature not been abridged, there would have been no rest for him. With his eyes thus guarded he performed a great feat. He took up the Post, and went right through it.

It was a gigantic effort, but he had a grand object in view. An inspired man pays no regard to the probabilities of danger. Who dares, escapes; who escapes, wins. Warily he ran his eye up and down the columns, recognising familiar names, signs, and words; then he approached the leaders; there were four of them; two powerful, one uncertain, and the last weak. The Old Man understood this, and went cautiously between the lines.

While thus engaged he picked up, here and there, some scraps of information which might be hereafter useful to him. The outer sheets he saved for night, when he might be without roof or couch. The padding he placed inside his waistcoat.

It was necessary for him to obtain a clear view of his situation. To do this, he must attain a certain altitude. The Old Man drew forth a bottle and drained it. This afforded him the necessary elevation.



A TRUE FRIEND.

Humble Host. "I SUPPOSE YOU FIND SWELL SOCIETY VERY DELIGHTFUL, DON'T YOU, TOPSAWYER?"

Gorgeous Guest. "I BELIEVE YES, MY BOY! WHY, LAST NIGHT AT DINNER, NOW, THERE WAS I WITH A BARONET'S LADY ON ONE SIDE, AND A DOWAGER VISCOUNTESS ON THE OTHER, AND A LORD ALFRED SITTING JUST OPPOSITE, AND EVERYTHING ELSE TO MATCH! BUT, LOR' BLESS YOU, I'M QUITE CONTENT TO COME AND DINE WITH YOU, DEAR OLD BOY, AND DRINK YOUR HALF-CROWN SHERRY!"

[Helps himself to another glass.]

Suddenly he started to his feet.

He had become aware that his little toe of the right foot was shooting: shooting violently. He could not hear it shoot, but he felt it. It had been trained to give the alarm in this fashion on the approach of a change of weather. It shot noiselessly, yet with this one aim: namely, to forewarn its master.

From the height where he was standing his gaze was riveted by an unusual and portentous sight.

His attention had been suddenly awakened.

He looked to the left, to the right.

Objects in the valley below appeared and disappeared: at one time shapes, at another shapeless.

Sometimes what had appeared to be sticks in the hands of men became, as if by magic, mushrooms: then swiftly they changed once more, now being apparently ragged brooms soaring frantically aloft, then descending, and lost to view. Sometimes the men,—if men they were,—who carried these awful weapons, were now covered, now uncovered, alternately black and white. Then they ran, as if pursuing some living object, then they fell, rose, and the object was recovered.

What did it mean? It meant that the wind was blowing hard from the sea. That there was a hurricane ashore.

What had he seen? Doubtless a convulsion of hats and umbrellas. The wind was blowing, blowing madly.

The Old Man looked and listened. He did not hear the wind—he saw it.

In Brittany the peasants have a saying, "*Ce n'est que les cochons qui sentent le vent.*" "It is only pigs that see the wind."

The Old Man was pig-headed. It was a strange sensation this, seeing the wind and being pig-headed.

Against whom was the rage of the wind directed?

Somebody was being blown upon.

Who?

(To be continued.)

DIZZY-DOOMED.

"I am not myself in favour of small close-boroughs; and, as to those young gentlemen who wish to be introduced into public life, there are many ways in which they can be introduced, without being coddled and nursed in hot-houses of that kind."—*DISHANT, in Wednesday's Debates.*

You are doomed, snug small boroughs,
The golden means of votes
Secured by soft *assurances*
Of crisp new fi'-pun notes,
And flow of beer in amber seas,
And votes's pie-crust promises
From out hoarse hustings-throats,
While voter's counter-promise given
In Ballot's night mooks light of Heaven.

You are doomed, sucking statesmen,
Fresh from your upper forms,
With scorn of all that weights men,
Who must trim sails to storms:
None now shall coddle ye, dry-nurst
To strength for oratoric burst,
Or business's keen arms:
Cut and dry of one cut must be,
The Equal-District-doled M.P.!

No more than his Due.

A MEETING of Professors and lovers of the Arts, held to determine in what form the memory of OWEN JONES can be most fittingly honoured, has just decided, first, on a mosaic portrait of him, to be offered to the nation, secondly, on a public exhibition of his works. MR. ALFRED MORRISON, SIR M. D. WYATT, MR. H. COLE, MR. WARREN DE LA RUE, and MR. PETER GRAHAM, are the Executive Committee. They may take for their motto, "*Honos Honore digno*;" or, in English, "Owed to OWEN."

"Sure to be well hung then."

IN consequence of the controversy between certain members of the Hanging Committee and the landscape painters, it has been decided that, in future, CALCRAFT shall hang all the pictures, both of figure-painters and landscapists, in the presence of the LORD MAYOR and Sheriffs.

SOOT AND SACRED EDIFICE.

SOME enterprising Manchester Churchmen have united in a project for building a Cathedral worthy of that great City and centre of industry and commerce. They are reminded by the *Times* that Manchester and Salford burn annually some 3,000,000 tons of coal, and discharge about 1000 tons of sulphurous acid into the atmosphere; also that Manchester is an extremely rainy place—circumstances which should be considered in the choice of building material subject to them. Suppose, accordingly, that the new Manchester Cathedral shall be built of anthracite. Is not that a substance which could never become the worse for soot, and would utterly defy sulphuric acid? There is novelty in the idea of a black Minster; but how much better and more suitable to the Metropolis of Calico a Cathedral would be were it constructed of white marble, as no doubt it might be if Manchester, whose munificence is equal to any expenditure, could only contrive to consume all its own smoke.

Ignorance is Not Bliss.

OUR last Nine Days' Wonder, the Czar, in his spare moments (if he has any) will probably make some inquiry into our Institutions. What will he think of the progress and civilisation of England, when he finds that in the British Army there are 12,000 Soldiers who can neither read nor write! Certainly these do not compose the "Intelligence Department" of the Army.

A PRETTY COMPLIMENT.

It is whispered that the big Brewers are going to brew XXXX, the extra X being in honour of the new Home Secretary.



OVERSTOCKED.

Cabby (to inquiring Fare, whose Friend is making a call). "OH, BUSINESS IS WERRY BAD, SIR. 'FACT IS, THERE'S TOO MANY CABS A'READY; AND THEY KEEPS ON A LICENSING OF US AS IF WE WAS SO MANY GIN-PALACES!"

COURT AND MEDICAL.

(From the Court Circular of the Future.)

HER MAJESTY held a Drawing-room at Buckingham Palace on Tuesday last.

The recently formed Body Guard of the Surgeons of the Guard was on duty, under the command of SIR WILLIAM FERGUSSON, the Captain.

With the exception of His Excellency the Turkish Ambassador, who carried a hamper of provisions and a small hand camp-stool, and was accompanied by his Medical Adviser, the whole of the Diplomatic Circle, owing to the various injuries they sustained in their encounter at the previous Drawing-room, were unavoidably absent.

The General Circle was attended, as usual, by the Physicians in Ordinary, the Physicians Extraordinary, the Serjeant Surgeons, and the Apothecaries in Ordinary to HER MAJESTY and the Household.

The Honourable Corps of Gentlemen of the Ambulance were in attendance, with their bandages, in the State Saloons.

The Presentations to HER MAJESTY (about 5,000 in number) were made with a rush, in the ordinary manner. The struggle, we need hardly remark, was terrific, but owing to its unusually severe nature, it has been impossible as yet to ascertain the names of those engaged.

The list is, however, supposed to have comprised most of the survivors of the earlier State ceremonials of the season; and, with a view to allaying the apprehensions of anxious relatives and friends, an official statement of the casualties will be published in next Saturday's *Gazette*.

Capricorn in the Ascendant.

JACK CRABTREE says that since the 23rd came home from Coomassie, and got that new goat from HER MAJESTY at the Windsor Review, they have become so he-goat-istical, there is no standing them.

INTERVIEWED.

SCENE—A Sea Port. *Friend of Humanity (Mr. P****h) meeting Seafaring Person.*

Friend of Humanity (log.)—

STRANGER, why so deeply blushing?
Why your hat your temples crushing?
Why strange oaths so freely gushing?
Why inclined to so much lushing?
Why your way so madly pushing?
And from haunts of seamen rushing,
Through wet streets insanely slushing,
Fretting, fuming, "tish"-ing, "tush"-ing?

Seafaring Person.

'Cos it's me as run the Russian
Emperor aground at Flushing! *[They weep together.]*

A REFLECTION THE MORNING AFTER THE "TWO THOUSAND."

Who bets, loses;
Who loses, pays;
Who pays, muses;
Who muses, stays.

A SPLIT ON THE BENCH.

WE are sorry to hear of a serious difference between the BISHOP OF CANTERBURY and the BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH. The one sets his face against the Purchase of Livings, the other against the Living of Purchases.

"WHAT'S A' THE STEER, KIMMER?"—JOHN BROWN'S Opinion of the CZAR'S Pilot—"Gude for (K)nout."



AN INNOCENT HINT.

Auntie. "WHAT IS NELLIE'S NOSE FOR?" *Nellie (doubtfully).* "TO SMELL WITH."
Auntie. "AND WHAT IS NELLIE'S MOUTH FOR?" *Nellie (cautiously).* "TO EAT WITH."
Auntie. "AND WHAT ARE NELLIE'S EARS FOR?" *Nellie (confidently).* "EAR-RINGS!"

CONSERVATIVE RESTRICTION.

CHEER UP, GLADSTONE. Of course you are aware that, as the *Post* announces:—

"The new refreshment and dining-hall at the Zoological Gardens are in future to be closed on Sunday afternoons from three to six o'clock, in conformity with the provisions of the Licensing Act of 1872. A representation has been made to the Home Office with the view of obtaining an exemption on the ground that the gardens are private property, but Mr. SECRETARY CROSS does not think they can be placed in the same category with the West-End Clubs."

And so he places them in the same category with the Public-houses. Perhaps he thinks by this identification of sauce for goose and for gander to make the Publicans some little amends for the scant relaxation of the Licensing Act, which he will leave them to obtain if they can from the House of Commons. He might have at least equally compensated them by putting the Public-houses in his Licensing Act Amendment Bill on the same footing, as to hours on Sunday, with the Refreshment Rooms at the Zoological Gardens. Rejoice, WILLIAM, that he has done the other thing, and, whilst mocking BUZZ with an empty ostent of even justice, has offended all who value personal freedom by an encroachment in the shape of additional Sabbatarian restriction. He will fail to gratify the Publicans, whilst he annoys the Public. People do not go to the Zoological Gardens on Sunday to get drunk. Debarring them from refreshment there is Sabbatarianism pure and simple. Who are *bond fide* travellers, if they are not? The Conservative Government appears to meditate a mighty pleasant Sunday for excursionists. If they go on in this way, Conservative restriction will soon create Liberal reaction; and then *Mr. Punch* will in a short time have the pleasure of representing you, WILLIAM, in his Cartoon again at the head of affairs.

RATHER HARD.

PATERFAMILIAS (who believes in the employment of Women) writes to ask why *young* women should be kept out of the Pulpit while there are so many *old* ones let in?

NEW TRANSLATION.—*Rus(s) in Urbe*—The Czar in the City.

THE CHARGE OF THE COURT BRIGADE.

I.

HALF a yard—half a yard—
 Half a yard onward,
 Through the first crush-room
 Pressed the Four Hundred.
 Forward—the Fair Brigade!
 On to the Throne, they said:
 On to the Presence Room
 Crushed the Four Hundred.

II.

Forward, the Fair Brigade!
 Was there a girl dismayed?
 E'en though the chaperons knew
 Some one had blundered.
 Theirs not to make complaint,
 Theirs not to sink or faint,
 Theirs—but words cannot paint.
 Half the discomfiture
 Of the Four Hundred.

III.

Crowds on the right of them,
 Crowds on the left of them,
 Crowds all in front of them,
 Stumbled and blundered:
 On through the courtier-lined
 Rooms—most tremendous grind—
 Into the Presence-Room,
 Leaving their friends behind,
 Passed the Four Hundred.

IV.

Flushed all their faces fair,
 Flashed all their jewels rare,
 Scratched all their shoulders bare,
 Thrusting each other—while
 Outsiders wondered:
 Into the Presence-Room,
 Taking their turn, they come,—
 Some looking very glum
 O'er trains sore-sundered:—
 Kiss hand, and outwards back,
 Fagged, the Four Hundred!

V.

Crowds to the right of them,
 Crowds on the left of them,
 Crowds all in front of them,
 Stumbled and blundered—
 Back through more courtier-lined
 Rooms—O, tremendous grind!—
Debutantes thirsty pined
 For ice or cup o' tea:
 No sofas horsehair-lined,
 Not a chair or settee,
 Poor dear Four Hundred!

VI.

Mothers to rage gave vent,
 Husbands for broughams sent,
 While at mismanagement
 Both sorely wondered.
 Not till the sun had set,
 Not till the lamps were lit,
 Home from the Drawing Room
 Got the Four Hundred.

VII.

Some, I heard, in despair
 Of getting stool or chair,
 Took to the floor, and there
 Sat down and wondered.
 Now, my Lord Chamberlain,
 Take my advice. Again
 When there's a Drawing-room,
 Shut doors, and don't let in
 More than Two Hundred.

A BAD PRE-EMINENCE.—What is there
 beats a good Wife? A bad Husband.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



RALLY, as "the value of a thing is just as much as it will bring," and the value of a presentation to a Scotch living averages one year's purchase, while out of 1100 livings the patrons of one-half don't care to exercise the right of presenting, the DUKES OF RICHMOND was not making a very desperate move, on Monday May 18,

in his Bill to do away with Patronage in the Scotch Church, give one year's stipend to patrons who care to take it, and vest the right of electing their "meanister" in male communicants. But, though he may not be robbing Scotch patrons of much in money, he is robbing our "brither Scots" of their biggest Church grievance. Patronage is the only ground of difference between the Establishment and Relief, Secession, Free-Kirk, and the Lord High Commissioner knows how many Scottish sects besides. The Duke is bound to find a compensating grievance for the one he takes away. The right of electing a meanister will do something, if only the Duke will extend it to every male in the parochial pale. Scotland will then be safe to have that pale boiling over, as it ought, with the "perfidium ingenium Scotorum" and "odium theologicum" both alight under it, and life in a Scotch parish may still be worth living. LORD DALHOUSIE promised something like such a blaze, and we may live in hope that the Duke is not going to kill Kirk quarrels north o' Tweed, or even scotch them, as he seems to fear he may. Let him take comfort, remembering the old couple who, having gradually exhausted the whole cycle of sects, were sublimated, at last, into a "two-handed Kirk" of their own: as to which, however, the gude wife, being questioned, admitted she "didna feel just that sure o' JOHN."

In the Commons, COLONEL EGERTON LEIGH moved to let the cat loose on the Wife-beating Ruffians who not only dissemble their love for their better halves, but kick them down stairs, black their eyes, and "purr," and dance upon them in big boots—kill them, in fact, sometimes by inches, sometimes by ell. There seems too natural an association between "purring"—a north-country endearment, otherwise known as "putting the boots into her"—and the cat, to keep them longer separate. That *Punch* has never taken the stick to *Judy* it may be too much to assert in face of the show. But when he does, it is in a strictly Parliamentary sense, out of pure playfulness and before the public. At home he "loves, honours, and obeys," and does not punch, *Mrs. P.* And he would go all lengths, even to the ninth tail of the cat, with COLONEL LEIGH, in punishing, brute fashion, the brutes who do. They can't be degraded, and they can't be restrained, by fear of the bodily pain they are too cowardly to endure, though not too cowardly to inflict.

MR. DISRAELI, for once, was not up to the occasion—but, like MR. TENNYSON'S Lord Chamberlain in the *Day Dream*,

"Dallied with his golden chain,
And smiling put the question by."

Now the question is not one to be put by smilingly.

Punch has told, through his Cartoon, how he fears the Purrier will read the PREMIER on wife-beating.

For the rest of the night the House was on Ships, and who says "on ships" says "at sea," and "at loggerheads."

SIR E. WATKIN pitched into MR. REED, under cover of the *Captain*; and MR. REED countered heavily on SIR E. WATKIN, and told him (politely, of course,—"arundine dulci,") he knew nothing of what he was talking about.

Then ADMIRAL ELLIOT steered gallantly into the *mêlée*—*Punch* can only say of these naval heroes of our Parliamentary free-fights on ships and shipping as NELSON said of COLLINGWOOD, "Look how the gallant old fellows take their ships into action!"—and MR. BENTINCK rammed everything that flew the Admiralty flag,—past, present, and to come,—and, of course, MR. GOSCHEN and MR. CHILDERS exchanged broadsides with MR. WARD-HUNT, and "All went merry as a marriage-bell," as it is sure to do when ships are of the order of the day.

MR. CHILDERS tried to get a rise out of the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, *à propos* of the Supplementary Estimate for the Navy, and revenue prospects, but SIR STAFFORD is not uneasy about his prospects, and MR. CHILDERS took nothing by his Motion.

Tuesday.—LORD REDESDALE was quite pathetic in his prayers to the Lords, to keep the old name for the Court of Final Appeal. It is true it was *not* the House of Lords that decided, but the Law-Lords, and the Court of Last Appeal will be the Law-Lords still: but it won't be called the House of Lords, and "what's not in a name," to my LORD REDESDALE?

LORD SALISBURY smoothed down the feathers of some respectable Indian officials which he had inadvertently ruffled by his admission that there had been blundering in transport arrangements at the beginning of the Famine. *Punch* is quite ready to believe everybody has done, and is doing, his best, and mistakes or miscalculations should not be too sharply scanned in such an emergency.

MR. P. TAYLOR moved the opening of Museums, Libraries, and similar institutions on Sundays. MR. ALLEN, his brother Member for Leicester, moved that they should not be opened. The *pro* and *con.* of Leicester, on this question, would probably be echoed all over England.

Punch is all for everything that makes against the Public-house, now the sole indoor Sunday recreation-place of working men and their families. The question with him, as with most, is whether innocent Sunday play is likely to draw on mischievous Sunday work. On this point the working-classes, to say nothing of the non-working, seem as yet hopelessly divided. Till they are of one mind, whatever Mr. *Punch* may think or wish personally, publicly he must give his vote in favour of things remaining as they are.

Wednesday was given to SIR ROBERT ANSTRUTHER and Sir John Barleycorn. SIR ROBERT, by one part of his Bill, proposes to put Sir John under restraint—limiting licences to one to 700 of the population, and prohibiting grocers from selling less than a quart of whiskey. But, besides this, he had clauses for introducing the Gothenburg system into any Scotch town that liked to try it. This would make Town Councils the licensors and virtual landlords of the public-houses.

But this was thought too strong, and MR. CROSS only consented to Second Reading "if all the Gothenburg clauses were struck out." So SIR ROBERT is to be allowed partially to muzzle Sir John Barleycorn, but not to turn the Provost and Bailies of Kennaquhair into Licensed Wilters.

A curious question was raised during the Debate. Is Scotland the "druckenest" or the soberest quarter of the United Kingdom? Figures were quoted to prove both conclusions. "After facts," said the wise man, "nothing is so fallacious as figures."

MR. P. J. SMYTH made another of the pre-concerted Irish Motions of the Session, to repeal the Thirtieth of GEORGE THE THIRD (1793), described by MR. SMYTH as an Act for prohibiting public meetings, but more accurately, by the Irish Attorney-General, as "an Act for prohibiting assemblies claiming or exercising authority to represent the nation"—such an assembly, in fact, as the Home-Rulers would be glad to get together on College Green.

MR. BUTT said the Bill was an answer to the *Times*' challenge to Irish Members for practical measures to redress Irish griev-

ances. "No man in Ireland," said MR. BUTT, "was mad enough to think of setting up a body to usurp the functions of Parliament." [Bedad, Councillor darlint, but isn't that just what you and your backers have been all this while telling the boys is the thing to set Ould Ireland on her legs again entirely? No, no, av coorse, you're not mad enough to believe it yourself,—but sure, the boys like to hear it, and why wouldn't you be afther plasin' 'em, the cruthers!]

The worst thing that could happen to MR. BUTT—if he wishes, as every Butt must, still to stand on a bottom of his own—would be to give MR. SMYTH his Bill, and let him have a Parliament of Home-Rulers to face on College Green. Sorn the stave would be left in COUNSELLOR BUTT afther the first shindy! The Bill was defeated by 216 to 84. [Another slap in the face for Ould Ireland; and another text for blarney and blatherumskite secured by the Councillor.]

Thursday.—Both Lords and Commons, we regret to say, were highly personal. Their Lordships' personal explanations related to SIR HENRY ORD, late Governor of the Straits' Settlements, attacked by LORD STANLEY OF ALDERLEY for various high-handed doings, such as seizing municipal bricks and mortar, meant for drains and waterworks, to build his own official house, and threatening to abolish the municipality when they complained, taking presents from native Rajahs, &c. It turned out, first, that the presents were trifling, and then, that the Governor was under no rule forbidding him to receive them. As to the high-handednesses: the Governor was come home; let bye-gones be bye-gones is a safe rule.

VISCOUNT MONCK gave an elaborate account—bristling with big figures—of what the Irish Church Temporalities' Commission has done to wind up the accounts of that large establishment. In seventeen years, it seems, there will be some five millions to the fore: meantime, the Commission is in debt between eight and nine millions to the National Debt Commissioners.

The Commons' personality was more serious than the Lords'.

MR. ANDERSON brought forward a very disagreeable squabble between the War Office (under the late Government) and LORD SANDHURST, who accepted the post of Commander-in-Chief in Ireland, after fifteen years of distinguished Indian service, and whom the War Office called upon to refund between £800 and £900 for pay and allowances received by him while off duty from sickness.

MR. PUNCH cannot agree with MR. HERMAN that the compelling LORD SANDHURST to refund this money was "about the shabbiest, the dirtiest act ever committed by any public department." There was hardly a department of the late Administration, in which acts just as shabby and with less justification from the letter of the law, were not committed. In this case the War Office had the letter of the Royal Warrant, at least, on its side.

MR. ANDERSON having moved that LORD SANDHURST's conduct involved dereliction of duty deserving of stronger censure than the return of the money received for pay during his absences without leave—LORD SANDHURST conceiving and contending that he was by his position entitled to claim such pay and allowances,—the House, after hearing MR. HARDY, MR. HORSMAN, and MR. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN, very properly refused to permit the Motion to be withdrawn, and negatived it without a division.

The question whether LORD SANDHURST or the War Office is right in its reading of the Royal Warrant should be settled beyond dispute, and no doubt will be, after this disagreeable *éclaircissement*.

Friday.—Education has so lately become a matter of Government concern that our rulers cannot yet conceive its wanting a whole head to look after it. For the present they hold two half heads better than one whole one, and prefer to leave the three R's in charge of the President and Vice-President of the Committee of Council. The DUKE OF RICHMOND is an active and able official, and doesn't relish the prospect of being reduced to a first-class veterinary surgeon. So the "no practical inconvenience" argument, so dear to JOHN BULL in his fits of least change, prevailed; and LORD HAMPTON's Motion for a Minister was negatived without a division. His Lordship has only stirred the straw. It remains for DR. PLAYFAIR and the House of Commons to shake it up thoroughly, and then we may find a Head of Education (Britain's *Caput Totius*) at the bottom, for all Friday night's talk.

In the Commons MR. HOPE ("non tam Martis quam Mercurio") pleaded hard with the House to rescind last year's decision to make Oxford a Military centre.

The priest of Isis (MR. MOWBRAY) supported "CAMUS, Reverend Sir" (MR. HOPE.)

MR. HARDY, rather awkwardly *à cheval* on his double dignities of Member for Oxford University, and Minister of War, which don't quite keep step in this matter, protested against disturbing accomplished facts. Town was against Gown as usual; MR. HALL (maiden speech decidedly promising—much cheered) and SIR W. HARCOURT (poking very good fun at the notion of a hundred and ten red coats lowering the tone of a town of 40,000 Dons, Undergraduates, College tradesmen and College servants), were more than a match for HOPE and MOWBRAY, and the Motion was negatived by 170 to 77. The House adjourned for the Whitsuntide recess.

SWEETNESS AND LIGHT IN THE CITY.



COULD there be a more gallant and graceful compliment than the LORD MAYOR paid on Monday, when the CEAR lunched in Guildhall, and his Lordship proposed the health of the Royal Family?—

"Of the PRINCESS OF WALES and the DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH he could not say more than that they were sweetness and light personified."

Which nobody can deny. Said not the Civic Monarch well, MR. MATTHEW ARNOLD? Who but a Philistine as big as GOLIATH can be capable of asking which of the two

Royal Ladies is Sweetness and which is Light? Of course the LORD MAYOR meant to say that each of them was Sweetness and Light personified in her own person. So the PRINCESS OF WALES is Sweetness, and the DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH is Light; and the PRINCESS OF WALES is Light, and the DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH is Sweetness, and each, by herself, is Sweetness and Light and Light and Sweetness; therefore, they twain are Sweetness and Light jointly and severally, separately and both together. It is as though, to compare fair dames with "dankies," CÆSAR and POMPEY were not only "berry much" but exactly, in every particular, like one another, with no excess of similitude attributable either to POMPEY or to CÆSAR.

The foregoing comparison is, perhaps, an undue concession to the incredulity of the freethinker, who may have the presumptuous audacity to question a declaration made *ex cathedra* (though on his legs) by the LORD MAYOR. In relation with Sweetness and Light, let the LORD MAYOR be considered to represent Culture.

THE LOGIC OF ICONOCLASM.

At the dinner subsequent to a Visitation, held on Monday last at Barnstaple, by the Archdeacon of that ilk, he, ARCHDEACON WOOLCOMBE, who is one of the Exeter Cathedral body, received from the assembled Clergy an expression of sympathy "in the trying circumstances of the Reredos case at Exeter Cathedral." In his reply, the Archdeacon remarked on the obvious difference between illegal images and lawful sculpture, apparently confounded in the judgment of MR. JUSTICE KEATING. Query:—If that judgment is confirmed by the Supreme Court, will it not be necessary to remove all monumental effigies from all the Churches, and, therefore, to take down and cart away every one of the statues in St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey? In that case there would be no making any distinction between works of Art, which deserve to remain where they are, and those which everybody would like to see transferred, as soon as possible, to more suitable positions in the New Road.

ANY SENSIBLE PARENT TO ANY TERRIBLE CHILD.

Terrible Child. What is matter?
Sensible Parent. Never mind.
Terrible Child. What is mind?
Sensible Parent. No matter.

HEAVEN FORBID!

THE *British Medical Journal* says the Tichborne Claimant is employed in his prison as a Tailor. Let us hope he is not engaged on a New Suit.

A CHAIR OF GASTRONOMY.

It is whispered that, in the new National School for Cookery, a munificent Nobleman intends to found a (DR.) KITCHENER Professorship.



DISILLUSION;
OR, THE SKETCHING SEASON.

Artist (cleaning his Palette). "UNCOMMONLY OBLIGING PERSON—YOUR MASTER, THE FARMER! I ASKED HIS PERMISSION, AND HE SAID I MIGHT PAINT MY PICTURE IN THE MIDDLE OF HIS FIELD, AND STOP AS LONG AS EVER I LIKED! MOST COURTEOUS, I MUST SAY. QUITE AS IF I WAS DOING HIM A FAVOUR, INSTEAD——"

Suffolk Carter. "WH'COME O' COURSE, SO Y' DÖ. WH' YEAOU KIP THE CROWS OFF, BO'!!"

[Exit on the broad grin.]

"WOMAN'S WRONGS."

THERE'S preaching from platforms and fighting of fights
By our sisters who shriek for "Woman's Rights,"
But of *Punch's* sympathy more belongs
To his sisters who suffer from "Woman's Wrongs."

Her wrongs who must daily and nightly cower,
In the sway of a brute with a tyrant's power,
Who in sickening fear of her life must go
From the killing kick and the blinding blow.

Who, with all her sex's burdens, must weep
Neath the weight of all man's strength can heap
On backs that their load at his will must take,
And hearts that, if they can't bear, may break.

Knot well the nine tails, strand on strand,
For the brute on a woman that lifts his hand;
And sharpen the claws of the cat to tear
His back with the pain he has made her bear.

And more power to COLONEL ESKERTON LEIGH,
And more speed to the day *Punch* hopes to see,
When, woman's wrongs done away to begin,
Her "rights" are all that is left to win.

MONTEBELLO AND METTERNICH.

"THE pen is mightier than the sword." In vain
With fiery Duke punctilious Prince is matched,
And seconds meet to muddle what is plain,—
The paper is the only thing that's scratched.

PUBLIC-OFFICE ILLUMINATIONS FOR THE QUEEN'S
BIRTHDAY.

Admiralty.—Grand transparency of "The British Fleet" upon paper, from a drawing by MR. WARD HUNT. *Motto.*—"Estimates for Repairs."

Board of Trade.—Allegorical design of PLIMSOLL in fetters. *Motto.*—"Vivant Wrecks!"

War Office.—Dissolving view of the New Recruiting System. *Motto.*—"Children in Arms Admitted."

Home Office.—Allegorical design of the Publican Atlas supporting the Conservative World. *Motto.*—"Cervina cervice," with English translation, "Beer-Borne."

Colonial Office.—Coloured map of the Gold Coast, showing the White-man's forts and the White-man's graves. *Motto.*—"The best of a Bad Bargain."

Foreign Office.—Allegorical design of the British Lion putting up his claws to be cut. *Motto.*—"Anything for a quiet life."

Punch Office.—Historical Cartoon. *Mr. Punch* accepting the Dictatorship of the British Empire. *Motto.*—"What it must come to."

Mad Dog, or Man?

"A HOSPITAL SURGEON," writing on "Mad Dogs" to the *Times*, mentions "a MR. WHITE, of Brighton, who, many years ago, disbelieving the contagion of hydrophobia, inoculated himself with the saliva of a rabid dog, and escaped with impunity from the probable results of so rash an experiment." Perhaps hydrophobia is incommunicable to the asinine subject. Or it may be that canine madness is incompatible with human insanity. Or, in a case of self-inoculation with the saliva of a supposed mad dog, the dog may not really be mad, though the man is.



“WOMAN’S WRONGS.”

BRUTAL HUSBAND. “AH! YOU’D BETTER GO SNIVELLIN’ TO THE ‘OUSE O’ COMMONS, YOU HAD! MUCH THEY’RE LIKELY TO DO FOR YER! YAH! READ THAT!”

“MR. DISRAELI.—There can be but one feeling in the House on the subject of these dastardly attacks—not upon the weaker but the fairer sex. (*A laugh.*) I am sure the House shares the indignation of my hon. friend who will, I hope, consider he has secured the object he had in view by raising the question. * * * Assuring my hon. friend that Her Majesty’s Government will not lose sight of the question, I must ask him not to press his Motion further on the present occasion.”—*Parliamentary Report, Monday, May 18.*

AUT SEE-CZAR AUT NULLUS;

Or, "Fine Feathers Make Fine Birds."



III.

And yet I was oft where the CZAR past by,
In what *should* have been reach of my glass and my eye,
But whether it was that he was shy,
Or, perhaps—as an English May *does* try
Even strong constitutions seriously,
Felt a touch of neuralgia in the eye,
It seemed as if always, when he passed by,
His head was held low, and his hat held high;
So that all I could see—and how I *did* try!—
Was a bush of white plumes against the sky:
And when every one asked me, eagerly,
"Did you see the CZAR?" I could not say "aye,"
But was forced to say "no," decidedly.
I could *not* say I saw him—how could I?—
Who saw but the plumes in his *sobako* fly.
Till, after a week of excitement high,
East wind, indigestion, and misery,
All the wool I got for a great deal of cry,

AD," quoth I, "I *will* see the CZAR ere he go,
If it cost me a cold in the head, full-flow,
And the worst of woe in my corniest toe,
Or the crush of a Crystal Palace show,
In the bitterest east wind that May can blow;
Or the price of an Albert Hall first row;
If a Guildhall lunch I have to stow,
Though Hygeia to lobster and fizz say no;
If I sit at a window in sun or snow,
(And which is likeliest I don't know)."
I said, "I *will* see the CZAR ere he go."
And I really meant that I would do so!

II.

"I *will* see the CZAR," it was easy to say,
But not so easy to find the way;
For spend what I will, and go where I may,—
For an Albert Hall ticket though I pay;
Eat a Guildhall lunch; in the east winds of May,
At a Fleet Street window spend most of the day;
With Aldershot dust though I cake myself grey;
Catch my death of cold upon Gravesend Quay;
My "*will* see the CZAR," alack and a-day,
Was a will, as it proved, where there wasn't a way.

Was a hat not a head, and a plume not an eye,
Nor an ear, nor a nose, nor a mouth, nor a smi-
-ling face, nor a sad one, to swear thereby,
That the CZAR was a CZAR, not a hat plumed high,
With a bush of cock's feathers set artfully,
For the crowd to cheer as it whirled by,
With Princesses and Duchess sitting nigh,
To lend the charm which can never die,
From the gracious smile and the gentle eye!

IV.

So, after all, I was forced to go,
For the little that of the CZAR's looks I know,
To the *Graphic* and *Illustrated*, also,
And the photograph shops, where, row upon row,
The head of the CZAR in all sizes they show;
Where I feel, as his photographs calmly I scan,
That the CZAR's an exceedingly good-looking man;
And no doubt 'tis because he's a Russian ruler
We were cool to him, and he to us cooler.

OUR NEW NOVEL.

ONE-AND-THREE!

BY THAT DISTINGUISHED FRENCH NOVELIST,
FICTOR NOGO.

PART THE FIRST—ALL AT SEA.

BOOK THE FOURTH—BILIBARLO.

III.—*The Use of Capitals.*

THE Old Man muttered to himself this consolation:—"No one knows of my arrival. No one knows my name."

With this assurance the Old Man comforted himself. Such an assurance was part of his policy.

For the last few minutes he had heard a noise, like a rustle, behind him. What was it? A human being or a leaf? The Old Man had heard of EARL RUSTLE, having known him as JOHN RUSTLE. Therefore, he turned prepared to face a hero with a bad cold. All he saw was a placard or large bill, recently pasted up by some one who had run away. Was it headed "No Popery!" with a post-mark of Durham on it? At first he could not see. One thing alone was certain, namely, that he had not heard a JOHN RUSTLE but a Bill rustle.

Fortunately, there was enough left of last year's June twilight for him to decipher the large print on the placard.

It was headed:—

"AVIS
IMPORTANT!"

"*Rara avis in terris*," muttered the Old Man to himself.

Then he continued reading:—

"ENORMOUS ATTRACTION! ONE WEEK ONLY!

WE, Manager and Director of the Grand Cirque Republicain, one and indescribable, hereby give notice that, having obtained the necessary permission from M. Le Maire du Bois de Boulogne and of M. Le Président du Comité de l'Établissement des Bains de

Mer, Boulogne-sur-Mer, and of MM. Les Maires des Environs, our First Grand Matinée will be given on the Second proximo, when a corps of unrivalled Equestrians and Equestriennes will appear. Trick Acts and Performing Ponies. Also, at the greatest expense, the Manager and Director of the Grand Cirque Republicain has engaged a celebrated ENGLISH CLOWN. Also, to give a novel effect to this Unique Performance, the Manager has great pleasure in announcing to his Friends and Patrons this side of the Channel that he has engaged the services of

MASSA MAKNEE,

the Great Original Negro Delineator and Ethiopian Songster, who will give his entertainment on the BONES and BANJO, two instruments

NEVER BEFORE HEARD IN FRANCE!

Prices of admission same as usual. No Extra Charge.

•• AVIS PLUS IMPORTANT QUE JAMAIS.

It having come to our ears that an English Circus Company has arrived, professing to give the same Entertainment as above specified, we pronounce the assertion to be utterly devoid of truth, and beg our Patrons to be on their guard against lending their countenance to so UNHORSEMANLIKE A FALSHOOD. NO CONNECTION WITH ANY OTHER CIRCUS.

Also we must beg to warn the Public against any spurious imitator of MASSA MAKNEE, as a Person, calling himself JAMES, MARKY DU CROW, has, we are informed, recently landed, accompanied by a Banjo and Bones, which latter are secreted about his person, with the intention of joining the opposition Circus aforesaid. Under these circumstances, and with full consent of and legally empowered by Messieurs Les Présidents and Maires abovementioned, we, the Director and Manager of the Cirque Republicain, one and indescribable, do hereby offer the sum of

100 Francs Reward,

real money (not a theatrical property in a purse), to anyone arresting and bringing to justice the Dark Impostor hereinbefore named.

(Signed) PAUL PRIEUR, *Du Cirque Impérial.*"

The Old Man slouched his hat over his eyes, and drew his cloak up over his mouth. Thus only the tip of his nose could be seen. It was, I have said, a *nez retroussé*. Had it been the straight tip, he would have been lost. As it was, he descended unperceived.

In the valley he stopped behind a boot-tree, took off his hat, turned his wig, so as to bring the smooth side out and the hairy side in, reversed his reversible coat, put on clean collars and cuffs, and resumed his way.

The blue moon had risen.

Upon a sort of hoarding before him he could distinguish a white square, which was probably a notice like that he had just read.

As he went towards it he murmured to himself, "They do their advertising uncommonly well. But they've forgotten one thing. Pictures."

He stopped, meditating, with one finger placed at an acute angle to his nose.

"Where are you goin' to, my pretty maid?" said a voice.

He turned pale. This was beneath his colour, and could not be seen. Then he turned round. A man was standing in a hedge-row. At first the Old Man took him to be a servant, and the thought crossed his mind "HEDGES AND BUTLER." Then he thought he might be a publisher who wanted to pick a

quarrel with him, and he said inaudibly to himself, "BICKES AND BUSH." Looking at him more closely, he saw the man was a beggar: an unlucky beggar to be in a bush.

The Beggar was about the Old Man's height and age, or the Old Man was as near as possible the Beggar's height and age. The Old Man approached: this brought him nearer. The Man in the Bush was almost his double. Then the thought flashed across his mind, "I am alone: single: he is my double. It is two to one. There is the rub."

He repeated, "I ask you where are you going to, my pretty maid?"

"In the first place, where are we now?" returned the Old Man, with an almost haughty composure.

The Beggar only replied with another question—

"Who's dar?"

The other replied, as if to a pass-word, "Ole JOE."

"What! *de* JOE?"

"Yes, *de* JOE."

Then these Old Men, one almost the exact counterpart of the other, threw their arms and legs up in the air, and sang out simultaneously—"Ole JOE kickin' up ahind and afore, an' a yellar gal a kickin' up ahind Ole JOE." Then their blended voices ceased together, and they regarded each other curiously.



"The enthusiastic Artist engaged upon the Illustrations of this Novel has been so entirely carried away by his subject, that he has gone into the middle of next week. The present cut illustrates something in the future. Look out!"



"HISTORY."

Mrs. Muldrop. "BETTER TO SEE THE ROOFSH CAR, MY DEAR? NOT IF I KNOWS IT! WHY, IT WAS THERE AS SHOT OFF MY POOR BOY'S LEG OUT IN THE CHIMNEY!"

SIGHTS FOR SUNDAYS.

PICTURES on Sunday we may view
At Hampton Court; museums, two,
Stand open in thy Gardens, Kew.

The River, and the Iron Way,
Much people to those haunts convey,
When sunbeams upon Sundays play.

There works of Nature and of Art
Instruction to the mind impart.
Who says that they corrupt the heart?

Canst thou deny that they incline
To gentle thoughts, exalt, refine,
O Puritan, or Scotch Divine?

What sanction can to place belong,
That here 'tis right, while there 'tis wrong
To admit the Sunday gazers' throng?

Where runs the line that's drawn by you
'Twixt what I may and may not do,—
Between South Kensington and Kew?

Bloomsbury is, it would appear,
Within the Sabbatarian sphere;
That Sydenham's out, do you feel clear?

In your own way your Sabbath keep;
Out of church, if not in it, sleep;
O'er the sad ways of others weep.

But o'er us whilst you cry and groan,
Please leave our liberties alone,
You mind your souls; we'll mind our own.

Thereby Hangs a Tale.

PUBLICANS of England, take warning, and beware! A terrible fate seems to be threatening your Scottish brethren. In the debate on the Spirituous Liquors (Scotland) Bill, one of the speakers suggested the adoption of the Suspensory Clauses, and Government adopted the suggestion. Is not this rather too severe? Friends as we are to temperance and sobriety, we cannot think that irregularities in the retailing of whiskey, or any other offences against the Licensing Acts, ought to be treated as hanging matters.

It was a strange meeting.
"Where are we now?" repeated the Old Man, with almost haughty composure.
"You are on the spot. Red's your player. In hand. You are monarch of all you survey."

"I?"
"You. Not me JAMES, MANKY DU CROW."

IV.—*Hoggar, my Neighbour!*

JAMES, MANKY DU CROW—we shall henceforth call him by his name—answered gravely, "Give me up."

The man returned "No."

"Why not?"

"I have guessed you."

"Therefore—"

"Therefore, I cannot give you up."

"Good. What are you doing there?"

"Beating about the bush."

"Get out!"

"I shan't."

"Why not?"

"Because I like life in the bush."

"Is there much life there?"

"A good deal."

"If you like life in the bush, you do not drink good wine."

"True: if I did, I should need no bush."

"That is so. Good day. I shall go on to the village."

"Don't."

"Why not?"

"Because there's a fair there."

"Well, a fair cannot be kept dark."

"No. The village is called Tristesse; or, in the Breton language, Dumpz."

"I know. Well?"

"The Blues are there."

"I will drive them away."

"You cannot."

"Why?"

"Others are there before you. But it is a dull affair. The Great MAKNER has not arrived, and the jokes of the English Clown are not understood."

"What shall I do?"

The man seized his arm. "Come with me!"

(To be continued.)

OFF AND AWAY!

WHEN the Czar dined with the DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, His Imperial Majesty, according to the Court Circular, was attended at Gloucester House by some Russian noblemen and military officers, including three, whose names, ending in "off," present to the British mind a combination of remarkable "offs": to wit, COUNT SCHOUVALOFF, GENERAL SKOLKOFF, and GENERAL POPOFF. It may not be superfluous to assure some punsters, subject to fearful prodigies, that COUNT SCHOUVALOFF is no scavenger, and that GENERALS SKOLKOFF and POPOFF are gallant gentlemen, who, with sufficient troops at their command, may be trusted to hold their ground in the face of any enemy, and neither to skulk, nor skeddaddle, nor by any undignified mode of retreat, or with undue precipitation, pop off the field.

A Chance for the Public.

ONE of the carriages on a tram which was conveying the Forty-Second from Aldershot to Portsmouth the other day, broke an axle, when six carriages ran off the line, to the serious damage of several of the Regiment. Smashing a Black Watch ought to be almost as effectual in quickening Railway Regulation as damaging a Director.



FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART—(Useful Occupation for Idle and Ornamental Young Men).

IN THE NAME OF PUNCH'S PROPHET.



HEM we Reverberation no great shakes;
 Atlantic's mane his sport the jester makes;
 George Frederick hath no HANDEL to his name;
 And Feu d'Amour is straw-fire, short-lived flame;
 Young Leoline the lion's share may get;
 Ecossais in "SCOTT's lot" we should have met;
 Glenalmond smacks, too, of the Land of Cakes;
 Who Aquilo calls roarer much mistakes;
 Couronne de Fer will press upon the brain;
 'Twere strange if Boulet should the bull's-eye gain?
 Tipster, perhaps, for the straight tip consoles;
 The King of Tyne may be called o'er the coals;
 Blantyre may turn out worthy of that ilk;
 Daniel should be a prophet that won't bilk;
 Sir Arthur yet his spurs to win has got;
 Mirth ought to come of MR. MERRY's lot;
 Rostrevor finds himself, perhaps, at home;
 And Trent's the horse for Burton and for Rome.
 Were the Oaks royal 'twere but fair they fell
 To the auspicious name of Boscobel;
 And though 'twould somewhat too much to aver be,
 The name *may* be as lucky for the Derby.
 So take your choice of winner, little dears,
 And don't confound your *Punch* with vulgar seers!

REASONS WHY I GO TO THE DERBY.

BECAUSE the PRINCE OF WALES invariably goes, and as a loyal subject I, of course, feel bound to follow him.

Because my wife has never gone yet, and really, for her sake, I am compelled to sacrifice myself, and make up a snug little party for her escort.

Because all the men I know are certain to be there, and I should hate to be in town with not a soul to speak to.

Because I have been sadly overworked of late, and I fancy that a day's fresh air is just the very thing to set me on my legs again.

Because I was prevented from going there last year, and I promised myself then that this year nothing should prevent me.

Because I rather think I am a good judge of a horse, and can make a pot of money when I see them in the paddock.

Because I intend some day to write a fashionable novel, and Epsom is precisely the place to study character.

Because I hope to meet the betting man, of whom I was so lucky as to win ten pounds last year, and who then vanished without paying me.

Because a friend of mine has told me that a cousin of his has met a man who said his sister had been asked to christen one of the "cracks," and, having drawn it in a sweep, I feel naturally interested in viewing its performance.

Because for the last ten years I have regularly gone to both the Derby and the Oaks, and regularity of conduct is a strong point in my character.

Because I rather fancy that CLARA will be there, and I may chance perhaps to meet her.

Because my LORD TOMWODDY has very kindly offered me a seat upon his dray, and his champagne is so capital that really I have not the courage to refuse him.

Chaff out of Session.

SAYS BILLY to BEN—"Competition for place
 We see from the Derby's a different race.
 The horse with most backers does not always win."
 "But here," BEN replies, "is the Favourite in."



A SUBURBAN SKETCH.

(TEACHING YOUNG HOPEFUL THE USE OF HIS EYES.)

THE INTERNATIONAL "DERBY."

THERE are some who while *Punch's* Cartoon they admire,
When its foreign-bred horses and jockeys they see,
And its title peruse, will be apt to inquire
What this "International Derby" may be?

Each ill-fated State 'neath the burden that cowers
Of soldiers and armaments one thing will own,
That this International Derby of ours
Is no International Derby and Joan.

Europe's Great International Derby to-day
On the broad "road to ruin" is run for a course.
'Tis the race who the biggest of armies shall pay:
And "Deuce take the hindmost" its rule—man and horse.

All who in that race, by that rule, try their stride,
Whate'er they may own to, must feel in their hearts,
Though never so artful the jockeys that ride,
They are one and all making the worst of false starts.

There's France, of her blood and her breed though she brag,
With her temper, the best jock to steer her defies,
Takes each scrap of paper that flies for her flag:
Frets herself to a fever, bolts, kicks, starts, and shies.

See Germany rearing!—less speedy than safe—
Wants the spur, but her blood up, a devil to go;
And her jock with a big whip her withers to chafe,
And sharp spurs, intends that *his* will she should know.

A wide berth France were wisest to give her, I ween:
If the German horse cannoned against her—my eye!
Their late match, methinks, should a lesson have been,—
She's too light now, whate'er she may be by-and-by.

As proud as a peacock, as stubborn as sin—
See, the bit in her teeth, Spain all over the course.
Was e'er such a pig-headed brute backed to win!
Mule or donkey, methinks, crossed with Barbary horse.

There's Italy, ill-trained, ill-groomed, out of form,
But a beauty, when once to condition she's brought;
With an honest jock up, who will weather the storm,
Though his nag has to carry more weight than she ought.

Who's *that* raw-boned, high-stepping, Roman-nosed nag,
Lashing out right and left, till "Ware kicker" 's the cry?
By her jock's stars and stripes, and his bunkum and brag,
'Tis the Yankee horse come "The Europeans" to try.

But nearer the post, watching *our* Derby crack,
What dark horse is that, for false starts far too cool,
With a look in her eye at once forward and back,
Rough in coat, but if points may be trusted, no fool?

That's the Russian horse; and the old Tartar blood
For pace and for pluck is a match for the best;
When we come to the scratch with a horse of that stud,
Our breed, bone and bottom, 'twill put to the test.

Meantime, while we doubt which strange horse bears the palm
For false starts and hark-backs, for cross cannons and kicks,
See *our* Derby horse, and his jock cool and calm,
With light snaffle, and spur that guides rather than pricks.

For the horse trusts the jock, and the jock trusts the horse,
In stable and paddock, in trial and race;
Both are game to ride straight, with an eye to the course,
And the sense when to wait, when to put on the pace.

And while horse and jock can this temper command,
Foreign horses let who so will fancy for me;
Punch will back his own lot, by his own stable stand,
In the faith that *BULL's* blood still the winner will be.

RITUALISM AND RACING.

It is rather unusual for Epsom Races to be run in June. A horsey man considers it to be an unaccountable omission that the Derby Day is not inserted in the Calendar among the "Moveable Feasts."

HORSE FOR EVER!

(Song of a Stable Mind.)

WHAT becometh of the Horse
When the breath has left his corse?
Is the Noble Quadruped
Wholly done for when he's dead?

Who conceives a higher sphere
Where the Horse is not as here,
Nor, in a superior state,
Runs for stakes, and cup and plate?

There be Shades, with tails and manes,
Flitting o'er Elysian Plains;
Races in those fields of rest:
Otherwise they can't be blest.

By some friendly hand released
From on earth the Gallant Beast,
May perchance go to the hounds
In the Happy Hunting-Grounds.

Here to dogs and beasts of prey
Goes, alas! the Horse's clay.
Let that word no jest provoke—
Say not "Horses never smoke."

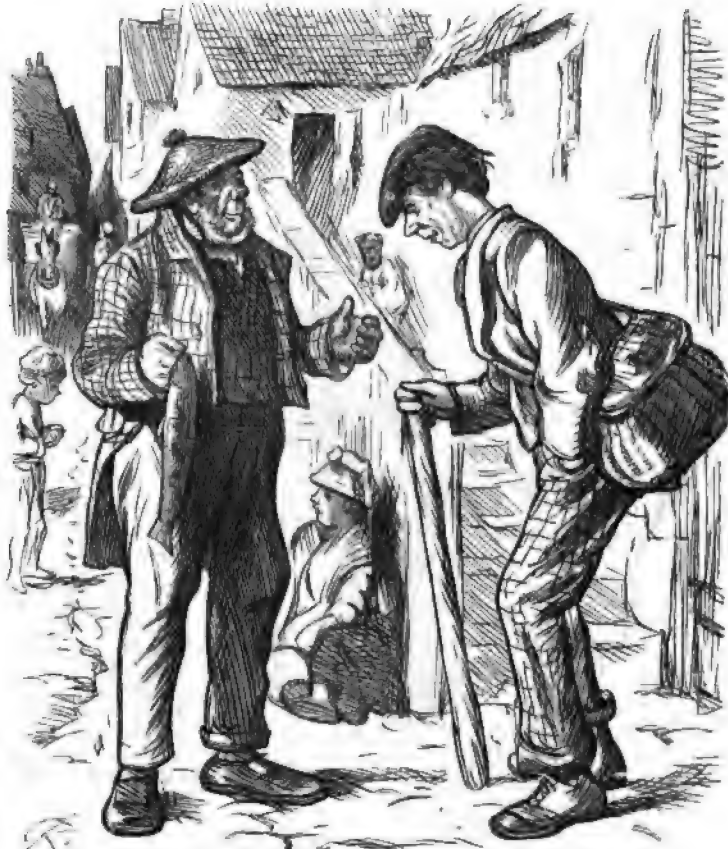
Sure the noble steed demands
Funeral honours at our hands.
Should we not his relics burn,
Keep his cinders in an urn?

Hippocremeteries room
Too extensive would consume;
And cremation were a plan
Better both for Horse and Man.

But Hippophagy ne'er name.
Horseman feed on Horse? For shame!
Next in turpitude's degree
To a cannibal were he.

O'er a Winner's ashes raise
Cunning sculpture; in his praise
Let a Poet, or a Wit,
Write an epitaph to fit.

Now the Horse is all in all,
Talk but Horse, and Horse extol;
On this festive Derby Day,
—Go, Buffoon that say'st me "Neigh!"



"A SELL."

Saxon (who has not taken a Fish yet). "BY JOVE! THAT'S A BEAUTY!"

Native. "A-YE, IT'S A FINE TROOT, AND LOTS O' THEM, GIN YE COME WI' ME."

Saxon (delighted). "WHERE! OH, WHERE!"

Native. "THE FIRST SHOP OWER BY!"

WHICH IS MAD?



THE whole Duty of Dog is to
love Man and to keep his
Commandments." — CHRIS-
TOPHER NORTH.

FAITH, Mr. Punch is
puzzled:
Should Common Councillors
and police be muzzled?
Is it not mental *scabies*?
That fancies in the least
disorder *rabies*,
That kil's a dog for any
small disaster,
Though he is nowise madder
than his master?

Look at this foul ex-
emplar
Just given by a philo-*o*ynio
Templar.*

And say, "May Heaven
preserve us
From cruel fools, of hydro-
phobia nervous."
Those who could give a dog
such wanton pain,
Are madness-safe—from in-
sufficient brain.

* See a Templar's letter in the *Times* relating the cruel murder, by inches, in Child's Place, by two policemen, of a poor mastiff suspected of *rabies*.

O mastiffs strong and stately,
O queer, quaint pugs, that ladies love so greatly,
O greyhounds swift and lissom,
O white Maltese, whose pretty owners kiss 'em,
All happy dogs, howl forth a peal of pity
For that dear mastiff, murdered in the City!

Not many yards away,
Punch, England's Socrates, so grave and gay,
Teaches the world wise laughter,
Whose happy echoes will be heard hereafter,
Yet brutes unutterable do dog-murder
Near *Toby's* kennel! What could be absurder?

Bark, *Toby*! Fill the air
With sounds that shall awaken the LORD MAYOR,
Make Aldermen grow thinner,
And spoil their happy appetites for dinner,
Till the truth's taught to sergeant and inspector—
Dog is Man's friend, and Man is Dog's protector.

DERBY DREAMS.

If you dream that *Atlantic* wins, it denotes that Arbitration will
grow in popularity, and that the affairs of England (with the
single exception of the Fleet) will be "all at sea."

If you dream that *Typster* wins, it is probable that many Shop-
boys will disappear from their Masters' premises, and will be
"wanted" by the Police.

If you dream that the *First Lord* wins, you may expect to hear
of the completion of a sea-worthy Iron-clad by the end of the year
1876.

If you dream that *Ecossais* wins, you may be sure that Mr. Lowe
has given up his claim to be considered a Scotchman.

STABLE TALK.



PORT—turf sport above all—is venerable for its antiquity. The history of chariot-racing, the precursor of horse-racing, is as old as antiquity. Traces of this sport may be found in many ancient nations, and in more ancient authors; but OSSIAN, HORSLEY, and other writers of the same class, are not agreed as to the advantage it was to the Commonwealth.

In Rome, jockeys stood so high in the social scale that along

with horsedealers, circus-riders, and veterinary surgeons, they composed one of the chief orders in the State—the equestrian.

Coming down the course of time to modern days and our own free country, we find races established under the reign of some of our earlier monarchs at (amongst other places) Ambleside, Canterbury, Cobham, Galloway, Hackney, Horsham, Horsleydown, Punchestown (under our own especial patronage), Runnymede, and in the Yorkshire Ridings; but, perhaps, there is no place which has known more of the ups and Downs inseparably connected with the turf than Epsom, in Surrey.

Beyond its race-course and its salts, there is nothing very remarkable about Epsom.

The Derby was founded towards the end of last century; the Oaks (the trees have long since been cut down) a year earlier.

The number of entries—which must be made on a Spring morning in one of the Equity Courts—varies with the prosperity of the country, the price of horse corn, the imports and exports, the weather and the crops, and the condition of the course.

There is but one limit to the number of horses which may compete for the stakes—the size of the course. The time, too, is left entirely to the discretion of the jockeys and the horses; Parliament, at present, not having interfered either to lengthen or shorten it.

The running horses must be three years old last birthday, and thoroughbred—their age duly certified by the Royal Veterinary College, and their pedigrees formally registered in the College of Arms. They may be of any colour, but there is no instance on record of a piebald winner. A dark horse has frequently carried off the prize.

With regard to weight, fillies running in the Derby, like young ladies starting in life, have an allowance made them, which, but in this respect they do not resemble young ladies, they never exceed.

The history of the Derby in its earliest years is somewhat meagre. So that we have failed to find the name of the famous jockey who was victorious on *Aldiborontiphosphophorno*, although he rode the last half mile with only one stirrup; the amount of the stakes when that unrivalled mare, *Poly syllable*, won both the Derby and the Oaks in a canter; and the exact time in which the race was run when *Damon* and *Pythias* passed the Judge's chair nose and nose, and the issue was declared to be a dead heat.

The country people round Epsom have a tradition that a dead heat for the Derby is invariably followed by remarkably hot summer. School Boards have only been recently established in the neighbourhood.

Who would not be a successful jockey, and win the Derby? A piece of

plate, a pension for three lives, a portrait and memoir in the illustrated papers, perhaps a pedestal in the Temple of Fame (Baker Street)! The Ministers of the Crown cannot hope for more. But if the jockey's reward is sweet and substantial, the training he has to undergo is stern and severe. Early hours at both ends of the day, voluminous clothing and violent exercise to reduce his frame to the weight laid down by law, and a diet of which the main ingredients are reported to be pickles, porridge, hard-boiled eggs, green salads, captain's biscuits, soda water, rice pudding, and cold tea.

Have you taken a good degree in Mathematics at the University? Do you possess a remarkable faculty for figures? Do you know all the points of a horse? Can you ride a steeple-chase? Are you a member of the Jockey Club and a subscriber to Tattersall's? Have you the *Racing Calendar* and the *Guide to the Turf* at your fingers' ends? Have you been present at all the principal performances of the animals since they first ran in public? And can you afford to lose? Then lay on *Atlantic*, or against *Reverberation*, or back *George Frederick*, or bet on the Field, or the course, or wherever you please. Otherwise, take *Punch's* advice, and confine your speculations to the sweepstakes in the family circle, and a pair or two of gloves with that friend of your sister's in the black bonnet trimmed with yellow.

HINCKSEY DIGGINGS.

(See recent Correspondence in "Daily News," and elsewhere.)

ACLAND writes to defend JOHN RUSKIN,
Who an undergraduate team hath made,
For once, from May-term mora to dusk, in
Hincksey soil to set working spade.
So very Utopian! . . . so Quixotic!
Such is the euphemistic phrase,
Equivalent to idiotic,
For Athletes guided to useful ways.

'Tis well for snarlers analytic,
Who the art of the snarl to the sneer have brought,
To spit their scorn at the eloquent critic,
Leader of undergraduate thought.
Heart of the student it will not harden
If from the bat and the oar he abstain,
To plant the flowers in a cottage garden,
And lay the pipes of a cottage drain.

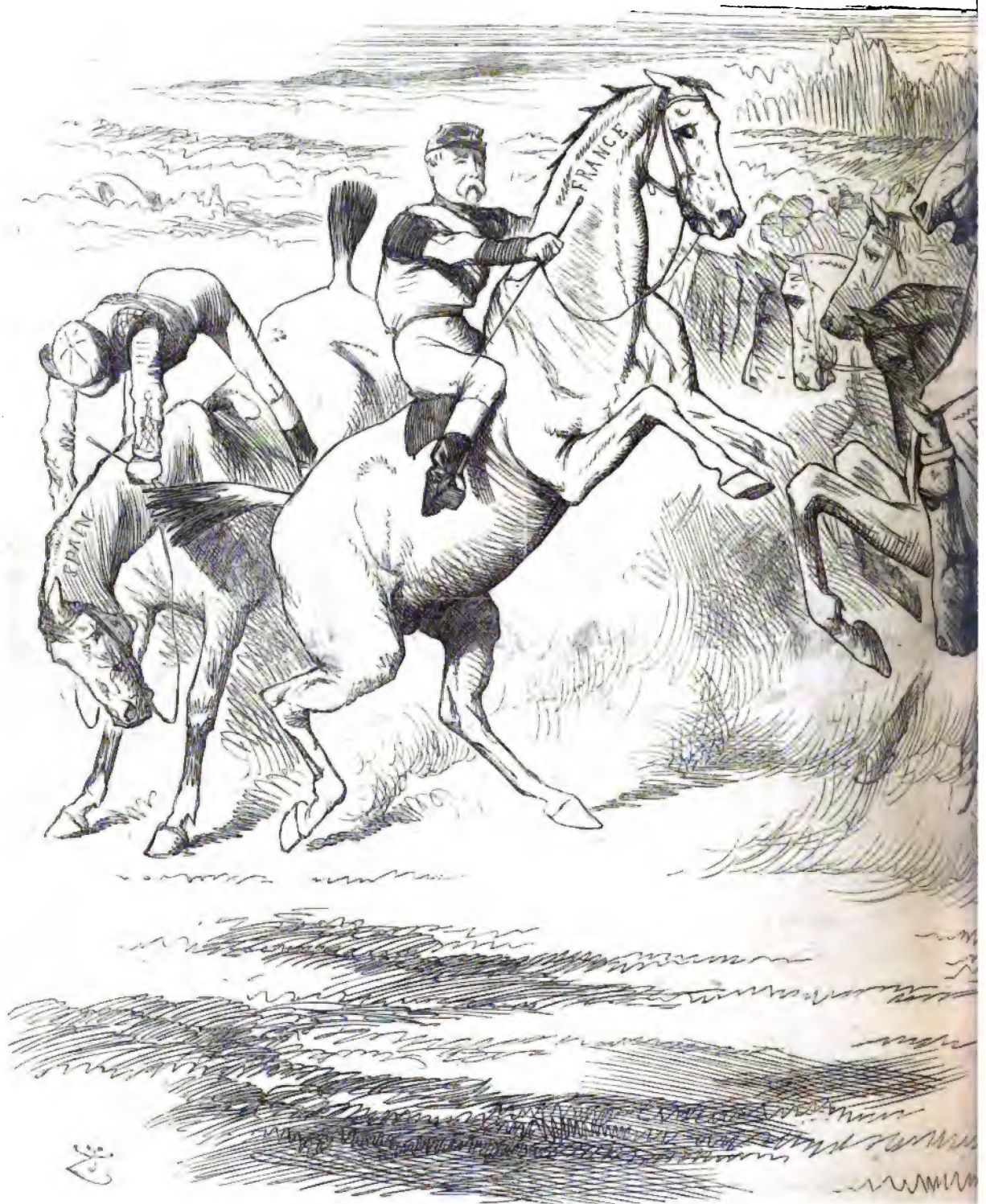
Why should not sympathy rise above zero?
Our "Young barbarians," toiling thus,
May bethink them how the unwearied hero
ODYSSEUS taunted EURYMACHUS:
"Give me a yoke of oxen thorough,
And a keen plough that can out its way,
And see who will drive the longest furrow,
From morn to eve of a summer day."

Pity we have for the man who thinks he
Proves RUSKIN fool for work like this.
Why shouldn't young Oxford lend hands to Hincksey,
Though Doctrinaires may take it amiss?
Careless wholly of critic's menace,
Scholars of RUSKIN, to him be true;
The truths he has writ in *The Stones of Venice*
May be taught by the Stones of Hincksey too.

An Attempt at Wut.

A CONTEMPORARY, in an article on Cricket, observes that "the absence of DAF's name from the list of players at Lord's cannot but be a subject for comment." Considering the maims and bruises to which the cricket exposes himself under the modern system of violent bowling, a cautious Scotchman might venture to remark that the gentlemen upon Lord's list must be daft every one of them.

DE VINO VERITAS.—There is advertised a wine under the denomination of "May fair Sherry." Is not this too candid? All Sherry is supposed, by the Public, if not the Publican, to come from Spain.



THE INTERNA

TRAINER. "AN AWKWARD LOT!—OUR'S ABOUT THE



NATIONAL "DERBY."

"READY AND SAFE, AND ONLY WANTS QUIET RIDING!"

OUR NEW NOVEL.

ONE-AND-THREE!

BY THAT DISTINGUISHED FRENCH NOVELIST,
FICTOR NOGO.

PART THE FIRST—ALL AT SEA.

BOOK THE FOURTH—BILIBARLO.

IV.—*Beggar, my Neighbour!* (continued.)

THE Marky looked steadily at the Mendicant. He regarded his rage, and a joke occurred to him about mend-i-can't. He booked it for his future entertainment.

"Listen, JAMES, MARKY DU CROW. I have no house. I am not a lodger. I am a dodger. I will take you to a cellar. There you will sleep. To-morrow you can go where you please."

"Can you read?"

"Do you take me for a donkey?"

"Well, if you can read, you must have seen that, by giving me up, you could earn a hundred francs."

"True; when I saw you I said, 'I can earn a hundred francs.' I have a thick stick; come, let me hide you."

"But you will not hide me."

"I will."

"Where?"

"The spot shall be well chosen."

"You would hide me, and yet you do not own a single rod."

"I do not, but I have this slight pole, and I can make you into an acher."

The Old Man grasped his banjo firmly.

The Mendicant humbly dropped his stick. He saw that he should be worsted. A man who is worsted is only fit for a pen-wiper. The Beggar said to himself, "I am not a wiper. I have no venom." Then he said aloud, "Follow me!"

The Marky followed him down some old worn steps into a cellar. There were a few dusty tables showing dark stains on the surface. A platform at the further end whereon was a cracked piano. Below and in front of the platform was a circular table, and in the centre a raised seat. Glasses and bits of wood were on the tables. A dim light pervaded the cellar.

"Let us sup," said the Beggar.

A short, stout, elderly man approached the Marky and welcomed him graciously.

"This is PADDIGREEN," said the Beggar.

"How are you, dear boy, dear boy? All well round the fireside, dear boy? That's well, that's well." And PADDIGREEN offered the Marky a silver snuff-box.

"I thought you were in London," said the Marky.

"Late hours, dear boy—I mean early hours, kill me. Kill the business. I have left London, left London—I say I've left London for sunny France, for sunny France, my dear boy, to see if I cannot establish something like the old thing here, near Boulogne.—I say I wish to start something like the old thing in the old days."

"And this place?"

"Is *Les Caves Nouveaux du Cidre*. Yes, I say this place is *Les Caves Nouveaux du Cidre*. I have been fortunate in meeting with

our good friend here, and a few of the old ones too—all outlaws now—I say I have been—"

"I understand. Who are they?"

"Well, well, they are MILORD LOVEL, MILADI NANCY BELL, *La Fille d'Attrapour de Rats*, MR. VILLIKINS and his DINAH—not a Kristiminstrel Dinah—MR. SAMUEL HALL, you recollect SAM HALL?"

"Ah!"

The Marky turned to the Mendicant and asked, "What is your name?"

"BILIBARLO."

The Marky reflected.

The Mendicant sang, "O dear, raggedy O! What a jolly young fellow was BILIBARLO!"

"I remember you."

"Years ago you bought a song of me. One night at Evans's. In the olden days. Also you gave me a cigar, a glass of something hot, and you shook hands with me. You were then the son of your father, the Great Crow. Then you were connected neither with a Black Troupe or with a Cirque. You made me proud and happy. I return the compliment.

Tournez et sautez, JACQUES CORBEAU!"

They drank all round.

Then PADDIGREEN sat down to the piano, and sang the *Light of Other Days*. Whereat they cried. These three men wept.

Frequently the jug or the bottle went round.

Presently they saw everything going round.

"Let's shleep," said the Beggar.

They lay down. Anyhow. The Marky, although very tired, remained drinking deeply for a few moments—he gazed fixedly at the Beggar, and then lay back.

To lie thus was to lie on the ground.

He profited by this to place one ear to the earth. Through his head he heard a strange buzzing.

"I must be somewhere near St. Bees," he thought to himself.

The Marky fell asleep.

V.—*Signed and Resigned.*

It was broad daylight when he awoke.

A refined nature detests anything broad—even daylight. The Marky would have closed his eyes once more but for the Beggar, who said, "I am going this way. You go that."

BILIBARLO disappeared.

The moment after the Marky rose and went in the direction which BILIBARLO had indicated.

It was that charming hour known among the peasantry as "the top of the morning."

The insects were all humming. It was quite a humming-top of the morning to them. The labourers were pegging away at their breakfast. To them, it was quite a peg-top of the morning. The dairymaid was whipping the cream. To her it was the whipping-top of the morning. Such was the morning: kindly to all.

The Marky knew the topography of the place, and retraced his steps to where, the evening before, he had seen the placard.

Below the signature, "PAUL PRIEUR," were two other lines, in smaller characters:—

"The identity of the ci-devant JAMES MARKY DU CROW established, he will be immediately washed."

(Signed) GAMMON,
"Of the Spinnidge Observatory."





A NICE PROSPECT!

Traveller (benighted in the Black Country). "NOT A BEDROOM DISENGAGED! TUT-T-T!"

Landlady (who is evidently in the Coal Business as well). "OH, WE'LL ACCOMMODATE YOU SOMEHOW, SIR, IF ME AND MY 'USBAND GIVES YOU UP OUR OWN BED, SIR!"

"Gammon!" said the Marky.
He stood still, thinking deeply, and his eye fixed on the notice.
"Gammon!" he repeated.
Then he went slowly away. Had any person been near, he might have been heard to mutter, in a low voice, "And Spinnidge."
Suddenly the landscape became terrible. An appalling, indescribable trumpeting, as of some tremendous blasting operations. Then, every other minute, a deep resonant "O," the uplifting of a thousand sympathetic human voices in an agonised unison. Then a bursting of fiery meteors in the air, as though giants were besieging Heaven itself with furious artifices of fire. Cannon boomed in the stillness. Then fountains of fire rose in the valley. Then came a dense smoke. Then nothing. It was sudden and fearful. Once more, and for a few seconds only, the fire blazed forth afresh with quadrupled fury. Lurid lights from the distant empire of Bengal burnt swiftly and vanished. A million rockets, like burning inter-laced rainbows, shot into the air, and crackled to their doom. Then sticks fell. Then silence. The rapidity of the transition from yells and shouts, and roar of flames to Silence, was awful.
The Old Man murmured to himself, as he gazed upon the scene, "Is it the CZAR at the Crystal Palace?"
No. He remembered that, from the coast of Boulogne, this would not be so distinctly visible. One thing was evident. There were, there had been, fireworks between the village of Tristesse and the hamlet of L'eau-chaud.
Through the bristling and wild thicket which surrounded him on all sides the Marky saw a troop approaching. Irregularly, leaping and shouting with excitement.
His first thought was one of curiosity. Were they armed? If so, with what? With needles? To be hemmed in by needles renders escape impossible.
On they came, yelling, howling, shouting, and crashing through the brushwood. Suddenly he distinguished their cry.
"JAMES, MARKY DU CROW! DU CROW! JAMES CROW! JIM! CROW!" It was he whom they were hunting!!!
(To be continued.)

Splbain van de Meper.

Born at Amsterdam, 1802.. Died in London, May 23, 1874.

DEAD, the great Belgian, who was English too
By instinct, and who taught us that a State,
Although its wealth be small, its people few,
By freedom may grow great.

Dead, after such a life as few men live;
Freedom waxed faint when he struck in to save it.
What tribute to his memory shall we give?
"Liberos, libros, amavit."

He knew, none better, that of liberty
Comes happiness, prosperity, and culture;
That baffled still, where thought and word go free,
Swoops the despotic vulture.

In Court, and Cabinet, and Library,
Wholesome and lofty influence he could wield;
Yet he was just as satisfied to see
His Berkshire farm's good yield.

Proud was he armed as *preux* of journalists,
With pen for lance, in honour's stainless armour,
Yet just as proud to enter the home-lists
As a keen English farmer.

Farewell, clear thinker, absolute logician,
Whose words and works shall long in memory dwell;
To prove the freest happiest was your mission,
And you fulfilled it well.

A CONTRADICTION.

In Picture Exhibitions, the observant spectator is struck by the fact that works hung on the line are too often below the mark.



THE NEW COACHING CLUB. (THE LAST THING IN WOMAN'S RIGHTS.)
Alas! (on the Road). "It's ONLY GRANDMA'S INSIDE, MR. PUNCH. SHE ALWAYS THINKS WE GO TOO FAST."



AMATEUR MINSTRELS.

Tenore Leggiere. "DON'T YOU PERCEIVE A GREAT IMPROVEMENT IN THE WAY I PRODUCE MY PIANO NOTES!"

Tenore Robusto. "WELL, YOU PRODUCE THEM SO PRECIOUS PIANO THAT I CAN'T HEAR THEM; BUT YOU DON'T MAKE SUCH HIDEOUS FACES AS YOU USED—AND THAT'S AN IMPROVEMENT!"

HAMPSTEAD RACES.

THOSE who think that English people take their pleasures sadly, should go and spend Whit Monday upon Hampstead Heath. The donkeys, it is true, have rather a sad time of it; but, with this exception, the faces to be seen there are generally cheerful. Hampstead Races certainly are funnier than Ascot, though they are not quite so fast. There is none of the excitement of the running for the Cup, but there is the amusement of the running for a pot of beer, and tossing who shall pay for it. Chicken and champagne are not so common upon Hampstead Heath as on the heath of Ascot, but appetites are keener for the ginger-pop and "sangwiches." Aunt Sally and the knockemdowns are patronised as much upon the one heath as the other; but there is more rejoicing when "our BILLY" gets a cocoa-nut than when LORD TOMMONDY wins a guinea's worth of pin-cushions. On the whole, then, Hampstead Races give a good deal of amusement to a good many poor people; and in their behalf we hope that Parliament will make a grand stand for the races, and clear the course from all the bricks and mortar wherewith it may be threatened by the builders who encroach on it.

A HAPPY DIES NON.

BRITONS, Freemen, and Brothers, bethink you how signally the wisdom of Parliament is shown in adjourning over the Derby Day. Wednesday in the Commons is, as you know, crotchety ventilation day, set apart for allowing Honourable Gentlemen of fixed ideas to air their fanaticisms. The philanthropic and sanctimonious Prigs would to a man absent themselves from a horse-race, and, if they could, attend in their places. Everybody else almost would have gone to the Derby. We should awake next morning and find that an unopposed faction had enacted female suffrage, or enfranchised the carters, or voted the disestablishment and disendowment of the Church of England, or passed a liquor-law with a clause shutting up all the refreshment-rooms, and with the addition of a rider to stop all the trains and steam-boats from running on a Sunday.

SONG FOR A SPORTING GENT.

Lo, how the Welchers do abound
On every side of me!
Another Derby Day comes round,
Which here we are to see.
Now this year's Race will soon be run,
And, O my friends, how fast
Has been, besides, full many a one
Between it and the last!

Ah, who, although he stands to win,
But waits with anxious heart,
Lest he should lose no end of tin,
And trembling bides the start?
My Book although I've tried to make
Upon the surest plan,
It still may prove a great mistake,
So fallible is Man!

But hold, my tongue; be still, my lips;
From moral talk refrain.
On aught, except authentic "tips,"
Reflection is in vain.
Upon the Future they that choose
May stupid thoughts bestow.
Which horse will win, and which will lose,
Is all I want to know.

Lost Labour.

AMONG the cases in the Court of Bankruptcy was reported, the other day, the "Bankruptcy of the Claimant," which, one would suppose, had by this time wound itself up. Its further hearing, however, has been adjourned to the 29th instant, when ORTON is to be brought up for public examination. Would it not be an economy to proceed no further in this business? Lawyers must be paid; MR. ORTON's assets are less than nothing; and you cannot get blood out of a post.

REVEREND FATHERS AND THEIR SONS.—The Festival of the Sons of the Clergy was held as usual, the other day, at St. Paul's. Is it possible that some time hence a solemnity of the same name will be celebrated in St. Peter's.

DERBY HAMPERS.

OVER-sleeping yourself on the day of the Race, and waking up in time only to read the name of the winner in the evening papers.

Being discovered and thwarted by your wife after having received her permission to leave her on the plea of "business in the City," when in reality you have proposed joining the Club drag.

Being thrown over by a friend who, after making an after-dinner promise to drive you down in his own trap, forgets to call for you.

Being taken into custody on the road down by a stupid and perjured policeman for looking at a disturbance in which you have not taken part.

Being without friends, without leisure, and last, but not least, without money.

Pigeons and Crows.

THE Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals advertises in a newspaper an "Aggregate of Convictions" in 1873, inclusive of the entry—"Exposing a Wild Bird for Sale—1." This one was, of course, one ead. The same paper contained also a report of a meeting of the Gun Club, at which "twenty-three members put in an appearance." These twenty-three were necessarily gentlemen. They shot between them fifty-seven tame pigeons. What a difference there is, legally and morally, between the acts of gentlemen who shoot tame pigeons for sport, and that of eads who expose wild birds for sale!

THE SCHOOLMASTERS ABROAD.

THE opening meeting of the Coaching Club took place in Hyde Park the other day. Such a concourse of private tutors was never seen.

COMPANION PICTURE.—"Ring the Muffin," a pendant to "Calling the Roll."



A COOL CARD.

Swell (handing "Sporting Life" to Clerical Party). "AW—WOULD YOU—AW—DO ME THE FAVOUR TO READ THE LIST OF THE WAGES TO ME WHILE WE'RE WUNNING DOWN!—I'VE—AW—FORGOTTEN MY EYEGGLASS. DON'T MIND WAISING YOUR VOICE—I'M FWEICIOUS DEAF!"

HORSES AND MAYORS.

Or, Lord Lusk's Derby Dinner.

"He confessed he had fixed his entertainment to the Mayors of Great Britain on the Derby Day, thinking that some of his friends from the Country might like to see a little of the wicked world on Epsom Downs."

"The Mayor of Birmingham (MR. CHAMBERLAIN), in proposing 'The Health of the LORD MAYOR'—the mention of which at the outset elicited an enthusiastic cheer—said he should not think it necessary to do more than allude to the splendid and munificent hospitality which his Lordship had exercised generally, and also on special occasions when he had had to entertain distinguished personages. In him the Municipal authorities recognised a worthy leader and representative. In late years the taunts against Corporate bodies had been less frequent, and even their facetious friend, *Mr. Punch*, had indulged himself less often at their expense."

Report of the Mansion House Dinner, June 3.

"The wicked world on Epsom Downs!"

O, Lord Mayor LUSK, how can you bring

The Mayors of virtuous country towns

Within the vile spells of the Ring?

They'll see the acrobat and gipsy;

They may make bets, they may get tipsy?

Demoralised they'll go away—

What will SIR WILFRID LAWSON say!

What Mayors went, madly plunging, down,

By rail or 'bus, on drag or hansom?

Who were but dusted, who done brown,

Who to the Ring paid riot's ransom.

The Mayor of Doncaster, no doubt,

Cast a shrewd Yorkshire eye about,

And ere he shared the LORD MAYOR's dinner,

Had settled this year's Leger winner!

The artful Mayor of Birmingham

May butter *Punch*, but *Punch* can say

There never yet was epigram

Of his thrown, e'en on Mayors, away.

Has sense in Common Councils won it?

Have Mayors improved? Then *Punch* has done it.

But hold Mayors up as past his jokes!

No—tell not that to Derby folks,

Keep it for what it is—an 'Oaks!

PERSONS WHO WOULD BENEFIT BY CREMATION.—Char-Women.

HORSE-SHOW REGULATIONS.

HORSES of every country, class, age, size, colour, and condition are admissible, including Arabians, Barbs, Spanish Jennets, Hudson's Bay Horses, Grey Mares, Suffolk (and Fleet Street) Punches; Piebalds and Skewbalds; Hunters, Hacks, Roadsters, Carriage-Horses, Cart-Horses, Dray-Horses, Draught-Horses, Doctors'-Horses, Race-Horses, Rocking-Horses, Towel-Horses, and Clothes-Horses.

Horses standing (in their shoes) over twenty hands high, must be shown as extra stock.

Every Horse is liable to be called on (by an eminent veterinary surgeon, who will first leave his card) to furnish satisfactory proofs of his age at a minute and a half's notice. Owners are therefore requested to see that the teeth are properly cleaned each morning of the Show. No particular dentifrice is recommended.

The utmost delicacy and forbearance will be shown in investigating the age of Mares. If desired, the details will not be published.

Horse-chestnuts, and every other description of provender, will be provided in abundance.

Any groom detected mixing gin with the water, in order to make his horse more spirited, will be instantly ejected from the Hall.

Horses that have been in India will be allowed an extra curry each day of the Show.

Arrangements will be made for clipping and singeing by some of the first *artistes* of the day; and, in consideration of the heat of the weather, any Horse may be shampooed, on expressing a wish to that effect beforehand.

By the kind permission of the Commanding Officers, detachments from the different Regiments of Horse Guards will be on duty to protect the Prize Animals. A troop of Coldstreams will be told off to look after the Watering.

In the event of the DUKE AND DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH visiting the Show, a Guard of Honour will be supplied by the Horse Marines.

Should any mistakes be made in the jumping and leaping, the Directors earnestly hope that the spectators will preserve order, and refrain from bursting out into horse-laugh.

The Judges will be selected from the Law Courts, and wear their horse-hair wigs.

The Master of the Horse will award the Prizes.

The Band of the Royal Horse Artillery will perform a selection of music from *Le Cheval de Bronze* and other favourite operas.

Saddles of mutton for luncheons and dinners. Excellent accommodation for bridal parties. Stirrup-cup always ready. A grand international show of horse-radish. Roast beef on application.

The exhibition of every description of carriage is invited, except horse-flies.

Horse-hair sofas fresh from the fountain-head.

Grooms of the chambers will be in attendance to escort Ladies to the stalls. *Cheval* glasses all over the Building. Studs everywhere.

"Women and Work."

AN old and faithful worker in the cause of women (EMILY of that ilk) has started a weekly paper, which, if it keeps up to its purpose and its promises, deserves *Punch's* support and that of all friends of the feeble and fairer, softer and sweeter, willing and weaker, worse-used and worse paid, harder-worked and harder-thrashed, sex (*Punch* is bound to add, in fairness, and under his breath, the nagging and nastier when it chooses). MISS FAITHFULL calls her paper *Women and Work*; its object being to make known the work to the women who want it, and the women to the work that wants them. *Punch* can only wish good speed to the woman and her work; for it is sorely needed.

A MISTAKE.

THE Mayors were feasted at the Mansion House on the Derby Day. The Oaks Day would have been more appropriate.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



IAINTS refreshed, back to
their places press
Their Lordships, from
the Whitsuntide Re-
cess.
Lo! doubters dumb,
spinners of costs
aghost,
CAIRNS's three Land
Bills, three times
read, have passed!

Now, the Lords' Scylla barking in their rear,
Charybdis of the Commons they've to clear!

"*Facit exultatio versum.*" And why should not "*exultatio*" make its
verse, as well as "*indignatio*"?

LORD SANDHURST finds that Short Service means not only short, but weak,
service—that it gives us, in fact, children in arms, instead of men-at-arms,
till the Line threatens to become a mathematical line, length without breadth
—of shoulder—or depth—of chest, for soldiers' work. By way of remedy, he
proposed to feed the Line from the Militia, recruiting for the latter only, and
letting the Militiamen volunteer for the Line.

LORD PEMBROKE (Under-Secretary-at-War, recalling the SIDNEY HERBERT
of other days) asked for time. The Government were looking into the
Recruiting question, but couldn't be expected to have seen to the bottom of it
in three months.

LORD CARDWELL doubted if LORD SANDHURST's plan might not spoil the
Militia without improving the Army.

The DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE spoke some plain sense. Recruiting is a question
of the Labour market. The recruiting-sergeant cannot bid against the em-
ployer. Change is the worst thing for the soldier—it worries him. The
Recruit likes to know what he is to expect. Officers don't like short service,
because it gives them one hundred and fifty raw recruits in a regiment at once,
instead of twenty or thirty—makes their machine harder to keep in perfect
working order.

The DUKE OF BUCCLEUCH said Scotch recruits liked looking forward to a
pension. Whereat the House laughed. But how much good is not thrift at
the bottom of, and what gives SAWNEY his pull over PAT and JOHN so much as
his eye to the main chance?

In the Commons, after MR. O'DONNELL, the unseated for Galway, had
appeared, and disappeared on being politely informed by the SPEAKER that he
had no business there, we had an awful scene: FRANCE at the Bar of the
House—FRANCE pulled up—FRANCE solemnly admonished—FRANCE saying
something awfully like "Admonition be bothered!" and doing something
awfully like taking a sight at the SPEAKER.

FRANCE is an inventor of explosives. It can hardly be necessary to tell
readers of history *that*. In a letter to SIR JOHN HAY, Chairman of a late
explosive Committee, FRANCE exploded, blew up SIR JOHN, and charged
Government officials *en masse* with turning their own explosives to profit, and
putting the extinguisher on all besides.

FRANCE apologised by the mild mouth of MR. FORSYTH, Q.C., but, as

FRANCE often does, made matters worse by the explana-
tion. So the bar was pulled out for FRANCE, and FRANCE
was pulled up to the bar; had to "toe the line" (as
sailors call it); was solemnly told by the SPEAKER to
consider himself admonished; considered himself
admonished accordingly, and did not appear to be a bit
the worse for it.

Honourable Members seemed much amused, and
FRANCE did not seem at all impressed. Probably he
will say, as the navy said when his wife pitched into
him, "It amuses them, and it don't hurt me."

PUNCH, for his part, would suggest that there is one
explosive which the House of Commons ought never to
play with, and that is *brutum fulmen*. Faros are out
of place on the floor of the House; and the SPEAKER
and MR. DISRAELI decidedly out of place in farce-parts.

MR. TORRENS MCCULLAGH moved an Address praying
the QUEEN that no Regimental Officer of three years'
standing may be removed from active service, in peace,
without the option of a Court-Martial. Of course there
was a grievance at the back of the Motion, of which the
House knew nothing; but the JUDGE ADVOCATE-GENERAL
and SECRETARY-OF-WAR were of opinion that Courts of
Inquiry might often be preferable to Courts-Martial,
and the House agreed with them by 91 to 31, though
SIR H. HAVELOCK, from experience of eighteen years'
staff service, supported the Motion.

A good stroke of business was done in Committee of
Supply (all but the Education Estimates are now voted);
the Bill repealing the Statutes that prohibit Revenue
Officers from voting at Elections was passed through
Committee, and progress was made with the Juries Bill.

Tuesday.—LORD SELKIRK moved my Lords against
Second Reading of the Scotch Kirk Patronage Bill. To
throw it out would be selling the Kirk with a
vengeance (argued the DUKE OF ARGYLL). Established
Churches are more liberal than dis-Established—so
true liberality should strengthen Establishments, and
this Bill will give new life to the Kirk. Perhaps the
"Congregation" would have been a better constituency
than the "communicants." The Bill was confiscation and
dis-establishment in the eyes of LORD SEAFIELD and LORD
LAUDERDALE (not a name of pleasant historical associa-
tion to Scotch Kirk men; they will be apt to remember
the LAUDERDALE who put the boots on the wrong legs,
under CHARLES THE SECOND). LORDS AIBLIE and CAM-
PERDOWN were for widening the constituency to all
Ratepayers. LORD NAPIER and ETTRICK was for giving
Lairds at least a vote. (PUNCH agrees, when they are
Kirk-goers. A man should have some voice in deter-
mining the doctrinal *douche* he will sit under.)

LORD HIGH COMMISSIONER ROSSLYN, hot from the
General Assembly, reported the Kirk in favour of the
Bill, which was read a Second Time.

To-morrow you'll call me early, call me early, JOHN,
d'ye hear?

For to-morrow is the Derby Day, of all days in the year—
Of all days in the year, JOHN, the do-nothingest, out-
ingest day—

And of course the House will adjourn for it, that M.P.'s
may get away.

Only under protest—said stout SIR WILFRID—and he
protested, pleasantly. It is astonishing how pleasant SIR
WILFRID can be when he dismounts from his hobby—
Alcohol. So, after getting some genuine laughs, he took
his facer of 243 to 69 like a man, and sat down smiling be-
fore a smiling House, which, however, soon smiled on the
wrong side of its mouth, when MR. ANDERSON brought up
a large dish of cold Humble Pie, and proposed that as the
Government had admitted its own wrong in the escape of
the *Alabama*, and compensated American citizens who
had suffered thereby, it was bound to compensate its
own subjects who had suffered from the same pest.

The House did not need MR. BOUVERIE's elaborate
reason for thrusting the obnoxious dish from under its
nose; nor was it more disposed for the Irish hot potato—
the dismissal of FATHER O'KEEFFE, and the Callan
Schools—with which MR. CARTWRIGHT "removed" MR.
ANDERSON's cold humble pie.

MR. CARTWRIGHT made out a strong case for charging
the National Board with knocking under to CARDINAL
CULLEN; and LORD E. FITZMAURICE strengthened what
was but too strong already. But SIR M. HICKS BEACH
depreciated the stirring of an unsavoury mess; and for
various reasons—but mainly because everybody felt that

to carry the Motion would be to tread on the tail of the Priests' coat, and nobody wants another Irish row just now. Home-rule being enough without Church-rule tacked on it—the House negatived the Resolution by 306 to 110. Not the less it will one day have to settle the question—*Priest v. National Schoolmaster.*

Wednesday.—Lords and Commons represented the Collective Wisdom on the Commemoration, and backed, as it loyal duty bound, the son of their King to be!

Thursday.—The Lords presented the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY with the crozier for pulling up his black sheep with, by 107 to 29—in spite of the DUKES OF MARRISTON and RUTLAND, who were for postponing the Public Worship Regulation Bill for a year, "to give the laity an opportunity of expressing their sentiments."

The HONORABLE LORDS, and my LORDS SOMERSET, NELSON, RATH, BEAUCHAMPEL, &c., were for referring the Bill to Convocation!

(But better surely trust the Bill to Collective Wisdom, puzzled though it be, than let loose Collective unreason upon it, lay and clerical.)

LORD BRANSTON carried a clause providing for the appointment of one judge to give legal light to the Archbishops, instead of letting loose a swarm of legal locusts of seven years' standing, to eat up poor Bishops' fatness, and plague the land with litigation and law costs.

The Commons had a night w/ Crooks, o'er the intoxicating Liqueur Bill. SIR W. HARCOURT contributed one of his cleverest speeches to the harmony of the evening; and, after a good deal of bluff, MR. CROSS announced that he meant to stink to 12.30 for the Metropolis, to fix 11—hard and fast—for the large towns, and 10 for the small ones. This, as a concession to the early closer, was hailed with cheers, and the House went into Committee, and carried the Government proposals by 161 to 126 (for 12.30 as against 12 in London), and by 382 to 42 (for 11 in all parishes constituting an urban sanitary district). How will CROSS like this backing of his friends?

MR. DISRAELI, in acceding to a Motion to report progress, warned Members they weren't going to have so short and sweet a Session as they fancied, and that they had better improve the shining small hours.

Friday.—Their Lordships were taken an excursion on the Suez Canal by LORD PUNSAFT. The Canal was the front-door to India, and we ought always to know where the key was. Indeed, ought not JOHN BULL to have the key in his pocket?

LORD PERBY couldn't quite see his way to that. The door had been very well attended to thus far, though the porter had grumbled about the shabby way he was treated by the visitors who used it, and had, the other day, bawled about discharging the linkmen and turning off the gas. But the proprietor had seen above him he wasn't going to stand any of that nonsense; and the porter had now returned to his senses. It would be time enough to talk of buying the key when it was in the market.

A knot of their Lordships made a last clutch at their shadow of Appellate Jurisdiction now passing into the substance of a Court of Appeal.

The British Conservative instinct is at the bottom of much that is best in both our Houses, and must be kept at the bottom, when it wants to get the upper hand of substantial improvement.

The Commons fought a few more bustling and blundering rounds of the great "Cross," into which that Artful Dodger the HOME SECRETARY has so heartlessly let in his too-trustful friend CROSS. The last absurdity of Friday's flurry was extending the Sunday close-time from 6 to 7 in the evening. This, of course, will have to be set right on Report. It is out-crossing CROSS. Taking the House altogether, Punch never remembers it so hopelessly befogged as on this Public-House Closing Question. How well-abused LORD ARDEN must chuckle!

THE TRANSIT OF VENUS.



KENSINGTON Gardens is one of the favourite stations for the above observation, and these are some of the observers.

Observe their boots! They may be severe upon toes and insteps, but how shapely and how shiny!

From the height of his easy slippers, Old Kensington (Mr. Punch) looks down disgusted on Young Kensington, thus vacuously chaired, and brightly and tightly booted, who ought to be observing Venus in her transit; but, after all, has only brains to contemplate his own silly face in his own shiny bootkins!

DINNER AND DRESS.

FULL Dress is not incompatible with Low Dress. At dinner it is not generally the roast or the boiled that are not dressed enough. If Young Men are raw, that does not much signify; but it is not nice to see Girls underdone.

A THOUGHT FOR TORIES.

THE Conservative Ministry are truly Liberal Conservatives. That is, they conserve all the Liberal Measures.

MOTTO FOR A MOURNING WAREHOUSE.—Die and let live.



A HOME-THRUST!

"AH, BISHOP, WHAT A HEAVENLY SERMON THAT WAS OF YOURS LAST SUNDAY, ABOUT WORDINESS AND THE VANITIES OF THE FLESH!—IT NEARLY MADE ME CRY! AND I SAY, BISHOP, HOW HARD IT HIT YOU AND ME!!!"

THE "BOY" FOR IRELAND.

Now for Connaught hurrah! and sing *Erin go bragh!*
 HIBERNIA hurroos as she hears;
 Through Munster and Ulster the news makes PAT's pulse stir,
 'Tis ARTHUR's the Prince among Peers!
 One Duke, and one only, in Leinster sat lonely,
 Henceforth a companion he'll see;
 But, readers of history, hark to a mystery—
 The Dukes of Ould Ireland are three.

For did not great ARTHUR, young CONNAUGHT's godfather,
 Whose victories never were flukes,
 Set the Union Jack flying o'er foes "Quarter" crying,
 And make himself Dux among Dukes?
 The first sword of his time, who crowned Duty sublime,
 And beat Anarchy back, black and blue—
 The ould boy whose eye glistened o'er Connaught new
 christened,
 Was a Duke, and an Irish Duke, too.

Hail, Erin, the omen, *En, inclytum nomen!*
 His godson is yours as he's ours;
 With WELLINGTON's laurels twine, planting out quarrels,
 Love and Peace, QUEEN VICTORIA's dowers:
 And with them enweaved be the shamrock four-leaved,
 Till Great Britain and Erin, made one
 In this broth of a boy—Connaught's Duke—speak their joy,
 That the QUEEN gives Ould Ireland her son.

Caesarism and Surgery.

M. GAMBETTA, at Auxerre, denounced the French Empire as a pseudo-democratic form of Government, and called it "a Cæsarian Democracy." It has been said that France will not again submit to "the mutilation of universal suffrage." That may be supposed to mean that she will refuse to undergo another Cæsarian operation.

IN THE NAME OF PUNCH'S PROPHET.

RIGHT, AS USUAL!

(See Our Last.)

THRICE happy, in the lucky bag that dip
 Wise hands obedient to *Punch's* Tip!
 "George Frederick hath no HANDEL to his name"—
 What words more clear the Winner could proclaim?
 Whose brow with the Blue Riband should be bound,
 But his with whom there's no fault to be found?
 Whose pedigree, points, paces, when they're told of,
 The Talent own *there's nothing to lay hold of*—
 Nought by which Censure's hand can clutch its candle—
 What horse is that? *The Horse without a Handle!*

Kirk Lights.

"At this stage of his speech SIR ROBERT ANSTRUTHER took from the table a tumbler, and, after putting the liquid to his mouth, put it hastily down again, remarking, amidst great laughter, that he did not know that the Moderator introduced spirituous liquors."—(*Report of Patronage Debate in the General Assembly of the Established Kirk of Scotland.*—*North British Daily Mail*, Wednesday, May 27th.)

THUS the chief light in the Kirk-camp—

'Tis said by those who hate her—
 Turns out to be a *Spirit Lamp*
 As well as *Moderator*.

George Frederick's Feat.

(MR. CARTWRIGHT, owner.)

THIS feat of thine, O wondrous Horse,
 What other horse could do?
 The Derby win on Epsom Course,
 And pull a *Cart* right through!



THE "BOY" FOR IRELAND.

HIBERNIA (to ARTHUR PATRICK, DUKE OF CONNAUGHT). "AH, THIN, SURE YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS IS MIGHTY WELCOME. AND WHIN WILL YE BE COMIN' TO LIVE AMONG US, NOW?"

OUR NEW NOVEL.

ONE-AND-THREE!

BY THAT DISTINGUISHED FRENCH NOVELIST,

FICTOR NOGO.

PART THE FIRST—ALL AT SEA.

BOOK THE FOURTH—BILIBARLO.

VL.—*The Thingsamajigs.*

SUDDENLY, all round him, from all sides at the same time, appeared frantic men, in every variety of costume, carrying swords, whips, guns, hoops filled with tissue paper, cords, coloured canvas, pistols, bells, and baskets of sawdust. Some had on flashings, with brilliant ribbons binding their hair, and girl about the loins with spangles. Others were dressed as Huntsmen, Soldiers, Sailors, Nymphs, Dianas, Mr. Pickwick, Couriers of St. Petersburg, Paul Pry, Napoleons in jack-boots, while two of the wildest were white all over, with red splotches on their faces, and spots of the same colour on their dresses.

The Marky took off his hat, turned his wig, opened his coat, cocked his hat without letting it go off, struck his banjo, struck an attitude, and exclaimed—

"I am the man you seek. I am JAMES MARKY DU CROW, descendant of the two great families of JIM CROW and DU CROW, hereditary Nigger and Equestrian business combined.

"Great, Powerful, and Unexampled attraction. Air you ready? Off!"

He looked down, expecting to see himself taken in an attitude. He expected at least to find lorgnettes levelled at him. Instead, he saw himself surrounded by strange beings in picturesque attitudes. A tableau. Then arose a shout.

"Long live JAMES MARKY DU CROW! Long live the Marky!"

Now, for the first time, he saw horses, cream-coloured, spotted, piebald, black, and grey, all richly caparisoned, being led up towards him in the distance.

He was surrounded by a *troupe du cirque*.

A young man in a uniform, something between that of a naval officer and a royal groom, passed through the crowd, a long driving-whip in hand, and stood before him.

"Hoop la! tehk!"

And the crowd exclaimed, as with one voice, "Hoop la! tehk!"

Men with instruments now came forward. The big drum followed by brass. They struck up the overture of *Le Cheval de Bronze*. The young man knelt before the Marky. Again the excited crowd burst out with—

"Hoop la! tehk!"

The Marky was among friends.

The young man, who in addition to the uniform wore a brilliant scarf fringed with gold, said—

"We have been seeking you. I am the Master of the Ring. This is our *troupe*. We have just commenced a successful tour in the provinces. We have included fireworks and the blowing up of

Sevastopol. You were advertised as our great novelty. You are here."

Then he snapped his whip, and cried "Long live the MARKY DU CROW! Hoop la! tehk!"

Through the depths of the wood swelled a wild triumphant clamour: "Long live JIM CROW! Long live the MARKY DU CROW! Hoop la! tehk!"

The Marky turned to the young officer.

"Your name?"

"WIDDICOMBS JUNIOR."

"Good. I remember your ancestor years ago, when I was a boy, at Astley's."

"Haskley's," said the young man.

And all the crowd exclaimed, "'Ooray for Haskley's!"

"Explain," said the Marky.

"Nothing more simple. There is a French circus which has taken our ground. They heard of the novelty we intended to introduce. Nigger Minstrelsy never before heard in France; bones, banjo, and all performed on horseback. You did not arrive; they have attempted to frustrate us. We will spoil their season. The people at Boulogne are anxious to see us. We are on our way. Without

you we could not appear. They failed in the provinces. We have succeeded."

"You have no posters."

"No. But now you are here we shall go in for it. A horse is ready for you. Will you accept it?"

"Yes. Let's cut the dialect, and come to the 'osces."

A Groom led forth a spotted horse with a sleepy eye and a cream-coloured nose. Into the broad-backed saddle the Marky leaped without the aid proffered him by WIDDICOMBS JUNIOR.

"Hooray!" shouted the crowd.

The Marky, mounted, turned his head. The excitement was sufficient to have turned any one's head. He

turned it of his own will. "There is work before us," he said.

"Yes," replied WIDDICOMBS JUNIOR.

"Had you a good house at Tristesse?"

"Yes. We cut out the others. The fireworks settled them."

"Whose troop was it?"

"ZANGHER'S."

"Ah! the same that announced they would join the Royal Procession when the Northern Princess entered the Metropolis?"—"Yes."

"How many are there?"

"About a hundred."

"Any women?"

"Two. One dressed as a Vivandière."

"Children?"

"Yes. Acrobats; in charge of another woman."

"Her name?"

"LULU, I fancy, as she escaped with a single bound."

"Engage them all. At good salaries. We can pay. They cannot. Strike up!"

And as the band recommenced, the Marky, standing on his trained steed and playing the banjo, cantered twice round the circle, which was by this time strewn with sawdust, jumped through two hoops, leapt the barrier, and rode away.

Once more the crowd cried, "Hoop la! tehk!"

(To be continued.)





WHIT-MONDAY, 1874.

Saturated Excursionist. "MIGHT AS WELL 'A' TAKEN A HEADER OFF THE EMBANKMENT, AND BEEN PICKED UP BY THE R'YAL HUMANKERS AND GOT A GLASS O' BRANDY-AND-WATER. WISH I HAD !—BLOWED IF I DON'T!"

FROM A HOT PLACE.

(From Our Own Occasional.)

MONTE-CARLO, MONACO, June 8th.

A FEW days ago, I found myself with a little picnic-party on BAZAINE's island of St. Marguérite. A charming retreat enough, if one had the run of it; with its breezy woods wooing every breath that travels over the soft Mediterranean, and the twin bays of Cannes nestling up to the Estrelles opposite, where that odd reproduction of *Mr. Punch's* profile portrait of LORD BROUGHAM, wig and all, quaintly cut in rock, keeps watch over his adopted dwelling-place, as if it were a ward in Chancery. But the fallen Marshal is narrowed in closer quarters. For his exercise-ground he has only the little hot terrace in front of his prison, to which he and MADAME BAZAINE are constrained to limit their walks abroad. "*De bons braves gens*," said the apple-cheeked *Cannoise* who looks after their creature-comforts, and smuggled us a bottle of wine out of the citadel (not BAZAINE's own tippie, I imagine). They don't know much of the rights and wrongs of the fatal campaign *là bas*, but vaguely opine that BAZAINE was ill-used. The Marshal came out on his terrace to be interviewed at a distance by *Mr. Punch* in the person of your Occasional, and affably allowed us, being English, to stare fixedly at him through a large field-glass for some minutes. It was not till we left the island that we discovered he was only his Aide-de-Camp, whose duty it is to avert attention in this manner, like a best-man pretending to be bride-groom to hide his principal's confusion. For my part, the Aide-de-Camp served as well as another for a stalking-horse for my reflections, which turned on a greater exile of old days, on another small island, who—

"i di nell oio
Chiuse in si breve sponda."

I don't think, somehow, that BAZAINE's days will so close. I have visions of a new NAPOLEON escorted to the Tuileries by the acclamations of his faithful French, and riding on his right hand the

PUNCH'S CORRECT CARD

For the St. Stephen's Stakes (Selling race).

MR. GLADSTONE'S *Leisure*, by *Statesman*, out of *Place*.
MR. WARD HUNT'S *Flying Dutchman*, by *Tazpayer*, out of *Pocket*.

DON CARLOS'S *King of Spain*, by *Enthusiast*, out of *Luck*.

MR. WHALLEY'S *Laughter*, by *Happy Thoughts*, out of *Order*.

HER MAJESTY'S *Absence*, by *Residence*, out of *Town*.

EARL RUSSELL'S *Interrogation*, by *Principles*, out of *Date*.

The CZAR'S *Central Asia*, by *Advances*, out of *Sight*.

The COUNT DE CHAMBORD'S *Henri V.*, by *Drapeau Blanc*, out of *Reach*.

MR. AYTON'S *Retirement*, by *Insolence*, out of *Employment*.

MR. PUNCH'S *Coronation*, by *Everybody*, out of *Gratitude*.

Singular v. Plural.

(See *Times Leader* of Saturday, June 6.)

THE *Times* of blackguards and black-legs
Owning the turf the trade is,
To counteract their poison begs
The presence of the Ladies.

But *Punch* can't think the Downs a place
For pure and pretty faces;
Woman's work is to raise the race,
Not to improve the races.

Episcopal Magnetism.

SOME papers have given currency to a statement that the BISHOP OF WINCHESTER, at a confirmation lately held by his Lordship at Guildford, caused certain heads, presented to him for imposition of hands on them, to be divested of chignons. Hair, we all know, is an obstacle to the electric current. When piled in fantastic forms, and still more where false, it may well be supposed a complete non-conductor of any edifying influence which can be imparted by the hands of a Bishop.

greatest of his adherents, *notre glorieux BAZAINE*! That little affair of the Court Martial? Pooh! quite forgotten. It was all a got-up thing in the interests of the DUC D'AUMALE. The Marshal—that was-and-will-be must speculate anxiously on the ebb and flow of events in France—I wonder if he is allowed newspapers?—while looking out over yonder at the Grand Hotel of Cannes, sprawling over the large plot of land which the father of the present proprietor bought, some forty years ago, for a bottle of wine and a couple of worthless *assignats*. The value of dynasties changes full as fast, here in France.

Not far from St. Marguérite, meanwhile,—this time on a small promontory in the Inland Sea,—another fallen potentate has made his last home. And now the readers of *Punch* will detect the meaning of my cunning comparison. He, too, like BAZAINE, has outside of his prison one of Nature's loveliest landscapes, enhanced in this instance by all that Art and M. BLANC can do to improve upon her, which must be admitted to be a good deal. Beds of tropical flowers, now in their perfect beauty, terraced down to the sea below. Rich growths of palm and olive (why will the former tree always look like a pantomime property, especially in the lime—I mean the moon—light?); little Monaco crossing the hill to the right, with BABAGAS and his friends, no doubt, plotting there in the corner; and far away, and overhead, the stretching slopes topped by the Cornice—all mellowed into one delicious tint by the full moon.

But the monarch in question may see nothing of all this. Like his neighbour BAZAINE, he must stick to his hot walk of the *salles des jeux*, with that dreadful circle of anxious faces all round, up and down, up and down, reduced to this warm little corner,—with the heat of all the Hells concentrated into it, how should it ever be cool?—in place of the many courts he once held in righteous Germany. His Majesty is not visible to the naked eye—not at present: but that is his Premier, not dressed in *rouge* and *noir*, and wearing a cock's feather, but a quiet little white-haired gentleman decently *décoré*, and looking like another THIERES, for all the effects of hard work and a good conscience. Why shouldn't he? Why should he



THOROUGHLY RESPECTABLE.

"WELL, I THINK YOU WILL SUIT ME. WHAT IS YOUR NAME?"

"SHAKESPEARE, MA'AM; BUT NO RELATION TO THE PLAY-ACTOR OF THAT NAME!"

mind? He has done much for mankind, given much pleasure in his day, which is more than your conquerors do, who spread as much ruin as he; and he has bettered nature, instead of defacing it; and his tables have cleared, *dit-on*, upwards of seven millions of francs this season, in spite of all the infallible systems ever invented. He tempts no one, for he gives no credit. If you win from him, you may walk away. If you blow your brains out in his garden, he will have a roulette or two placed in your pocket, that no one may suspect impecuniosity of your death. I propose to lay myself out for dead some day, in the hope of thus getting out of him some of the money I can win in no other way. For, in spite of my connection with you, Sir, Luck will not serve me, somehow. Strange and perverse Deity, whose existence and whose laws it is surely absurd to deny. For the system-framers are quite right. Luck has its laws as surely as weather has, and none can doubt it who watches the spin of that big roulette wheel, the world, and observes how the ball will tumble for a while into one or two favoured pigeon-holes, again and again, and then altogether abandon them. Where is it, then, that the system-framers are wrong? In ignoring the fact that the first commandment graven on Luck's tables is this—"Thou shalt not know what my laws are?" And in place of the commandments that should follow are blanks that none may fill. Not here on Mont-Blanc—I mean Monte Carlo—at all events. Be wise in time. Stroll round these lovely gardens while the big band is discoursing STRAUSS's champagne polka to the moonlight; compare the divine peace without and the fever within, wishing—oh, vanity! that you could win some of your money back. And then go home to bed a sadder and a wiser man, as did, dear Mr. Punch,

YOUR OWN OCCASIONAL.

THE ORACLE OF ISIS.

See SIR. W. V. HARCOURT's Fight for another hour at Oxford. Debate on the Public-houses Closing Bill Friday, June 5.

THE Bill the House is passing through,
In every clause a crisis!
But nought e'en HARCOURT's chaff can do
To stop the Secretary's cruel hand, that strikes both Town and University on Isis!

The Town, SIR WILLIAM, looks to you!
Whose fan found in a trice is—
To guard its taps from hostile crew,
Teetotallers and Bebbies blue,
And keep 'twixt Town and Gown a Uniformity on Isis.

As for the Gown—of them a few
Think beer at midnight nice is;
When they o'er *Æschylus* should stew,
And upon Greek and water-gruel, grow their laurels in the University on Isis.

'Tis giving drink more than its due,
Too heavy far the price is
Of that last hour when with a crew
Of cheering oads the gowmen screw
Themselves in taverns of the University on Isis.

That last hour is the worst for you.
Most sweet the midnight slice is,
Of lark and lark till all is blue,
When in the gas-light's magic hue,
Venus plays barmaid at the University on Isis!

A "Wine" in rooms no harm can do:
See, the Champagne in ice is;
"Dulce in loco," quoth old Q.
H. FLACCUS: and so Punch, no Puritan, repeateth to the University on Isis.

RESTRAINT FOR RITUALISM.

THE Primate's Public Worship Bill proposes to give the Bishops the utmost discretion in dealing with their Ritualist mutineers. What a pity that no possible enactment can give the least discretion to the Ritualists themselves!

BRUTES AND CHRISTIANS.

Accounts from Naples and some other parts of Italy represent the population as very commonly guilty of cruelty to animals; overloading and maltreating horses and donkeys, for instance, and letting little children amuse themselves by spinning small birds at the end of a string tied to a wing or leg. When remonstrated with for these outrages on the lower creatures, their customary answer is said to be "*Non sono Cristiani*." If, rather, their reply were "*Non siamo Cristiani*," would it not more perceptibly account for their conduct? Our own ruffians, accustomed to beat, kick, and stamp upon their wives, might make the same avowal, if they thought it worth while to assign any reason for putting no restraint on their brutality. Certainly dumb animals are not Christians, yet all such brutes in acknowledging they were no Christians would truly speak for themselves.

The Claimant in Bankruptcy.

"THE Claimant a bankrupt!" says GREEN,
"Were his creditors sheer imbecilities?"
"No," says PUNCH, "small his schedule had been
Were it not for his vast lie-abilities."

THE COURSE OF EVENTS.

ON Thursday, the "off" day in the Epsom Week, the ground was "harder than ever." It was not, therefore, surprising that the first race should be won by *Macadam*.



WORTH KNOWING.

Newly-Ordained Deacon. "I SUPPOSE YOU GENERALLY MAKE LONGER COATS FOR MEN WHO HOLD EXTREME VIEWS!"

Clerical Tailor. "WELL, SIR, THEY DO GENERALLY PREFER A LONG COAT; BUT WITH THAT COAT, I ASSURE YOU, YOU MAY HOLD ANY VIEWS YOU LIKE!"

SIR WILFRID ON THE DERBY.

WHAT, no more cakes and ale, since thou hast virtue,
Teetotal Baronet! Must the House resign
Its annual outing, lest the vision hurt you,
Of fortune-telling gipsies, rosy wine
Leaping to rosier lips, the thund'rous scamper
Of first-rate thoroughbreds, and then—the hamper?

"Not national!" Why, English horses, Baronet,
Are a grand growth of skill, cash, speculation,
You cannot hold within your very narrow net
All the odd fish of this odd-fishest nation;
Nor to your bed Procrustean-puritanic
Tie down a race Teutonic and Titanic.

With fiercer diatribe than yours can be,
Punch has of old the betting scoundrels frightened;
To him is given prophetic eye to see
A time when Law's frost shall their growth have blighted,
The good time when the Cities of the North
Shall drive the advertising Welshers forth.

This is no moment for *your* futile protest,
Just as the Law makes tout and tipster sweat,
When men like FALMOUTH, for the race-course hottest,
Breed the best horses, and disdain to bet;
As men dream of a Turf which honour rules,
Its winners not all rogues, nor losers fools.

Clear that Turf of its vermin parasitic,
Its filthy fringe, the spawn of lusts and lies,
But spare sneers, hyper- if not hypo-critic:
Love of the Horse in England never dies.
Whigs, Tories, foes else, friends in this we find—
The Turf's Blue Riband doth all parties bind!

REGULATIONS FOR THE RECRUIT OF THE FUTURE.

Horse Guards, 1st April, 1885.

G. O.

1. No Recruit will be accepted unless able to walk without the assistance of a nurse.
2. Tops, Balls, Kites, and other Toys will not be permitted in the Barrack Square during Parade.
3. Hardbake and other Sweetstuff will be served out occasionally instead of Potatoes.
4. Real Turkish Sherbet and Imperial Pop will be obtainable at the Regimental Canteen at one Penny per Glass.
5. A wooden Gun and a Tin Bayonet will be served out to each Infantry Recruit.
6. Cavalry Recruits will be supplied with Perambulators.
7. To avoid accidents, Gunpowder will no longer be issued to the Army, and all real Rifles and Swords will be immediately returned into store.

By Command,
PUNCH, *Adj.-Gen.*

A Dead Certainty.

THE *Saturday Review*, in a recent article on Railway Guarantees, observes:—

"It is always more or less uncertain whether a Railway will produce a large return to the undertakers."

Is it? We should have thought that had been very decisively settled in favour of the undertakers by recent accident lists.

Nelson Slightly Altered.

(*Hospital Sunday, June 14.*)

ENGLAND expects that every man
That day will do his duty.



"COOL!"

Artist (to old Dandy). "I SAY, UNCLE, I'M GOING TO PAINT THE 'DEATH OF CESAR.' WOULD YOU MIND SITTING IN A TOGA, AND WITHOUT YOUR TESTIE, FOR ONE OF THE CONSCRIPT FATHERS!" [Old Gent "cuts him off" with a Shilling.

PARLIAMENTARY GAMES.

"*Licensing, or All Round the Clock.*" A Puzzle constructed by the Secretary of State for Home Affairs. A game to be played by the Publicans, the Police, and the Public.

"*Militia Drafts; or Out of the Frying-pan into the Fire.*" Invented by LORD MANSFIELD, and strongly recommended by the Inventor for adoption in the British Army.

"*Home Rule; or, Heads I Win, Tails you Lose.*" by MR. BUTT, Q.C. An amusement of purely Irish extraction.

"*The Race Game; or, Black and White.*" Invented by several Secretaries of State for the Colonies, and played with more or less success at Ashantee and elsewhere.

"*The Ballot; or, the Way to the Bottom of the Poll.*" Introduced by the RIGHT HONOURABLE W. E. GLADSTONE, and played with startling effect at the late General Election.

"*Something to Do, and How not to Do It.*" An old game with new rules. Invented by the RIGHT HONOURABLE B. DISRAELI. This popular amusement has been patronised by the House of Commons for many years, and has invariably provoked the heartiest applause and the most genuine laughter.

VANDALISM AT WIMBLEDON.

ACCORDING to the *Surrey Comet*, *Cæsar's Camp*, at Wimbledon, being private property, is doomed by its owners to destruction for building purposes:—

"Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,
Auri sacra fames!"

If our Archaeologists mean to be the saviours of *Cæsar's Camp*, they must lose no time in coming to the rescue. Already "workmen have been busily engaged felling some of the trees which form the chief attractions of 'the rounds.'" Before they go farther in stumping up the trees, will nobody stay the sacrilegious hand of building speculation, by stumping up the money?

ADULTERATION'S ARTFUL AID.

"Yesterday the House of Commons Committee on the Adulteration Act of 1872 was wholly occupied with the examination of two analysts, one from London, the other from Norwich, where some articles of questionable quality are manufactured. A newly-elected Member of the House and of the Committee, had to sit and see an article of his own manufacture, silver-medalled by the Moscow Exhibition as nutritious food for 'infants and invalids,' described as worthless for food, indigestible, and likely to lead to the most serious results if depended upon for infants or invalids, it being, in fact, nothing more than starch of the laundry without the blue."—*Times Report, Tuesday, June 9.*

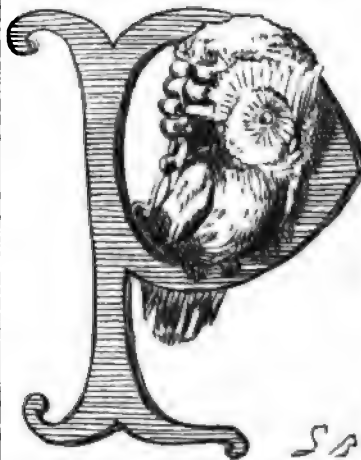
In apt adulteration
Our tradesmen now exult;
They 'd kill the English nation,
Both infant and adult.
In trade what lots of trickery!
In ale how little malt!
The coffee's full of chicory,
The beer is full of salt.

Nutrition for the nursery,
For babies plump and arch,
Turns out upon a cursory
Inspection to be—starch!
Maizena and Oswego
Are starch without the blue:
Ah, where the deuce will *he* go
Who dares such things to do?

What though a man has led a list
Of traders of renown?
Even a Moscow medallist
The analyst runs down.
And O how sad to utter
The statement *Pusck* has seen,
That even best fresh butter
Is made from butterine!

The truthful grocer *non est*—
Alas! his frauds are gross;
Neither is vintner honest
Nor brewer, *inter nos*.
If you would wear grey locks on
Brains that with age won't fail,
Grow your own sheep and oxen,
And brew your own good ale.

A TRUE TEMPERANCE HALL.



ROUDLY arrayed in "Silk," as Q.C. and Benchers on Thursday last, the PRINCE OF WALES dined with his "brother Benchers", in the old hall of the Middle Temple. The company included the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE of England, the DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE, the MARQUIS OF SALISBURY, and the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY. "I can assure you," said His Royal Highness, in replying to the toast of his health, "that I consider it a very high honour to be connected with this Inn." The PRINCE OF WALES and his distinguished companions in the Middle Temple, taking their ease in their Inn, with sound wine and sound sense, mirth, and moderation, approved themselves the best of all "Good Templars."

Ecclesiastical Gardening.

THE BISHOP OF OXFORD has been vigorously contending that Episcopal powers should not be hampered by the SHAPTEBURY Clause, which, as his Lordship puts it, is to turn the whole Bench into a set of "mere machines." Surely, where ill weeds are growing at such a pace in the Church, nothing could be wiser than immediate resort to a "*Lawn Mower*."

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



BISHOPS are not to speak till they are spoken to. So says the Public Worship Bill, Clause Eight, over which the Lords had a long fight on *Monday, June 8th*, —**LORD SELBORNE** moving to give the Bishops power to begin the fray by a motion.

LORD SHAPTESBURY carried a Clause giving the Bishops discretion; for which the Bishops should be very much obliged to him. If any of their Lordships could give a little discretion to the Ritualising Clergy, it would be even more conducive to the peace of the Church. Where parties bind themselves in writing to submit to the arbitration of the Bishop, they are to be bound accordingly. And security for £100 costs is to be given before appeal to the Judge. For has not Themis a right to her turnpike-tolls?

Altogether, their Lordships seem to be making a very good job of the Archbishop's crook.

MR. DISRAELI presented a seven-chambered revolver at the head of the House of Commons, bidding them stand and deliver their Tuesdays to the use of the Government.

Licensing, Factories, Friendly Societies, Land Transfer, Judicature, Rating, and Scotch Church Patronage—*"We are seven"* first-rate Bills—already presented for acceptance, but with chance of protests, certainty of talk and possibility of *"no effects."*

Then come Scotch Land Transfer, Police, and Criminal Law Amendment—Bills *ovandae*, and waiting to be taken up, when Government can find the money. (Time is money, you know.)

Then come a whole bunch of Irish Bills—anything but *"first-rate paper,"* so properly described by **MR. DISRAELI**—*qui s'y connaît*—as *"second-rate,"*—bringing the Bills on the file to seventeen.

Then there are outstanding accounts for Education, the Gold Coast, and other supplementary trifles.

Then there is Public Worship Regulation—of which the Commons may yet have to sing,—

Church Regulation is vexation,
Division is as bad:
MACKONCHIE doth bother me,
And PURCHAS drives me mad!

So, *"Your Tuesdays, or your lives!"* said the gallant PREMIER, his seven-chambered revolver having grown into a seventeen-chambered one by dint of talking, like *Falstaff's* men in buckram.

It seems we are to see the New Rules under the Judicature Act before the year is out. The selected men have completed their draught. The Judges had their first tasting Committee last Saturday. They liked the first batch. They have to lay down three batches, and mean to have good sound wine—in *vino veritas*—wine which will stand water from the well of truth—the best of all bitters.

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER is going to befriend the Friendly Societies by giving them Tables, improving their registration, requiring them to show their solvency at starting, and bringing the Bural Clubs under the rule of the theatre-galleries—*"Children in*

arms not admitted." Only the House of Commons is to be allowed its *"Massacre of the Innocents."*

Tuesday.—"Election" always was a tough point in the Scotch Kirk, and to-night their Lordships "had a night o' it" over the question who should elect the Minister—Ratepayers, Congregation, or Communicants?

LORDS GREY and **CAMPERDOWN** spoke for, the Macallum More and **LORD ROSEBURY** against, giving the election to the Ratepayers.

Said the DUKE—is there any human being as authoritative as the DUKE on a Kirk question?—the enemies of the Kirk would put in bad men, as the Evil One sowed the tares. Wolves could not be trusted to choose collies. His notion of a constituency was Congregation *plus* Communicants. And this the DUKE OF RICHMOND, for the Kirk, accepted.

LORD SALISBURY purposes to add a Public Works Member to the Supreme Council of India. If India would only take his Lordships' word for his Works! One thing is certain: there is no want of works for such a Member, if he had as many heads and hands as the great Vishnoo himself, or any other Briarsons of the Indian Olympus.

Then their Lordships went to work on the Pastoral Crook, got to the BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH'S "neutral ground," and stopped—aghast at the sight of that "Debateable Land."

In the Commons we had **MR. O'SHAUGHNESSY** on the needs of Intermediate Irish Education, and **MR. MELDON** on the pay of Irish National School Teachers—"CHARLES HENRY asking for more."

SIR M. HICKS BEACH, candid as usual, admitted that Irish Education, both Intermediate and National, was open to improvement, but National School Teachers had had a rise two years ago (£104,000), out of payment by results; and there was another year to run before the system was open to overhauling.

Meantime Government has promised to consider the whole subject of Irish Education, High, Middle, and Low—

And we shan't have long to wait—
Says the Shan Van Vogh;
We shan't have long to wait—
Says the Shan Van Vogh;

Then an incident, to be sung not said—

CHILDEN NEWDEGATE mounted his hobbeys so blacke,
To ride at the monks and the nun,
But a Bowyer sly bath his shaft let fly,
And the Childs with a count foredone!

We shan't have long to wait,
Before PAR 'll have to state,
Priest or Maister—which shall bate?—
Says the Shan van Vogh!

"Now foul thee fall, thou false Bowyer;
That shoot'st from behind Rome's wall!"
But the Bowyer laught—"Nay," quoth he, "my shaft
Flew not for Rome, but all!"

"For hot was the night, and heavy the wight,
And O but his hobby was slow;
And the SPARKER was cross, and glad the House,
For the shooting of my bow!

And Members all did a blessing call
Upon the Beyerly gay,
Who CHASED NEWBEGATE'S hobby did hunting,
And sent the House to play!"

(Punch is afraid the House was very naughty, and as for that bold bad boy BOWTER—that they treated him *à la* Billy Taylor, and "werry much applauded him for what he'd done.")

Wednesday.—RICHARD, the Preacher of Peace, moved to sacrifice "Class Twenty-five" on the altar. MR. ISAAC objected to the sacrifice, and said he had himself there to save the House from MR. RICHARD'S going.

After shots given and returned, MR. DIXON (should he not be henceforth DENOMINATE?) followed the Member for Marthyr in his assault on the House of Contention.

MR. FORSTER, upon plain truth and common sense as usual. The House was not intended to benefit Denominational Schools, but to get as many children as possible to School, and to take away from Parents' all their pain against Compulsion. Without Option, no Compulsion. Without Class Twenty-five, no Option. There is the crux in the matter.

MR. LOVER, looking on the Twenty-fifth House as a flag, was for hauling it down. Take away the flag, and ten times as much would be forthcoming in Voluntary Contributions. (But how does MR. LOVER meet MR. DENOMINATE'S dilemma?) The House divided: 375 to 225 against cutting off the House, and so—as Nonconformists say—drawing the teeth of the Education Bill. Punch stands, and has always stood, by his friend BOWTER.

Thursday.—LORD RUSSELL put in another—and it is to be hoped—final appeal for the House of Lords. The Bats of Scotland and Ireland back him through LORD MONCKEFF and LORD O'HAGAN. There is no special provision, we are afraid, for a Scotch or Irish Judge in the new Court of Final Appeal. *Hinc ille lacryma?*

But the Lords—in spite of LORD RUSSELL—performed the "happy dispatch" by 52 to 23.

LORD DERBY explained to LORD STANLEY OF ALDERLEY that the Russian Government has proposed an International Congress at Brussels, to consider a Code settling laws and usages of war. But till we know *who* are going, how can we know if *we* are going?

The Commons gave MR. DISRAELI its Tuesdays, with the understanding that the Member for Limerick, if he surrenders his Tuesday, June 30, is to have another night on which Irish Bull will meet English, full Butt; or, in other words, when England shall hear the reasons why (to use MR. MARTIN'S fervid phrase) "Ireland is not, never has been, and never will be, content without a Parliament of her own?"

Then MR. CROSS moved the Second Reading of the Government Factory Bill (vice MR. MUNDELLA'S Bill superseded).

MR. FAWCETT, all but alone in his opposition, performed a clever solo on the theme of the old Anti-Ten-Hours-Bill-Movement, with variations. All the other speakers, masters' organs or men's, Gradgrinds or Gushers, were unanimous in favour of the Bill, which MR. MUNDELLA, who accepts it instead of his own, went so far as to call "a noble measure." (MR. CROSS seems to be more successful in the Factory than the Public.) So the tide setting strong, for the time against FAWCETT and Political Economy, the House carried the Second Reading by 295 to 79.

Friday.—Their Lordships talked about entries into the Navy, the Transit of Venus, and Representative Peers. There will be a Committee to consider the best mode of skimming the *crème de la crème* of the Scotch and Irish Lords. There are complaints of the present samples.

MR. NEWBEGATE moved for his Bill to put Monks and Nuns under inspection. SIR J. KENNAWAY suggests Registration of the Religious, and making the Nuns wards in Chancery—with the LORD CHANCELLOR, we presume, for *ex-officio* Father Confessor. MR. HARDY plainly said the Government didn't like taking up a delicate and difficult matter. At the same time he didn't see why Nuns should object to state their names and ages, as other ladies in private life were sometimes obliged to do. O, MR. HARDY! Go round with a Census-taker, and see what the latter painful revelation costs the ladies and imposes upon the unhappy officials who have to extort it. No, if Nuns must confess their ages, let it be like the rest of their Confessions, under the seal of secrecy.

But the feature of the evening was MR. O'GORMAN. [Begorra, he bates Downey by lengths. Will MR. O'G. call on MR. P.? He will hear of something to his advantage. But what did he mean by making a nun of the eldest daughter of the QUEEN of BOHEMIA (one of the staunchest Protestants, by the way, that ever lived)? ELIZABETH was head of a Protestant Sisterhood at Hervorden. It was LOUISE, a younger sister, who died Abbess at Maubuisson; and her, and her brother EDWARD'S, change of Church was declared

by their mother, the poor Queen of Hearts, the bitterest of her many sorrows. And what did MR. O'GORMAN mean by quoting—

"Dii, quibus imperium est animarum, umbræque silentis,
Et Chæus et Phlegæthon, læta nocte silentis late."

Are Dii, the Spiritual Directors, *enim*, the Nuns, *umbræ silentis* and *læta nocte silentis late*, the Convents? It is a pity MR. O'G. didn't give the quotation to MR. NEWBEGATE, or MR. T. CHAMBERS for one of their speeches. But it is ungrateful to complain, after the treat MR. O'GORMAN has given us.]

The House shunted the Bill by 237 to 24.

Then MR. COWPER-THEATRE moved to fit the Scotch Universities for Female Students.

Edinburgh did admit a batch of Ladies to the Medical Classes, and then refused them its degree. Think as we may about Women's education, that was bad logic.

One real difficulty—apart from the question of sex—is the want of teaching-power for separate classes for Ladies. Mixed Medical Classes are impossible. This DR. PRAYFAIR pointed out. But PLAYFAIR, of all men, is bound to remember that fair-play is a jewel, and the Women have not had fair-play in this matter. It should be looked to, and means taken to settle the matter one way or the other. If Women are not to be admitted to Medical Classes and Degrees say so—and keep them out. If they are, see how the Classes can be organised for them, and let them in.

MR. JACOBUS spoke effectively for, MR. HANS against, unsexing the Doctorate.

DR. PRAYFAIR spoke as one in a perplexity between his commitments and his convictions.

WHY I GO TO ASCOT.



WHY because my darling Princess is certain to be there, and probably my dear Duchess too, and I should like to look at them.

Because everybody who is anybody invariably goes, and I have no wish to be classed among the nobodies.

Because I virtuously abstained from going to the Derby, and I really think such virtue ought to be rewarded.

Because my wife desires to go, and as a tender husband I am bound to take her.

Because really now

the weather is so charming, don't you know, and all that sort of thing you know, that really one can't miss it.

Because I've nothing in the world to do if I don't go, and of course it wouldn't do to waste a day in doing nothing.

Because it's not a bit like going to the Derby, don't you see, and now-a-days, one can slip down there quite easily by train, without a scrap of dust, you see. So that really, don't you know, one has no excuse for not going.

Because I happen to have drawn one of the favourites for the Cup, and, as I never have won yet, of course I should just like for once to see my horse come in a Winner.

Because they've asked me for my sins to a rather heavy dinner the day before the race, and I know I shall be seedy if I don't get out next morning.

Because the country must be looking lovely this fine weather, and it really seems a horrid shame not to go and look at it.

Because I fortunately won a five-pound note upon the Derby, and can therefore well afford to give myself another outing.

Because it's socially considered quite the thing to go to Ascot, and it does a man no harm to be considered in the fashion.

Because I fancy that I have an artist's eye for costume, and Ascot is of all places the place for pretty dresses.

Because MAUD told me she is going, and I possibly may have the happiness to meet her.

And finally—Because, for reasons of my own, I wish to go, and I make it a rule always to gratify my wishes.

ON A FOOTING.—Almost every considerable town has a Market for Corn; therefore, it is but fit that Bedford Market-place should have its BUNYAN.



"NECESSITY IS THE MOTHER OF INVENTION."

THE REV. DUODECIMUS LAZARUS QUIVERFUL, FINDING THAT HIS MEANS ARE LIMITED IN PROPORTION TO HIS RAPIDLY-INCREASING FAMILY, ADOPTS A METHOD WHEREBY HE CAN COMBINE EXERCISE FOR HIMSELF AND THEM, AND ECONOMY FOR ALL.

GLADSTONE ON FAIR PLAY.

(See Times, June 10th.)

"FAIR Play!" says GLADSTONE, and *Punch* says it, too;
Thanks for the lesson needed sore this year.

Gladstonian wisdom on the Miner's ear

Falling some good may do.

May those that work in caverns black as night,
Gain from thy Davy unexplosive light.

Thou who hast worked away with stress more strenuous,
Than any Miner in the Shire of Chester,

Turning from party-wars to talk with Nestor,

Canst safely be ingenuous,

Saying, "We boast, sons of the Northern Sea,
That in our Isle Minorities are free."

If in this realm mere numbers are to bind
The ways of men, and their free action fetter,
"The sooner we get out of it the better,"

And give the immortal mind

Full space to breathe, untrammelled by the panic
Of Hands on Strike, in Freedom's name tyrannic.

Ah, human nature is a changeless thing!

Put power in horny hands, and soon they are
Swift to "put down" as those of sternest Czar,

Or of most Christian King.

Workmen treat Workmen as CAIN treated ABEL,
And prating Progress Progress prove a fable!

Well, let us hope these Cestrians will grow wiser,
Having, what seldom in these days is found,
Apollo stooping to their common ground,

A GLADSTONE for adviser:

And may the great truth sound from sea to sea,
England is England only while she's free.—
King, Priest, Lord, Workman, whose tyrant be!

LIBERTY v. LICENCE.

SCENE—London. Time, 1880. Enter Two Citizens. They embrace.

First Citizen. And so, my friend, you have been round the world since last we met?

Second Citizen. Indeed I have; and as I could get no journal on my travels, I am anxious to learn the latest news. But first let me give your little son a penny, that he may buy some sweets.

First Citizen. A thousand thanks. But the sweet-stuff shops are closed at one, and (looking at his watch) it is now past three o'clock. He shall keep it until to-morrow.

Second Citizen. Let him buy a toy.

First Citizen. The toy-shops do not open until after six.

Second Citizen. Then let him get a bun.

First Citizen. The bakers close at nine, the grocers at eleven, the milliners (the gods be praised!) at noon.

Second Citizen. Dear, dear! I promised to buy my wife a bonnet.

First Citizen. They may admit you if you can prove yourself a *bonâ fide* purchaser.

Second Citizen. Anon, anon; but now I faint with heat and hunger. Pray, my good friend, send to the butcher's to get me a steak. Your little son can go. Doubtless he knows the way.

First Citizen. It would be useless. They close at 4 A.M.

Second Citizen. Then is nothing open the livelong day?

First Citizen. Oh yes—the Cemetery!

[Exit *Second Citizen* hurriedly, to go round the world again.]

Those Wonderful Chatham Guns!

THE *Broad Arrow* of June 6th informs its readers that, at twelve o'clock on the Queen's Birthday, the "guns of Fort Amherst commenced firing a Royal salute, and afterwards gave three hearty cheers!" One has heard of these brazen mouths "speaking," metaphorically, but to hear of them cheering literally is quite new. This was cannon-ading Chatham to honour the Queen's birthday with a vengeance.



“RIGHT AND LEFT.”

MAC MAHON. “HAVE NO FEAR, MADAME! THEY MAY HURT EACH OTHER, BUT, IF I CAN HELP IT, THEY SHAN’T HURT YOU!”

OUR NEW NOVEL.

ONE-AND-THREE!

BY THAT DISTINGUISHED FRENCH NOVELIST,

FICTOR NOGO.

PART THE SECOND—IN THE METROPOLIS.

BOOK THE FIRST.

I.—*Antonkeroly.*

ANTONKEROLY had a white but dirty tie. There was another of his at the wash. He had been a Waiter, which is a serious matter. A man may be all serene, yet dark and muddle-headed: it only needs that something should have given him a chronic cold in the head. His waitership had made a muddle in that of ANTONKEROLY.

He who has been a Waiter is always a Waiter.

What makes a cold within a man requires pocket-handkerchiefs. ANTONKEROLY was full of virtues and verities, but he had only one pocket-handkerchief.

His history is easily written. He had been a "Steakings," or "Under Boots," at a village inn; then a Boots; then a Waiter; then he inherited a small legacy. It was thus, at least, that he accounted for the possession of two pounds ten shillings, three halfpenny stamps, a knife with a corkscrew in it, and a small master-key, when interrogated by the Magistrate. After a time, he gained his freedom.

He was, above all, an obstinate man. He understood a variety of languages, and, when in a passion, could speak most of them. His existence was a struggle between temper and cold. One might have said between temper and distemper. Family life had been denied him. His wife had gone off with somebody else. He waited for her return. So he waited and waited. He said, "I am a Waiter." When sober he was silent as to his wrongs. At such times he said, "I am a dumb Waiter."

His peasant parents, in obtaining for him a situation in an inn, had desired to elevate him above the common people: he voluntarily returned among them, with hair cut very short, and a ticket.

At this time he bethought him of the bar of an inn, and felt himself vaguely a publican. What kind of public? The sporting, fighting, or, perhaps, the purely commercial.

Forbidden to love, he set himself to wait.

He said, "Everything comes to him who waits." After a while, he took a situation at some gardens where there were dancing, shows, cirques, dwarfs, and giants. He was not the man to be afraid of a giant.

Though already elderly,—he was fifty, and a Waiter ages faster than another man,—he began to grow. From year to year they watched him, and the Proprietor thought that, at length, he might engage him as a giant.

Thus he reached fifty-two.

On the Derby Day there were fearful storms, of men, not elements, in the gardens. There were also fireworks, bombardments, and dancing men on single wires surrounded by flames. ANTONKEROLY became an adept at this art. On the tight-rope he felt himself at home. Below him was the arena of distraction in its fierceness and brilliancy. The tumult of betting men and inebriated fools, mobs, and aristocrats, was beneath him. Like the sea-eagle this man preserved his internal composure, and enjoyed the danger. Indeed, a sea-eagle, in such a position on a tight-rope, would have lost heart and flown towards the coast.

After this he wore a hermit's dress, and told fortunes. He took

money at the door. He was asked, "Will you do this for the Proprietors?"

"I would not do it for the Proprietors," ANTONKEROLY replied.

Be it observed here, that he, too, this master of a variety of languages, had studied *Ollendorf*, and had formed his reply on that model.

This reply made him famous. He was subsequently able to arrange and share with the proprietors of several places of amusement. He could wait, he could sing, he could walk the tight-rope and slack-wire, and he could tell fortunes. He had, unconsciously, told his own when he had said, "Everything comes to him who waits."

ANTONKEROLY was one of those men who have an inner voice.

When he called aloud, "TOMMY!" somebody, really this inner voice, seemed to reply from under the table or up the chimney. This gift of nature, improved by art, rendered him highly popular. Also, he could conjure, and perform tricks with half-crowns belonging to persons among his audience, and could bring common-balls out of hats, fish-bowls out of handkerchiefs, and bird-cages, with real birds in them, out of ordinary portfolios.

In his implacable artlessness he said, "There is no deception."

Everybody felt he was honest, and was satisfied.

He obtained excellent terms. He was consulted by *entreprenuers*, by theatrical managers, by showmen, by circus-managers, by directors. He spoke German with GERMAN EZZER, Italian with an Italian oil-and-colour-man, good or bad Englishman, Spanish after eating Spanish onions, African with a Kristimistril, French in six lessons after breakfast, and Egyptian with the professors at the Egyptian Hall. These last feared him.

In these times, and among these groups, ANTONKEROLY possessed the power of the inexpressible. He was without human weakness, save the chronic cold in his head. No person had ever seen him weep, but when his eyes ran from the cause just mentioned.

He was petrified ice amid a circle of volcanoes. He was old, yet fresh. His freshness was that of the mountain-dew off Ben Nevis. To obtain this, he was all abroad early in the day. To get it after midnight was impossible. He said to himself, "Were I a publican, I should have it when my own doors were closed."

ANTONKEROLY looked like an ordinary man, or rather a man who would dine regularly at an ordinary. When young he had

been shaved for a penny: late in life he was shaved three times for a penny. But then he was a customer all the year round. His forehead was broad; so, often, was his conversation. His smile was sad, and he took bitters. His eye was generally clear; at all events, it was seldom watery. "Watery" was a word not in his vocabulary. Over his whole countenance there was an air of becoming exasperation—that is, he was gradually getting red in the face.

Such was ANTONKEROLY.

To-day few knew his name.

History has many of these unknowns.

"Heigho!" said ANTONKEROLY.

By this saying, if by no other, he is remembered.

II.—*Round the Corner.*

WAS such a man indeed a man? Could a Waiter know anything? Could a frog go a-wooing? Without his mother's cognisance of his absence from home? Could ANTONKEROLY pityingly sympathise with such an amphibious wooer? Could he not say "heigho?"

answer—Yes.

ANTONKEROLY, when a Boots, had conceived a strong affection for a little vulgar boy. He had communicated to this young scoundrel his own ideas on tip-cat and chuck-farthing.





HOME FROM ASCOT.

(Jones and his Friends miss their road at dusk. Younger Post-boy "swarms" the sign-post for directions.)

Elder Post-boy. "IT'S NO USE, SIR. IF HE DOES GET UP, HE CAN'T READ."

Sleepy Party on Box. "TELL HIM TO SPELL IT THEN, STUPID!"

He showed him how to abstract the contents of a box of valuables without the aid of a key.

One morning, their master discovered that his watch and purse had been removed in the night.

The watch was found under ANTONEROLY's pillow. The money was never heard of again. The boy had disappeared, but ANTONEROLY suffered. This ended in a cell. ANTONEROLY lost sight of his pupil.

It is a beautiful thing to train a young gazelle and give it sixpence for itself to set up in life. To give it two sixpences, or train four gazelles, is still more beautiful.

A spirit may own a child, and a child may own a spirit.

This boy, this pupil, was always in the mind's eye of ANTONEROLY.

He longed to see him, if only for a moment.

To have him within the distance of an arm, or within reach of his foot, would have sufficed.

Would the boy have been hurt by such an affection as this of ANTONEROLY'S?

Would ANTONEROLY, striving to make both ends meet, fall or conquer?

Even in such an affection would a man like this prove vulnerable or venerable?

Both or either?

Or neither?

Which?

We shall see.

(To be continued.)

Cool Cards.

(After the Oaks.)

SEE your Sporting Prophets' sockdology!

They take credit (from those they owe to)

For not accepting *Apology*,

After putting them wrong in *Toto*.

THE NEW TURKISH LOAN.

(Investor seeketh Spiritual Direction.)

TURKEY owes a precious lot;

Turkey wants to borrow more.

Will she pay her way, or not?

Can I trust her with my store?

Turkey being plunged in debt,

Spirits that on tables knock,

Rap me out, by alphabet,

Dare I purchase Turkey Stock?

Turks are quoted very cheap,

Ten per cent. the stock will pay;

But shall I be sure to reap

That per-centage many a day?

Silent, prescience ye disown;

Or, if tables you can tap,

Mean to say the Turkish Loan

Isn't worth a single rap.

Dinner and Diplomacy.

SOMEBODY in Russia has invented a new "Revolving Dining Table" which, dispensing with attendance, leaves it to the host literally to "turn the tables" of hospitality on his guests as he chooses. If the new invention receive diplomatic patronage, as it is most likely it will, it would perhaps be as well that the provisions of our next Central Asian treaty should not be discussed "over the wine." British Statesmen are quite accustomed enough to see the "tables turned" on them as it is, without any mechanical contrivance.



SELF-RESPECT.

Cook (to Fellow-servant who has been after a new Place). "WELL, 'LIZA, WILL IT SUIT?"

Eliza. "NOT IF I KNOWS IT! WHY, WHEN I GOT THERE, BLESST IF THERE WASN'T THE TWO YOUNG LADIES OF THE 'OUSE BOTH A-USIN' OF ONE PIANO AT THE SAME TIME! 'WELL,' THINKS I, 'THIS 'IS A COMEN' DOWN IN THE WORLD!' SO I THOUGHT I WAS BEST SAY GOOD MORNIN'!"

ULTRA-LIBERAL TORYISM.

"J. W. L." writes to the *Times*, saying that he is a resident in chambers. His laundress lives elsewhere. He has no means of cookery at home. Used, when the hour for opening refreshment-shops on Sunday was five o'clock, to go to church in the evening as the rule and not the exception. Now that the hour is six, the exception has become the rule; and, if the hour becomes seven, the rule will be made absolute. It was a fine idea of SIR G. JENKINSON'S, adopted by MR. CROSS, that of trying to "drive people to go to church," by shutting public-houses at people's meal-times, and opening them precisely at the hour when evening service begins.

Legislation for the purpose of driving the people to Church, however impracticable, is thoroughly Tory; the natural offspring of religious despotism. It was a wonder that a Liberal Government extended exclusion from dining-rooms from five to six. It is no wonder that a Conservative Government should have proposed a further extension of that nuisance from six to seven. MR. DISRAELI'S Government, indeed, owed BUNG a good turn, and tried to pay him; but the House of Commons wouldn't let them, and BUNG is thrown over, just as the safeguards for Household Suffrage were. The PREMIER has reason to boast that he has educated his party, hasn't he?

Ministers were willing, if able, to enlarge the licence of the Publicans; but would, if they could, diminish the liberty of the Public. It is clear, too, that they meditate this object in the interest of Sabbatarianism, rather than that of sobriety; since, after seven o'clock on Sundays, if that hour were fixed for the stroke of Cross, all "dipsomaniacs" would have plenty of time to get as drunk as they pleased, having been rendered all the more eager for drink by an additional hour of compulsory thirst. Do you think, Gentlemen, to drive them to Church by stopping off their swill? You might as well attempt to drive pigs. The more you try, the more they won't go!

Change about is Fair Play.

WHEN the Labourer has wrought his old bones through his skin,
To the Union he's sent, FARMER HODGE looks him in.
Now the tables are turned, and this change comes about—
'Tis the man joins the Union, and HODGE looks him out.

A SUBJECT OF INTEREST.—(*"Arbitrio Popularis Aure."*)—The Archbishop's Bill v. The People's WILLIAM, superseded.

BUNYAN AT BEDFORD.

(See the Inauguration of BOHEM'S Status of the Author of "The Pilgrim's Progress," given by the DUKE OF BEDFORD to the town of ditto. *Times*, Thursday, June 11.)

BUNYAN the Pilgrim, dreamer, preacher,
Sinner and soldier, tinker and teacher,
For heresy scoffed, scourged, put in prison—
The day of Tolerance yet un-risen—
Who heard from the dark of his dungeon lair
The roar and turmoil of Vanity Fair,
And shadowed Man's pilgrimage forth with passion
Heroic, in God-guided poet-fashion,
Has now his revenge; he looks down at you
In a ducally-commissioned Statue,—
A right good artist gave life and go to it,
But his name's BOHEM, and Rhyme says "no" to it—
And the DEAN OF WESTMINSTER, frank and fluent,
Spoke Broad-Church truths of the Baptist truant.

Punch likes the Duke and he likes the Dean,
And the summer air in the summer green,
When the Anabaptist poet and clown
Was set up as the glory of Bedford town:
But ducal and decanal folk should learn
That to deal with the Past is of small concern;
That light for the day's life is each day's need,
That the Tinker-Teacher has sown his seed;
And we want our BUNYAN to show the way
Through the Sloughs of Despond that are round us
to-day.

Our guide for straggling souls to wait,
And lift the latch of the wicket-gate.

The Churches now debate and wrangle,
Strange doubts theology entangle;
Each sect to the other doth freedom grudge,
Archbishop asks ruling of a Judge.
Why comes no Pilgrim, with eye of fire,
To tell us where pointeth minster-spire,
To show, though critics may sneer and scoff,
The path to "the Land that is very far off"?
The People are weary of vestment-vanities,
Of litigation about inanities,
And fain would listen, O Preacher and Peer,
To a voice like that of this Tinker-Seer;
Who guided the Pilgrim up, beyond
The Valley of Death, and the Slough of Despond,
And Doubting Castle, and Giant Despair,
To those Delectable Mountains fair,
And over the River and in at the Gate
Where for weary Pilgrims the Angels wait!

Rather too Much.

IN the Table of Contents of the *Field Pocket-Book for the Auxiliary Forces*, by SIR GARNET WOLSELEY, under the heading, "What all Officers should carry in their Heads," we find "Authorised allowance of Baggage; Stores; Supplies of Food; Rations; Camp Equipment; Tents; Ammunition;" and a good deal more.

Is not that rather too much, SIR GARNET, for all officers to carry in their heads? With only half as much in the heads of a few of them, there surely should have been no difficulty in the carrying department on the march to Coomassie.

BUNG ON HIS BETRAYERS.

A PRECIOUS little good we got
By 'avin brought in this 'ere lot!
We fondly 'oped they did intend
The Licensed Wittlers to befriend;
Instead of which they abandons us,
And makes the Licensin' Hact wus.
We're sold—fools on us they has made.
As MOSCOW says, "We are betrayed!"
In change for BRUCE we've got a CROSS;
By which we finds we've gained a loss.
The Tories with the Liberal side
On that there Bill of his'n divide;
The Bill and bloke is both a "do";
'Tis hall a "Cross" between the two.



ONE OF OUR BRIGADE DEPOTS!
(THE RANK AND FILE.)

THE STAGE WITHOUT STARS.

(See SIR J. BENNETT'S Speech at the General Theatrical Fund Dinner.
Times, June 10, p. 5.)

IMAGINE the Stage without Ladies to tread it!

Ophelia, Rosalind, Juliet—a boy!

Possibility hard for the critic to credit—

The best growth of the Boards at a blow to destroy!

Till the Stage of its epicene lads made a riddance,

Who cares to count Stars in the night of the Play?

Where our forefathers' BRACEGIRDLE, WOFFINGTON, SIDDONS,

Our FAUCITS, and STIRLINGS, and TERRYs to-day?

Stage Stars, be your beams over-powering or tender,

Punch joins SIR JOHN BENNETT in homage to you.

He loves his old well-battered heart to surrender.

With both eyes and hands to pay tribute and due;

To hear a sweet laugh, when black memories rankle;

To feel by light touches Time's crow's-feet effaced;

He doesn't object to a trim little ankle,

Or the beautiful curve of a well-rounded waist.

Corruptio optimi pessima. Ladies,

The fairest and purest, have trodden the stage;

But, alas! there's an easy descent towards Hades,

Downhill to the dogs is a road of the age.

Easy gradients are those to the Stygian Valley,

Where purity withers and modesty dies.

We've already had too many pets of the Ballet,

Taking out of *fauz pas* the reverse of a rise.

Ah, Stars of the Stage! Of Art's higher vocations

Where's a higher than yours, to its best while you're true,

When you give to the theatre SHAKESPEARE'S creations,

In their beauty still pure, and their life ever new?

Be your study but careful, and lofty your standard,

Don't fish for fools' plaudits, or stoop to snobs' calls,

And however by ignorant critics you're slandered,

You'll be certain to see *Mr. Punch* in the stalls.

AN ENGLISHMAN ABROAD.

HERE is a case of a not uncommon kind, painfully illustrating the characteristic rudeness of the Englishman abroad. According to the *Journal d'Elbeuf*, at a village near Rouen, on Sunday:—

"A young Englishman, the son of a manufacturer of Manchester, stood with his hat on looking at the procession passing in honour of Corpus Christi. The Mayor of the commune knocked the young man's hat off, and a complaint on the subject has just been forwarded to the Public Procurator of the Republic."

The Mayor, of course, will be commended for his zeal in enforcing an act of homage to an object of his own veneration on a heretic who probably did not know what it meant. An Englishman has no right to go to France without first having learned what persons and things he will be expected to take off his hat to. If he keeps it on for want of knowing, he ought to have it knocked off. True politeness would teach him to take off his hat whenever any procession of any kind whatsoever is going by. As for the Mayor who, by knocking our Manchester youth's hat off, gave him a lesson in good breeding, if he were in England, and a certain commemorative procession, of which he did not understand the import, passed him on the Fifth of November, no doubt, as a French gentleman, he would respectfully take off his hat to GUY FAWKES.

Latest from Brighton.

WHEN a horse jibs, should titled swell
Ill-treat the beast he "loves too well"?
If at the horse in heat he throws
Hard words to supplement hard blows,
What savage name will he not say,
Though others might? *O, jib away!*

CAT AND DOG.

A LOVER of exact language wants to know why the attendants at the Crystal Palace Dog-Show should not be required by authority to call—"Dog-alogues, One Shilling!"



A DISTINCTION.

New Governess. "VERY GOOD! AND HOW LONG DID YOU PRACTISE IN THE HOLIDAYS, MAUD?"

Maud. "O, I PRACTISED HALF-AN-HOUR, MISS BAILEY. BUT THEN THAT WAS BY THE DINING-ROOM CLOCK. WHEN I PRACTISED BY THE CLOCK ON THE STAIRS, IT WAS THREE-QUARTERS, BECAUSE THAT'S SLOW!"

INTOXICATING LIQUORS BILL.

(FURTHER AMENDMENTS.)

NORTH of the Trent the hours of opening and closing to be 6'30 A.M. and 11'15 P.M.; south of the Trent, 7'15 A.M. and 12'30 P.M.

In towns, cities, and other populous places, where the population, according to the last Census, exceeded one million, the hour of closing to be 12'20; where it was between 2,500 and a million, 11'15; where it was under 2,500, 10'10 P.M.

On Sundays, publicans who are members of the Establishment, to keep their houses closed during the church services; publicans who are Nonconformists to regulate their hours of opening and closing by the Dissenting chapels. On fine summer evenings, an additional half-hour may be granted by permission of the nearest Magistrate. Notice to be given beforehand, that the nearest Magistrate may be at home.

A Licensed Victualler to have the privilege of entertaining his own and his wife's relations, after the legal hour of closing, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays; and also on Tuesdays and Thursdays, if either of these last two mentioned days happens to be his birthday, or his wife's, or that of any of his children (if resident on the premises), or his wedding-day. The Head of the Police or a resident Magistrate always to be of the party on these occasions. This privilege not to be extended to beerhouse keepers, except at the urgent request (in writing) of four-fifths of the rateable inhabitants.

Licensed Victuallers to be allowed to sell tobacco, but not pipes; beerhouse keepers to keep pipes, but no tobacco. In places where there are less than 2,500 inhabitants, no smoking to be permitted before 8'30 A.M. or after 9 P.M.

Facilities to be given to potboys and barmaids for self-culture.

All signs and signboards to be submitted to the Board of Works in London, and to the Town Council in the country.

Dusty boots to be accepted as the test of a *bona fide* traveller.

To insure punctuality in the hours of opening and closing, every publican will be required, from and after the passing of this Act, to provide himself with a chronometer by one of the best makers.

BY CAM AND ISIS.

"*Encenia cosaque dearum.*"—*Times*, June 8th.

ALACK, what a terrible crisis!

The 'Varities rivals in fun;

If Cam become rapid as Isis,

Why where can a man send his son?

'Twixt Commencement and Commemoration

There won't be a pin, soon, to choose:

Now the Senate-house leaps from stagnation
Into rapid Sheldonian shoes!

This age, of new fancies prolife,

Finds excitement than work more
diverting,

And CAVENDISH, swell scientific,

Is excuse for all manner of flirting.

Some may think the Fiend's hoof, curs'd
and cloven,

Can scarcely contrive to find place

Within hearing of mighty BETHOVEN,

Or where HANDEL to MILTON adds grace.

And SIR GARNET, while cheers so outrageous

Greet laurels from Africa new,

May make warlike ardour contagious,

Till our Gen'rals are not quite so few.

But what means that thump on the shoulder,

Enough to unsettle my hunch?—

"Drop your morals till we have grown
older;

And you have grown wiser, *Père Punch*.

"'Tis a task to work hard in the sweetness

Of Summer, when rose-flushing June

Brings the year to its calm of completeness,

And ice with one's claret's a boon.

No fellow can be a good classic—

Howsoever caustic critics may chaff—

That don't hold with HORACE on Massie,

And CATULLUS on Lesbia's laugh.

"Why should not the ladies be merry,

And the men be both merry and wise,

While the son of the Bishop of Derry

Reads his rhymes for the Newdegate

Prize?

He must be a cynical fellow,

Atrabilious far beyond cure,

Who considers KING COFFEE's umbrella

As sacred from caricature.

"Ah no, let us have our Encenia,

And let the fair visitants come,

Lighting up the green-ivied old *mœnia*

With their smiles, sweet suggesters of
home.

Life is not so brilliantly coloured

We should throw youth's enjoyment
away;

Nor was young JOHN BULL meant for a
dullard,

Given up to 'all work and no play.'"

THE PRINCE OF POTENTATES.

IN a letter written by PIUS THE NINTH on the day when he was made Pope, to his brother at Sinigaglia, and published the other day in the *Times*, His Holiness, in language of deep humility, described himself, "so base," as having been divinely raised "to the highest dignity on earth." No doubt the good Pontiff was as sincere in magnifying his office as in depreciating himself; but still Popery is Popery, and its pretensions cannot be allowed to pass un-reproved. No true Protestant, especially if an Englishman, and still rather if a Citizen of London, can hear without an indignant denial, that the pontificate is the highest dignity, nor can any such Protestant allow that there is any dignity on earth superior to that of the LORD MAYOR.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



AFTER this Monday's announcement, talk of LIEBIG'S Essence of Beef! What is it to the LORD CHANCELLOR'S Essence of Law—the Statutes up to 1824 compressed

into Five Volumes—Statutes in small for Statutes at large? Unluckily, as we get nearer our own times we can't throw overboard as much rubbish—would we could say we don't ship as much—so nine or ten volumes may be wanted to carry the Statute Law to 1868. But, even then, what a lightening of the load on legal book-shelves, and what a help to the hunting the needle in the Legislative bottle of hay!

The BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH won't attempt to stake out a neutral ground between High and Low Church-lands. He moved towards it—

"Then back recoiled, he well knew why,
E'en at the step himself had made."

DR. MAGEE sees the Lions in the way, and declines to face them; and wise Peers are agreed he does wisely.

DR. PLAYFAIR did thoroughly what LORD HAMPTON left half done the other day—marshalled the reasons for appointing a Minister of Education. They are strong, and were strongly stated:—

A President of Council (oftenest a Lord) with all the power and patronage: a Vice-President doing nine-tenths of the work.

An Educational Department with nothing to say to any of our Educational machinery above the primary schools, and only part of them.

Four Millions of public money spent on Education, and no head to guide the Pædolos for irrigation of our waste places.

MR. FORSTER agreed that a Minister of Education is wanted, if England is to overtake Germany.

MR. DISRAELI differed. There is the *fait accompli*—the working Department; and nobody able to say it doesn't work fairly. A powerful Minister might stereotype the system, and England didn't like stereotyped systems.

MR. LOWE agreed with MR. DISRAELI. "Results" are his test, and results are in favour of the Department.

SIR J. LUBBOCK agreed with DR. PLAYFAIR. He is a man of science, and the notion of a head-centre is scientific.

The Motion was negatived. Clearly the time is not yet.

(After all, have we not our Minister of Education here already, in all causes and on all questions supreme—the Right Honourable JOHN BULL? When his mind is made up, and his will clear to himself, see whether Education does not march fast and far enough in the direction he chooses. Till his mind is made up, set up any will not his, and see what comes of it.)

LORD SANDON moved the Education Vote. *E pur si muove!* The Schoolmaster is abroad, and gathering the stray sheep into the school-fold. By June 1875 we shall have made provision for teaching four million children, 2,500,000 in voluntary schools receiving grants, 100,000 in schools without grants, 500,000 under School Boards. For these millions we shall want 25,000 teachers—and can get them. There lies the water—good (as the *Gravedigger* says). Here are the asses—bad (as *Punch* says). Now, if those asses go to that water and drink, it is, mark you, will he, nill he, they go—mark you that; but if that water come to those asses, and they drink not—marry who shall make them? That is the point which bothers your educational labourers of all grades, from the Lord President who sitteth in the Privy Council at Whitehall, to the REV. WILLINGLY WHYTE who steweth and stormeth in the National School-room by Stick-in-the-Mud-cum-Sloccombe, in the Rural District of East Anglia.

How are we to establish the circuit, as electricians say, between children and school—and draw out the spark that will do everything for us, from shaping a world to carrying a message!

Tuesday.—The Judicature Bill has passed through Committee in the Lords—a good Bill well handled, and promises to be one of the strokes of real work which will redeem the Session.

We can't say as much of the Licensing Bill. Cross is the only word for it. Its provisions cross and recross, till they get into a tangle. It makes the House cross, and it makes the Witters cross, and it makes their customers cross, and it makes *Punch* cross—in short it is a chapter of crosses, with no blessing to be got, as far as anybody can see, by bearing them. Eight pages of amendments! Chaos come again: a labyrinth for Licensed Witterdom, with only CROSS's clue for a guide through its mazes! And now, after taking away local discretion, and claiming credit for it, and drawing a hard and fast line at ten for country and eleven for town, CROSS crosses his own lines, and proposes to empower the Justices to say which is town and which is country. Naturally the much-enduring House kicked under such a last straw added to the load of Crosses it has had to bear on this matter—and the clause was postponed. (*Que diable allait-il faire dans cette galère?* What did set the Government meddling and muddling with the Witters' Bill? Why couldn't they let "Bruce" alone? The good Little Witter did know the time o' day then. But now!)

Wednesday.—SIR WILFRID LAWSON moved his Permissory Prohibit 'em:

But the House declines to treat Liberty among things to be lopt *ad libitum*: Of Teetotalism rampant, and Good-Temp-lars' order aggressive, Hopes long to be Prohibitory and not in the least Permissive:

Rejects the Teetotal decalogue, where drinking comes next to murder, And won't allow SIR WILFRID to carry his Bill any further.

Those who upon this point would know *quod sit fas, quod sit nefas*, Had better turn at once from *Punch's Essence* to his Preface.

Thursday.—In the Lords, some useful Amending of the Judicature Bill (Ireland).

In the Commons, more crossing of the inextricable threads of the Witters' Tangle; till the House, what with differing and disputing, and misunderstanding and misinterpreting, and twisting and turning, and muddling and meshing itself in a maze of amendments, was like nothing so much as a Parliament of kittens with a battery of cotton-balls. The only decided impression *Punch* gathers from the night's talk is that nothing was decided, and existing confusion very much worse confounded. Yes—there was one thing done—the Seven o'clock for Sunday closing was made Six again.

Friday.—Three Lord Chancellors (one actual and two "ex"-es) and LORD SHAFTESBURY agreed that £3000 would be enough for the new Ecclesiastical Judge. Three thousand pounds, indeed! How would their legal Lordships like it themselves? The lawyer who is to lay down the law for the Church ought to be a tip-topper; and legal tip-toppers are not to be got for £3000 a year.

Four thousand pounds is the lowest figure it can be done for, my Legal Lords, and you ought to know it.

Now that the Archbishops' Bill is to enable the Bench to enforce the law, comes the more ticklish matter of the law to be enforced.

Letters of business (whatever they may be—it looks as if without special permission the Parsons' Parliament was only called for talk, and that is about the truth) are to be issued, to enable the Convocation to revise the Rubrics.

Merciful powers! BISHOP MAGEE shrank appalled from setting out the Church's debateable ground. But think of Convocation revising the Rubrics! The Kilkenny cats in council is the only conceivable parallel—or Clapham Junction with all the trains from everywhere to everywhere in full steam, the signal-posts pulled up, the switches taken away, and the breaks unshipped.

Suppose before setting Convocation to revise the Rubrics, Parliament were to revise Convocation; and, if it is to do business, make it a representation of the Church Laity in Church matters, as well as the Church Clerics. Convocation revising the Rubrics! We can't get over it. *Punch's* each particular hair has stood up ever since he heard it, and won't lie down again. Talk of Priests' orders; think of Priests' disorders, when it comes to Rubrical revision!

Good news for the sad city of the West. Galway is not to be disfranchised (why would it, unless twenty other poor little Irish boroughs are to be kicked out into the cold, with Galway?). Rob the Green Isle of her small boroughs—bedad! it would be just like the black Saxons, takin' away the last little bit o' diversion that 's left poor Ould Ireland! MR. CONNOLLY, if not McEVILLY, was Evilily-minded against the Clergy, and MR. VIVIAN disrespectfully confounded FATHER PETER DALY and FATHER PETER DOOLEY, but MISTHER MORRIS came gallantly to the fore, and gave TOM CONNOLLY the *polthogue* he'd deserved by evenin' his dirty Donegal to the real ould ancient City of the Tribes!

Besides, hadn't Galway covered herself with glory—returning such representative men as the Great BLAKE—not the Admiral, but the Horse-breeder—and though modesty might keep him from saying so—MORRIS himself? (*Punch* would be glad if when MR. O'GORMAN comes to the office, he'd bring MR. MORRIS with him.)

Then the House again got to its Intoxicating Liquors, and as usual on these occasions made an ass of itself, though it wasn't *quite* so hopelessly obfuscated as on Thursday night, though still hazy enough to make it difficult to get at the effect of the cross-fire of explanations, disputations, bothérations, and recriminations. As far as *Punch* can make out, Licensing Committee Magistrates are to have the power of defining populous districts, but musn't go below 1000 population.

SIR W. HARCOURT hopes the Lords will make the Bill intelligible. *Faut laver son kinge sale en famille*, Messieurs of the Commons.

SPIRITUALISM AND ST. PAUL'S.

OUR usual *séance* was held yesterday after dinner. Proceedings commenced with passing the claret, whereupon cigars were lighted, and a succession of raps spelt out through the alphabet a request for pen, ink and paper, which were put under the table. A sound of scratching was then heard, and, in six seconds, the following sentence was found written on a sheet of foolscap:—

"Vixi annos ultra nonaginta, non mihi sed bono publico."

The spirit, on being questioned who it was that wished to communicate, rapped out the name of CHRISTOPHER WREN, and desired that a message should be sent to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, beseeching them not to adopt the proposed design for spoiling the interior of the Cathedral with mediæval ornamentation. The rumour of that projected incongruity in Art had disquieted the spirit. To mediævalise St. Paul's would be as great a mistake as it would to Italianise Westminster Abbey. That was a mistake which the spirit himself had unfortunately made during earth-life, and had never ceased to regret it ever since. It pained him whenever he thought of the hybrid Western towers, which, in ignorance and misconception of Gothic architecture, he had been mistaken enough to superinduce on pure Early English. If the work which he had so done could possibly be undone, he should be at peace; and he wished to have published the suggestion that MR. BURGESS, instead of being set to misapply his abilities in disfiguring St. Paul's interior, should be commissioned to turn his skill and knowledge to good purpose by the alteration and reform of the two Western towers of Westminster Abbey, so as to bring those anomalous structures into harmony with the rest of the building.

The spirit, having received an assurance that his desire should be attended to, said "Ta-ta!" and the *séance* terminated.

IMPOSSIBLE PHRASE.

THE Happy Rich, the Happy Poor, both quite possible. But, "the Happy Mean"—oh no—impossible.

NEW VERSION OF "BEER!"



Good folks all, great folks
and small,
Who dwell both far and
near,

What a deal of debate we
have heard of late,
Which has all of it turned
upon Beer!

What a fuss they make
about Beer!

In harangues how heavy
and drear,

Whilst our Ministers wise
ways and means devise
To stint a poor man in
his Beer!

The Government thinks
distillery drinks
Require a law severe;
And the Bill they intend to
effect that end

Is a Bill of restraint from
Beer.

What a fuss, &c.

From drinking rum all ill
that come

They expect will disappear,
If the bar they close where a poor man goes
To purchase his noggin of Beer.

What a fuss, &c.

Brandy and gin are sold at an inn,
The down-in-the-mouth to cheer;
But a stop the Bill puts to their sale when it shuts
The People out of their Beer.

What a fuss, &c.

It doesn't affect the Great select,
The gentleman, squire, and peer,
They may sit in their club, and enjoy their grub,
And drink any amount of Beer.

What a fuss, &c.

'Twas their delight each blessed night,
Long ago not many a year,
To meet and dine, and drink too much wine,
After having drunk too much Beer.

What a fuss, &c.

Then they did use to guzzle and boose,
Until they couldn't speak clear,
In the present day all the world would say,
"O, the shameful effects of Beer!"

What a fuss, &c.

Now the wealthier ranks are, to Culture thanks,
In a higher moral sphere,
No more to be found lying prone on the ground,
Or supine in a state of Beer.

What a fuss, &c.

Do they differ in mind from their poorer kind
With whose habits they interfere?
Would not Culture do for the People too,
To withhold them from too much Beer?

What a fuss, &c.

No more new laws without good cause!
For we hold our liberty dear.
The self-control which limits the bowl
Is the best limitation of Beer.

What a fuss, &c.

A Bacy Remark.

"THE Elevation of Women!" exclaimed my LORD TOM NODDY, as he was driving home from Ascot. "Aw—if a fella wants to see—aw—Women elevated, he should see 'em at the Waces—aw—after a good lunch."

DEFINITION BY "UN MISÉRABLE."—The Empire—a better game than GAMBETTA!



THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

Mary. "ARTHUR, DEAR, I AM IRRESISTIBLY REMINDED OF THAT SONG YOU USED TO SING TO ME IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS OF OUR COURTING. WHAT WAS IT, NOW?" Arthur (grunts). "HAVEN'T A NOTION, LOVE!"

Mary. "LET ME SEE—IT USED TO RUN:—

'FOR I AM CONTENTED TO BIDE IN THE SHADOW
SO LONG AS THE SUNBEAMS FALL BRIGHTLY ON THEE!'"

[Arthur doesn't see it.]

SAINT PAUL'S.

THE King of the Birds was the Wren, when he wist of a
Way to get hoist on the Eagle's back: *
And the King of our Architects was SIR CHRISTOPHER,
Who Palladio outstripped in Palladio's track.
Still towers stately his grand Cathedral,
Crowning our Capital's central site;
But his name has grown dusty on Glory's bead-roll,
Till small men sneer at the great Knight.

Saint Paul, the Gentiles' own Apostle,
Is the Broad-Church saint for London town,
Where all Church faiths and Church follies jostle,
And some of them don't, and more do, go down;
But bunglers in Art should be circumspect.
Saint Paul's—Heaven save the mark—to renew!
So no matter what GREGORY says, or LIDPOW—
The point is, what's BURGESS about to do?

Make, says *Punch*, the glorious Minster
Worthy of Saint and of Architect:
First from the City's pocket its tin stir,
Then in its spending be circumspect.
Let the work be such as the great Apostle
And the great Architect both would approve;
Nor let ornament out of countenance hustle
The stately simplicity Protestants love.

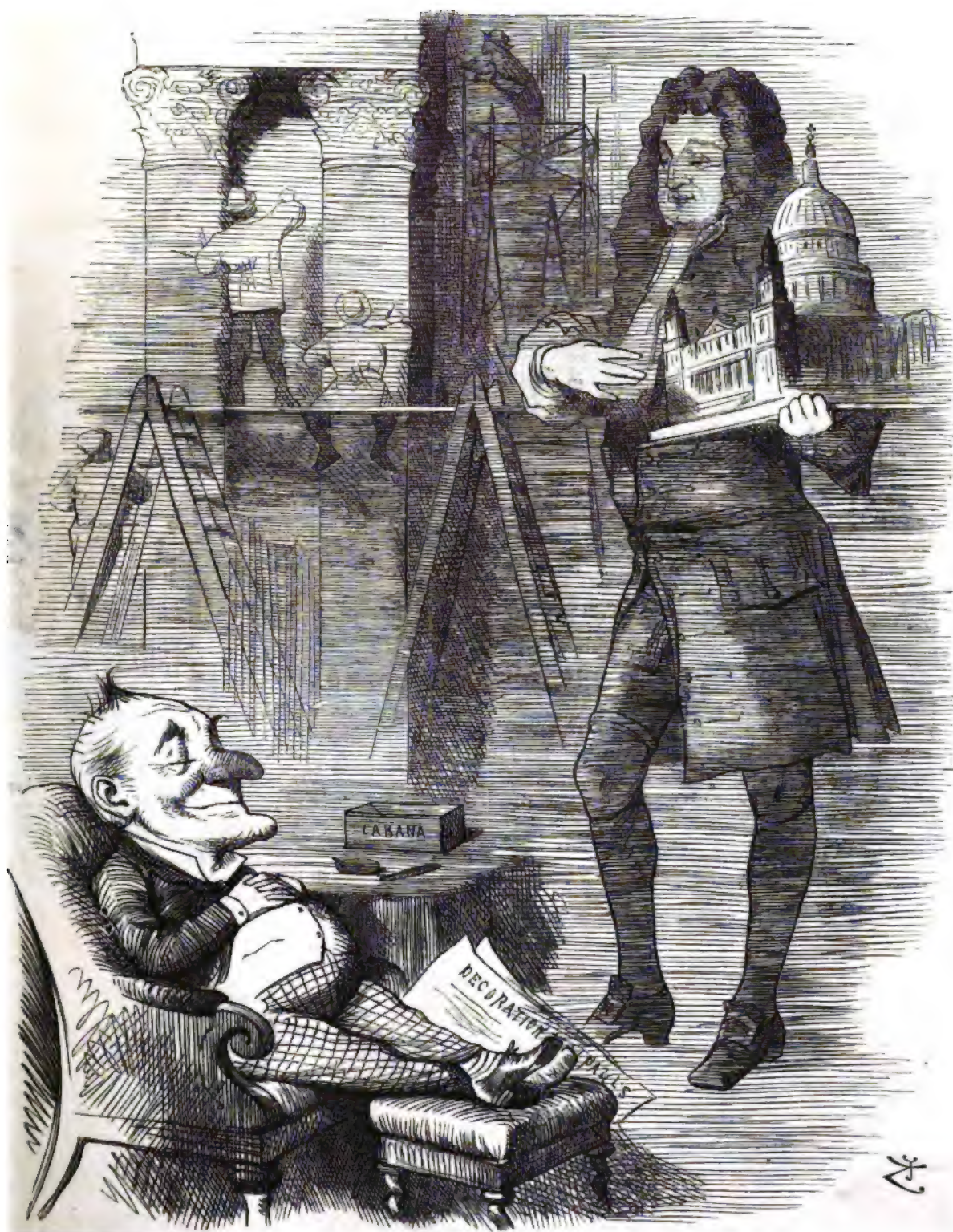
* The Fable goes that the Birds were for choosing a King: the Eagle proposed that the crown should be his that could fly nearest the sun. He thought that so it would surely be his. So he soared up and up, till he was far above them all, as he thought. When lo! up soared the Wren, from where he had hid himself between his wings, and so mounted higher than the Eagle, and was crowned King of the Birds.

The great Dome rises above the river;
Look! there lies London, a world below;
And the stream of Thames flows on, flows ever,
As the billows of life through Lud's Gate flow.
Paul, gentle Apostle, grave and mighty,
Suits City and Minster, mightiest of men's,
And the English race, more firm than flighty,
No higher would soar than her greatest of Wrens!

THE NEW GAME OF WAR.

At the International Congress, to be held at Brussels for settling the usages of War, the British Representative will be instructed to press the following points:—

1. No bombardment of London to take place while Parliament is sitting.
2. No battles to be fought on the Derby Day, the Oaks Day, or during Ascot, Goodwood, or Newmarket Races.
3. In case of invasion, Brighton, Weymouth, and Scarborough to be considered neutral territory.
4. Prisoners of War (being commissioned officers) to pay an entrance-fee to the Regimental Messes of which they may be elected honorary members.
5. Regimental Bands captured on the field of battle to be available at festivals held at the Royal Albert Hall or at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham.
6. Portrait-models of captured Generals to be permitted at MADAME TUSSAULT'S Exhibition of Wax-Works, on the understanding that, (a) some site other than that of the Chamber of Horrors be selected for the display; and (b) that a ticket of admission for the season be presented to each captured General in effigy so exhibited.
7. Invading Armies travelling by railway, to pay at the rate of not less than £5 a mile per person. Return-tickets (in Great Britain and Ireland) not to be guaranteed.



“SAVE ME FROM MY FRIENDS!”

GHOST OF WREN. “SI ORNAMENTUM REQUIRIS, CIRCUMSPICE.”

(“IF YOU REQUIRE ORNAMENT, BE CIRCUMSPECT.”)

OUR NEW NOVEL.

ONE-AND-THREE!

BY THAT DISTINGUISHED FRENCH NOVELIST,
FICTOR NOGO.

PART THE SECOND—IN THE METROPOLIS.

BOOK THE SECOND.

THE WAX-SHOW OF THE RUE DU BOULANGER.

I.—*Minos, Eacus and Rhadamanthus.*

THERE was a Wax-Show in the Rue du Boulanger. It was only one show, yet perversely people called it *Two-shows*. Some named it *MADAME TWOSWORDS*. In this last there was something cutting. The real name was *TOSEW'S*. All here was wax. *Wax et præterea nil.*

Part of it was a Bazaar. It was supposed to be historically allied

to the Russian Imperial Court. The chief of the latter was A. Czar. This was a B.A. Zar, which is a different matter.

In this Wax-Show there is an Inner Chamber—a back room. Mysterious and diabolical. Therein were the Stars of Crime. It was *TOSEW'S* Orrery. The persons within its walls were Orrery Members. No one said this: many thought it. To think is not to speak. There were gathered together in that room certain men who were unable to speak to one another in public.

To enter the door of the Show a shilling was demanded.

To penetrate within the veil of the Inner Chamber there was an extra charge.

These men were in this secret chamber, but they had paid no money for their entrance by either door.

They were shut in and carefully guarded so that they might not escape.

They were not immortal; they were simply wax. In hot weather wax runs. A sentinel was on the watch to prevent this.

With these we have nothing to do. Let them remain silent effigies, speaking likenesses, catalogued.

We know of the existence of such a corner, and avoid it.

Why?



Perhaps because there is sixpence extra to pay. Perhaps because the sight chills us. Either is human nature.

To proceed.

Three were alone on one dais in the outest room.

In bright scarlet and ermine. They were Justices of the Peace.

The one in the centre was hard and severe; the one to his right had a motherly look; the other, to the left, seemed perky and cheerful. They did not regard one another, but seemed to be explaining something, all three at once, to vacancy.

The first was KILBURN, the second SMELLER, the third SLUSH.

"We have been lately added to the collection," said KILBURN.

"My new boots are very tight and painful," said SLUSH.

"I can't make out why they didn't give me patent leather as well as you two," grumbled SMELLER.

"You are not great at patent cases, BROTHER SMELLER," sneered KILBURN.

"Yet these might be what you are not."

"And that is——"

"Polished."

"O!" exclaimed SLUSH.

"Comment trouvez-vous vos pauvres pieds, mon frère?" inquired KILBURN.

SLUSH looked at him and murmured, "They are so tight."

KILBURN answered tranquilly, "I haven't buttoned mine."

SMELLER burst into a loud laugh.

SMELLER's laugh made SLUSH smile.

"Are you laughing at yourself, SMELLER?" growled KILBURN.

"No. Look! Some one has trod on that old fool COBBETT's toe and begged his pardon."

COBBETT gave that convulsive movement of his hand and snuff-box for which he was famous.

"Silence, you three new boys. Remember, I am very nearly the oldest inhabitant. Respect my constitutional machinery."

The three laughed again at this speech of COBBETT's.

"COBBETT and Constitution," cried KILBURN.

"He's a regular porcupine," said SLUSH.

"He knew how to shoot his quills," observed SMELLER.

"He looks yellow."

"His coat is old."

"What is it made of?"

"Cloth."

"Stuff!"

"He has shoes."

"With buckles."

"Real?"

"Imitation."

"Odd!"

"Very."

"What?"

"Nothing."



STRICTLY ORNAMENTAL.

Farmer (at the Horse—and Man—Show). "ARE YOU HERE TO LOOK AFTER THIS PONY?"
Small Groom. "NO, ANOTHER MAN DOES THAT. I'M HERE FOR SHOW WITH THE PONY."

PUNCH STANDS CORRECTED.

MR. FRANCE, who was lately admonished at the Bar of the House (and feels wonderfully well after it, considering) writes to inform *Punch* he is not an Inventor of Explosives, as *Punch* in his Essence had described him, but a Quarry Owner, with a good deal of blasting to do. Hence his quarrel with the Departments, who take Official Patentees for their advisers on matters involving the interests of dealers in the patented articles, so putting Non-Official Patentees and Inventors at a disadvantage. There is evidently a great deal of highly explosive matter connected with the quarrel, which seems a very pretty one as it stands, and *Punch* is satisfied with correcting his own mis-description. MADAME FRANCE is such a famous Inventor of Explosives, that MR. FRANCE will easily understand our transferring a description so eminently applicable to the Country to her namesake, the Man.

Logic in Legislation.

FOR the Sabbatarian clause of the Ministerial Licensing Bill, perhaps the House of Lords will be Liberal enough to amend the definition of a *bonâ fide* traveller. The genuine Sabbath Day's journey was a distance of five *stadia*, or half a mile. Suppose their Lordships accordingly determine that a *bonâ fide* traveller shall be deemed to be one who has travelled a Sabbath Day's journey?

THE LAST NEW PARLIAMENTARY DEFINITION.—Cross Purposes, no Purposes.

"You're all three of you very rude," said a fourth voice. It was JOAN OF ARC who spoke. She was on the other side of the room.

"Why, Miss?" asked KILBURN.

"Because you've taken my place. I used to live at number thirteen, and I was shoved out of the way to make way for you."

"So was I."

The fifth voice proceeded from a person in magnificent armour.

"Who are you, I should like to know?" sneered SLUSH.

"You would like to know, would you? Good. So should I. I've been here many years, next to JOAN, and they wouldn't separate us, though we've had to be moved out of our snug corner for you three. But I've never known my name. I'm Number Fourteen in the Catalogue. Merely down as 'A Figure.' Come! one of you three tell me, who am I?"

"We've had enough of that sort of thing," said KILBURN.

The others acquiesced, wearily.

"You all got so angry! That's what made you so waxy, and brought you here!"

The voice came from a fresh-looking figure some way up in the room, dressed in a brand new Queen Counsel's gown and wearing a long beard. It was DR. QUININELY.

"Take care!" exclaimed a sharp voice, from the far opposite corner.

JAWKINS, Q.C.

"Take care!" screamed DR. QUININELY. "KILBURN, SLUSH, SMELLER, JOAN, and the Gentleman in Armour, I will not be put down. I say I will not be put down—"

"Yes, you vill," interrupted a quiet little old voice in broken English.

It was MADAME TOOSEW herself who spoke.

"Yes, you vill," she resumed. "You vill be put down by me, in my Catalogue. *Ma foi!* vat is all dis noise? *Taisez-vous, Messieurs*, or you vill vake MADAME ST. AMARANTHE, who is sleeping like an infant here before me. As for you—" She turned indignantly upon the nameless Man in Armour, who muttered between his teeth, "What is needed?" Madame continued—

"You grumble! you shall be expelled. You, SMELLER, shall have new boots. You, KILBURN, shall have yours buttoned. Not a word. I am going to have a new cast in here."

"A new cast for a new piece?" asked MR. LISTON, as *Paul Pry*.

"MR. LISTON!"

"I hope I don't intrude."

"MR. LISTON!"

"I am liston-ing. 'Ahem! Excuse me. It is my duty to enlighten myself and my business to inform myself."

"MR. LISTON!"

"I like to know things."

"MR. LISTON!!!"

"Why doth he not keep silence?"

It was a deep, a commanding voice that asked the question.

"SARAH SIDDONS, Ma'am, I'm mum."

He smiled and was silent.

"The new cast," resumed Madame, calmly, "is of JAMES MARKY DU CROW. He is now on the coast of France. I have issued an order. He will be taken from life, and added to the collection."

"A horse-rider!" exclaimed SIDDONS.

"A mountebank!" cried LISTON.

"As good as you!" shouted the Man in Armour.

"Silence, nameless!" thundered JOAN OF ARC.

COBBETT's machinery whirled furiously. He was up for a speech.

"Hold him!" said KILBURN.

"Gag him!" cried SMELLER.

"Don't let him come here," called out SLUSH. "I defy him and all his works."

It was a quarrel of thunderbolts.

Then came forth a strident, sonorous voice.

"Be silent! All! or I'll smash you!"

The speaker was LOUSHKIN, the Russian Giant, eight feet five inches high. Then the tempest was stilled.

It would have broken out afresh but for a stranger, who had just paid his entrance-money and bought a Catalogue.

Again silence reigned.

But Madame had determined.

She was wax, but resolute.

She watched.

Cement v. Cremation.

By way of substitute for "Cremation," DR. VON STEINBERG proposes cement, to be poured into the receptacle containing the *cadaver* so as to encrust the latter, absorb its moisture, and prevent decomposition. This process, however, would increase instead of diminishing undertakers' bills, and not arrest the spread of cemeteries. Whereas cremation would tend to check neopolititan extension, and would limit funeral extravagance by abstracting all combustible from osseous matter in the form of gas, so that the abstract, thus dispersed, would be greatly preferable to the concrete.



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IT was the mid of night: "Twelve" clashed from the great bell of St. Paul's. Almost at the same moment—allowing for the difference of longitude—"Twenty-four" clanged from the great bell of St. Peter's. Two venerable forms sat on the oblate part of the terrestrial spheroid, listening.

"*Urbi!*" shrilled PAPA PUNCH, as the last boom of St. Paul's died away.

"*Orbi!*" sighed PAPA PIUS, as if in unison with the dying thrill of St. Peter's.

Then, suddenly turning on their respective axes, they surveyed each other—these two INFALLIBLES!

"That's '*urbi et orbi*' between us," remarked PAPA PUNCH, blandly.

"I do not divide my Empire," grumbled PAPA PIUS, edging away from his companion.

"Why not?" said PAPA PUNCH, cheerfully. "The world has seen two Popes sharing St. Peter's Chair between 'em before this. But where CLEMENT and URBAN fought, let PUNCH and PIUS fraternise."

"*Apaga, Sathanas . . . Excommunico te—Anathema—*" But the hand of PAPA PUNCH was already on the lips of PAPA PIUS.

"*Connu, mon vieux. . .* 'It won't go off!'—you know. Keep your breath to cool your *pasta*. Cursing is the worst use the wind of man can be put to. Suppose we reasoned?"

"Cursing is in my line. Reasoning isn't," angrily retorted PAPA PIUS. "*Sum Pater infallibilis,*" he went on, "*et sum super ratiocinationem,*" and he closed his eyes, folded his hands over his abdomen, and smiled to himself with an air of ineffable self-satisfaction.

"But when there are two Infallibles, my dear PIUS, I really don't see how our respective claims are to be settled. Unless, indeed," added PAPA PUNCH, with a flash of happy inspiration, "you liked to toss for it."

"Agreed!" said PAPA PIUS, eagerly, whipping out a penny.

"One of Peter's?" asked PAPA PUNCH, winking interrogatively towards the coin.

"I believe you, my boy," replied PAPA PIUS, winking back. "There's more where that came from. Here goes!—'heads I win, tails you lose,'"—and he prepared to spin the consecrated coin.

"O fie, Papa," good-humouredly remonstrated PAPA PUNCH. "Not if I know it."

"That's our Roman game," said PAPA PIUS, pausing in act to spin, with an air of injured innocence. "*Quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus,*—you know."

"Yes, I know. So suppose, instead of tossing, we split our difference—divide the world between us?"

"'*Divide et impera,*' you mean, of course?" was PAPA PIUS's more complacent rejoinder. "An excellent principle, and one those dear Fathers of the Congregation understand to perfection, as they may show your BISMARCKS and your GLADSTONES one of these days."

"'*Divide et impera*' be it. The old women of both sexes, and the Priests in both Churches fall to you by a process of natural selection, and I'll throw you in all the *dilettante* who want Churches turned into playhouses, 'with appropriate music, dresses, and decorations,' and all who would rather *not* call their souls their own, but prefer to have their faiths fixed, and their minds made up for them. Then you may have all who have never read history, or seen through pious fiction; all who've forgotten there ever was such a thing as an Inquisition in Spain, or faggots in Smithfield."

"Ah, happy days!" sighed PAPA PIUS. "When the Secular Arm was in its proper place, under the orders of the Spiritual Head. There was a Christendom *then*!—now, 'tis a Chaos. And *you*," he went on, his urbanity gradually oozing away through his irritation, "you dare to sit there, and look me in the face, and call yourself Infallible! You Infallible, indeed!—Where's your *cathedra*?"

"In the office, 85, Fleet Street, Editor's room—first-floor front."

"And your Bark of St. Peter?"

"I'll back *Toby's* against it."

"And your pastoral staff?"

PAPA PUNCH held up his truncheon.

"And your Ring?"

"Roo-too-it!" chimed PAPA PUNCH, with one of his most tintinnabulary flourishes.

"And your Keys?"

"Wit and Wisdom!"

"And your Apostolic See?"

"Rome—like your own. I was established there from times even anterior to yours. Can I not trace my Atellan succession from *Maccus* and *Pappus*—through *Paleinocetus*—down to PUNCH—your humble servant—simple as he stands here?"

"And your General Councils?"

"The Wise of all time."

"Your badges of Universality?—your '*quod semper*'?"

"My good sense and good humour."

"Your '*quod ubique*'?"

"My circulation."

"Your '*quod ab omnibus*'?"

"My welcome!"

"But you ain't Infallible. There can't be two Infallibles, I tell you—and I'm the only one now travelling, and here's my title-deed!" So saying, he drew from under his cassock a huge roll, inscribed, "Infallibility; Vatican Decree, 1870." "And I don't care for your DOLLINGERS, or GLADSTONES, or ACTONS, or PETRES, or CAMOYSES—e'er a one of 'em—and I dare any of 'em to tread on the tails of my coat." And the old gentleman, now thoroughly irritated by self-assertion, brandished the roll wildly, and prepared to come down with it—"whack"—on PUNCH's devoted head!

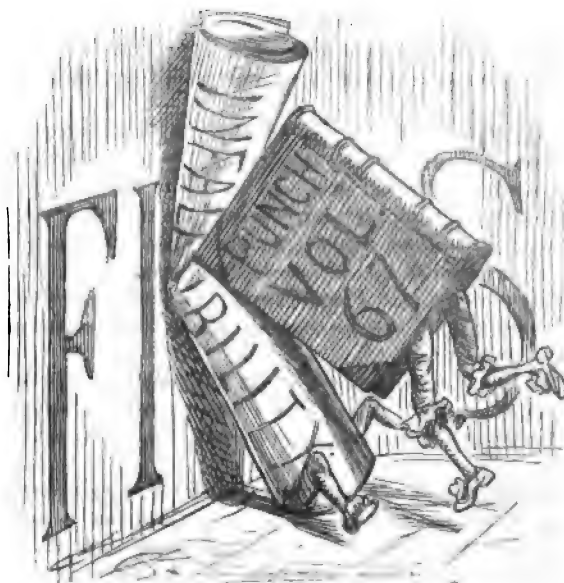
Luckily, that Protestant Papa Antipapa was able, by a nimble movement, to upheave VOLUME SIXTY-SEVEN as a buckler between the Holy Father's swashing blow and his devoted pate.

The untrustworthy weapon collapsed at contact with the sevenfold shield of Bull's-hide,—appropriate binding of BULL's bosom friend and breast-plate—PUNCH.

Hitherto that Hero had stood on the defensive; but, like *Fitz-James's* blade in the encounter with *Roderick Dhu*, PA PUNCH's book "was sword and shield."

From defence to offence was but a step.

When grey morning rose upon the encounter, PAPA PUNCH had PAPA PIUS on the reel—and, with the sharpest points of Volume Sixty-seven, was beating a terrible tattoo on the venerable bread-basket of the Holy Father, who vainly attempted to interpose between his midriff and that irresistible battering-ram the weak defence of the Vatican Infallibility Decree!





ARCH AND KEYSTONE.

(See the Report of the great Manchester Unions' Meeting. Times, Monday, June 22.)

- "MARCH, with your ARCH, of one mind multitudinous!
Hurry in legions to Manchester town!
Union has awakened new life and strange mood in us:
Under our loads we'll no longer sit down.
March, not a man awry!
Wave Union banners high,
Through the thick smoke-wreath, the factories' crown.
- "What do we want? Why the answer is summary;
What we've a right to is all we demand:
Anything less is sheer nonsense and flummery—
Make but the labourers lords of the land!
As sure as HALLIDAY
Says so, there shall a day
Come for fulfilling a notion so grand.
- "Porches with woodbine and plots of geranium
Don't make the labourer's leaky thatch snug:
With no food in his stomach, and brains in his cranium.
Think of him, after all day he has dug,
Coming home wearily,
Supperless, drearily
Laid on his straw, aching bones and thin rug!
- "Picturesqueness, indeed! and the charm of antiquity!
Ask HODGE of that in his tumble-down shed;
Ask country Parsons to strive with iniquity,
In flocks housed like pigs, but not half as well fed.
Whose is the knavery
Dooms to such slavery?
Knaves there are *somewhere*—that's plain to be read."
- ARCH, ARCH, much that you say is right;
Right too is much you provoke of replies:
If you must lead the blind, see that the way is right,
See that you make a good use of your eyes.
Farmer and labourer
Still next-door neighbour are—
Who sows strife 'tween them had need to be wise.
- Have a care, Labourer, Farmer, and Bishop.
Heads soon get heated, twixt keen tongue and pen;
Hard words to fling at each other why fish up?
Hard words, so easily flung back again!
One key-stone strong, if small,
Holds up this Arch, and all,
"Do as you'd be done by"—the one rule for men!

BENEFIT FOR BABES.

THOUGH the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER has withdrawn from his Friendly Societies Bill (to be reintroduced next Session) the intended prohibition of the Life Insurance of Infants under three years old, he proposes to subject that practice to restrictions which will render it unobjectionable. The objection to its unconditional allowance appears to be that, for little Children, what is termed Life Insurance is, on the contrary, not seldom the insurance of an untimely end. Perhaps this does not happen quite so often as to justify the suspicion of a real Massacre of the Innocents, but the idea of it is quite sufficient to necessitate every precaution that members of the institutions named Benefit Clubs shall not be suffered to insure their infants' lives to an amount which would exceed the sum-total of a reasonable undertaker's bill in the event of their deaths. Benefit Clubs are vulgarly called Coffin Clubs, not without reason. It seems that, in some cases, they facilitate the insurance not only of coffins for children but also of children for coffins.

Something Like Business.

THE Government having acceded to the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY's request that "Letters of Business" may be granted to Convocation, let us hope that Convocation will make it their business to prepare, for the early consideration of Parliament, the project of an additional "Act of Uniformity" for the regulation, once for all, of ecclesiastical uniforms.

Conservative Schooling.

A PUBLIC meeting was convened the other day at the Mansion House by the LORD MAYOR, in aid of the Royal Normal College for the Education of the Blind. The assistance of the PREMIER should be solicited on behalf of this useful charity. He could instruct the teachers of the blind in the method of tuition by which he "educated his Party."

Reasonable Hours.

IN the opinion of MR. DISRAELI, half-past eleven in the House of Commons is "a time very favourable to the progress of business." But should not the House of Commons, by closing at a reasonable hour, set an example to other public houses?

EXTRAORDINARY VOCAL FEAT.

THE orator continued speaking for three-quarters of an hour, after having expressly stated at the outset that he really had no voice in the matter.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



Though Cross should have blundered
Into antics topey-turvytive,
Which the little Wittler have sundered
From his great friend, the Conservative;
Though Bruce's would-be upsetter
In Bruce's colours have run,
And nobody's the better.
After all's been said and done,

The Third Reading was carried by 328 to 39.

("Pass it, and have done with it," says *Punch* for all England, in and out of Parliament. 'Tis a bad piece of work, and the sooner it is got rid of the better.)

Everybody urged the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER not to press on his Friendly Societies Bill. So it was committed *pro forma*, and will stand over. The subject wants legislating for, if you can by any legislation weed out the rotten from the sound Societies. As it is, Government is putting its registration-mark on life-belts stuffed with straw; ignorant people persist in reading "Registered" into "Cork-Warranted"; and, when they come to trust themselves to the belt of straw, go down.

Better no stamp than a misleading one. Rather throw upon the public the responsibility of testing their own life-belts than induce trust in a supposed Government guarantee which guarantees nothing.

Tuesday.—Their Lordships had a talk over two claimants for their protection—Wild Birds and Proper Babies. But as our statutory protection of our feathered friends (according to LORD CAIRNS) is like INSPECTOR BUCKLAND's kind treatment of the Salmon, meant merely to bring down their price in the market, it may be doubted if our *protégés* have so much reason to be

Take CAVENDISH's heaven
Of comfort, that if an angel
Had come down straight from Heaven,
With a Licensing-Bill-Evangel,
That Bill they had laid their claws on,—
These Publicans and sinners,—
And CROSS and WILFRID LAWSON
'Gainst angel had come off winners.

ONDAY, June 22.—The Judicature Bills (England and Ireland) were reported and read a Third Time, with a last word—not *vale*, but male-dictory—from LORD REDESDALE and LORD DENMAN—*par nobile fratrum*—brothers in saying no to the Bill.

MR. DISRAELI has promised MR. BUTT Thursday next for that great Irish v. English bull run—the Home-Rule Debate.

Intoxicating Liquors were passed round for the Third and last time, after a final protest from SIR WILFRID LAWSON, and a rattling broadside, double-shotted, from GOSCHEN into CROSS. Fie! never hit a man when he's down!

obliged to us as might seem at first sight.

Lord Salisbury administered a very scientific wiggling to Lord Salisbury for putting the criticisms of the India Council Bill into a letter to the *Times*, instead of a speech to the House of Lords. Lord Salisbury has the reputation of being a master of the art of "wiggling." How does he like it? Can he say (with BUNZON, slightly altered)—

"The pleasure is entirely
On being wiggled to wig."

The Commons were in Committee on the Factories Bill. PROCTOR repeated his reasons against the Bill, and divided, 59 to 242, against the clause limiting the labour of adult women.

The Bill passed through Committee unaltered, in a single sitting. Fifty-six-and-a-half hours' factory work per week will soon be the law of the land. *Prosa!* And may we not soon have to alter the popular proverb into—"All play and no work makes Jack a dull boy"? *Punch* only wishes he could bring his week's work into fifty-six-and-a-half hours. To his friends under the Act he will only say—

"Now you have leisure,
Husband the treasure;
Spend with due measure,
Nor waste in low pleasure."

Wednesday.—Was MR. PLIMSOLL's, who moved his Bill, directing the Board of Trade to survey all unclassified ships, prohibiting deckloads between September and April, and requiring a load-line to be marked on all ships' hulls. Everybody was anxious to forward the object of the Bill, many doubtful how far the Bill would effect its object, and a majority of three (173 to 170) of opinion that the Bill should not be pushed, till the report of the Unseaworthy Ships' Commission, just signed, and not yet distributed, could be considered. To lose the Bill by a majority of three under such circumstances was to carry it. The House, like the Country, has made up its mind against further toleration of floating coffins. MR. PLIMSOLL deserves the credit of having brought England to this mind, and Mr. *Punch* hereby awards it him. Of course, MR. PLIMSOLL has been indiscreet. People who attack great evils and large interests, always are—more power to such indiscretion, says *Punch*. At the same time, in this as in all war upon evil, the less mud flung and the less ill blood stirred the better; and so *Punch* congratulates his friend PLIMSOLL on the most moderate measure, and the least aggressive speech, yet made on a subject fit to provoke a saint, and make an angel aggressive.

Thursday.—The Archbishop's Bill was read a Third Time, and passed. There is conflict of opinion about it among the talking Lords, but the voting Lords declared in its favour by a large majority. It is a Bill of procedure, not doctrine. Of course, if worked one-sidedly, it will only please one side—the one it is not worked against. But the evil has grown to such a head (said LORD SELBORN), that the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTEBURY has no choice but to grapple with it by hook or by crook, and, in fact, the Bill is the hook and crook needed to catch and pull up a host of Ritualistic sheep, who will leap from the English pale into the Roman.

At the same time, it *may* be used to hook Low Church strays as well, if they overleap the Church fence, though it wasn't made or meant for *them*. LORD SALISBURY hates the Bill, and doesn't care who knows it. He gave it as many parting kicks as he could put into his farewell oration, and contemptuously christened it "a Bill to give £3000 a year to the DEAN OF ARCHES, and to re-enact certain minor provisions of the Church Discipline Act." Very good—A rod by any other name will flag as well. The monks use, or used to use, a scourge, technically called a discipline, on their own backs. Our monk-ily inclined Anglicans distinctly kick against all discipline administered to *them*. Their function they conceive is to lay the lash on others, not to bend and bare their own backs to the scourge of the law. It remains to be seen if the discipline is there, and the hands to lay it on. If not, it may come to a case of "Spare the rod, and split the Church of England."

The Wellington Monument, like the Rhone glacier, is moving, though, hitherto, not at a rate perceptible to the eye. The recumbent Duke, we rejoice to learn, is completed, and in the hands of the founder. We feared that the Iron Duke had made up his mind against being reduced to bronze, now that it is no longer used for gun-casting, and that he had sworn a vow—"Non (con)funder in eternum." After all that has been said, Punch is glad to learn that there is at least a chance of something being done—besides the Public; and that MR. STEPHENS really has a cast in his eye, instead of being totally blind to his obligations in this matter.

MR. HURR had his kick at the Irish Judicial appointments, which he wants made non-political. Ireland must wait till she gets Home Rule, for appointments made on the score of merit apart from politics. MR. MITCHELL HENRY and MR. PLUNKETT had a very pretty bit of sparring—and of course a sprinkling of the other Irish Members struck in.

The "motion" over, the House went into Committee of Supply. SIR JOHN LUBBOCK and COLONEL BEECHER pressed the claims of the staff of the British Museum, the best officered and worst paid department in the public service. Candles are not used in the Museum. So there can be no good plea for economising candle-ends there. Then they took £35,000 for the Gold Coast establishment. MR. LOWE explained in detail the scheme already laid before the House in general. CAPTAIN STANBACH, R.A., Acting Administrator at Lagos, is to be the new Governor, with £3,000 a year, and £500 for travelling expenses, which we call going decidedly cheap, as he must carry his life in his hand. His seat of government is not yet fixed, but, if possible, it is not to be in the White Man's Grave, as it has been. KING COFFEE has sent down two hundred more ounces of gold, and asked to have his son educated in England at his own expense. (Are these facts stated as grounds for hope of pleasanter relations with Ashantee? Let those who can brew tea out of exhausted tea-leaves, extract hope out of Coffee-grounds.)

MR. HANBURY was for reducing the vote by £10,000, keeping neutral between Ashantees and Fantees, and drawing the teeth of both by preventing the import of guns—"If," as the Spartan said—"If we could, we would, but how can we?" Everybody, except SIR WILFRED (is he quite sure it is not SIR WILFUL) LAWSON, is agreed we can't withdraw from the Coast. MR. HORSMAN thinks £3000 too low a figure to secure a good Governor in such a climate, and perhaps he is right; but otherwise, the Government scheme seems about as good as could be devised, and the House voted it by 267 to 47.

Friday.—LORD STRATHNAIRN charged the late Secretary for War with bad faith, in not enlisting men for short and long service together. There was a promise, he says, that they would. Now, the practice is to enlist only for short service, without pensions. Hence desertion after enlistment, deterioration in the ranks, and destitution after discharge.

LORD CARDWELL explained that it was meant to make long and short enlistments simultaneously, but, as no men came in for short, a general order was issued in May, 1871, that none should be enlisted for long—which strikes one as rather a comical comment on "the system." However, there appears to have been no bad faith.

But it seems clear Britons don't show any liking for short service thus far. LORD LANSDOWNE says you can't get an Army Reserve without it. But how if it keeps your active Army short of men, or gives you only weeds of boys in their place, and not enough of them? It seems clear the system has not got into the right grooves yet. Let us hope it will.

Consular Jurisdiction in Egypt, the Suez Canal, Welsh County Court Judges, the wrongs of Serjeants in the Army, the rights of the NAWAB NAZIM, and the further restriction, or relaxation, of cattle importation, formed the very miscellaneous *menu* of the Commons.

A WONDERFUL PHENOMENON.

THE *London Sun* professes to appear weekly. Those who have to live in London all the year round wish it kept up to its professions.

RIVAL PRONOUNS.



THE slightest correction only is required to render the subjoined passage in MR. DISRAELI's address to the Merchant Taylors exact:—

"We have combined religious equality with a National Church (*choirs*); we have maintained the authority of monarchical and aristocratical institutions with a large distribution of political power among the people (*choirs*); and we have made a free exchange of commodities consistent with the existence of a progressive and unimpaired native industry. (*Chorus*.)"

It will be manifested that Hansard's *Stiffage* was conceded by a Conservative Government to Liberal agitation and a Liberal *Hence off Commons*. Shakingst "We," in connection with every one of the assertions above quoted, have been "They?" When "We"

took credit to ourselves for Free Trade, surely, if there is any truth in Spiritualism, and there had been a medium among the Merchant Taylors, the ghost of LORD GEORGE BASTING would have upset the table.

A FASHIONABLE LOVE SONG.

By a *May Fair Chinaman*.

O MY little tea-pot,
My tiny chiny wee pot,
I love my little tea-pot vastly better than my life!
Call me silliest of ninnies,
For it cost me fifty guineas,
And with that a pretty present I could purchase for my wife.

I could buy her a new bonnet,
And an ostrich plume upon it,
With a quarter of the money for my tea-pot I have paid;
But I loved it with such madness
That I gave the price with gladness,
And counted myself lucky such a purchase to have made.

My tea-pot's spout is broken,
In a whisper be it spoken,
And pray don't touch the handle, for 'tis riveted, you see;
In the side there are sad cracks too,
And a lid my tea-pot lacks too,
And 'tis ugly as 'tis useless in respect of making tea.

Yet I'll nurse my tea-pot nightly,
Though in shape it is unsightly,
And its colours have all vanished like the flowers of last year;
But I love my little tea-pot,
My tiny chiny wee pot,
'Cause it is such a rarity, and 'cause it is so dear!

SIXES AND SEVENS.

IF Government had adhered to the intention of fixing seven instead of six as the hour for restaurants' opening on a Sunday afternoon, their Licensing Act, for that matter, preventing lodgers and others from dining betimes on Sunday, might have been described as "An Act for Restraining People from going to Church on Sunday Evenings." Even six is too late to allow anyone to get his dinner and go to Church comfortably. As there are few, if any, Dissenters in the House of Lords, and the Soepies are not bigoted, their Lordships will perhaps, in their wisdom, be pleased to restore the hour to what it was previously to 1872; namely, five o'clock. They will thus remove the antagonism created by Sabbatarian legislation between religious duties and dining with the possibility of due digestion. Surely the Bishops must perceive the expediency, if not the justice, of abating a restriction which, intended to check excursions on a Sunday, discourages Church-going by Google



ALL THE CANDOUR OF YOUTH.

Aunt Bella (who has just read out aloud "The Burial of Sir John Moore"). "NOW, THEN, WHICH OF THE VERSES DO YOU LIKE BEST?"

Jack (with alacrity). "O! I KNOW—'FEW AND SHORT WERE THE PRAYERS WE SAID.'"

MAGUS AMONG THE MERCHANT TAYLORS.

RIVAL of PITT, more than rival of PERCIVAL,
Minter of words, if not moulder of men,
Regions of history ranging discursive all,
Trenchant in tongue-fence as pointed of pen!
Be it to prove aught but progress impossible,
Whether 'tis Tory or Whig away the realm,
Or to show all seas safe, and all cyclone-belts crossable,
So but Conservative hands hold the helm.

"Industry, Freedom, Religion" are three things,
Methinks, not invented by WILLIAM PITT;
Any old Dowager, over her tea-things,
With that triad for text, must, perforce, make a hit.
About the last thing a wise leader would venture is
A patent to claim for e'er one of the three,
Since sturdy JOHN BULL, through continuous centuries,
Has walked the old roads, law-abiding and free.

But why weigh post-prandial words? Wherefore criticise
The bunkum bestowed at Threadneedle Street board?
Though, if it awakened the grim ghost of PITT, his eyes
Must have gleamed with dark fire at those words glibly
poured.

As he thought of his work when State weather was wilder,
And England stood single 'gainst Europe in fray,
BILLY's ghost must have whispered to BEN,—"Draw it
milder,
Till you've to meet giants in battle-array."

But long-headed DERRY to truth ventures nearer—
There's something in him (thinks JOHN BULL) besides *vox*,
When he tells Merchant-Taylor, his practical hearer,
Only he that can drive has a right to the box.

Let DIZZY take hint from this cool-blooded STANLEY,
And make his mind up by what road he will drive:
If he keep his team straight like a whip bold and manly,
Solid work empty words after dinner will thrive.

WORK FOR SOMEBODY.

Will somebody explain the present position of affairs in France,
and the various parties in the Assembly?

Will somebody explain why Clergymen are the only class of men
who wear comfortable hats?

Will somebody explain the Twenty-fifth Clause?

Will somebody explain why Blue-Books are not published in a more
attractive style?

Will somebody explain the Transit of Venus?

Will somebody explain the difficulty of cooking potatoes properly?

Will somebody explain the National Debt?

Will somebody explain why people always quarrel over SHAK-
SPEARE?

Will somebody explain chinamania?

Will somebody explain the use of Convocation?

Will somebody explain the delays in erecting our public buildings
and monuments?

Will somebody explain the weather?

Paternal Protectionism.

It is a truly paternal legislation that interdicts the robbery of
birds' nests. Only Paterfamilias would hardly make it a criminal
offence for little boys. Perhaps he would prefer to protect the
feathered race by fine and imprisonment from the keepers of noble
lords and honourable gentlemen, who shoot down all the hawks,
kites, buzzards, ravens, crows, magpies, and jays they can, under
the name of "vermin."



THE GREAT "TRICK ACT."

RING-MASTER (MR. CROSS). "NOW, THEN, MR. WITTER, STAND OUT O' THE WAY!"

CLOWN (LITTLE WITTER). "OH AH, OF CORSE! OF CORSE I GAVE 'ER A LEG-UP, AND CHALK'D 'ER SHOES OF CORSE, AND OF CORSE I'M TO GET NOTHING FOR IT! THAT'S WHAT I CALL WITTER'S ALLOWANCE!"

[Exit, disgusted.]

OUR NEW NOVEL.

ONE-AND-THREE!

BY THAT DISTINGUISHED FRENCH NOVELIST,

FICTOR NOGO.

PART THE SECOND—IN THE METROPOLIS.

BOOK THE SECOND.

II.—*The Cats.*

ANTONEROLY was the stranger who had bought a Catalogue and entered the Show Rue du Boulanger.

True to his vocation, he waited on MADAME TOOSEW.

She gave her orders, the Waiter being in the room.

Then he left.

Part of his mission was to gain the coast before the dawn of the following day.

To do this he was compelled to traverse the Metropolis at night.

ANTONEROLY muttered to himself "Heigho!" and passed along the deserted streets.

He seemed to be treading on the silent tombs of the nameless and the forgotten.

He heard the march of cats through the darkness.

They rushed to an attack with loud cries, springing up suddenly from every quarter, areas, roofs, balconies, lamp-posts, gutters, lanes, passages, courts, alleys, and thoroughfares.

They flew up the trees in the squares, and scurried madly round the crescents.

All their habits were nocturnal.

The feline rule is always to appear unexpectedly.

How many tragic sights have been witnessed by the statues of the Metropolis!

At ANTONEROLY'S footstep the cats fled, filling mews after mews with their unearthly cries.

Quiet neighbourhoods—back streets. These words sum up the whole of the Feline War.

They lived in purr-lieus.

It is a quarrel of localities; of family against family; tabby against tortoise-shell; pussy-cat against pussy-cat.

All our attempts, our movements in legislation, and in education, our encyclopaedias, our philosophies, our genius, our glories, all fail before the Cats.

Could its youth be trained?

The Cat's-cradle has ever been a puzzle.

They love blind-alleys. Strange blindness!

A colossal scuffle, a jangling of Tittums, an immeasurable rebellion, without strategy, without plan, chivalric and savage, appearing like fantastic black shadows, tails of the past, the devastation of glass, the destruction of flower-pots in back yards, the ruin of squares, the terror of invalids—such is the sleepless warfare, the unreasoning effort of the Puscat.

ANTONEROLY passed on among the vanishing shadows.

His one word now was Progress.

Cat-astrophes have a strange faculty for arranging matters.

PART THE THIRD—THE LITTLE 'UNS IN.

BOOK THE FIRST.

I.—*Ab hosts doceri.*

THE summer was very hot. Ninety-three in the shade. The inhabitants of La Tristesse, where the Blues had been, were craving for amusement. The two Cirques were engaged in mortal combat. The one that could exhibit the greatest novelty would gain the day. This was certain.

The MARKY JAMES DU CROW was the leader on one side, though he had been expected on the other. This made the latter furious. The leader on the other was GAMMON. GAMMON was the MARKY DU CROW'S nephew. When they spoke of one another, the MARKY DU CROW said of him "He is my nephew;" when the nephew spoke of the MARKY DU CROW, he only said "My uncle."

At the close of a lovely summer's day, an hour before the usual time, in consequence of a recent Act of the Legislature, a man on horseback drew rein before the little inn called "The Pig and Chequers," within view of the French Coast.

The Host, seeing him, muttered to himself, "He draws rein: I draw beer."

The Traveller was enveloped in an ample cloak, which, fastened about the neck, permitted the ends of a white tie to be distinctly visible.

He had a cold in his head, and sneezed as he alighted from his smoking steed.

The Host looked at the ends of the white tie.

"Do you stop here?"

"No."

"Where are you going then?"

"To Tristesse, near Boulogne."

"Don't."

"Why not?"

"Because you had better stay here a few days. Our charges are moderate, and you'll have all the luxuries of a quiet home combined with the enjoyment of a modest but lively society. *Table d'hôte* at 6'30, and at five on Sundays."

The Traveller said, "Give my horse some oats."

The Host brought out some oats. The horse began to snuff.

The Host asked, "Does he snuff?"

"Yes."

"Then I will offer him my box. I always have a loose box for horses that snuff."

"You are a friend at a pinch."

"I am."

"What is going on?"

"Not you."

"I know. I do not speak of here, but there," and he pointed out towards the distant coast.

"By Boulogne-sur-Mer?"

"Yes; and by Tristesse."

"Cirques. Two opposition Cirques. The towns are distracted by the noise. One is ruining the other. The hotels are doing nothing." The Innkeeper added to himself, mentally, "And you have the look of a waiter."

The Horseman resumed, "You say the two Cirques are in opposition?"





THE WEDDING TRIP.

Angelina. "O!—O!—EDWIN! KISS ME, LOVE! I'M GOING TO BE SICK!"

"Yes. Cutting each other's throats. Would you like to see the advertisements? We get them here."

The Host showed him two placards. On one was written—

"JAMES MARKY DU CROW, the only Negro Equestrian Delineator, has no connection with any other Cirque than that under the direction of WIDDICOMB JUNIOR, known as THE GRAND ROYAL CIRCUS, where he appears every evening at 8'30 precisely, in his celebrated Banjo-and-Boney-part Act on the Bare-Backed Steed of the Boundless Prairie.

"FURTHER NOTICE.—If JAMES MARKY DU CROW sees his Nephew, MISTER GAMMON, late of the Spinnidge Observatory, in the Pit, *hissing*, he hereby gives him warning that he has given orders to have him summarily and forcibly ejected, and proceeded against with the utmost rigour of the Law.

"(Signed) JAMES MARKY DU CROW."

The other ran thus:—

"GAMMON to JIM CROW.

"You're a pretty sort of an Uncle, you are! You're an old fool. You ought to know better than to be capering about on horseback at your age. You've 'given orders' about me, have you? You're always 'giving orders.' No one would come and see you if you didn't. Shut up and go home.

"GAMMON."

The Traveller in a low voice uttered these words—"It is a family war." Then he took out a soiled pocket-handkerchief, dusted the saddle, and whisked it suddenly under his left arm.

The Host murmured to himself, "Now I feel sure I am speaking to a waiter."

The Horseman continued, "Which of the two has the best of it?"

"The Marky so far. It is a better Circus. Besides, as luck would have it, when the Marky arrived he was able to offer higher terms to the Acrobatic family who had been engaged by the French Cirque Republicain, under GAMMON, which, then, lost its chief attraction. This *does* make them very wild. They are determined

to get back the Acrobatic Children at all hazards. That is what they are fighting about."

"Ah! How long does it take to get to Tristesse?"

"Two hours to cross the sea in a boat."

"A boat is necessary then?"

"Yes, to cross the sea." And the Host added to himself, "I must be talking to a waiter."

The Traveller listened.

"I think I hear fireworks."

The Host listened.

"Yes. They give the storming of Sevastopol. You can hear it at this distance. It's not worth seeing, and it would be over before you arrived. You had better stop here. Beds three-and-sixpence."

"I want only one. But I shall not stop. I have a commission to fulfil. Where is the boat?"

"There." The Host pointed downward, to the beach.

"Good. How much do I owe you?"

"Half a sovereign."

He owed him.

The Host called after him, "Here! hi! come back! This won't do!"

The Traveller spurred his horse forward. Darkness was now complete. He hurried on into the night. The Innkeeper lost sight of him.

When the Traveller reached the boat, a man touched his hat and took his horse.

"Five hours at half-a-crown an hour. Good. I will look in to-morrow, or next day."

The Traveller pushed off in the small boat, and pulled out into the cloud and mist. The Ostler from the livery-stable called after him—"Here! this isn't right."

The Traveller's voice came back from the darkness: "Over the left."

The Innkeeper thoughtfully put up his shutters and retired to bed. As he turned on his side for the last time before sleeping, he murmured to himself, "I am sure I've been talking to a waiter."

(To be continued.)

ELECTION PUZZLES.

WHAT is a bribe?

Our grandsires might say.

What *isn't* a bribe?

Is the question to-day.

Danger inhabits

Where'er there are polls:

There are snares set with rabbits,
And snares set with coals.

DEAKIN might sneak in

'Neath ground-game a gift;

COLERIDGE bestowed on him

Very short shrift.

PARRY's been called over

Charity's coals;

And INGRAM's scarce hauled over
Same Boston shoals.

COLERIDGE's monkey

Was put up, they say,

When told how a donkey

Was once giv'n away.

"Nonsense," he thundered—

The Bench don't see fun!—

"Here 'twas *eight hundred*
Donkeys, not *one*!"

PETERSFIELD's problem

Sticks in our throat:

If one can nobble 'em,

May Paupers vote?

If rogues bribe *gratis*,

(See case of Durham),

Must *Candidatus*

Lose his seat for 'em?

Too-zealous backers

How shall we muzzle?

Ambushed attackers

How shall we chuzzle?

As we are purists,

And bribery hate,

Election-law-jurists,

Give the tip straight!

STRANGE, IF TRUE.—An accident of a most unusual character recently happened to a Commentator on SHAKESPEARE—he stuck to the text.



THIRST FOR—INFORMATION.

"PLEASE, MA'AM, HAVE YOU DONE WITH YESTERDAY'S PAPER? THERE'S A DREADFUL MURDER IN IT, I SHOULD LIKE TO READ ABOUT."

RULES FOR THE HOME-RULERS.

THE following regulations, to be observed in the Irish Parliament when it meets on College Green, are under consideration:—

1. The Speaker shall not speak except when he is talking.
2. Such terms as "thief of the wurruld," "spalpeen," "nager," "villian," "pothroon," "thraytor," "omadhawn," &c., and such epithets as "base," "brutal," "bloody-minded," and others named in the schedule to these regulations, shall be considered unparliamentary, except when used in the heat of debate.
3. An Annual Budget shall be presented to the House once a quarter.
4. Shillelaghs, revolvers, and pikes, shall not be introduced into the House, except when accompanied by a Member.
5. A Member shall be bound to attend every debate. A Member, however, shall be excused if he gets up in his place in the House and announces that he would be present were he not ill at home in bed.
6. A quorum shall consist of forty Members. Should a count-out be demanded, Members who have been engaged in personal altercation, shall not be included unless they are sufficiently conscious to utter "Erin go Bragh!" thrice distinctly.
7. Duels will be strictly forbidden. Should any Member, however, think proper to break this rule, it will be considered a breach of privilege if he does not invite the Speaker and the whole House to see the fun.
8. There will be only one Speaker; but two or more Members may be elected to the post.
9. Only one Member shall address the House at a time, except when two or more wish to speak at once, in which case they shall not interrupt each other.
10. A Member when addressing the House shall not wear his hat unless he has got it on his head before rising, when he shall remove it on any Member directing the Speaker's attention to the fact.
11. Under no consideration whatever will the consumption of any spirits be permitted in the House. This rule does not apply to whiskey, gin, brandy, and the French liqueurs.
12. As only the most elegant Dublin English will be spoken in the House, no Provincial brogue can be tolerated. To this rule there will be no exception.

NEW BOOK FOR THE BAR.—Cross's *Public-house Closing Time Tables*. [A companion work to BRADSHAW'S *Railway Guide*.]

RAIN IN OVERDUE SEASON.

(HAWFINCH sings.)

THE country sadly wanted rain;
It han't come none too soon.
O' drought the Farmers did complain
Till nigh the end o' June.
We hadn't scarce had nare a drop
Not sence the fust o' May;
And things looked ugles fur the crop
O' turmuts, and the hay.

The dry wind, like a stubborn beast,
To move too fat and big,
Fur days together, North and East,
Stuck restiff as a pig.
And when a' shifted fur a bit,
In West or South to bide,
The sky sim'd cloud-bound; could but spit,
What times to rasin it tried.

For want o' wet the grass runs shart,
And fodder 'ool be dear,
Unless we be a gwiun' to cart
An arter-math this year.
Our early pase was parched wi' sun;
Our early 'tatures late.
Tweedstools I marked there wuzunt none
Fur locomotives to ate.

No frogs nor slugs nor snails about,
Which they Mooshoes devour.
But now the moistur' brings 'um out,
As well as yarb and vlower.
I loves to see 'um oreep and crawl,
Though mischiefull they be;
To stand and watch the gurt drops fall
A cumfurt 'tis to mé.

Well plazed I hears the thunder crack,
And sees the lightnun' play
Athurt the sky all pitchy black
A pepperun' hard away.
About the thirsty fields I thinks,
To harvust wi' an eye,
Consider'n now at last they drinks
So long that wuz a-dry.

I hopes, though, that o' storms and showers
We shan't git mere than due.
"It never rains but what it pours."
Med them words not come trae!
Med it rasin hard enough to grow;
Not lodge, the bladed cam.
Doan't let Saint Swithun prove a foe,
By 'm by, to rick and barn.

Such is my thoughts when I sarveys
Them clouds aloft as towers,
Like mountains, or, I sometimes says,
Like monstus collyflowers.
But no wus yet for many a drench
The land wun't be, no fear!
Meanwhilst, our own thirst what's to quench?
Let's try the effect o' beer.

LAW AND RIGHT.

O SHADE of BLACKSTONE, the decision of the Lords' Appeal Committee in the Mordaunt case, reversing the judgment of LORD PENZANCE, what a dereliction from the principle of that Law which was once the perfection of reason!

Had that judgment stood, suppose any man were to sue for divorce from an unfaithful wife, and she went hopelessly mad, the circumstance of her incurable madness, superadded to her infidelity, would constitute, in law, a bar to his ever getting rid of her.

Common Sense would suggest that, on the contrary, madness, in such a case, ought rather to be a make-weight in favour of the claim for release.

The decision of the Law Lords is actually in accordance with Common Sense! Let "Ishabod" be written over the door of Westminster Hall.



IN MEDIO (NON) TUTISSIMUS.

PADDLEWICKS, HEARING OF THE COLLAPSIBLE BOAT, TRIES ONE ON HIS OWN PRINCIPLE, AND IS QUITE SUCCESSFUL!

REGATTA RAIN.

At Henley the rain you can never restrain,
The glass may go up, but 'tis perfectly vain;
The Clerk of the Weather, with utter disdain,
Washes all the barometers down, in the train
Of his fast-falling thunder-flood, good for the grain,
But not for the nymphs of their finery vain,
Or the swells, who will never their stiffness regain,
Till they're valetted well, and have had some Champagne,
And have sworn that they won't go to Henley again.
The Red Lion's hostess must snobs entertain,
But no one observes her to greatly complain;
And, by this time, she's probably used to the rain—
That annual deluge that ne'er seems to wane,
But swells Father Thames till he widens his lane,
And floods the flat meadows, and threatens to reign
O'er the streets of the town, and the Mayor's bothered brain.
"Well, what if our fripperies sadly we stain!"
Cries CORISANDE, CLARA, MATILDA, or JANE;
"We shall have some fine fun, and it's pleasure, not pain;
Just going to MADAME ELISE's again;
And, as FRANK's always there, I *must* go there, that's plain,
Or some other bright eyes will make play with my swain,
Whom I keep well in hand, since I saw on the Steyne
How he flirted—such doings I really disdain
When a man's half-engaged—

O, SIR CHARLES, by the train
Did you come? What a treat! What a love of a cane!
I'm delighted to see you don't care for the rain."

A MIDSUMMER DAY'S THOUGHT.

ACCORDING to the *Athenaeum*, a work entitled *Searches for Summer*, in various regions, is about to be published. An investigation of a similar character has been carried on in this country during the present season with but indifferent success.

THE PERMISSIVE PRINCIPLE AT HOME.

MEASURE to permit MR. SMITH and family to take MRS. SMITH and Family to Dieppe. Introduced by MRS. SMITH (*née* BROWN). Supported by the DOWAGER MRS. BROWN.

Card to permit MR. HOWARD DE TOMKINS to take MRS. HOWARD DE TOMKINS to view MESSRS. SILK AND SATYN's Exhibition of Summer Novelties. Introduced by MESSRS. SILK AND SATYN. Supported by MRS. HOWARD DE TOMKINS.

Letter to permit MR. JONES ROBINSON to pay for his son TOMMY's visit to PROFESSOR BARNUM DRYASDUST's Lecture upon the Pacific Islands. Introduced by the REV. DR. BIECH. Supported by PROFESSOR BARNUM DRYASDUST (N.B. Schools admitted at a great reduction.)

Bill to permit MR. THOMAS SKYLARK to use and enjoy £50 on payment of £75, at three months' date. Introduced by MR. MOSS LEVI. Supported by MR. JONAS AARON (officer in the service of the Sheriff of Diddlesex.)

A Word to the Unwise.

MR. PUNCH is pained to notice that there exist certain snoblings, in good clothing, who, when the National Anthem is performed within their hearing, omit the usual act of loyalty, and neglect to take their hats off. Possibly they are fearful lest their long ears should be seen if they were to stand bareheaded. Mr. Punch inclines to think this reason is the right one; for, clearly, no one but a donkey would, on any other grounds, allow a good old English custom to fall into desuetude.

A PROFESSIONAL VIEW OF THINGS.

Nor many hours ago, an eminent Novelist was observed contemplating the outside of his house with earnest attention. He was thinking, so he told an anxious inquirer, that every story had its "tale" of bricks.



DELICATELY PUT.

Customer. "I'M AFRAID I'M GETTING A LITTLE BALD!"

Operator. "WELL, SIR, I THINK, SIR, WHEN YOU ATTEND PUBLIC WUSHIP, IF I WAS YOU, I'D SIT IN THE GALLERY."

LEICESTER SQUARE—RENOVATE.

YES, ALBERT GRANT, for Leicester Square
We thank you: every millionaire
Is not so wise in spending.
Some build large piles with little taste,
Some leave their wealth for heirs to waste,
Till ill-gain finds ill-ending.

In this fair space these statues five,
Should mighty memories revive
For all its gates who enter:
Wisely, the marble fount to crown,
SHAKESPEARE, our Greatest, gazes down,
Jet-circled, in the centre.

NEWTON, who out-soared Time and Space,
And stood with Nature, face to face,
Her widest Law discerning:
Who with his prism the sunlight cleft,
And from the orb'd planets reft
The secret of their turning.

PLYMPTON's dear Knight, that painter rare,
Whose canvasses breathe Beauty's air,
Most true when most they flatter:
HOGARTH, whose bitter-biting lash
Hath made Sin wince, whose humour's flash
Brings laughter's aid to satire.

HUNTER, Arch-Surgeon, whose keen eye
Found hid truth in anatomy,
And set it new a-growing.
Strange, in that little space of square,
Such springs of Art and Science fair
In one short century flowing!

Who follows suit? *Punch* wants to know,—
Lifts thy Square (*once* King's Place), Soho,
From squalor sad to think on—
Regilds the Square still "Golden" hight,
And sets the lamps of legal light
High in the Fields of Lincoln?

PERFUME OUT OF PLACE.

Q. WHY do Ritualist Clergymen burn incense in Church?
A. To lead people by the nose.

STRICTLY ACCORDING TO PRECEDENT.

THE KING OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS having sent an official notice of his intention to visit the principal countries of Europe this year, the following arrangements will probably be made to give His Majesty the usual welcome on his appearance in England.

1. A week before His Majesty's arrival articles will appear in the newspapers tracing the King's pedigree to the heroes in the *Arabian Nights*, and giving glowing and fanciful word-pictures of the scenery of the Sandwich Islands.

2. The British Fleet will be concentrated at Portsmouth to offer His Majesty a Royal Salute. Should the King arrive, however, at some other port, the iron-clads will not be allowed to proceed thither, so as to avoid any chance of running aground.

3. On his arrival His Majesty will be received by a Mayor and Corporation, who will read to him an address congratulating him upon his wisdom in coming to England to learn a lesson in Liberty (Civil and Religious) and Free Trade. Should the King disembark at Gravesend, the unused address recently prepared for the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, when that Sovereign proposed landing on the shores of the Thames, will once more be called into requisition.

4. His Majesty, on his arrival in London, will immediately attend in State a concert given by the Christy Minstrels. The National Anthem of the Sandwich Islands (composed expressly for this occasion by MR. SMITH, and published, with a portrait of His Majesty, by MESSRS. BROWN, JONES, and ROBINSON) will be played upon the King's appearance in the Royal Box. His Majesty will be escorted to and from St. James's Hall by two regiments of Life Guards. The line of route will be decorated with an assortment of flags, all imagined, more or less, to be the national standard of the Sandwich Islands.

5. On the morning after His Majesty's arrival, the King will be presented with the freedom of the City of London, and thus obtain the right to open a shop in the E.C. division of the Metropolis. In the course of the afternoon he will be present at a review at Alder-

shot, will pay a visit to Windsor Castle, and will be shown over Woolwich Arsenal. In the evening His Majesty will be the guest of a noble Duke, and will sleep in Scotland.

6. On the morning of the following day His Majesty, before returning to London, will visit a coal-mine, and will inspect a model farm. In the afternoon he will visit the Royal Albert Hall, the Tower of London, the Mint, the Printing Establishment of the *Times* newspaper, the British Museum, Kew Gardens, and Newgate. In the evening he will be present at a Grand Fête held in his honour at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham. The Royal Arms of the Sandwich Islands (a slice of ham, *rampant*, between two pieces of bread and butter, *couchant*) will be represented in coloured fires on this occasion.

7. On the following day His Majesty will leave London for the Continent, when the evening papers will devote three columns of their valuable space to a minute description of his departure.

8. A fortnight after His Majesty's farewell to England, it will be ascertained by the British Public (through the medium of a correspondence in the daily journals) that the KING OF THE SANDWICH ISLANDS, although a most amiable and accomplished monarch, is a sovereign of no great political importance in Europe, and the subject—that is, the Sovereign—will be allowed to drop.

Eligible Investment.

LORRAINE.—To be sold immediately, without reserve, that freehold Property, comprising 70 acres, known as Malmaison, with the château and farm-buildings, which are at the present time in the same state of repair as they were when left by VON ALVENSLEBEN. The property is situated in a rolling country, admirably adapted for the action of cavalry and artillery. The château (which could be repaired) is situated six kilometres from St. Privat, and is within ten minutes' walk of the valley of Gravelotte, from which place you have a charming view of Metz. Price—to a German investor, ten thalers; to a Frenchman (say) forty francs. A prospect of excellent shooting in a few years, when the French are ready.

of his Bill to make School-Boards and School attendance compulsory.

MR. TALBOT and MR. SCOURFIELD were against compulsory School attendance.

MR. FORSTER, SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, and PROFESSOR FAWCETT were for compulsory School attendance, but against compulsory School-Boards.

The Government, by the mouth of LORD SANDON, pronounced against compulsory School-Boards, and against more compulsory School attendance than the law at present provides for, till they saw their way to the machinery for making it effective. There is the water; but as to making the asses drink, by more stringent measures than are already in force, *Mr. Punch* agrees with the Government. What more is to be said?

Thursday.—The Home-Rule Debate—no, the Home-Rule talk—ended in a division of 458 to 61.

And now the sooner our good friend PAT gets that big bumble-bee out of his canbees, and sets to steady work, using the means of self-improvement which Parliament and Providence have put into his hands; the better.

Friday.—Irish School-masters and Working Men's Dwellings

occupied the Lords, till LORD DERBY, in answer to LORD DENBIGH, explained what we were going to do at Brussels.

We have decided, after due consideration, to send a representative to the CZAR'S Congress on the Laws of War, but with his hands tied. He is not to discuss any of the general rules of International Law that affect belligerents, nor to commit us to any new engagements involving general principles (one for LORD GRANVILLE'S nob), and there is to be no extension of the Conference to naval warfare. In a word, we are not going to fall into any of the blanders of the Washington Conference. Without a clear promise on these points we send no representative. Even with them, our representative is only to sit, listen, discuss, and report home for instructions. It will be uncommonly hard for him to commit himself or us, under such restrictions. If any harm comes of the Conference—or good either—with all LORD DERBY'S precautions, we *shall* be astonished.

In the Commons, MR. C. LEWIS, with pluck deserving of a better fate, fought his Anti-Income-tax Resolution to a defeat by 38 to 139. His charges against the tax were met by counter-charges against the Motion—for MR. LEWIS had to stand no fewer than four Counts—though unsuccessful ones—during the evening. So that his Indictment of the Income-tax deserves to be remembered as an Indictment with four Counts.

A PATTERN TO HER SEX.



ATTENTION, young Ladies, to the exemplary achievement of—

"A FEMALE PEDESTRIAN.—A young girl named RICHARDS, who is called the Champion Walker, last evening concluded, at Stapleton, near Bristol, the extraordinary feat of walking 1000 miles in 1000 consecutive hours. She finished in quite fresh condition. An endeavour was made, when she began her task, on May 18th, to obtain magisterial interference, but this was unsuccessful, on the ground that she was a free agent, although she undertook the task in order that her father might win a wager of £50."

MISS RICHARDS has shown you to what an extent girls can walk if they please. Permit the remark that some of you need to be shown, ailing as you are for want of proper exercise. Not that it is to be expected that the generality of you should go the length of walking a thousand miles in a thousand hours. Yet more of you are able to accomplish the feat, perhaps, than people think. The foregoing paragraph is copied from the *Morning Post*. That journal records many a grand ball in fashionable life. At entertainments of that kind it is common for many of you to dance, with few interruptions, from ten at night until past four in the morning. Footing it at this rate is not very unequal to the feat of MISS RICHARDS: only being performed in heated rooms, full of the products of breathing and combustion, it is much less healthful. The endeavour "to obtain magisterial interference" with your excessive dancing would be rather more reasonable than that which was made

to prevent MISS RICHARDS' performance, although it would still be the act of a very great donkey, a gross attempt to infringe the rights of Woman, in many instances, to deprive her of the only exercise she will consent to take.

A RAAL IRISH GRIEVANCE.

In high historical debate
At midnight's solemn hour,
O'BRIEN charmed a listening House
With words of magic power;

But see revealed the following day
The Saxon's base design;
There's scarce a print through all the town
Reports one single line.

Whereas in Erin, well we know,
The papers one and all
Reported POWER's able speech,
Who never spoke at all!

O! cursed Saxon, base and mean,
O! brutal British Lion;
Ye Sons of Freedom, rise and strike
For Erin and O'BRIEN!

A Serious Complaint.

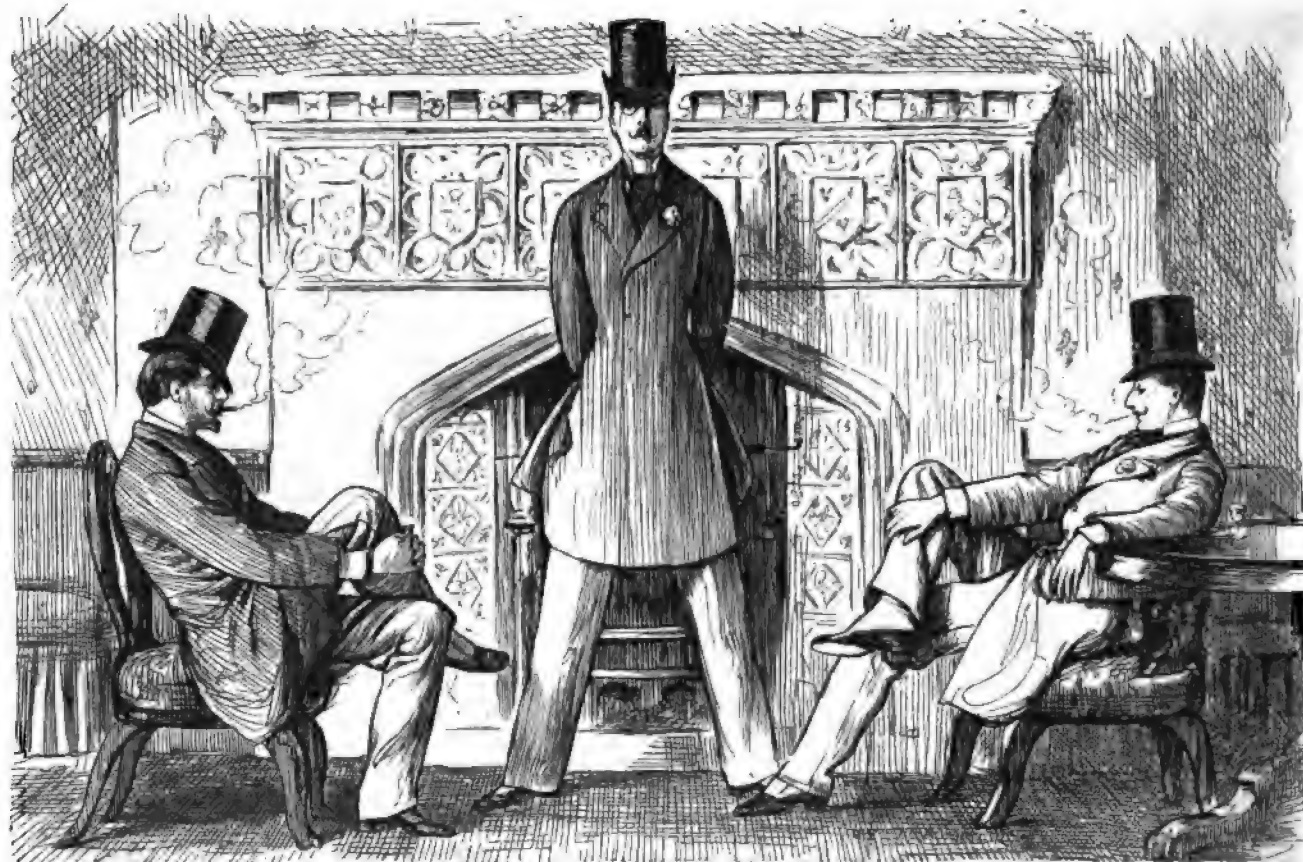
"In answer to LORD MONTAGUE, it was stated by the DUKE OF RICHMOND that short sight did not prevail amongst the pupils in elementary schools."

WE were glad to read this statement in the summary in the *Daily Telegraph*, but could not help wishing there was no shortsightedness on the part of those who have the control of Education in this country. When a few more years' mischief has been done, Education will be made compulsory, with a general, but unavailing, regret that this was not accomplished long ago.

DEEDS OF A DAY.

THE Lion of Northumberland,
Familiar to the eye,
Above the Mansion in the Strand
Believed against the sky,
We saw—first step to do away
With PERCY'S Palace fair—
Degraded, whilst, on that same day,
GRANT opened Leicester Square.

O noble and ignoble act!
O credit and O shame!
O this and that contrasted fact;
Mean end with generous aim!
O man and men, as discrepant
As Christian matched with Turks!
Hip, hip, hooray for ALBERT GRANT!
Yah, London Board of Works!



ALARMING SCARCITY.

SCENE—Club Smoking-Room.

First Young Swell. "Aw!—GOING ANYWHERE!"*Second Ditto.* "No!—ASKED TO TEN 'HOPS' TO-NIGHT! THE IDEA HAS COMPLETELY FLOORED ME!"*Third Ditto.* "BY JOVE! I'VE BEEN THINKING OF LETTING MYSELF OUT AT TEN POUNDS A NIGHT. A FELLOW MIGHT RECOUT HIMSELF FOR A BAD BOOK ON THE DERBY."

HOME RULE AT HOME.

THE following is a report of the Committee of the whole household recently assembled at the residence of Mr. SMITH. MRS. SMITH occupied the sofa, and chairs were supplied to MR. SMITH, JUN. (aged 18), MISSES FLORENCE (aged 16), JULIA (aged 14), and "Baby" SMITH (aged 3). MR. SMITH was accommodated with a music-stool.

MRS. SMITH said it was impossible that matters could be allowed to remain as they were at present. She begged to remind the Honorary Head of the Household (MR. SMITH) that it was now July, and yet no steps had been taken to remove the family to the seaside. The grants for the kitchen and drawing-room appropriations were quite unequal to the estimates. In fact, if *virements* were forbidden, it was impossible to make both ends meet. She begged to move that in future the whole revenue be paid at once into her hands for general disbursement.

MR. SMITH, JUN., in seconding the motion, cordially agreed with its mover. Did the Honorary Head of the Household know that there had been a great rise in the price of tobacco? His (MR. SMITH, JUNR.'s) allowance for cigars was absurdly small. He also insisted that in future he should be supplied with a latch-key.

MISS FLORENCE SMITH complained that the Wardrobe Department was utterly disorganised. The dresses of the family had not been recruited to the full strength for some time.

MISS JULIA SMITH was of opinion that a great saving in the Education Grant might be made by her immediate removal from School.

MISS "BABY" SMITH was understood to complain of the quantity and quality of the sweetstuff supplied to the Nursery.

MR. SMITH wished to know in the event of the Motion being carried, what his position would be in the Household?

MRS. SMITH explained that the Motion was not intended to alter what she might term the Imperial aspect of the household. The

Honorary Head would be called upon (as heretofore) to furnish the supplies, and to bear the entire responsibilities of any debts or liabilities that she might contract in his name—in fact, she would spend the money after he had had the honour of making it. What was his decision?

MR. SMITH, after returning an evasive answer, retired to another place (his Club), and the Committee was adjourned *sine die*.

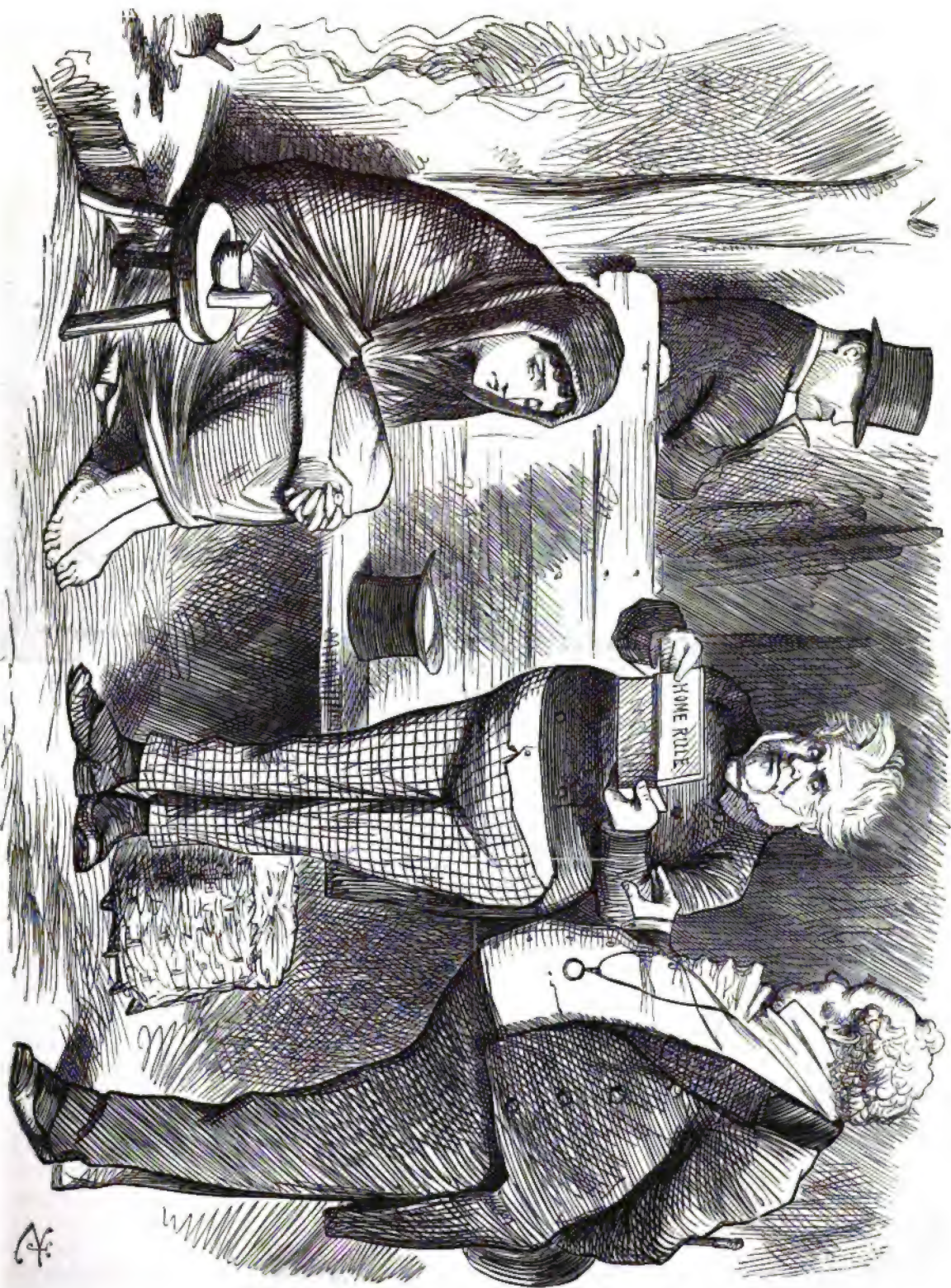
GONE FROM OUR GAZE.

LONDON has lost one of its Lions. No more shall the foreigner and the stranger look up with wonder and admiration at the animal which has so long presided over Northumberland House. Never again will bets be made as to whether its tail was turned towards Charing Cross or the Strand. The lordly creature has been removed to Sion House, Isleworth. We may regret the fall of Northumberland House, but we cannot grieve over the departure of its Lion.

There are several other figures and effigies, particularly in the neighbourhoods of Trafalgar Square, Waterloo Place, and Hyde Park Corner, which the Metropolitan Board of Works would cover themselves with glory by buying up and removing to sequestered spots in the country—the heart of a forest, or the middle of a wood. Any little addition to the rates which such a judicious outlay might entail would, we are persuaded, be cheerfully borne by the inhabitants of the Metropolis. *Mr. Punch* will be most happy to supply the Board with a list of desirable emigrants.

A SEASONABLE PRESENT.

THE Wimbledon Meeting has commenced. Competitors for "The Bass Prize" may be glad to know that they will have the option of taking it either in cask or bottle.



HOME-(RULE)-OPATHY.

IRELAND. "AH, SURE, THEN, IT'S CRUEL BAD I AM, INTIRELY; AND IT'S THE DACENT GENTLEMAN HERE KNOWS THE STUFF TO DO ME GOOD!"
DR. BUTL. "NO, NO, FRIEND BUTL!—NONE OF YOUR NOSTRUMS! WE SAW HER WELL THROUGH THE 'REPEAL' FEVER—AND SHE'D COME
OUT OF THIS ALL RIGHT YET!"

OUR NEW NOVEL.

ONE-AND-THREE!

BY THIS DISTINGUISHED FRENCH NOVELIST,
FICTOR NOGO.

PART THE THIRD—THE LITTLE 'UNS IN.

BOOK THE FIRST.

II.—*Before the Tempest.*

THE MARKY DU CROW understood the Circus business thoroughly. He was rash and skilful. The Marky was exasperated against GAMMON: firstly, because GAMMON had been doing unconscionably well; in the second place, because he was his kinsman.

The Marky had determined upon producing *The Taking of Sevastopol*. He wanted real soldiers. These GAMMON had, on the other side, already engaged. The Marky contrived to draw them from their allegiance.

These tactics confounded GAMMON, who had also already prepared *The Siege of Sevastopol*.

The Marky would use the soldiers for show. But he meant to depend upon the superns. The superns were the pivot about which he could manoeuvre the soldiers. Then there would follow the fireworks, the scenes in the circle, with the greatest attraction of all, the Acrobatic Children. The Marky himself would perform his celebrated Trick Act.

He had issued his Orders, signed MARKY DU CROW. They were not transferable. No other signature would admit. This was to exclude GAMMON and his party, none of whom were to be allowed to enter, even on payment. The MARKY DU CROW's own men would watch them like lynxes should they effect an entrance, and forcibly eject them on the least sign of disapprobation.

It was a deeply planned and terrible conception. If it had succeeded, the Marky's Circus would have been unconquerable.

The MARKY DU CROW had outnumbered GAMMON. Success appeared certain. The place, too, was well chosen. It was in the midst of the Market Place. The *Cirque Republicain* was outside the town.

This became a serious matter for GAMMON.

When the Royal Circus opened its doors, GAMMON stood attentively studying its programme, in the glare of the naphtha lamps which lighted his own booth.

Suddenly a lightning-like flash burst from the shadowy Market Place. Then a sound like clanging of bells, cymbals, and drums.

Through a trumpet roared a strident voice, "All in to begin!"

GAMMON murmured to himself, "It has commenced. I will surprise him."

He turned towards the leader of his Band. It was KATGOOT, afterwards famous for being the object of the oft-repeated cry, "Play up, KATGOOT!"

"Is the Big Drum here?" asked GAMMON.

The Big-drummer ranged himself before GAMMON in silence.

GAMMON resumed, "And the wind instruments?"

"Here!"

Twelve men, armed with brass, trombones, ophicleides, French horns, and cornet-à-pistons, stepped forward.

"Good," said GAMMON.

Then he continued:

"Listen! The Band from the Royal Circus will come out for

refreshment. Ten minutes are allowed for this. They shall be prevented from returning, and you will take their places. Once in their orchestra, you will know what to do. For galops, play waltzes, for waltzes galops; for quick time slow time. Always changing and changing suddenly. This will upset everybody. We, in disguise, will be in front. Once in disorder, we will tear up the benches, and seize the horses. As a precaution, we will pour water on the fireworks. We will capture the Acrobatic Children, who belong to us by right, and the real soldiers will come over to our side. Tomorrow, show doors will be closed, and ours will be open."

The Band were about to cheer.

GAMMON commanded silence. They cheered in a whisper. It was like the hum of insects before a storm.

III.—*Knockings out of Time.*

THE Band of the Royal Circus had, or was supposed to have, returned from refreshment. The pit was crammed. Peasants, from the provinces, sat beside their wives and children. Sweethearts sat together. The townspeople were in the dress circle and upper boxes: they were divided into rank and fashion. The Mayor was patronising the show of horses. The Gods were aloft in the gallery. Men, women, and boys with oranges, apples, ginger-beer, and lemonade. The two last were the assistance lent by England. With the people the *cin du pays* was most popular. Nevertheless, the majority sucked oranges, and threw away the skins. A few cracked nuts. These were chiefly women. Women have good teeth, and are inquisitive. Curiosity compels nut-cracking.

The Band played a portion of the *Cheval de Bronze*, and the MARKY DU CROW bounded on his bare-backed charger into the ring. He was welcomed with cheers—the crowd springing up like one man. He wore his cocked hat jauntily, carried his bones in his belt, and his banjo in his hand.

WIDDICOMBS JUNIOR, Master of the Ring, had just finished a dialogue with the English Clown. The latter cracked his joke on the Master. The Master cracked his whip on the Jester.

Which had the best of it?

There was no time for questioning. The Band commenced at a slow pace, then suddenly broke into a fast and furious movement.

The MARKY DU CROW's steed bounded from a canter into a full gallop. Taken by surprise, the Marky struggled to keep his footing, then reeled, and fell. It was a rude shock. The crowd yelled: most cheered.

The Marky resumed his position. He murmured to himself, "There is something wrong." What could it be?

The hoops were brought out, and held for him to jump through. He urged on his horse.

There was a whizzing through the air, and something flew swiftly by the Marky's head. What had happened? Somebody had thrown an orange.

A second followed the first, and smashed itself in the left eye of WIDDICOMBS JUNIOR. A third knocked the Marky's hat off on to the sawdust.

"They are chucking things at yer!" said the Clown, himself throwing a somersault, and vanishing.

Some one had, in fact, aimed at the MARKY DU CROW. It was GAMMON. The Marky was surprised. He attempted to clear the first hoop, but stumbled: the second, and fell. Each time the Band had suddenly changed the tune. The crowds in pit, gallery, and boxes were furious. They jeered, they yelled, they threw oranges, ginger-beer bottles. The horse-riders swarmed into the arena, but the horses became unmanageable. The first moments of rage and disappointment were terrific.





IN THE PARK.

"GOING TO SWITZERLAND THIS YEAR!"

"AW—No. I'VE DONE MY CLIMBING FOR THIS SEASON—BEEN TWICE TO THE UPPER TIER OF THE ALBERT HALL!"

The townspeople rushed out of the house, demanding back their money. The check-and-moneytakers at the first onslaught had been dispossessed by GAMMON's men outside, who had carried away the tin-boxes. The oranges and apples, as they whistled overhead and caught the swinging naphtha-lamps, streaked the darkness with rays of light, and scattered drops of liquid flame on the surging crowd below. Horror here, stupefaction there. Supers and comedians mixed up together. In the midst of all this could be seen creatures made indifferent to the awful scene by personal preoccupations. An elderly woman sat grasping her umbrella, whilst her husband was protecting his new white hat. Two boys sat together, exchanging and cracking nuts. GAMMON, followed by his men, gained the stage, set fire to the scene of Sevastopol, and then shouted for buckets.

Panic magnifies: what was only a spark became a conflagration. Water battled with fire. The audience tore up the barricades, hurled down the doors. On all sides was heard the cry, "Where are you shoving to?" Terrified they broke away in all directions, the Mayor repeating aloud as much of the Riot Act as he could recollect while running at his fullest speed. The Marky watched this stampede. Quietly, slowly, and composedly he walked towards the place where the cash-boxes were deposited. Then he emptied them with his own hands, saying to himself, "Decidedly there was a good house to-night."

WIDDICOMBE JUNIOR came to him hurriedly.

"Your nephew's aim is to get the Acrobatic Children."

"Ha!"

"They will still be an unrivalled attraction."

"True. We must not lose them. Who is in the theatre of this town?"

"No one. It has been unoccupied for years."

"You have a key?"

"Yes, I alone—of the stage-door. The front is securely barred and fastened."

"Good. Get the remainder of your company together. Take the children up to the painting-room over the stage. Call a rehearsal for ten to-morrow. Secure all the outlets, and post our men about the building."

He turned on his heel.

In the distance he saw GAMMON. "It is he!" cried the Marky. Then he took a brickbat, and aimed at GAMMON. He missed.

"Clumsy," said WIDDICOMBE JUNIOR, and disappeared.

The Marky aimed again.

This time the missile hit somebody.

The last naphtha lamp was suddenly extinguished. He did not know whom he had hit.

IV.—Brickbats are not Arguments.

GAMMON was standing alone. A brickbat flew past him. Before he had time to retreat, another followed. This would have struck him on the head, but that a tall stranger rushed forward, and interposed. He fell back on GAMMON. The stranger had received a blow right in his eye. He murmured, insensibly, "My eye!"

"This man has saved my life," said GAMMON. "Who are you?"

The other, recovering, answered, "ANTONEROLY."

GAMMON uttered a cry.

Then he fell on his knees by the wounded man.

"ANTONEROLY, this is the second time you have saved me. Once when I was a boy, and now."

ANTONEROLY winked at him. One eye was undamaged. This he used for winking.

GAMMON cried, "My master!"

"Thy father!" said ANTONEROLY.

Then he added, tenderly, "GAMMON!"

BOOK THE SECOND.

I.—Cribbage and Nobs.

THE three children were asleep in their cradles in the painting-room over the stage. They awoke. The waking of children is like the tuning of stringed instruments, only less harmonious.

Their names were TOMMY, POLLY, and PICKLE-LILLY.

They were still in their costumes for the Circus. It was to have been the Wonderful Acrobatic Cherubino Entertainment.

Their hands and legs had been taught to fold up and appear as wings.



ENGAGING CANDOUR.

Papa. "AND PRAY, SIR, WHAT DO YOU INTEND TO SETTLE ON MY DAUGHTER? AND HOW DO YOU MEAN TO LIVE?"

Intended. "I INTEND, SIR, TO SETTLE MYSELF ON YOUR DAUGHTER, AND TO LIVE ON YOU!"

Acrobatic. Children are boneless. Turkeys are sometimes boned. Children are sometimes boned by gipsies. These had been boned. This was how it was done.

Their performance was to fly like birds, to the sound of a trumpet. They had been carefully supplied with food. TOMMY, waking first, got it all.

This made PICKLE-LILLY, the youngest, to cry bitterly. POLLY sat in her cradle-nest and looked on hungrily. The little ones lived as they could. They had a master, no father.

The child's cry is a sublime psalm. To make it cry is to make it sing sublime psalms.

PICKLE-LILLY first, then, later, POLLY; both cried. It was a beautiful worship to listen to these two feeble unarmed creatures.

(To be continued.)

PLIMSOLL.

A COMMERCIAL ECGLOGUE.

DOBBS, Railway Director. HOBBS, Shipowner.

Dobbs. Thy features, HOBBS, a dark expression wear,
Bespeaking indignation mixed with care.

Hobbs. Dobbs, in thy countenance I read a page
Inscribed with equal parts of fear and rage.

Dobbs. Indignant inflammation I avow,
And own the care which corrugates my brow:
Out on the laws, which, vexing railway swains,
Increase their outlay, and reduce their gains!

Hobbs. I, too, confess to anger and alarm,
In expectation of approaching harm
Through acts which will amerce us, and restrain
From sending doubtful ships to plough the main.

Dobbs. O heavy load of penalties and pains
Incurred by accidents befalling trains,

ENGLISH BULL TO IRISH.

WELL, PAT, Home-Rule has had its innings:
See how the game has gone.
Much has been said of JOHN BULL's sinnings,
But not so much of PADDY's winnings,
Through partnership with JOHN.

You tell us, through that famous seer,
Orator BUTT, Q.C.,
Irish Press-laws are too severe:
But where's the Press, or far, or near,
That is, or makes, so free?

We are, you say, two alien races:
Siamese twins, say we.
Still, as JOHN BULL his history traces,
Nation he sees that Clan effaces:
So 'tis, has been, shall be.

When ALFRED thrashed the wild sea-rover,
And made the war-Dane wince,
Did not your learned men come over,
Take wives, and settle here, in clover,
To teach us, ages since?

And in this Parliament of ours,
What a part you have borne!
Where PLUNKETT's, CURRAN's, GRATTAN's powers
So oft have winged Debate's dull hours
From midnight into morn.

Genius is yours, if we've more talent;
And never soldier stood
One 'gainst a host, as gay as gallant,
But for each Saxon, or Scotch callant,
Ireland brought two as good.

A threefold cord our fathers twisted,
Ne'er to untwist again.
In British ranks three strains enlisted,
The world in arms have still resisted,
Nor turned from face of men.

In as much JOHN to PAT knocks under,
As over him he towers;
We can't afford the tie to sunder;
A Dublin Vestry is a blunder,
While London's yours and ours.

Averted only by precautions, such

As cost us nearly, if not quite as much!

Hobbs. Alas, our loss in ships from sailing stayed,
By interference of the Board of Trade!

And curst be they new trammels who propose,
The Sailor's friends, but the Ship-owners' foes!

Dobbs. Collisions between trains bring grievous woe.
How many bones are broken at a blow!

Juries, with sympathy which knows no bounds,
May for one limb award one thousand pounds;

And, to relations, suing for their dead,
They often give e'en more than that, per head.

Hobbs. There's serious talk of legislation, too,
To give surviving kin the power to sue

When vessels, proved unseaworthy, go down.
So we shall have to pay when Sailors drown,

Forfeit insurance, and perhaps, in time,
Be made, besides, indictable for crime.

Dobbs. Come to mine arms, my Brother in distress.
Confound the Legislature and the Press!

Against the first we remedy have none.
Its will, if net evaded, must be done.

Upon the latter we may turn and sting;
Your action, thus, for libel you can bring.

Hobbs. Hang PLIMSOLL—though he failed the other night—
He'll gain his object nearly, if not quite.

The Government will take his cause in hand.
Would that his flesh were flayed, his hide were tanned!

—But you, for all a Company expends,
Or pays against your will, have some amends.

Whene'er you risk your carcass on the rail,
Your forced precautions your own self avail.

Poor Shipowners have no such solace: we
Ne'er sail in any ships we send to sea.

But look, our chariots where the coachmen bring,
Repair we to the Park, and swell the Ring!



"THE CONSCIENCE CLAUSE."

Rector's Wife. "AND WHAT'S YOUR FATHER, MY BOY?"

Boy. "MY FATHER'S A 'HAGITATOR,' AN' HE SAYS HE WON'T HAVE ME LEARNT NO CATECHISM, 'E ELSE YOU'LL ALL OF YER 'EAR OV IT!"

THE PLAGUE OF BOTH OUR HOUSES.

(See SHAKESPEARE and the Times' report.)

If in the House of Lords, that air serener,
The tone of contest angry grew and shrill,
What may we not expect of fierce demeanour
When our free Commons see the Archbishop's Bill?

Patrician hammers smote it on the anvil.
High, Low, and Broad Church thundering loud and deep:
Even the perfect balance of a GRANVILLE
Was, for the moment, difficult to keep.

Why should Religion breed such furious quarrels,
Even in the high sphere of Dukes and Earls;
And the improvement of the People's morals
Be all forgot in these tempestuous whirls?

The Archbishop tries to meet the great emergence,
But on his Bill High, Low, Broad, furious fall.
Some call him feeblest, some most stern of surgeons;
Some say he cuts too deep, some not at all.

To see if every Priest his surplice starches:
To find the drag that will check Romeward slips:
To "give three thousand to the Dean of Arches,"
In Bishops' tills to lessen lawyers' dips—

So much the Bill provides. Will it diminish
Two types of men, of late, alas! increased?—
Where is the Bill will help those types to finish?
The pert Parishioner and priggish Priest.

A FAIR CONCLUSION.

ONE may presume that Chinamaniacs will stand any amount of
raff, seeing that they pay the utmost deference to CHAFFERS.

PUBLICATIONS OF THE SPIRITUALIST SOCIETY (LIMITED).

WE hear that the following Works are in the Press. How soon
they will get out again, even MRS. GUPPY cannot tell. They will,
however, be valuable when we get them:—

1. *Life and Times of James Anthony Froude.* By Her late Majesty QUEEN ELIZABETH.
2. *Whalley; Bismarck; Newdegate; Shaftesbury; and Victor-Emanuel.* An Historical Study. By POPE PIUS THE NINTH.
3. *Gladstone.* An Essay. By the RIGHT HON. B. DISRAELI.
4. *Disraeli.* An Essay. By the RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE.
5. *Gladstone and Disraeli.* An Essay. By MR. ODGER.
6. *Odger, Disraeli, and Gladstone.* An Essay. By MR. BRADLAUGH.
7. *The Life of Mr. Arch.* By JOHN BUNYAN. Proving that a
clod of clay may be burnt into a brick, with a certain sort of fire.
8. *A Reply to the Pope of Rome on Things in General.* By a
Large Number of People who wish that he would keep his nonsense
to himself, and not promulgate the "Infallible" falsehood that he
is a prisoner.

Home Rulers and Hierarchs.

It is quite true, as the PREMIER says, that if Home Rule were
conceded to MR. BUTT and his faction, "the whole administrative
hierarchy of the empire would be turned upside down." There are
those who would not mind that at all at all, because at the same
time a portion of an alien hierarchy would be turned up tiptop.

In a Certain Direction.

THE City Police-van is embellished with the Civic Arms, and
bears the Civic motto. But, considering the route of the vehicle
from Police Court to Prison, and vice versa, is not "*Domine, Dirige
nos*" rather a questionable legend?

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



Great and manifold, O Ancestors,
was the wisdom of that old saw
of yours touching messes. The
more you stir them, the more
they revenge themselves on the
olifactory. On this ancient
and quiet principle, LORD
CARNARVON (on Monday,
July 6.) declined to rake up

the administrative scandals of the Straits Settlements before 1873. They had a Governor, of whom, by a slight alteration of a familiar epitaph on a wife by a husband, might be said—

"As a Colonial Governor he was—what?
Think of all a Colonial Governor should *not* be, and he was *that*."

But he is recalled—and why,

"On the rough rack of this rude House
Stretch him out longer?"

LORD CHELMSFORD is much exercised about the exhausting studies of the Naval Cadets, and the difficulty of competitive examination-papers, those *chevaux de frise* with which the cockpit is now fenced about, worse than ever it used to be by hardships, bullying, and practical jokes, in the days of PETER SIMPLE and FREDERIC THESIGER. That the Competitive System has been pushed to Chinese extravagance in the *Briannia* as elsewhere there can be little doubt. Wishing to avoid jobbery and nepotism, JOHN BULL has overleaped himself, and fallen on the other side, into the Doctrinairism of the Nostrum-mongers, who have ridden their Examination hobby, with reins of red tape, *usque ad absurdum*. Government has appointed a Commission to look into the matter as regards the Naval Cadets. (As far as they are concerned one may say *cadit*, not *cadet questio*. But pray, my Lords, while your Lordships are about it, had you not better go a little further, and inquire into the whole subject of Competitive Examination—its mischiefs, its abuses, and its absurdities—leaving on one side for the moment its advantages, of which we have heard *usque ad nauseam*? All depends on how the principle is worked; and, from all we can learn, it is by no means clear that, as it is, it is worked wisely, or to a good result.)

Kirk Patronage Abolition in the Commons. Nobody in Scotland seems to want Kirk Patronage—Patrons no more than Congregations—then why the dickens should MR. GLADSTONE back BAXTER in opposing the Bill? BAXTER is a Scotchman, and *Punch* presumes a Presbyterian—probably a Dissenter from the Kirk, who hates to be robbed of his grievance, and to see the tap-root of his pet schism cut right across. But what can W. E. GLADSTONE have to do with it? He is neither a Member of the Kirk, nor a Seceder, neither Laigh Kirk, nor Free Kirk, Burgher, nor Anti-Burgher, except in so far as by peculiar mental constitution he is a zealot for all Churches, and a hot partizan of all Schismatics. Why can't he let the canny Scots settle their Kirk matters as they do their Land matters, and their School matters, and their Burgh matters, "their ain gate," like wise men? Or if he *does* interfere, why must he interfere against a Bill to which the official voice of the Kirk speaking through its General Assembly has agreed, and to which the MACCALLUM MORE has deigned to apply his master-hand? But what red rag is to bull, that Church Bill—even when Church is

spelt Kirk—is to W. E. G. Has not this and the Public Worship Regulation Bill together recalled the Homeric hero from his sulks and his studies, awaking our ACHILLES (see Cartoon) once more to the joy of battle on the plains of windy Troy!

As far as we can see, W. E. G. opposes the Bill because it will put Established Kirk on too good a footing as compared with Free. It will cut away from her breast the scarlet letter, P for Patronage, without putting her in the pillory first, and without giving her immaculate sister, Free Kirk, the privilege of pointing the finger of scorn at her, in a properly edifying and aggravating manner. After all, we are not studious to understand W. E. G.'s line on this matter. On questions into which Churches enter he is sure to take a line of his own. At least, he may plead he had the *mitis sapientia* of PROFESSOR PLAYFAIR with him on this occasion.

The Right Hon. B. HECTOR welcomed the Right Hon. W. E. ACHILLES back to the field. He had missed him, he said, and found the battle not half so lively in his absence.

Tuesday.—Intoxicating Liquors in the Lords. In the general prevalence of mental obfuscation which seems to accompany this unhappy measure, their Lordships were much exercised in mind about the defining and dealing with "populous places," opening hours, local discretion, and *bond fide* travellers. In wandering among these *Apices Juris*, LORD HARROWBY got hampered, LORD BEAUCHAMP bothered, and LORD ABERDARE ambiguous. The end was the passage of the Bill through Committee without alterations, and, with that keen sense of relief which attends what the old proverb calls "a good riddance of bad rubbish."

A night with the Lawyers over the Land Titles and Transfer Bills in the Commons.

GOLDSMID assailed the Bills with flouts:

Denied that costs they'd cheapen.

JACKSON thought they'd swell costs, and doubts

Would merely serve to deepen.

MORGAN found warning e'en for fools

In WESTBURY'S futile fumbling:

Compulsion's and Permission's stools

Gave GOLDNEY text for grumbling.

But BALL and Londonderry LAW,

Unlike their brother moles, in

The measures monstrous merits saw,

And hole-pickers picked holes in.

While caustic KARSLAKE praised the Bills,

In style some thought sarcastic;

With his sharp "shooters" bowled down

HILL'S,

And BOWYER gave a drastic:

JAMES on the Bills his powders tried

Of lowering operation:

CORBETT their good or harm denied

In squirely estimation.

RATHBONE was grieved they should exempt

Estates above three hundred:

HARCOURT baptised them with contempt,

And 'gainst Land Tenure thundered.

WHITWELL and SHERRLOCK hoped to Act

To see the Bills proceeding;

GOLDEN from his Amendment backed,

And Bills passed Second Reading.

Wednesday.—Church—Rates Abolition (Scotland) moved by MACLAREN, elicited some difference of opinion among Scotch Members—as sure a sign of unripeness in law-making for Scotland as disagreement of Irish Members is of ripeness for legislation on Ireland. MACLAREN, like a canny



DIFFUSION OF LITERARY TASTES.

"HOW IS THIS, CHAWLES! I GAVE YOU EIGHT VOLUMES TO CHANGE, AND YOU'VE ONLY BROUGHT FIVE!"

"PLEASE, M'M, WE HAVEN'T QUITE FINISHED THE FIRST SET DOWN-STAIRS!"

Scot as he is, took the hint, and withdrew his Bill, on the LORD ADVOCATE'S promise to look into the matter.

(Ah, PADDY, *ma bouchal*, if you'd only be afther imitatin' SANDY in gettin' up your legislative linen out of the House, and merely bringing it in for JOHN BULL to put the family stamp on, instead of fighting over—

"Seam and gusset and web,
Web and gusset and seam!")

Thursday.—The Factories Act passed the Lords unaltered, and LORD SHAFTESBURY (who has such a right?) sang a psalm over the past, a panegyric of the present, and a prophecy of the future; reminding the House of the misery and wrong the first Factory Act had done away, the struggle it had had to brave, and the falsification that facts had given to the forebodings of its foes. He contrasted this with the passing of the present measure—unassailed, unopposed, unimpeded. And he augured well for the future, both of men and masters, from this union of efforts and wills for the further education of the ignorant and the better protection of the weak.

In the Commons—First night of the Public Worship Regulation Bill—

That was a night—if ever such night were—
To shake High Church, and spout much stale small beer.
But swift Achilles snatched his seven-fold shield,
Sprang from his tent, and thundered through the field.
For on his studious ear rang fierce and far
The trumpet-blast that waked his soul to war—
The blast that armed the Bench, and High and Low,
Flung, rank on rank, to work each other's woe!

But what a chaos of combatants—what a confusion of banners and captains! LEATHAM and HARDY going into the same lobby, and GLADSTONE and MOWBRAY, like righteousness and peace, kissing each other!

MR. GLADSTONE thinks Ritualism the smallest part of the ques-

CANZONET TO THE COMET.

WELCOME, celestial vagabond,
Bohemian of the sky,
Whence camest thou, whither to abscond
Again from mortal eye?

Art thou a world or art thou not?
Art thou an igneous mass?
Or art thou cold instead of hot?—
A solid or a gas?

In space, beyond our depth of air,
E'en if a blazing star,
Canst thou, from any "horrid hair,
Shake pestilence and war"?

Too much of all that kind of thing
Of late the world has had,
Without a Comet, plagues to bring,
And drive the nations mad.

No portent come mankind to warn,
Yet, if thine influence shape
Effects in Nature, speed the corn,
To ripen, and the grape.

Then, having reaped rich harvest; seen
Fat vintage safely o'er:
We'll drink the Comet of Eighteen
Hundred and Seventy-four.

To Those whom it may Concern.

HERE is a notification extracted from the *Daily Telegraph*:—

A SROAST COOK or GRILL. Hotel, Tavern, or Restaurant. Good character. Town or country.—C. L., Address, &c.

The *Daily Telegraph* enjoys the "largest circulation in the world." Very likely it penetrates into the heart of Africa. The inhabitants of that region appear, from the travels of DR. SCHWEINFURTH, to be mostly cannibals. The foregoing advertisement might interest some of them.

THE EPISCOPATE.—We have BISHOP BROWNE. We are going to have BISHOP JONES. It will be ROBINSON'S turn next.

tion. What does he think the largest? He is afraid of the Law being used to check reasonable liberty. But which is the party which has defied the Law? And what is licence, in theological matters and usages, if what we have seen and suffered from is reasonable liberty?

Let W. E. G. lay his hand on his heart, and say, if in his opposition to the Bill, he is really thinking of any Church party but the Ritualists, and any liberty but their liberty to deviate further and further from Protestantism in rite and worship, and nearer and nearer to Rome?

What England wants is respect for the Law—Law to be made by Parliament, and not by Convocation—Law as laid down by intelligent Christians—lay and clerical—not by purblind clerics, who claim to find eyes for the laity in such matters as what to believe, and how to be saved.

Every word of SIR W. HARCOURT'S speech will find an echo in the heart of Protestant England—England that protests against the right of the clerics not only to be a law to themselves, but to impose their lawlessness for law upon you and me. If by any untoward combination of Nonconformist zealots with partisans of Ritualism the Bill should be thrown out, *Punch* will hoist a crane hat-band, and invest *Toby* in weepers. But until he sees that result, he will not believe it. A more probable prospect is death by delay. If MR. GLADSTONE likes to hang his six resolutions round the neck of the Bill he may stay its march in this sweltering season, and finally force the dropping of it—but, at least, we will hope, undefeated.

Even as GATHORNE HARDY spoke, a cat appeared—too evidently one of the Kilkenny cats whom the revision of the Rubrics in Convocation will let loose upon each other.

Friday.—LORD SELBORNE and the LORD CHANCELLOR between them are going to give the Inns of Court a constitution—seeing that they have lived since the time of KING EDWARD THE FIRST, it would seem that their constitution is a pretty strong one—and to create a



A FANCY (BALL) SKETCH.

King Charles. "YA-AS! A FELLA' WITH A FIGA' HAD SOME CHANCE THEN!"

Legal University, where sucking barristers and attorneys are to be brought up together, like little lions and tigers, in the same den, till they develop each his distinctive teeth, claws, and colours, and take to seeking whom they may devour each after his own clientivorous kind. As for conferring degrees on Lawyers, have they not their degrees already—says a ribald—"bad, worse, worst"?

MR. CHILDERS did a little amateur budgetting, and trotted out the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, who declined to re-consider his Estimates, or to be in a depressed state of mind over the prospects of the Revenue.

After a cheerful morning of light financial gossip, the House gave itself a count-outing at the evening sitting. It was really too hot for talking by gaslight.

AU PUBLIC.

(A Word or two on the Present French Difficulty at the Princess's Theatre.)

MESSEURS. VALNAY and PITRON, the energetic Managers of the French Company, have a very fair ground of complaint. In effect it is this:—"We have entered into engagements with certain Artistes to appear in certain pieces. But the Licensor has refused to sanction their production, and we are forced to break our contracts, and bear the consequences." One consequence of importance to the London play-going Public will be the collapse of this enterprise, after two years of hard struggling up-hill work, in order to establish one First-class French Theatre in London.

To this it has been replied, "Well, but you knew the sort of piece for the entertainment of the British Public before you started." The answer of MESSEURS. VALNAY and PITRON should be this:—"Le Réveillon, Tricocche et Cacaolet, and Gavaut Minard et Cie, have all been licensed by the LORD CHAMBERLAIN. If these can be produced, with the sanction of the Censor Morum, surely the permission will not be refused to plays far less objectionable.

Without expressing an opinion as to whether the above-named Pieces ought or ought not to have been allowed, it is clear that the Managers were logical in their deduction, and it seems very hard

that they, and their hard-working and excellent company, should have to suffer for the want of proper provision in official quarters.

And now to express our opinion.

Surely judicious expurgation of *dialogue* is all that is necessary in such farces as *Tricocche* and *Le Réveillon*, while the third piece above-mentioned should have been "reformed altogether."

A purely French audience can listen to these things with impunity. They laugh at the wit of a *double entendre*, and are amused for the moment by the absurd complications represented as arising out of an immoral intrigue. They cannot take seriously what was never meant to be seriously taken. The light drama is *pour passer le temps*; and as you must either mourn over, or laugh at, the errors and follies of mankind, the French choose the latter course in their amusements, and leave the former for their devotions. That we are not inclined to be so strictly moral in our theatrical tastes may be gathered from the popularity of wild, brutal dancing, which would not be permitted in Paris, of scant drapery, and of stupidly gross imitations of all that is worst on the French stage.

MESSEURS. VALNAY and PITRON would have a right to point to these Exhibitions, and favourably compare their own representations with such coarse Extravagances. Theirs is certainly a hard case; and it is to be hoped that the attempt to establish a French Theatre will not be allowed to drop; but that from small beginnings we may, with high aims, arrive at the best form of French Dramatic Art, and that MESSEURS. VALNAY and PITRON may, by the timely aid of their Patrons, be enabled to tide over present difficulties, and for the future to come to a clear understanding with the LORD CHAMBERLAIN as to the exact point where the line is to be drawn. We thank them for the past, and wish them success in the future.

Such Impudence!

SIR,—"*VIRGIN VINEGAR*." Such is a staring advertisement on a Chelsea Omnibus. Will you turn your weekly weapon against the odious alliteration? It is true, I am an Old Maid; but if there be any acidity in any of us, I am not aware that any of it is yet in the Market, or likely to be.

Your Constant Reader,
JANE CRABBE.

Evergreen Cottage, Verjuice Road.

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OUR NEW NOVEL.

ONE-AND-THREE!

BY THAT DISTINGUISHED FRENCH NOVELIST,
FICTOR NOGO.

PART THE THIRD—THE LITTLE 'UNS IN.

BOOK THE SECOND.

II.—Up a Loft.

AFTER a while the three Acrobatic Children took off their wings and tumbled for practice.

They were accustomed to this for hours at a stretch.

POLLY and PICKLE-LILLY looked like elegant boys, and threw themselves into attitudes.

TOMMY was the Clown.

He said, "Ere we are again!" And presently, "Ow are yer to-morrow?"

After a little while he exclaimed, "See what I've found!" They paid no attention to him. POLLY and PICKLE-LILLY were engaged on their own line of business.

Knowing that TOMMY was only practising his ordinary Clown's jokes in regular order, they allowed him to remain unnoticed.

So he went on, "'Ere's a Bobby comin'!" Then, "What can I go for to fetch for to carry for to bring?"

After this he went three times head over heels and heels over head. This exercise being finished, he sat down.

POLLY, the eldest and wisest, reminded her brother that he had not ended his performance by putting his hand to the back of his neck, as he had been taught, and making a bow.

TOMMY was about to obey her order, when a Bee flew in at the window.

PICKLE-LILLY began at once, "'How doth the little busy Bee'?"

To which the insect only replied, "Buzz, buzz, buzz."

Strange that this little creature should have answered in the same words as the great English poet has put into the mouth of his *Hamlet*. But Bees sip sweets from every flower.

The children had seen better days at a Sunday School, and were able to repeat DR. WATTS's hymn. TOMMY hit at the insect with a scrap of paper lying on the ground. It was a portion of an old playbill. The wings of the Bee were sticky with honey or wax, and the scrap stuck to its body. Thus he became a bearer of news to the outer world. Before anything further could be done the Bee had quitted by the window where he had entered. In this instinct there was something rational.

TOMMY now began to wonder when he should be "called" to go through his dialogue with the Master of the Horse in the ring.

He had been brought up to argue in a circle.

Was it a vicious circle?

How many are brought up in this way and not recognised as Clowns.

"If you forget anything, Mother will wallop you," said POLLY.

They called her "Mother" who had been with them in the wood of Sodar-an-be.

They cast unquiet glances at one another and murmured "Mother."

Then they danced together in a sudden sense of newly-gained freedom. Tired with this, they slept. This was their preparation for their afternoon performance, for which they awaited the summons. There was no sign of it within.

Without was a surging infuriated crowd.

III.—Four Minus Three.

THE Woman, who had given up the Children to the real soldiers and the Sergeant, had escaped, alone.

When WIDDICOMBE JUNIOR had so skillfully broken up ZANGHER's Cirque at La Tristesse, this Woman had fled.

The MARKY DU CROW had secured the services of all the others. ZANGHER's had departed on a provincial tour. Their route was uncertain.

GAMMON's Cirque had closed for a season. In the present state of affairs, none knew when it would be re-opened.

Without her Children the Woman was helpless. Also she was out of an engagement. Had she been present at the terrible battle between the troupes under the Marky and GAMMON, she would have been in an engagement.

The Marky's troupe had been scattered. Only a few remained with him in the old theatre in the Market-place.

On the other hand, those under GAMMON were concentrated.

The Woman knew nothing of this.

All she knew was that she was alone. That was enough. Her friend the Vivandière had also gone. She no longer had even the chance of a draught of her wine at the low price of one-and-three.

These words she repeated to herself as she walked onward wearily, "One-and-three."

She continued speaking to herself, "To those who cannot take care of number one, to look after number three is impossible. Yet I am looking after three. I am one: they are three."

Suddenly she perceived a piece of paper moving, apparently, of its own accord, on the ground.

She stooped to grasp it, and a bee flew away, humming.

She read the scrap. It was, "Theatre Royal, Market Place, Tristesse."

It was an inspiration.

She asked a very upright man to direct her. He said,

"I know the place."

"Well?"

"What?"

"You will direct me?"

"You are not an envelope."

"No. But I want to be directed."

"Whither?"

"I have said. The theatre, at La Tristesse."

"I know it."

"I know you know. Tell me."

"No."

"Why not?"

"Because it is a bad place."

"But it is a good theatre."

"No theatre is good."

And he walked on in the opposite direction.

"Still," he said, to himself, "she may be hungry." He turned back, and gave her a ticket for soup. It was dated for last year. Good actions belong to no time.

She took it without looking.

She thought to herself, "It is an order for the Theatre."

After a while, she stopped at the entrance to what seemed to be a cellar. She looked down into the darkness.

"Is there anyone here?"

A voice came out of the gloom:

"No."

It was BILLIBARLO.

She put the same question to him.

He replied with another, "Can you throw a stone?"

"Yes."

"Then you are within a stone's throw."

IV.—Demand and Supply.

KATGOOT was a man who did what he was told. He said, "I am commanded. I do."



The crowd was forcing its way into the old theatre. There were dark, tortuous passages, with unexpected steps ascending or descending.

ANTONEROLY knew that the MARKY DU CROW would be taken in his lair.

GAMMON stood apart from the crowd, in the Market-place, with KATGOOT.

He said, "I will put an end to this. KATGOOT, you are a renowned violinist."

"I am."

"Before now you have played a magnificent solo?"

"Yes."

"And brought down the house?"

"Yes."

"Do it now."

KATGOOT drew his bow, and was about to begin.

SERGEANT RUBADUB stepped up.

"MR. GAMMON, Sir."

"Well."

"The three Acrobatic Children are in the painting-room over the theatre. If KATGOOT brings down the house they will be hurt. Acrobats, when they halt, are useless."

"And we want them as our great attraction. True." GAMMON paused. "If you are sure they are there——"

The Sergeant answered, "I am."

"How do you know?"

The Sergeant sang out, "Because I have been up the scale to see."

GAMMON decided at once.

"The room is at the top of the theatre."

"Yes."

"Bring our pair of Giant stilts, used in the last pantomime."

KATGOOT produced them.

"Good. Now who will use them, and fetch down the children?"

"I will," said SERGEANT RUBADUB.

(To be continued.)

LAND TRANSFER AND LAW COSTS.

(See COLONEL CORBETT's Speech, Times, July 8.)

Good faith, he's an excellent Tory, the Kernel
Of Shropshire Militia, whose fame is eternal,
And he's sure to be praised in some Shrewsbury journal.

He says, If there's land, and you want to absorb it,
You've only to move in the millionaire's orbit.
"Money down, and Land Transfer is easy," quoth CORBETT.

It isn't the landed proprietors' clamour
To simplify costly Conveyancers' grammar,
When plunging or raking brings land to the hammer.

The folk who in this modern cry are partakers,
Will never have money to purchase ten acres,—
Mere butchers and bakers and candlestick-makers.

But if in the City you've picked up a million,
In a park like a shire you may place your pavilion,
And take high precedence of any civilian;

Buy up some old castle with memories regal,—
Attorneys will see that the purchase is legal,—
And live like a kite in the nest of an eagle.

Well, there's certainly something not utterly *mal-ap-*
ropos in your theories, CORBETT of Salop,
Though your hobby you ride at too rapid a gallop.

But land *might* change hands with more ease than at present,
Not only demesnes that are spacious and pleasant,
But snug little corners, fit home for the peasant.

A freehold half-acre of land to each cottage
Would do more than find HOPES in green-stuff for his pottage—
Might help him to eke out his life's scant allotage.

Give the working man chance to buy land, and he'll buy it,
And, a lord of the soil, if a small one, in quiet,
Laugh the spouters to scorn who would rouse him to riot.

But how is the labourer ever to earn his
Bit of land, if huge fees must make numerous journeys
To the pockets absorbent of artful attorneys?

Whoso cheapens those journeys deserves a requital,
And ought to be able to register title
To Vendors' and Purchasers' thanks past recital!

THE COMET.



THE Comet is the greatest star of the season.

The Comet will appear every evening (the Clerk of the Weather permitting), but only for a limited number of nights, in consequence of pressing engagements elsewhere.

The Comet has no connection with Home-Rule, the Lock-out of the Labourers, the French situation, the abolition of Scotch Patronage, the disappearance of the Lion from Northumberland House, the high price of provisions, or the Bank rate of discount. We are wiser than our forefathers.

The size of the Comet is not positively known, but it fills up a pause in the conversation at dinner parties, dances, garden entertainments, &c.

The pace at which the Comet travels is uncertain, but the *Comet Galop* will shortly appear.

The Comet can be seen to the best advantage (through a piece of smoked glass) from the centre of Salisbury Plain, the middle of the Channel, the summit of the great Pyramid, the brow of Primrose Hill, and the top of St. Paul's (apply to the Dean and Chapter any time between the hours of ten and twelve, P.M.).

The Comet is specially interesting to astronomers, contributors of scientific articles, night policemen, persons at a loss for conversation, port wine drinkers, children who are allowed to sit up to see the Comet, and young people of both sexes gazing at it from gardens and balconies while under an engagement to marry.

No one knows exactly what comets are—they are not liable to Income-tax, and dissensions amongst the clergy are unknown there—and rumours have been prevalent of the intention of Government to refer the present one to a Royal Commission.

It is a painful disclosure to have to make, but some people hold the opinion that Comets may be "dissipated."

As the Comet is a good deal talked about, it is advisable to get up a little information on the subject. Such terms as orbit, ellipse, nucleus, nebulosity, and perihelion are not to be used lightly and at random at every dinner-table and dancing party. If you have any theory of your own about Comets—that they are enormous fireworks or gasworks, or merely nebulous masses of imponderable vapour—advance it with feelings in which pride and modesty struggle for the mastery, in the interval between the Eton and Harrow Match and Goodwood. (N.B. Spectrum analysis is a good card.)

Astronomer Royal *Punch* predicts that the Comet will reappear when Education is useful, universal, and compulsory; when there is some proper system of government for the whole of London; when we have decent cabs; when the Law Courts are completed; when cremation is thoroughly established; and when Ladies have seats in the House of Lords.

Of course there is a close intimacy between the Comet and the weather.

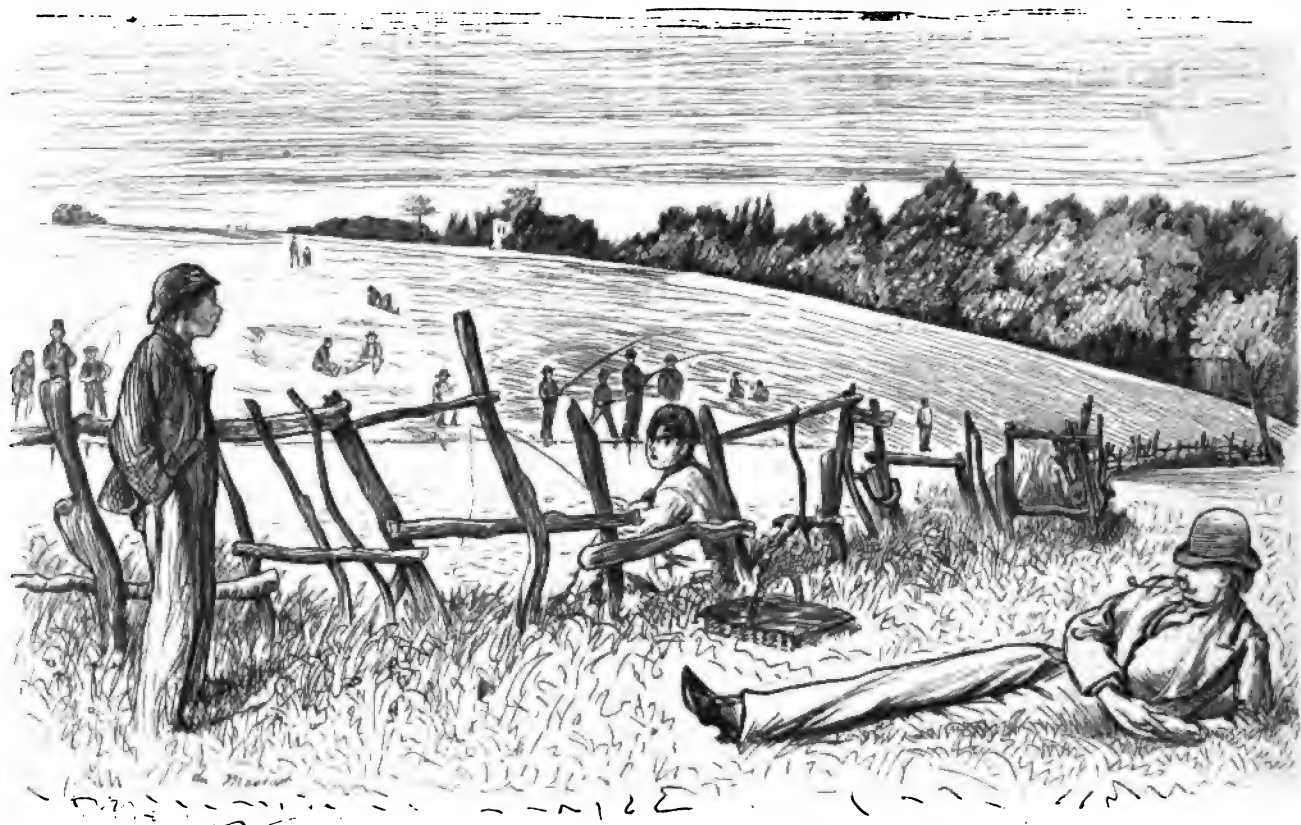
The Forsyth Franchise.

WHEN pretty Miss BLANCHE eyes the Forsyth new franchise,
She'll probably say to her sisters, "Ha! ha!
If seeing's believing, we're freedom achieving:
For we shall have votes now—but not our Mamma!"

Ambition to win stirs the eager young spinsters,
To maternal authority saying "Ta-ta!"
They'll take up the Rads' tone, and find some new Gladstone,
With a measure to quite "disestablish" Mamma!

Our Representatives.

A VALUABLE Work has just been published—*The Parliamentary Directory: showing the Professions and Trades the various Members are connected with.* The "professions" of Members of Parliament is a delicate subject to handle; but it will be instructive to know how many of our M.P.'s are connected with trades, particularly the trade in—beer.



UTILE CUM DULCI.

'Arry. "AIN'T YER COMIN' ALONG WITH ME, BILL?"

Piscator (the Doctor's Boy). "No, I AIN'T A COMIN' ALONG WITH YOU, I TELL YER! I'M A RUNNIN' ON A ERRAND!"

"NO COMPULSION—ONLY, YOU MUST."

MANCHESTER Tory, Radical of Birmingham,
BIRLEY and DIXON, mortal foes of late,
FORSTER and SANDON greeting and confirming 'em,
SCOURFIELD remonstrant, TALBOT in a state!
School Boards or not, what matter to the nation?
Only be England rescued from the night,
Till by the sun-spread of liberal education,
This fair isle of ours becomes a land of light.

Is it not time, when prejudice's armour
Shuts those from reason, whose interests are one—
When hot antagonists, labourer and farmer,
Let the rich harvest waste beneath the sun—
When we are puzzled, Session after Session,
By Labour's and Capital's internecine rage;
When Agitation, that mountebank profession,
Strutting in its foolscap, takes and keeps the stage.

If we have done our fight about the Bible,
If that "religious difficulty" 's past,
If rival sects drop mutual hate and libel,
Punch from the main-top sings out "Land at last!"
Land where ears are closed to contending clerics' twitter,
Where wisdom toils to sow the future's seeds;
Whence if some weeds spring up whose taste is bitter,
They yet are always medicinal weeds.

Liberal, Conservative, think both of your pledges,
Which shall redeem them best—be that your race!
Gather from the back-alums, the hovels, and the hedges,
Young cubs still human in the soul as in the face.
Seek them where'er in ignorance they grovel,
Be it in the gutter or the reeking alley's den;
Be it in the labourer's damp o'er-crowded hovel—
Think—a nation's strength and wealth are in its men.

Can we not negative the poet's mournful murmur—

"Where the wealth accumulates, there the men decay?"
Cannot party-leaders grasp with fingers firmer

This the future's problem, the question of the day?
Hasten the time when no man shall hate his neighbour,
When still on and upwards shall lead ambition's march,
When there's free space for every son of labour,
And ne'er a rotten inch or ell whereon to raise an Arch.

POLITICAL INTELLIGENCE.

ASSUREDLY the French are a most inventive people, and in few ways is their talent more surprisingly made manifest than in the tales which they invent respecting things which are not French. For instance, here is a description, translated from a Paris newspaper, of the duties which in England devolve upon a "Whip":—

"The Parliamentary 'Whip' is a young Member who spends his life in a gig whipping a thoroughbred (hence his name) and running after the members of his party when a division of any importance is expected. He pursues them at the park, at their friends', male and female, et souvent ces recherches donnent lieu a des incidents delicats; in short, he takes no rest until he has unearthed them, and brought them down to the House."

To this accurate account we may append some minor details, which are heartily at the service of enlightened foreign journalists:—The Whip's gig is called a "sulky" (*une boudesse*), and derives its name from the fact that it is made to hold three persons, this being by the English deemed a most unsocial number, as is shown by the old proverb which declares that "two are company, but three are none."

The thoroughbred employed is the Winner of the Derby, which is invariably purchased by the Government at the finish of the race. The animal is then placed under the care of the Master of the Horse, and, after a month's training in the Circus known as "ASTLEY'S," is prepared to go the rounds which constitute the West End circuit of the Whip. By an ancient Act of Parliament, the LORD MARE is required to sow a peck of wild oats yearly in the garden of the Mansionsouse, and the crop is duly garnered for the thoroughbred, a stable being found him at the place called Horseliedown.



THE AWAKING OF ACHILLES.

"MR. GLADSTONE declared that he had been constrained to quit his retirement to point out the false issue which had been laid before Parliament, and to dispel the delusions and the ignorance which prevailed throughout the country in regard to the Bill."—*Morning Paper*.

DEFENCE NOT DEFIANCE.

Horse Guards (Intelligence Department), 85, Fleet Street, E. C.,
15th July, 1874.



AN account of the great difficulty experienced in keeping the ground at the Volunteer Sham Fight on Whit-Monday when the Public broke through the Ranks and disorganised the Troops, the following Regulations will be strictly enforced at the Review at Wimbledon on Saturday, the 18th, 1874.

1. Children wishing to take part in the March Past will fall in, in sixes and sevens, in Rear of the Infantry.
2. Carriages drawn by two or more horses will accompany the Field Artillery. A Fourth (or Cab) Rank will be formed of Hackney Carriages in Rear of the Supernumerary Rank of the Garrison Artillery.
3. Omnibuses will accompany the Engineers, and will not be permitted to Halt in the March Past, except for the purpose of taking up or setting down Passengers.
4. Equestrians will March Past with the Hussars, and Persons mounted on Bicycles with the Lancers.
5. Ginger-Beer Carts drawn by Donkeys (others than the Proprietors) will be attached to the Generals' Staff. Ginger-Beer Carts drawn by Donkeys (being the Proprietors) will form upon the Right of the Aides-de-Camp.
6. Skirmishers will have the customary privilege of introducing Non-Combatant Friends, limited on this occasion to six, and will be held Responsible that said Non-Combatant Friends are Dressed (at the Halt) to the Taste and Satisfaction of the General Officer Commanding.
7. Umbrellas and Parasols will be kept Closely Furled, except when Resisting a Charge of Cavalry.
8. In Forming Battalion Square, Hansom Cabs will be Formed Up in the centre of the Square on the Right Flank of the Junior Major.
9. At the word "Charge!" Non-Combatants will be ordered to Fall Out of the Ranks, unless holding Doctors' Certificates declaring them fit to take part in the Duty.
10. Dancing to the Music of the Regimental Bands (except when under the Superintendence of an Officer of Field Rank) will be Strictly Prohibited.
11. At the Bugle Call, "Cease Firing!" Non-Combatants will desist from opening any Soda-Water or Lemonade Bottles that may yet remain in their Carts, Pockets, or Carpet-Bags.
12. When practicable, Sergeants of the Brigade of Guards (Blue), will be attached to Bodies of the Brigade of Guards (Black).

By Order,

PUNCH, *Adj.-General.*

ON THE SQUARE.

A MEETING of the London Statues was held at midnight, a few evenings since, to consider the recent improvements that have been made in Leicester Square. MR. PEABODY was in the chair, and amongst those present we observed their Majesties KING CHARLES THE FIRST, JAMES THE SECOND, GEORGE THE SECOND and THIRD, GEORGE and WILLIAM THE FOURTH, the DUKES OF CUMBERLAND, WELLINGTON, and BEDFORD, VISCOUNT NELSON, GENERALS NAPIER and HAVELOCK, and MR. PITT, and MR. FOX.

The Chairman in opening the proceedings, said that the recent alterations in Leicester Square had suggested to many of those present the possibility of bettering their position. He would suggest an agitation in favour of reform. He (the Chairman) would have to sit, "it might be for years and it might be for ever" (to quote the old song), at the corner of the Royal Exchange, unless something was done soon. He felt more like a naughty child than a great Philanthropist in his new attitude. Now in days of yore, Leicester Square—

Here KING GEORGE THE THIRD interrupted the Speaker, and said that he trusted the Chairman would not make any painful allusions to the late Statue of KING GEORGE THE FIRST, who was, in point of fact, a near relative of his.

The Chairman declared that he had no intention of doing anything of the sort. The lamented Statue had been broken up, and he would say peace to its ashes, or rather, to its dust. However, it must be

admitted by the most prejudiced that Leicester Square had been greatly improved by BARON GRANT, and that it would be well for all of them if they could secure quarters as cleanly and as comfortable.

The bust of MR. HOGARTH here put in an appearance as a deputation from Leicester Square.

KING GEORGE THE SECOND, who spoke with much excitement, objected to MR. HOGARTH's taking any part in the Meeting. They had only a head before them. If this reason for refusing to hear him was insufficient, he begged to state further that MR. HOGARTH had proved himself to be unworthy of credence by caricaturing the British Grenadiers.

KING CHARLES THE FIRST, amidst some laughter, described MR. HOGARTH as a man "all head." On which MR. HOGARTH retorted "better all head than no head, like some folk."

The DUKE OF WELLINGTON, with the greatest possible respect, would suggest that His Majesty would be scarcely called a good judge of heads as he had lost his own. His Grace believed that MR. HOGARTH would not have laughed at the British Grenadiers had he (MR. HOGARTH) had the advantage of being present at Waterloo. He would be most happy to hear what MR. HOGARTH had to say, but as he was now on his legs, or rather his horse, he could not sufficiently strongly express his indignation at his present painful position. Any military man would understand this feeling when he announced that nearly every day during the summer he had to watch with calmness and in silence the doings of the Volunteers in Hyde Park.

VISCOUNT NELSON heartily sympathised with His Grace. His Lordship expressed a strong wish to be removed from Charing Cross as the only thing that he could see and was wont to amuse him had been removed. Of course he referred to the Lion on Northumberland House with whom he had been in the habit of exchanging signals, during the progress of popular meetings in which his own unfortunate Lions had been so seriously compromised. The stiffness of tail of the Northumberland House Lion had been a great comfort to him of late years, in fact he might say his only comfort since iron had superseded hearts of oak in the sides of ships, but, unfortunately, not in the hearts of public men, in whom as far as he could judge, there was deuced little of the metal or of the wood either. He wished to know how much longer he was to be kept mast-headed. His lofty position had its advantages when the boys used to contend on the River, but now-a-days even with the best telescope, he could find no trace of the Eton and Westminster Boat Race. His Lordship wished to be put up at Margate.

KING GEORGE THE FOURTH complained bitterly of the fountains of Trafalgar Square. On a windy day His Majesty was covered with spray. He was a child of Nature, and wished to go back to Brighton. He preferred salt water to Artesian well water, and the Pavilion to the National Gallery. Still, if he must stay in town, from what he had heard, Leicester Square seemed to be the very place for him, as it contained a building with a frontage in his favourite school of architecture. His Majesty begged to ask MR. HOGARTH if there was room for him.

MR. HOGARTH replied, not at present. The fact of the matter was that although the Square was excessively nice and airy, the place was disfigured by a statue in the centre. His fellow-lodgers had all local claims. NEWTON was an able man of Science, HUNTER a good Anatomist, and his friend REYNOLDS knew something of Painting,—at least, so the critics and people of fashion fancied—and they all of them had been at some time or another connected with Leicester Square. Now the Statue in the centre had never (so far as History tells) set step in the place, and, therefore, had no right to monopolise a fountain and the best site in the garden. The choice of so strange a centre-piece was all the more extraordinary as there existed a gentleman whose claims to the highest honours were overwhelmingly powerful, a gentleman who in person realised his (MR. HOGARTH's) notion of "the line of beauty," and who in mind was the peer of the greatest sages that the world had ever produced; a gentleman after his (MR. HOGARTH's) own heart, and to whom he had bequeathed his favourite dog. He need scarcely say that he alluded to his dear friend, *Mr. Punch*.

The cheering at this point was so hearty that a policeman was attracted to the spot on which the meeting was being held, and the Statues were forced to resume hurriedly their wonted pedestals. This interruption is the more to be regretted, as it is understood that MR. FOX proposed complaining of the state of Bedford Square, and KING WILLIAM THE FOURTH proposed moving his own removal from the City to Charing Cross, on the score that no one stayed in the East End now-a-days after five o'clock.

Black Jobs in the Wind.

Is it proposed to revive Intra-mural Burying? We regret to read that at the luncheon given after LADY ALFORD had laid the foundation-stone of the church of St. JOHN the Evangelist, Holborn, the toast of the day was "Success to the Undertaking."



"THE SERVANTS."

Mistress. "JANE, TELL COOK I'LL COME DOWN AND SEE WHAT SHE WANTS DONE TO THAT STOVE, AS THE BUILDER'S COMING TO-MORROW."

Jane. "O, PLEASE, 'UM, I DON'T THINK WE CAN AST YOU INTO THE KITCHING TO-DAY, MUM, AS COOK AND ME'S GOT A SMALL AND EARLY 'AT 'OME' THIS AFTERNOON, MUM!"

COMPETITIVE EXAMINATIONS FOR ENTRANCE INTO INFANT SCHOOLS.

LORD CHELMSFORD, who went to sea at an early age, but afterwards became Lord Chancellor, as good as confesses that he would be all at sea again if he had to answer some of the questions put to our Naval Cadets. Certainly COLLINGWOOD and NELSON could never have entered the British Navy under the present rules. *N'importe*: we have improved things. *Mr. Punch* has had to set the examination papers for the admission to infant schools, and has done so to the best of his ability, only remarking that it is one thing to set papers with your books about you, and another to answer them with nothing more informing than pen and ink, a quire of foolscap, and a pad of blotting paper. Ten minutes' allowance for infants under three years of age; above that, weight for age—girls, 3 stone 2lb.; boys, 4 stone. T. Y. C.

Arithmetic.

1. The *Daily Telegraph* has the largest circulation in the world, and the *Daily News* a world-wide circulation. State the exact circulation of each paper, and reduce the value of it to pence, florins, and rupees.

2. What was the precise amount of MR. LOWE'S surplus, in farthings, kreutzers, and cowries? and give some general idea of what has become of it.

3. State the exact amount of the Spanish national debt, and if your father holds any bonds, tell us how he feels.

4. Give the united ages of SIR RICHARD WALLACE and BARON ALBERT GRANT, multiply them by ten, and reduce them to sovereigns.

History.

1. What did MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS say to OLIVER CROMWELL after the battle of Blenheim, and what did he say when she said that?

2. Relate what you know of ANDREW MARVELL, the old Member

for Hull, and MR. REED, the present Member. (Any child making a joke about the "Ship of the State" will be at once disqualified.)

3. Who was SHAWN O'NEILL, and why did he quarrel with WILLIAM THE THIRD?

Geography.

1. Describe Yarkand, and state the reasons which induced SIR SAMUEL and LADY BAKER to go there.

2. Give the exact distance between the Seven Dials, and the end of the Five Points of New York; state which you think to be the nicest place of the two; and put down what you remember of WORDSWORTH'S poem on the Dials, beginning, "We are Seven."

3. State the relative heights of the lakes Tanganyika and the Albert Nyanza above the level of the sea; and give your opinions, if any, as to the former lake being the Serere of the Congo.

4. Which is the shortest way from Fitzroy Square to New Burlington Street; and, if you lost your way between the two places, at what Police Station would you give yourself up to be taken home?

General Knowledge.

Who's GRIFFITHS?

Did Poor Miss Finch ever accumulate any property?

Where's ELIZA?

How's your mother, and does she know if you are out?

Did you ever Send your Wife to Camberwell?

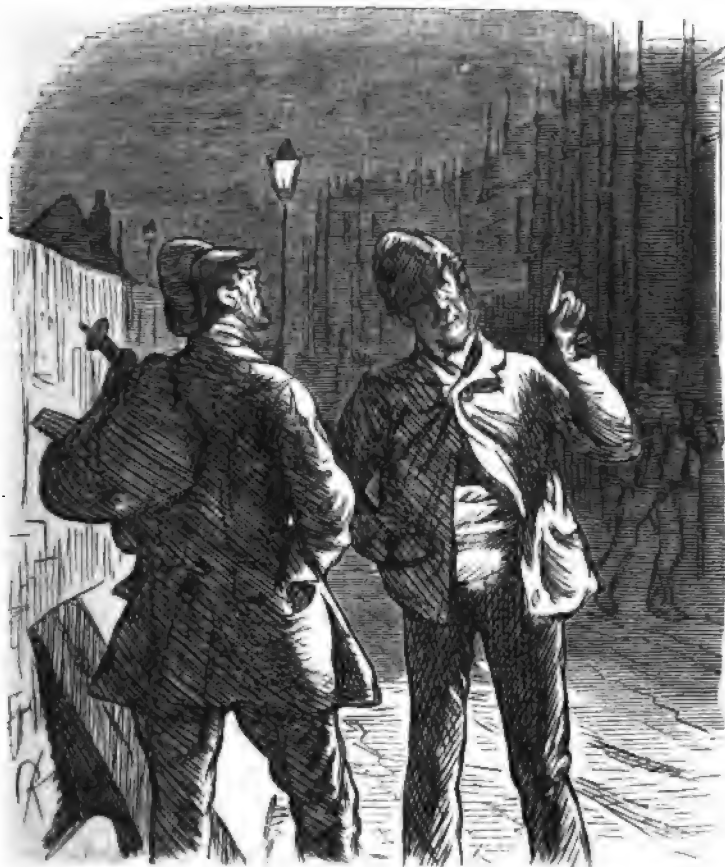
Can We Forgive Her?

"Who fears to talk of Ninety-Eight?"

Tell us about the Transit of Venus, and show why the Venus of MILO takes longer in passing over the sun's surface than the Venus de Medici.

Tell us the name of anybody who does not adore the PRINCESS OF WALES.

These are all the questions which *Mr. Punch* has set at present, but, as education progresses, of course he will have to be more severe. We seem to be coming back to the safe old Schoolmaster's rule, that no boy is to go into the water until he can swim.



THE COMET.

"LOOK AT IT 'ERE, BILL! YOU KETCH IT SIDEWAYS 'ERE!!"

88° IN THE SHADE.

(By a Humble Householder.)

HAIL, Perspiration! Thou, whose gracious drops,
From 'neath my hat, adown my whiskers roll,
Leaving a reddened and a dirty rim
About my manly and exuding brow.
Now to my fervent back firmly adheres
That portion of my vesture termed my shirt;
And from my gloves, reduced to pleasant pulp,
My hands receive the imprint of the dye.
Now, in my patent leathers (hitherto
Too large), my swelling feet gigantic throb;
The whiles my best black West of England coat
Is thickly powdered with the decent dust;
Till, walking in some shady, cool retreat,
The spitting, squirting hydrostatic van-
Sprinkles (and spoils) my pants, and quick converts
The arid asphalt to a greasy slide.
How pleasant then to feel within my grasp
The moistening and mottled palm of SMITH,
And part with sixpences for cooling drinks
For SMITH and for SMITH's friend! Now is the time
When, with excited eye and lolling tongue,
Along the street careers the frequent cur,
And Hydrophobia lurks in every lane.
Comes now the blue-bottle with blithesome buzz,
And to corruption turns our leg of lamb,
What time the greedy and sore struggling fly
The oily butter chooses for his lair,
While round our nose careers the pleasant wasp.
And haply, toward the sultry afternoon,
The busy housewife, trembling in her shoes,
With hearthrug covers up the shining grate,
And, while the thunderstorm is passing by,
In the coal-cellar hides her timid head.
Then to the theatre, where, ere played out
The piece we much desired to have seen,

WANTED, A PUBLICAN'S DICTIONARY.

WANTED, a Lexicon,
Publishers, please!
Not one in Mexican,
Sanskrit, Chinese!
One for the Publican,
Eager to hear,
When in his bubbly can
He may froth beer.

Show him for stop o' lush
Right time o' day;
What is a "populush
Place," please to say.
How 's a poor Wittler to
Know what 's "a town,"
Which Lords, and Lawyers to
Tell, are done brown?

He has heard City-ways,
Talk o' gasometers,
But what, for pity, say's
"Alcoholometers?"
To spare him worrits,
Do make it clear—
How much turps in sperrits,
How much "foots" in beer?

But by one grav'ller he 's
Most sorely tried—
What is "a traveller," he
Asks, "bonâ fide?"
Some say bonâ fide 's
The regular cheese—
But what he can't abide is
"Sich wasting of e's."

"Words are transmogrified,"
Sighs poor old STINGO,
"One feels out-joggraphied
Quite, with their lingo.
Which I 'm tired o' my life with,
Till sleep is denied:
And I wakes up my wife with
'Are you bonâ fide?'"

The close, gas-heated air affects the loved
Wife of our bosom that she straightway faints.
So home to Camberwell by half-past nine—
(And four-and-sixpence for a four-wheeled cab).
But what of night? Then beetles blithely swarm
In kitchens back; then squeaks and eke mol-rows
The necessary cat. With stealthy step,
Through the low casement, left ajar for air,
To grasp plate-baskets genial burglars stalk;
The while ourselves in restless slumber toss'd,
And hovered over by the murmurous gnat,
Discarding blankets, struggling with the sheets,
Dream of a swimming match in boiling oil!
O, Summer! glorious summer! Go it, Summer!

FRENCH PARLIAMENTARY UNIFORMS FOR THE HOT WEATHER.

IMPERIALISTS.—Costume—Violet velvet, lined with sword-proof leather. Ornaments—Iron collars, steel helmets, and buff boxing-gloves.

Democrats.—Costume—Chain armour, covered with red baize. Ornaments—Bowie-knives and hempen cravats.

Royalists.—Costume—White cloth, padded with cork-shavings. Ornaments—Speaking-trumpets and dog-whistles.

Ministers of State.—Costume—Turned coats, bound with (imitation) official lace. Ornaments—Portfolios in pasteboard and tinsel.

The President of the Republic.—Costume—Uniform of a Marshal of France. Ornaments—Bayonets and rifled artillery.

La Belle France.—Costume—Tricolor tunic and Cap of "Liberty." Ornaments—Gag and a strait-waistcoat.

Political Astrology.

THE Comet appears to have betokened MR. GLADSTONE'S re-
appearance in the House of Commons, and to forebode hot debate
on the Public Worship Bill.

CREMATION AND CREED.



THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN has been preaching in Westminster Abbey against Cremation. The sole argument in his Lordship's discourse was the following:—

"One of the very first fruits of its adoption would be to undermine the faith of mankind in the doctrine of the resurrection of the body, and so bring about a most disastrous social revolution, the end of which it was not easy to foretell."

Is there any need for SIR HENRY THOMPSON, or those who with him think the rapid preferable to the slow decomposition of mortal re-

mains, to answer DR. WORDSWORTH theologically according to his wisdom? Did not the excellent Bishop, towards the end of his sermon, conclusively answer himself? He said:—

"The persecutors of the Martyrs in the second century burned their bodies and cast their ashes into the Tiber; but this they did to refute the doctrine of the resurrection, and to prevent it spreading through the world."

Upon, if not in consequence of which, it did incontinently spread through the world. Nor does it appear to have been at all affected by the fact that WYCLIFFE'S bones were disposed of by the Church of his period, just as the Pagans treated those of the earlier martyrs, and that later martyrs' bones were calcined in certain "acts of faith," which faith, as far as it regarded that doctrine, was to the full as orthodox as the BISHOP OF LINCOLN'S own.

One chief ground, however, whereon men of science recommend cremation is the demonstrable reality of a gaseous and noxious resurrection of the material body. But on this subject, according to BISHOP WORDSWORTH, they are ill-informed:—

"These men defended their theory with reference to the supposed injury which was inflicted on the living by the noxious and deadly gases and vapours emitted from the dead body during the process of corruption; but they overlooked the fact that all these gases were absorbed by the trees and shrubs which were, and ought to be, planted in our cemeteries and graveyards."

Is this indeed a fact in connection with sanitary science which our Doctors and Professors of Physio, Surgery, and Natural Philosophy have overlooked, and require to have pointed out to them by a clergyman? And did not the Right Reverend Divine who preached as above concerning "these men" himself overlook the fact that they allege not only that gases are exhaled from burial-grounds into the atmosphere, but also that drainage exudes into the rivers and the wells? Even if cemeteries and churchyards are not pestilential, how otherwise than by cremation does the BISHOP OF LINCOLN propose to arrest the nuisance of necropolis extension over valuable land, or beautiful and salubrious waste?

No doubt, as the BISHOP says, the products of the decomposition of the *corpus humanum* are in part absorbed by trees and shrubs planted in churchyards. What is this but the resurrection of it in vegetable forms? He does not consider the fact of this resurrection inconsistent with the belief in another. How much more so is cremation?

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN

In an irritable frame of mind at the Academy. Suggestions at the fag end of the Season.

SIR,

I DON'T write as a critic, but as representing myself in an uncritical mood. I have been to the Academy. "Rather late in the day," you'll say, "for that." Perhaps so. Better late than never; though I'm not quite so sure about the truth of this old proverb. It is late in the season, I admit, but it was early in the day—that is, from ten to one. I believe Burlington House is open at eight, and the early birds flock in crowds, each early bird believing that he or she will be the only person there and "see it all comfortably, you know."

It is impossible to see the pictures comfortably at any time; that is as long as people, all people, no exceptions for age or sex, will be such bears and bores. You may go in as polite as if you were paying your first visit to some Duchess with whom you had recently

become acquainted, but before you've been in the room half an hour, you'll be ready to attack anybody and be rude to everybody.

At the Academy, good manners and good temper appear to be left at the doors with the sticks and umbrellas. A humane provision this: were umbrellas and sticks admitted, what frightful scenes would ensue. A "roll call" of visitors, after two hours of it at Burlington House, would be a more touching sight than even Miss THOMPSON'S now celebrated picture. By the way, this season at the Academy should be recorded as one of THOMPSON'S Seasons. Hope the young lady will have many others. Here's her health!

I do sincerely wish the portraits of distinguished nobodies and their charming children (I can mention one painter who doesn't seem to have flattered a very plain pair) were relegated to some room by themselves. There are just a few exceptional people whom it is interesting to see; but as a rule I would they might all be in a Portrait Gallery by themselves. And let the Portrait Gallery be divided, thus: No. 1. Somebodies. No. 2. Nobodies. The latter, numbering about a hundred, out of a hundred and twenty-nine portraits, would still be delighted at their existence having been thus advertised for one short season. Fancy the pride of Mr. SMITH, of Stowe-in-the-Hole, at being able to say for the remainder of his life, "I was exhibited in the Academy one year." Among these there are two "portraits of gentlemen," which might have been labelled with the title of Mr. WILKIE COLLINS'S Novel, *No Name*. Also there is a portrait of a Lady. Well, of course, such specimens are, unfortunately, rare: so, as one of them is by Mr. HICKS—"Bravo, HICKS!"

There ought to be a rail all round. I don't mean to travel by from one end of the gallery to the other, but to prevent officious pretentious amateur connoisseurs from rubbing their noses against the pictures—and *treading on the toes of people behind them*, without so much as a "beg pardon."

Now, Sir, you can guess *hinc ille lacrymæ*. I couldn't help saying, "It is a shame to struggle and shove. It is too bad to stand in front of a picture for a quarter of an hour when there are people"—(you will notice I say emphatically "people,"—"behind who have also paid to see." When it came to my turn to be in front (at Miss THOMPSON'S picture), I heard persons making rude remarks behind my back. But I had my shilling's worth out at that picture. I wouldn't move: until I was somehow squeezed out, and then I threateningly drove a terrified old lady before me. She left behind her two granddaughters in the crowd. Pretty girls both—plump, fresh from the country, and as wholesome in their prettiness as MILLAIS'S "Picture of Health"—the daintiest little maiden, with the damask roses in full bloom on her cheeks!—or as some of those lovely young ladies whom Mr. ARCHER groups so gracefully. What happy fellows those portrait-painters ought to be with such angels . . . but I must pause—such a train of thought is out of keeping with the hot weather. To return to the Academy—well, I will another day, if it's not too hot, and not too late, and if I haven't got on new patent boots, in which I defy anyone to enjoy art.

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE (in new boots).

P.S.—There's such a difficulty in pronouncing the artists' names. MR. ALMA TADEMA (some people think he's a young lady) is called "ALLMAR TADEEMAR," "ALMAY TADDEEMAY," and "ALMY TAD-DYMY," which last would rhyme with "Academy":—

"ALMY TADDYMY
At the Academy."

POOR FILDERS is called "FIDDLER," "FIDDLES," and "FILL-DES." One well-informed person told his friend that the Bishop in MR. FRITH'S picture of the "Procession at Boulogne," was "The Pope; and a capital likeness, too!" And before MR. HOOK'S "Jetsam and Flotsam" I heard—"Jetsam and Flotsam! What's that?" "O, the girls' names, I suppose." But anon, anon, Sir! 'Tis too hot for Postscripts.

General Good Faith.

So, it is the opinion of a moralist no less pure and a statesman no less distinguished than MR. GLADSTONE, that "all that should be asked with respect to the observance of the Rubrics is that a general obedience should be paid to them." What does he mean by "a general obedience?" An obedience in most particulars with some optional exceptions? How convenient it would be to allow a general obedience to the laws in general to suffice—for every rogue in England! Let him reflect that the Public Worship Bill is called for in order to enforce a general obedience to the Rubrics, to which disobedience has become general.

HISTORY REPEATING ITSELF.

WHAT old struggle is now renewed in Paris between MACMAHON and the Assembly? The Seven Years' War.



A GOOD LISTENER.

Reverend Gentleman. "WELL, TIM, DID YOU LEAVE THE LETTER AT THE SQUIRE'S?"

Tim. "I DID, YOUR RIV'RENCE. I B'ELIEVE THEY'RE HAVIN' DINNER COMPANY TO-DAY—"

Reverend Gentleman (angrily). "WHAT BUSINESS HAD YOU TO BE LISTENING ABOUT! HOW OFTEN HAVE I TOLD YOU—"

Tim. "PLAZE YOUR RIV'RENOR, I ONLY LISTENED WITH MY NOSE!!"

88° IN THE SHADE.

(*T'other side of the picture, by a Cool Countryman. See Mr. Punch's last number.*)

HAIL, Perspiration! cleanser of the pores,
Foe to the subtle acids that infect
The stream of life! Who does not love thee well,
When on the green are pitched the cool white tents,
And clad in flannel, wearing shoes well spiked,
We play the game of games? Hot let it be
As ever Phœbus made it, or as when
Phaëton drew down Jove's thunder, feebly holding
His sire's wild steeds—the exulting blood within
Makes such heat tame. Or when, with bending ears,
We pass reach after reach of glorious Thames,
A lady steering; with each well-pulled stroke
The body lightens, and the spirit grows
Stronger and clearer. O, the drowsy woods,
The flashing mill-race, and the lazy lock,
Where waiting brings flirtation! Am I warm?
Yes, but I like it: yes, but I enjoy
My tankard, ere we try another spurt.
SMITH does the same, and I delight to see
SMITH's friendly, ugly, humorous, sunburnt face
Through the glass bottom of the silver mug
As he inverts it like a gentleman.
Now is the time when my great wolfhound loves
To lave his tawny sides in Thames, and roll
In fresh-cut grass thereafter. He has read
No silly paragraphs on Rabies,
And won't go mad at present. Flies there are;
Granted: but how the deuce would that sweet bird,

VERY WARM WORK.

AMONG the news of the week nobody can be surprised by the announcement that:—

"The difficulty of keeping down the temperature in the House of Commons as the heat increases has necessitated the use of a greater quantity of ice over which the air is passed before it reaches the chamber. The consumption is now one ton per night, and the extra cost thus entailed is about £20 per week."

The debates on the Public Worship Bill have apparently been attended with an actual rise of physical temperature. Hence it would seem that fiery eloquence and the heat of argument are not mere phrases; that "thoughts which breathe" do in breathing really involve combustion by the combination of oxygen with carbon, and "words that burn" liberate sensible caloric. It is a pity that the necessity for icing the atmosphere of the House of Commons, created by these conditions occurring in the Dog Days, precludes the experiment, which would be highly interesting if it could be tried, of testing by thermometer the comparative warmth of the House during theological and secular debates.

A Too Liberal Tory.

ALBERT GRANT, as one who treated
His constituents, is unseated.
Has St. Stephen's lost a Tory?
They that say so tell a story.
He was lavish of his treasure;
Liberal in too large a measure!
For another Minster bidder—
West, to wit, instead of Kidder,—
Might he not, through Leicester Square,
Find his seat lost, likewise, there?

Question for Court Above.

It has been decided by several Judges that the owners of any place into which they admit people on payment of money, with the knowledge that betting is carried on in it, render themselves liable to fine and imprisonment. If this decision stand, how will it affect Hammersmith Bridge on the occasion of the University boat-race?

QUITE T'OTHER.—ANTI-BURGESS writes to ask if the proposed ornamentation of St. Paul's is to be considered a "Wren-ovation."

"The temple-haunting martlet," live without?
And there are thunderstorms. I love to see
Pure fire of ether in its zig-zag lines
Dazzling against dark cloud; I love to hear
The boom of the great thunder, and to feel
The close air cleared by each electric flash,
Till the birds sing again, and fields smell sweet,
And the great arch is thrown from hill to hill,
As when the Patriarchs saw it. Theatres
We have not here, but Night, the fair lessee
Of Nature's Theatre Royal, has her stars,
Her orchestra the music of the spheres.
Then there's a Comet, wherein sodium lines
May be distinguished, if you deftly place
Brandy and soda in your spectrum-glass.
The necessary cat comes never near
My realm: the far more necessary dog
Would soon reduce him to his last mol-row;
And, for a reason not dissimilar,
The genial burglar never burgles here,
But plies his trade where spoons are plentiful:
For cottage windows open all night long,
And the aroma of cigars that calm
The mind into a state to write to *Punch*
Something as perfect as the diamond
On SAPPHO's finger, tempt not WILLIAM SIKES;
Nor does he care to have his vituline
Protuberance (he perhaps might call it calf)
Gripped by an honest English mastiff's teeth.
No, I sleep sound: if gnats come, I don't know it,
But wake to exclaim, "O glorious Summer! Go it!
Bring perfect perspiration to your poet!"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



AST should be Past — especially past accounts. The Edmunds mess (Monday, July 13) having been stirred by the gentleman who made it — or, rather, by a clever young Lord whom he had induced to stir it for him — LORD SELBORNE was obliged to take up again a great deal that, for MR. EDMUNDS' sake, had better be kept buried. No one wants to hit MR. EDMUNDS now he is down, and it is open to any Lord or Commoner even to pity him, and to think, and call him, an unfortunate man. But these public sympathy must stop. The request of MR. EDMUNDS for a pension as having resigned an office he ought never to have received is nothing short of what, in a less unfortunate offender, would be called impudence.

In the Commons, the RIGHT HON. BENJAMIN DISRAELI, with that graceful diffidence which belongs to him at such moments, promised the House a gladiatorial entertainment on Wednesday and Friday next, in which he would have the honour to play *Retiarius* to MR. GLADSTONE's *Sessor*.

The Public Worship Regulation Bill was not a Government Measure, but Government, having allowed it to be brought in, was bound to find time for its discussion. MR. GLADSTONE having given

notice of Resolutions, which amounted to a repeal of the Act of Uniformity, the Government was bound to give him rope enough. So Orders of the day and Wednesday's Standing Orders would be swept on one side, a clear stage — and no favour — made for W. E. G., — and then for the gladiatorial interlude he had promised them. (*Sensation prolongée.*)

The House got back to the adjourned Kirk Patronage debate, but evidently "with minds distraught and thoughts elsewhere." Every head was running on the anticipation of the royal entertainment promised for the fag-end of the week. In the midst of this distraction the abolition of Kirk Patronage was rediscovered, SIR R. ANSTOTHEE complaining bitterly that the Liberal party should have been "whipped" against the Bill to please MR. GLADSTONE, and indeed openly revolting against the Gladstonian "lead" in the matter. As if this had been the only revolt of the week! The Second Reading was carried by 307 to 109 — in the teeth of MR. GLADSTONE.

Tuesday. — LORD SANDON announced that Government intended to give the *coup-de-grâce* to the Endowed Schools Commission, to hand over their work to the Charity Commissioners, reinforcing that body so that they might get through their work of cleansing the Augean (we beg pardon — we should say the Endowed School) stable in five years, and laying down new rules, calculated to secure more weight to founders' wishes — especially when they tended to give the lion's share of endowments to the Established Church.

The move is a mistake — the most serious mistake Government have yet committed — a move backwards, as MR. GLADSTONE and MR. FORSTER very clearly showed.

The Opposition are bound to fight this Bill for putting up a bar on Endowed-School-doors which the late Government's Bill appointing the Commission took down. If they can stop its progress by any Parliamentary tactics they have a right to use them. It will be but clapping a stone behind the wheel of the Endowed-School "trap," to which LORD SANDON and his friends are for giving a shove backwards and down-hill.

True, the Commission has become unpopular. People armed with besoms and set to sweeping out dark and dirty places seldom are popular with the bats and black-beetles. But suppose the Commission has been too doctrinaire or too drastic, the Government might have infused a soothing, softening, and sobering element into it. To do away with it is a sin and a shame. To hark back to "founders' wills" — that great bugbear and barrier of all real Educational improvement — is worse than a sin and a shame, it is a gross blunder. It is hanging round the neck of middle-class JOHN BULL, on his way to the Educational waters he stands so much in need of, the clog which he had reason to think himself rid of for good and all. It is a violation of the sound principle which — as MR. GLADSTONE truly said, distinguishes our Parliamentary Government from all others, "*Vestigia nulla retrogredere.*" It is saying, in effect, that the wills and prejudices of the ancient dead shall override the wisdom and needs of the actual living. It is thrusting back the hands of the dial, and advancing by retrogression.

Fight it, FORSTER — fight it to the last man in town, the last hour of the Session, the last breath in your political body. Now is the moment for a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether from Her Majesty's Opposition, if there be such a thing!

Wednesday. — MR. DISRAELI cleared the floor for the fight on the Public Worship Bill. There was a demure twinkle in the eye, an ominous calm in the bearing of the RIGHT HONOURABLE B. HECTOR, and a smouldering fire, dark and dangerous, in the look of the RIGHT HONOURABLE W. E. ACHILLES, as each armed for the encounter.

But unto him, as, to his Captains turned,
In his red eye the fire of battle burned,
Far-sighted FORSTER and grave GOSCHEN drew,
And their wet blankets o'er Achilles threw.
"See where our host, reluctant, backward draws,
Averse to follow thee in such a cause:
See their ranged points sink lower and more low;
See ready shaft withdrawn from slackened bow;
See where asunder shrink the serried shields,
Till all their wavering battle yawns and yields;
Hear the scarce smothered murmur at thy name,

The scornful question, 'Was't for this he came?'
And, warned in time, this fatal fight forbear,
That brings defeat to thee, to us despair.
Or if thou, blinded by the wrath of Jove,
Must needs to battle on such issue move,
Expect to see thy Captains, sore in grief,
Turn their reluctant arms against their Chief;
Till all alone, left by thy former train,
Against the foe thou shalt the fight sustain.
Ill fares the Chief who so directs his blow
As to make foe of friend, and friend of foe.

Lo, where the Bill which thou art fain to stay,
Through Second Reading moves, without a Nay;
Then pause, Achilles, ere it is too late,
Nor, spurning counsel, rush upon thy fate."

Achilles groaned and chafed, but gazing round,
Clear confirmation of this warning found:
The while he paused, for once, to count the costs,
Plume-shaking Hector strode betwixt the hosts,
Brandished his lance and cried, "Why stay the Chief,
Forster and Goswami, who will come to grief?
Myself the champion of this Bill I own,
Not less strong in your strength than in my own;
But if Achilles wills to bite the dust,
Let him come on, for Nemesis is just!
Still the old force in the old leaven aways,
With him still Church commands and State obeys:
My banner'd host 'gainst Ritual rebels stands,
To bow reluctant Church to Law's commands.
If such the battle-field Achilles chooses,
To try the fight with Hector—win or lose—
He cannot say the choice was mine, I ween,
Though, had I chosen, this my choice had been.
Then let him raise his war-cry, 'Church 'gainst Law,'
For from his resolutions Six withdraw,
And, owning himself vanquished without strife,
Avoid the field, and back to lettered life—
Thus sit more on the Homeric lay
Than set Homeric battles in array,
And, mark Achilles!—Hector's strength defy,
In strife whose end all know as well as I."

So Hector spoke.—Achilles crashed the fire
Back on his breast that throbbed with mighty ire;
But would he saw, in that field of his own
If he dared fight, he need not fight alone,
Or with the fees of many an ancient war
To take the place of friends who stood afar.

Thursday—

Thus warned, his weapon to the ground he threw,
And from the field, with swelling soul, withdrew!

And so *Punch* sings what he might have said, but for the epic completeness of the action, with its beginning, middle, and end—the Challenge!—the Acceptance!!—the Retreat!!! Since, in the Arabian tale, the Djinn retreated into the brazen vessel at the request of the artful Fisherman, and allowed himself to be "bottled" and corked down, there has been no such example of Power and Passion self-surrendered to Tact and Ready-wit.

Friday.—In the Lords, Fiji adgets. Shall BRITANNIA, or shall she not, take into her Imperial hands that tempting yet troublesome Archipelago, with its 160,000 natives, its intricate land questions, its £87,000 of debt, its white rowdies, reprobates, and kidnappers, and its less savage mountain black-fellows? The island authorities, such as they are, offer us the islands. Commissioners have reported in favour of acceptance. LORD CARNARVON has considered the matter all round—north, south, east, and west—and has come to the conclusion that if we accept the islands, it must be unconditionally; and if we govern the islands, it must be as a Crown colony "of rather a severe type," that is, as a despotism *par excellence*. Like the Waggoner in *Æsop's* fable, we have called on Hercules—SIR HERCULES ROBINSON to wit—who from South Australia is to visit Fiji and report, and by him the Government will be guided. But JOHN BULL cannot allow that horrible "blackbirding" to go on. And LORD CARNARVON's conclusions seem, on the whole, sound; at least, we find nothing in Thursday night's *comes* to overbalance the *pros* in their favour.

The Commons made way with the Public Worship Bill. It is not to come into operation till next July.

"HORN" (A. B.) "told the flattering tale" that this delay may give time for Convocation to overhaul the Rubrics! We would rather not dwell on that thought in this weather. It opens up such a vista of burning questions.

MR. LOWE moved an instruction that the new Judge should have cognizance of all clerical offences, in matters of conduct as well as Ritual. It must come to that, of course. But the time is not now. —(July 17—and the grouse crying, "Come, kill me!")

A FLIGHT OF FANCY.



ost of the Ministers
(late and present)
with a host of other
illustrious person-
ages, are expected
to grace the Fancy
Dress Ball at Marl-
borough House.

A list of a few of
these is appended,

with the characters they will support, for the gratification of those of our

readers who may not have the privilege of mingling in the gay and glittering scene:—

MR. PUNCH—Phoebus Apollo.
MR. DISRAELI—The Comet.
MR. GLADSTONE—Homer.
THE LORD CHANCELLOR—The Great Seal.
THE SPEAKER—Patience on a Monument.
THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY—The Ship of the State.
THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER—The National Debt, attended by the Three Lords of the Treasury as the Three per Cents. (Group of Allegorical Figures.)
THE HOME SECRETARY—"The Good Little Wittler."
THE SECRETARY FOR WAR—Mars.
THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL—a Queen's Messenger.
THE PRESIDENT OF THE POOR-LAW BOARD—a Street Beggar.
THE FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS AND PUBLIC BUILDINGS—a Park-keeper.
THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN—Polonius.
THE MASTER OF THE HORSE—a Jockey.
SIR WILFRID LAWSON—Bacchus.
MR. NEWDEGATE—the Pope.
BARON ROTHSCHILD—Ceresus.
THE CHAIRMAN OF THE METROPOLITAN BOARD OF WORKS—the Northumberland House Lion.
THE POET LAUREATE—KING ARTHUR.
THE ASTRONOMER ROYAL—the Clerk of the Weather.
THE LORD MAYOR—the Monument.
THE SHERIFFS—Gog and Magog.
THE PRINCESS OF WALES—the Queen of Hearts.

Idol Mio!

SAID ANGELINA to EDWIN, early in their honeymoon, "Parliament may pass a Public Worship Bill, but there is no fear they will ever vote a Private Worship Bill; and, even if they were, it should never prevent me, dearest, from worshipping you!"

CLERICAL MADCAPS.—A vendor of Ritualistic frippery advertises "birettas warranted not to fall off." If the Public Worship Regulation Bill become law, we should expect a decided falling off of birettas, among other articles of Ritualistic man-millinery, and Tomfoolery.



AWKWARD!

"O, EDITH, WON'T YOU KISS DR. M'CLUSKIE?"

"I'M SO SHY, MAMMA! YOU KISS HIM FIRST!"

THE NEXT COMET YEAR.

Diary of a Londoner in August, 18—.

3 A.M. to 4 A.M.—Got up rather late, my servant having forgotten to call me at 2.30 as ordered. The result of his negligence was that I found the heat oppressive. It was quite a matter of difficulty to keep cool even in my ice-bath. As my tailor had not sent home my new clothes, I was obliged to wear my mualin suit, which is decidedly hot for this time of the year.

4 A.M. to 5 A.M.—Went to Westminster Hall to hear my case tried. The Judge, after complaining of the hours of the Court, which are now from 4 A.M. to 7 A.M. (his Lordship said that 6 A.M. would be sufficiently late for the ending of the day's sitting), was forced to remove his wig. My Counsel's junior (a promising young barrister of five-and-forty) fainted from the excessive heat. After this my case was adjourned by general consent until the Autumn.

5 A.M. to 7 A.M.—Went to the Grand Review in Hyde Park. The Troops looked very smart in their new straw hats and scarlet braces. All the Generals carried the new regulation parasols which are larger than civilian umbrellas. The Field-Marshal Commanding-in-Chief wore several orders over his shirt-front.

7 A.M. to 9 A.M.—At breakfast. I found that I had quite an appetite, and enjoyed my wine-glass of iced tea immensely. The frozen water-cress leaves (of which I ate at least a dozen) were much to my liking.

10 A.M. to 12 Noon.—Secured a nice cool tank in a deep part of the Serpentine, and watched Society as it floated past me. Some of the lately-imported whales swim with fine action and look admirably well in their new harness made of frosted glass.

12 Noon to 2 P.M.—Enjoyed a siesta on my new patent refrigerator sofa.

2 P.M. to 5 P.M.—Hard at work reading the iced edition of the daily papers. The new snow-showers in the House of Commons seem to work well. During last night's Debate the thermometer stood as low as 95° in the shade.

5 P.M. to 7 P.M.—Had a nice little dinner at the Arctic Restaurant

(a place I prefer in this weather to the Club, as it is cooler), of which the following is the menu:—

Soup.—Potage à l'eau glacé.

Fish.—Slices of fried shrimp.

Entrée.—Butterflies à la Russe.

Roti.—Cut off the mutton-chop. (The joint of the day.)

Poultry.—Leg of a pigeon (grilled).

7 P.M. to 9 P.M.—Went to the Iced Swimming Bath (late the Royal Italian Opera) to see the new Aquatic Ballet. *Mlle. Rose Neige* (the *première danseuse*) is one of the most graceful swimmers I have ever seen.

9 P.M.—Returned home tired to death. Having forgotten my latch-key, I had to ring up my landlady. My late return caused her great surprise. She declared that during the present trying season every one wishing to retain health should be in bed by six P.M. I feel that she is right. After smoking the third of a cigarette, I got into my new four-poster shower-bath, tied down the string, and went to sleep.

De Groof.

(Killed in Attempting to Fly, July 9, 1874.)

HE who provides for all beneath the sky,
Made man to walk, as he made birds to fly;
Then let man stick to earth, and have the sense
Not to fly in the face of Providence!

True and False Teeth.

A "SURGEON-DENTIST"'s advertisement in a daily paper thus commences:—

"TEETH.—'The best is the cheapest.'"

Not quite so. The best teeth *are* (not *is*) those which Nature supplies gratuitously. The cheapest teeth, at their very best, can only be second best.



“SECOND THOUGHTS ARE BEST.”

“Trav up he rode to the coach-window,
And his six-shooter he popped in;
Says the Archbishop, “Sure as eggs is cast,”
This is the bold I’ve-RIN!”

“Your Crook or your life,” says the Highwayman.
“You may smile and think it fun,
But that Bill you drop, or else I pop,
With my six barrels, every one!”

But the Archbishop he smole a smile—
“Stand out o’ the way,” says he.
“And, as for that six-shooter of yours,
It’ll do you more harm than me.”

“Second thoughts are best,” quoth the Highwayman,
“There’s something in what you say.”
So he bottled his brag, and he turned his nag,
And quietly rode away.

OUR NEW NOVEL.

ONE-AND-THREE!

BY THAT DISTINGUISHED FRENCH NOVELIST,
FICTOR NOGO.

PART THE THIRD—THE LITTLE 'UNS IN.

BOOK THE SHADOW.

V.—Only a Face at the Window.

SERGEANT RUBADUB looked up at the house and saw a crack. He could always tell a crack at any distance.

He said to himself "Through that crack I can get to the third storey."

RUBADUB drew on the stilts. This was nothing to him, he had drawn on a bank before now. Such feats were nothing new to him. He was a young man, but a very "old soldier." He had been, we have said, an Ollendorffian Schoolmaster; but he had also been an Acrobatic Professor. He was what has rightly been called a Bounding Brother.

SERGEANT RUBADUB, having been ready for the performance at the Cirque, was in full uniform. This somewhat impeded his movements. He took off his epaulettes and spurs. He stuck pistols in his belt, along his blunderbuss over his left shoulder, grasped a bayonet in one hand and a lance in the other, and, with his sword between his teeth, he commenced the ascent. Before starting on the enterprise, he daubed his face with red and yellow ochre, put on a false nose with a false beard and moustaches. This, he thought, would amuse the children when he might find them.

Being on stilts was an advantage. There is nothing for climbing like stilts. Each stilt being used as a lever working at right angles to the perpendicular wall. It was like being furnished with two extra feet.

Thus he had four feet to climb with, and forty feet to climb up. This made him laugh.

It was a hazardous venture. It was like climbing up nothing in particular with the inside turned out. Nothing could be worse than this.

At last he reached a window.

He said to himself, "This is near enough."

Kicking away the stilts, he raised himself by both hands on to the ledge. It needed only one spring to land him in the room. A swallow flew out from the eaves above. This startled him. One swallow does not make one summer, or one spring, and this latter was what he wanted.

But a face suddenly appeared at the opening. A frightful object, with a large nose, a high forehead, wild hair, beard and moustache, and of a bright yellow and red colour.

"Now then, Ugly!" cried the Sergeant.

The Head appeared to reply, or, rather, to speak, with the Sergeant. They were both talking at once, but with only one sound between them. This was mysterious.

RUBADUB was not a man to be awed by the mysterious.

He cried, "Get out, or I'll smash you."

Again the hideous mask seemed to mock him with soundless words. RUBADUB saw his last chance had come. Summoning all

his remaining strength, he drew back both his arms so as to leave his hands free, and clung on to the masonry entirely by his eyelids. Then, with one supreme effort, he dashed both hands against the hideous face, and, at the same time, swung his legs up so as to pass them easily through the open window.

Then he stood in the room.

His hands were frightfully cut.

But he was alone.

"Gammion, can't you?"

There was no answer. On the ground at his feet lay a looking-glass in a thousand fragments.

RUBADUB laughed aloud:

He sang out gaily, "Only a face at the window!—only a face, nothing more!"

He cautiously opened the door.

A voice from below or above, he could not tell which, demanded, "Who's there?"

VI.—Ringing down.

GAMMION and ANTONEROLY, with their *troupe*, were in possession of the lower part; that is of the Pit and the Stage. The crowd had filled the place. They called aloud and furiously for the MARKY DU CROW. He had failed to jump through hoops, he had tumbled off his horse, he had not played the banjo and bones on horseback; he had done nothing as advertised, and their money had not been returned to them at the doors.

The MARKY, followed by WIDDICOMB JUNIOR, ascended the spiral staircase. Only three of the original *troupe* remained with them. One JOKE, the English Clown, had gone up to a room above, where there was a looking-glass, in order to "make up" his face. When RUBADUB had approached, JOKE said to himself, "Here's a policeman coming!" and turning the glass away from him he ran up the next flight of stairs. This led to where the Acrobatic Children were hidden.

He said to himself, cruelly, "If they make a noise, I will blow up the children."

So he waited.

VII.—Lights down.

THE MARKY and WIDDICOMB JUNIOR stopped to consult. The former knew that ANTONEROLY was below. The latter still clung to the hope that he could escape with his two chief attractions, the Marky and the Children, and commence afresh.

The MARKY DU CROW said, "ANTONEROLY comes from MADAME TOOSEW's. He wants to take me alive. If I meet him we shall come to blows."

WIDDICOMB JUNIOR replied, "If you do meet him you will come to wax." Except for this observation, WIDDICOMB JUNIOR was a stupid fellow. Glowworms are dull insects, but they show a light, occasionally. They heard a noise above. It was the Marky who cried out, "Who's there?"

The crowd from below were swarming up the staircase. The voices of GAMMION and ANTONEROLY predominating. The Marky murmured, "There isn't a chance; we are taken in a trap."

A fresh young voice cried aloud, "And here's the trap!"

Suddenly there sprang through a hole in the floor a young man.

The Marky recognised GUILLAUME TAILLEUR. The latter spoke.

"Look here. We know the whole bag of tricks. This was a vampire trap out in the old stage. These boards used to be part of the old stage, and we used to practise here. Before I became a sailor, I was a Harlequin."

He drew from his belt something resembling a flat flexible wooden





VERY HARD LINES.

"WELL, KIRSTY, HOW'S BUSINESS?"

"MIDDLIN', MEM, JINT MIDDLIN'. SOME DAYS WE DAE NAETHING AYA, AN' ITERS WE DAE TWICE AS MUCKLE."

sword. This he smacked several times on the floor, then held it between his hands, and moved his head quickly round and round.

Footsteps were heard ascending. GAMMON's band, too, was playing fast and furious.

The crowd swarming up the staircase were armed with everything they could lay hands on as they had passed through the property-room of the old theatre.

GUILLAUME TAILLEUR spoke hurriedly,—

"Here is an opening, a window in the wall. Follow me, and jump through it head-first. There are our own men to catch us on the outside. Now!"

The music below played wilder and wilder, the murmur of the crowd grew louder and louder. GUILLAUME took a run and jump and vanished through the window. WIDDICOMB JUNIOR followed next, but his spurs caught. He was pulled through somehow. The Marky was the last to leave. He crammed his white hat firmly on his head, ran, plunged forward, and disappeared.

Then, as GAMMON and ANTONEROLY, followed by the crowd, entered the room, a placard suddenly dropped down in front of the window through which they had escaped, bearing this inscription—"Gone to Jericho."

Then the crowd in their blind fury commenced throwing everything about wildly. Carrots, turnips, loaves, baskets, and stuffed babies whirled through the air; a policeman's head came off, and his body was hurled away somehow by a cord. They were all fighting amongst themselves.

JOE, listening above, said, "It's a rally."

(To be continued.)

[We have determined to publish the following correspondence between ourselves and the Translator. ED.]

MY VERY DEAR SIR,

I do not wish to carp or in any way find fault with your admirable translation of M. FICOR Nogo's great work, but permit me to say that "JOE" is the fifteenth new character you've quite recently introduced. If this system is to be carried out, when,—I

EXEUNT THE SIX RESOLUTIONS.

THOSE Six Resolutions! O, GLADSTONE, 'twas cruel
In *canicula horâ* to challenge a duel—
By the light of a forest of Ritual torches,
When Phœbus Apollo sufficiently scorches.

We thought that your spirit, to cool down its glow,
Had

Gone where the Ægean embraces the Troad;
Had traversed the sea which Phœnicia environs,
Out of earshot of chants from Gregorian Sirens.

We hoped you'd return, a true classical roamer,
Having somewhere encountered the ghost of old
HOMER,

And received at his hands a new spell to throw o'er us
From his rolling hexameters, strong and sonorous.

Disillusion indeed! As Apollo and Sirius
For cool dress and cool drinks make parched London
delirious,

From his tent our Achilles indignant emerges,
And his war-cry rings out as High-Church Boanerges.

The Romanist poachers on Anglican manors
May echo his cry and may flock to his banners;
But JOHN BULL in his Church wants one cooling
ingredient—

That that Church to the Law should be humbly
obedient.

That Church may be even deformed with anomalies—
Its Articles may not agree with its Homilies—
But it has not quite reached such a point of deformity
As perverting its Rubrics to sheer Rome-conformity.

And the whimsical Curates who Romeward are tending
Will not long stay the Session that's happily ending.
If it end on the fifth, that will just give the House
time

To pack up its gun-case, a week before grouse-time.

THE ASTRONOMERS' "RUNNING DEAR."—Venus is
transitu.

put it to your good sense and high artistic feeling,—when can a novel be finished? New characters in every fresh chapter, apparently brought in just to create a sensation *pro tem*, might prolong this work of fiction (and I am sure your style is simply perfect, and one feels quite under the enchanter's wand while perusing each new number) *ad infinitum*; and, though I would be the last man to interfere with your plan, or to suggest a full stop where you, my very dearest Sir, had only placed a comma, yet, if you could conveniently manage to finish next week, I should take it as a personal favour, and I am sure the interest of the work would be considerably heightened. Whom the Gods love die young, literature translated, means—the novel which is popular must be finished as soon as possible. Then, Sir, look at the advantage to yourself. "OLIVER" (the Public) "asks for more!"

I remain, Dear Sir,

With every expression of most affectionate esteem,

Yours Sincerely,

THE EDITOR.

SIR,—I can only reply by reminding you how vain is the attempt to fetter genius; and if I create a new character, or several new characters, every week, with situations to match, ought you not to be proud of your Contributing Translator, through whose magic touch even FICOR Nogo himself would not now recognise his own work. I have improved it immensely. As to finishing it, that I can do or not, according as you like to make it a matter of business. Our agreement was *without* a limiting date. But my silence is to be purchased. Still I can't help, in justice to myself, enclosing you a few testimonials I have received from perfect strangers:—

(1)

DEAR SIR,—You clever creature! What a marvellous invention! I read it to my wife and family every night. Charming!! You must be making thousands. By the way if you can kindly lend me fifteen pounds till next quarter-day (when I come in for a lot of money and will pay you punctually), you will greatly oblige

Yours ever,

Sponge Villa, Abchurch.

JOHN MARCHMONT SLIPPERTON.



A BARGAIN.

"I SAY, BOBBY, JUST GIVE US A SHOVE WITH THIS 'ERE PARCEL ON TO THIS 'ERE TRUCK,
AND NEXT TIME YER RUNS ME IN, I'LL GO QUIET!"

A POINT OF SIMILITUDE.

CABMEN are at present a much more respectable class than they were formerly. Satire on their dishonesty would be now out of date. But men yet living may be able to recollect a caricature in the printshops, representing a cabman as being told to drive to the Old Bailey, and replying that he did not know where it was. An odious comparison is not to be drawn; but when, in the debate on the Public Worship Bill, Mr. (Bismarck) observed that the Right Hon. Gentleman the Member for Greenwich said that he did not know what Ritualism was, did not the Member suggest a very striking resemblance, in point of ignorance at least, between that Right Honourable Gentleman and that cabman?

Not Quite so Green.

A GREEN was lately fined at the Kensington Petty Sessions for selling preserved green peas—which, on analysis, were proved to owe their colour to copper. The seller said he was assured by the importers that the colouring matter was only Essence of Spinach. We should rather say that it was Essence of Gammon.

IS IT POSSIBLE?

ACCORDING to a writer in the *Gazette des Beaux Arts*, quoted in the *Pictorial World*, woman's face is shorter by a tenth than that of man. This statement will come as a surprise to those of us who know, experimentally, what a very long ~~face~~ woman can pull.

A NAME OF OMEN.

A prophecy may in his name be seen,
For Bis-mar(c)k twice a target now has been!

THE ONLY VESTMENTS FOR RITUALISTS.—
Strait Waistcoats.

(2)

SIR,
For the last fifteen years I have not known what it was to get a good night's rest. The moment I took up your admirable Novel, *One-and-Three*, I found relief. Now I read a little of it the last thing at night, and I sleep like a top.

Yours gratefully,

F.

Dormiton House, Snoreham.

(3)

OLD BOY (whoever you are),
Me and another cove have got a bet on as to whether you'll finish before the year's out or not. I say not. Stand in. Worth your while. Keep it up.

Yours like old boots,

JOHN CROCKY.

Bolder's Barracks.

(4)

MY VERY DEAR SIR,
I AM under an obligation to you which I can never repay. I am a *paterfamilias*, and my family has a deuce of a temper; but, in the midst of the wildest domestic excitement, I merely take up the latest number of your *One-and-Three*, and commence aloud, when they all scuttle out of the room and disappear for the remainder of the day. One paragraph will quiet any of them. Sir, your Novel is the much-wanted Temper Restorer. Go on and prosper.

Yours sincerely,

SAM'L STENTOR.

Voxley Villa.

I have about a thousand of these. So now you see what it's worth to me to leave off.

Your ever obedient

EMINENT TRANSLATOR.

"FATTY DEGENERATION."

(See DISRAELI's *admonition to the House*, July 9th.)

"*Etas parentum, pejor avis, tulit
Nos nequiores, mox daturos
Progeniem vitiosioram.*"

AH yes, you remember, our PREMIER superb,
When the House on its talk despised muzzle or curb,
When, after long speeches, 'mid laughter and cheers,
At daybreak men heartily supped at WATIER's.

Those days are long past. If the School Boards disseminate
The three R's, still they make all our habits degenerate.
So deplorably weak is the modern M.P.,
That he's tired of debate when it lasts after three!

DIZZY courteously says 'tis the season: but no!
July was as hot fifty summers ago,
When, providing the orator wasn't a bore,
Our fathers were willing to listen till four.

Ah, well, we are moderate go-to-bed folk,
We yawn about midnight, we flinch at a joke;
Early hours are the rule for the stay-at-home hubs.
And, in time, we shall have the same thing at the Clubs.

"Disestablish short hours!" is the mandate paternal,
'Tis the right one for "nuts" still unripe in the kernel:
Come "*mundi juvenitus*"—the grand anniversary
Of the day we were all sent to bed from the nursery!

O DIZZY, don't tempt us to sit up too late:
Not every M.P. has thy puissance of pate:
Have pity, *Punch* begs, on the Liberal host—
That grey tabby cat!—was it BROTHERTON's ghost?



"LATEST THING IN STRIKES."

A DEPUTATION OF LAYMEN OF A SUBURBAN PARISH WAITED ON THEIR BELOVED PASTOR LAST WEEK, AND STIPULATED FOR SERMONS OF NOT MORE THAN NINE HEADS, AND NINE MINUTES' LONG, DURING THE EXCESSIVE HEAT!

A SEASONABLE OPINION.

CASE for Opinion.—MRS. SMITH lives in Bayswater, and has a family, consisting of MR. SMITH (her husband, a Stockbroker), and six children, ranging in age from five to eighteen years.

MRS. SMITH's friends living in the neighbourhood of her residence have long since left Bayswater for the Seaside. Some have gone to Dieppe, others up the Rhine, others to Scarborough. MRS. SMITH regards these departures in the light of a personal insult to herself.

MRS. SMITH is convinced that her children require immediate change of air, and that she herself is dying in the sultry atmosphere of London. These opinions she daily takes an opportunity of expressing at breakfast and dinner, in the presence of her husband.

MRS. SMITH has a doctor, one MR. BOLUS, who supports her in her assertions relative to her family's health, and comes every day (at so much the visit—see annual account, enclosure) to consult with her upon the subject.

MRS. SMITH has sent the drawing-room carpet to the cleaners, has ordered the dining-room to be re-papered, and has called the painters into MR. SMITH's private study. These arrangements have caused MR. SMITH much inconvenience.

MRS. SMITH is hot-tempered, and is accustomed to reiterate her grievances.

MR. SMITH is fond of peace and quietness. His means are not very large. Little is doing in the City requiring his personal attention. An agreeable friend (once his schoolfellow) has invited him to pay him (the agreeable friend) a visit at a place which he (the agreeable friend) possesses in the Lake District. His friend is in delicate health, and is a bachelor, and, therefore, cannot very well invite MRS. SMITH and the children to accompany MR. SMITH.

Your opinion is requested upon what you think MR. SMITH should do under these circumstances, (1) with regard to MRS. SMITH and the children, and (2) with regard to his friend in the Lake District.

Opinion.—Taking into consideration that MRS. SMITH is said to be hot-tempered, and accustomed to reiterate her grievances, and, moreover, that she has ordered the painters to take possession of

MR. SMITH's private study, I am of opinion that there exist grounds why it may be advisable that MR. SMITH should take his wife and children to Margate.

With regard to the friend in the Lake District, I am clearly of opinion that, if possible, it would be advisable, nay, desirable, that MR. SMITH should pay his old schoolfellow a visit. I shall have the less hesitation in supporting this course should the lodgings of MRS. SMITH at Margate happen not to be facing the Sea.

(Signed)

PUNCH, Q.C.

Waste Not, Want Not.

A CONTEMPORARY announces that on the Twelfth of July "demonstrations of an unwonted magnitude," in honour of KING WILLIAM and the Battle of the Boyne, were held in Scotland, especially at Glasgow and in Greenock Park. Of course the Orangemen of Scotland are all originally Irish, except in Dundee and other places where marmalade is extensively manufactured from the fruit purveyed by orange-merchants. Both Irish and English Orange Boys may occasionally engage in Orange demonstrations by pelting each other with orange-peel, but no Orange Boys in canny Scotland could be capable of such extravagance as to throw away material which they know might be utilised in compounding a valuable confection.

Blood and Iron.

WHEN a stolid assassin great BISMARCK dares fire on,
The joy that he's missed him is evidence good
That Germany still wants her Chancellor's Iron,
If KULLMANN & Co. want her Chancellor's Blood.

NO ALTERNATIVE.

YE Ritualists perpend the observation,
That "Altar cards" must lead to alteration.

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



REQUEST (Monday, July 20) from the QUEEN to the Peers to concur in a Settlement on PRINCE LEOPOLD.

Second Reading of the Bill for Rating Woods, Sporting Rights, and Mines other than Coal—now, by legal construction, absurdly and unjustly exempted. This is, in effect, the last Government's Bill, which came to grief in the Lords, and now passes Second Reading without a division. "Col-

lem flectes, Sicamber: ure quod adorasti, quod ussisti adora." Or, in English, "The measure that's one set o' men's meat is another set o' men's poison."

In the Commons was fought the first real fight of the Session, on the Endowed Schools Bill. Her Majesty's Opposition in good force, Punch is happy to say. Mr. FAWCETT hit out in his best style, putting "*Festigua nulla retrorsum*" into the shape of an Amendment on going into Committee, and was well seconded by LORD G. CAVENDISH, one of the most moderate and conciliatory of men. LORD SANDON protests the Bill is misunderstood. It is not meant to shut out Dissenting pupils from either the instruction or prizes of Endowed Schools, nor Dissenting parents from their government, nor to confine head-masterships to men in orders.

But the practical question is not what is the Bill meant to do—*latet dolus interpretatione*—but what does it do? And that seems precisely what nobody, on either side, is in a position to say definitely and decisively. In the meantime Honourable Members put on the paper all manner of Amendments, to prevent the evil consequences which LORD SANDON says the Bill will not have; the law-officers are silent, the Opposition indignant, Ministerial supporters divided and discouraged. The one thing clear is that MR. DISRAELI has made a mistake, under the malign influence of the Marquis, and will do well to lose no time in imitating the Scotch trespasser detected half-way through a garden paling, who, when asked where he was going, sagaciously answered, "Back agin."

If the Commissioners are to go, let them; though the Minister who flings his Jonah, or Board of Jonahs, overboard, is apt to have him, or them, come back, and as a rule unpleasantly, after many days.

It is bad enough in a Minister to swap horses while crossing the river, and try shifting the heavy pack of Endowed School Reforms from a Commission that knows it to a Board that has it still to learn. But at least, let the mischief stop there. Besides changing hands at the broom, why put a new look on the Augean Stables?

Tuesday.—Cold consolation to Spanish bond-holders from LORD DERBY in answer to LORD HAMPTON. No doubt this last swindle of the bond-holders has been brazen even beyond the usual Spanish brass; a certain batch of *Pagarés*,—a facetious word in Spain, meaning "I will pay,"—having been sent over here to meet the claims of the bond-holders, and since boned by the Spanish Finance Minister. But as LORD DERBY points out, with sweet and instructive candour, "the real check on these proceedings is the injury they are calculated to do public credit." "*Où il n'y a rien, le roi perd ses droits*," was an old French proverb. The idea of Spanish credit being damaged by anything now possible in financing!

In the Commons adjourned debate over going into Committee on Endowed Schools Bill. Everybody as much in the dark as yesterday, as to what the Bill would do, or would not do. There seems to be the utmost haziness, even among those responsible for the ill-advised measure, as to what it was meant to do. The most candid men on the Government side of the House repudiate retrogression, *e. g.*, SIR J. KENNAWAX, COLONEL BARTELOTT and MR. RUSSELL GURNEY—with a goodly batch behind them, as well vocal as silent Members. It becomes more and more evident every hour the Bill is debated that three out of the six clauses will have to be dropped, and the Bill pass as a bare sentence of death on the Commission. They will die, if they die, for having worked "not wisely but too well." Punch offers an inscription for their tombstone:—

The School Commission here lie we,
Now dead as is the Do-do,
Of too much fortiter in re,
Too little suaviter in modo.

Having sealed the Commissioners' death-warrant, let the rest of the Bill drop. Can't the MARQUIS OF SALISBURY take the mischief its first three clauses will do as a sufficient consideration for the withdrawal of the three last?

Wednesday.—The whole sitting was occupied in fighting the Endowed Schools Bill. The Bill was successfully kept out of Committee through the whole sitting. The same haze still hangs about this luckless and lamentable measure; the same doubts as to its action and its intention; nobody, apparently, except its enemies—and MR. A. B. HOPE, who clings to it in solitary desperation—having any heart in the fight over it.

MR. DISRAELI must withdraw half of it, at least, if he means to pass any part of it into law. He need not much mind, though MR. HOPE should then complain of it as "*monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui nomen ademptum*."

In the evening, at the Mansion House, coming in the wake of Tuesday's more illustrious guests—Captains of the Pen, Ministers of Beauty, Makers of Music, and Queens of Song—those smaller men, Her Majesty's Ministers, greatly daring, dined, and listened to a most sonorous and sockdolagerous chime from the great BEN with *intermezzi* from the minor bells of the Downing Street peal, till the time came for him to adjourn to the masque of Marlborough House, and there take part in the revel, in his never relinquished disguise of the Sphinx. (N.B. Beware of confusion between Sphinx and Death's Head; both are names of moths, and both are



"ON HIS DIGNITY."

Affable Old Gentleman (who has unintentionally entered a Smoking-Carriage).—
 "DEAR ME! HOW LONG IS IT SINCE YOU LEARNED TO SMOKE, MY BOY?"
Precocious Young Gent. "SHAN'T CONDESCEND 'GRATIFY IMPERTINENT CURIOUSITY!'"

disagreeably adapted for *memento moris* at a Marlborough House merry-making.)

Thursday.—Lords and Commons concurred through the organs of Government and Opposition in loyal and liberal response to Her Majesty's request of a fitting settlement for PRINCE LEOPOLD, now come of age. He is to have £15,000 a year, and is likely to make a good use of it—*non tam Marte quam Mercurio*—on Arts rather than Arms.

The Right Honourable VIVIAN GREY was needlessly Lord Burleigh on the occasion. He is given to abusing a humorist's privilege of pomposity.

MR. P. A. TAYLOR protested, but did not divide, against the Parliamentary "tip."

Another evening's fight over the Endowed Schools Bill, MR. BROWN moving to keep the Commission alive for five years. MR. GLADSTONE defended the Commission with the generous warmth befitting a brother-in-law of the chief condemned. MR. HARDY insisted that the Commission deserved nothing but a strong rope and a short shrift. Having been unloved and unlovely in their lives, it was right that in their deaths they should not be divided. Here is MR. HARDY's Epitaph for them,—

Trustees all o'er they rendered sore,
 Their schemes were all in vain;
 LORD SALISBURY's black bile 'twill ease
 To put them out of pain!

MR. BROWN's demand of a prolongation of the Commissioners' lives for five years having been negatived by 218 to 133, the first three clauses of the Bill were agreed to, and a dead set made at the fourth, which touches the ticklish point of Founders' intentions. But here arose such a chorus in the ears of DISRAELI as in the Arabian tale assails the Prince, while he journeys up the Black Mountain to the singing waters of the Golden Fountain. Let us hope that to-morrow will bring us news that BENJAMIN our ruler has listened, and turned back from his mis-chosen and mis-chanceful road.

PUNCH TO DISRAELI.

WHY get into such a hobble,
 Session done, and "*Nulla bona*"?
 Better back out of the squabble,
 Making LYTTELTON a Jonah.

Needless is a necromancer
 To show what all history shows,
 That Commissioners don't answer,
 If they tread on people's toes.

If Commissioners too drastic
 On Trustees have worked too much,
 Boards are easy made more plastic
 By a transformation touch.

But why risk your still green glories
 'Gainst your foeman's strongest post,
 That you may humbug old Tories
 With the "*Pious Founders*," ghost?

Nought for spills like steeple-chasing;
 Lasting good the Chief effects
 Who, a wider view embracing,
 Scorns the trammeling of seats.

Why in weak concession dribble
 All your strength for good away?
 Don't forget that you wrote *Sybil*
 After writing *Vivian Grey*.

Don't take victory too gaily;
 A majority so true,
 All the more 'tis stamped "*DISRAELI*,"
 More responsible makes you.

Don't insult your beaten foemen:
 Use with modesty your might:
 Teach all ranks, from peers to yeomen,
 Knightly courtesy in fight.

Curb the Marquis's projects sinister;
 Retrogression sternly scrunch:
 Be BRITANNIA's Prime-Minister,
 And you'll find no foe in *Punch*.

But no turning back the dial,
 No spokes in Progression's wheel,
 Or of *Punch's* wrath the vial
 You will catch from head to heel!

Friday.—LORD RUSSELL, with longing recollections of his old achievements as a complete letter-writer, wanted to know if LORD DERBY would not write a letter to the French Government, to blow them up for not keeping out of Spain arms and munitions for the Carlists. LORD DERBY declined the invitation, having observed that such letters generally do more harm than good. Most people, except LORD JOHN (who may remember a certain kynd friend looking up his inkstand) will agree with him.

As we expected, LOTHIAN has lightened the cargo of the Commons. Over go Judicature and Land Transfer Bills; and all the Endowed Schools Bill but the clauses giving the *coup de grâce* to the Commission and handing their work over to the Charity Commissioners.

The Captain of the good ship *Conservative* has shown a proper sense of the situation. MR. DISRAELI—rather late in the day—declares he can't understand the Bill. No more can *Punch*, and he knows nobody that can. As Lord Dundreary would say, it is a thing no fellow can understand. At the same time it was hardly fair to throw the blame on the poor draughtsman. We should like to hear his explanation. But draughting apart, that Endowed Schools Bill was like nothing so much as the loose Fish-kettle aboard the corvette in FICOR Nogo's romance. Nobody can say what fatal mischief it might have made, if not secured. The Opposition has done its duty. It has shown once more that a minority with unanimity and a good cause becomes a majority.

Little Babel.

If the Public Worship Bill pass, the Ritualists, it is thought, may secede from the Establishment and set up a Church of their own. To do that they must contrive to supply themselves with Bishops, which they may possibly manage; but they will in vain endeavour to get an Archbishop to govern them. Any prelate, constituted the head of an unruly hierarchy, will inevitably prove an Anarchbishop.



"THE LAST OF THE SEASON."

Madeline. "O, MA! DO LOOK AT THIS BEAUTIFUL SUNSET!"

Mater. "NONSENSE, MADELINE, DON'T BE ABSURD! WE HAVEN'T TIME TO LOOK AT ANYTHING! WE MUST JUST RUN THROUGH, AND BE ABLE TO SAY WE HAVE BEEN HERE."

A SONG AFTER SUNSET.

(Being a Word from the Hanley Dog by the Cynic Poet Laureate,
ALG-RN-N SW-NB-RNE.)

Lo, from thy Black Country flung for thee,
Raving, red-eyed, scarred and seared;
To a bran-new sensation tune sung for thee,
Red lips, white teeth, underhung for thee,
Beauty begrimed and blood-smear'd!
Vice-jawed, retractile, snub-snouted—
Tushes for fists swift to smite;
Round by round felled, but not routed,
Rare of bark, bitter of bite!

If with grapplings and pluckings asunder—
If with throat-thirst for worry unalaked—
If with rush after growl, flash on thunder—
Knocked over, but ne'er knocking under—
With cash on me lavishly staked—
If eye against eye grimly glaring,
Biped BRUMMY could quadruped scan,
Ring and chain with me, blood with me, sharing,—
Say which was brute, which was man?

If round us, smoke-soddened and shameless,
Brain-sapped through their drain-pipes of throats,
Glared and growled collier crowds best left nameless,
A sight for "Our Own," bland and blameless,
Who noted the scene in his notes.—
If the seeds of the Black Country's sowing
Bear such laughter-house fruit reeking raw,
Whet, England, thy blade for the mowing!
Swing and sweep with the Scythe of the Law!

And reck not the lurdane and lozel
Who in Hanley inspect and inquire,

First to GREENWOOD to track make proposal,
And when "Our Own" follows his nose ill,
Deny, to suit Hanley's desire.
Whoso seeketh will find, never fear,
Be it BRUMMY, my brother, or me.
What so deaf as the ear will not hear,
Or so blind as the eye will not see?

EFFECTS OF THE HOT WEATHER.

IN consequence of the late extreme heat, the Post Office authorities decline to deliver letters, even between persons about to marry, couched in other than the coolest terms.

Several elderly Young Ladies have been heard to regret that they are not on the shady side of forty.

For the comfort of the Conservative working men, the horses of GEORGE THE THIRD and FOURTH, in Trafalgar Square and Pall Mall, are to be replaced by *chevaux de frise*.

None of the races during the next fortnight will be run in heats—weather not permitting.

The Church Missionary Society is sending out a special agent to convert the Hottentots into Coolies.

The Boyle Lectures are discontinued as being not only unnecessary, but aggravating.

It is feared that if the sultry weather continues, no member of Tattersall's will be able to lay a cool thousand, though the comfort of such a refrigerant in the pocket is more appreciated than ever.

The Rod for Ritualists.

THE Public Worship Bill is represented as the answer of the Legislature to the general cry that "something must be done." It will not, however, answer its purpose unless it causes not a little in the way of Ritualistic mummery to be undone.

OUR NEW NOVEL.

ONE-AND-THREE!

BY THAT DISTINGUISHED FRENCH NOVELIST,
FICTOR NOGO.

PART THE THIRD—THE LITTLE 'UNS IN.

BOOK THE THIRD.

I.—How their Mother was.

THE woman LULUISA walked on; the sun set: six o'clock came first. Then, thirty minutes afterwards, half-past.

She said to herself,
"Doors open at half-past six, performance commence at seven."

Then she sighed as she thought, "Children in arms not admitted."

She heard a bell in the distance. Was the curtain about to rise? Were they ringing up, or was it muffins? Eight o'clock!

For a moment she paused, and uttered a cry.

A thought had struck her.
"Orders not admitted after eight."

If she could not obtain an entrance, she would not see the children again.

If not then, perhaps never.

And it was she who had taught them all they knew.

It was night.

She passed through villages, where the shutters were up, the shops closed, the doors locked, and all were sleeping.

From time to time she paused to listen to strange sounds, like that of pigs lying on their side. It was not pigs; they were, perhaps, some obscure noises of the night.

Suddenly she stopped, and listened.

She was nearer the old theatre in the Market-place than she had expected.

She heard these words:

"You three naughty, stupid little idiots, to come here and cause all this row, riot, and disturbance. Had it not been for you, the Cirque both of 'em would now have been going on. Do you know what this is? A birch. I shall whip you all round. Hold your row, you wicked, naughty, horrid acrobatic little idiots."

She wrung her hands, and shrieked,

"Ah! Stop him! Here! hi! Po-lice! He is blowing up my children!"

II.—Bock agen!

SHE was right. It was JOE whom the unhappy woman had heard. The children had begun to cry. He thought their noise would have discovered their hiding-place.

GAMMON, ANTONEROLY, and KATGOOT were giving orders below.

The Marky, following GUILLAUME TAILLEUR, paused.

He had forgotten the children.

He was alone.

JOE, having finished with the children, descended the staircase.

He came to the room where SERGEANT RUBADUB was standing with GAMMON and the others.

He was at once seized.

This was the English Clown whom they had required for their Cirque.

JOE only said, "Please, Sir, it wasn't me. It was the other boy."

No one believed him. He was removed.

GAMMON was looking at the writing on the window, "Gone to Jericho."

He cried furiously, "That was the way JIM CROW jumped out."

"And jumps back again," said a voice.

The face of a white-haired nigger appeared in the frame. It was the Marky!

Many years had passed since GAMMON had seen that face. When last he had seen it it had been white.

"How am you, Massa GAMMON?" said the Marky.

Then he opened his mouth wide, grinned, exclaimed "Yah, yah, yah!—nebber perform out ob Sam James's 'all," and disappeared.

They heard his bones rattle as he ascended the staircase.

What had happened?



III.—Offered and Taken.

SERGEANT RUBADUB had found WIDDICOMBE JUNIOR's uniform. He put it on. Then, being unable to reach the children, he slid down the stilts and reached the ground.

"That's not the way to do it," said the Woman.

"Hullo! it's you," said the Sergeant.

"It is."

"Have you the fine hat and the big nose?" asked the Sergeant, who, even at this supreme moment, could not forget that he had once been a school-master, and taught the Ollendorffian method.

"My father has the fine hat, but the lion has eaten the big nose," answered the Woman. "Still, you do not get my children."

"Are they your children, or the children of your brother?"

"They are my children. Look!"

The eldest, POLLY, stood at the window.

She sang, "Rub-a-dub-dub, three men in a tub."

"Bless 'em!" said the Sergeant.

A majestic figure appeared at the next window. It was the Marky. He threw out a ladder at RUBADUB. The latter was listening, and it caught his ear.

"Look out!" growled RUBADUB.

"Now den, Massa WIDDICOMBE JUNIOR!" shouted the Marky, as he bounded

from one window to the other like an antelope.

The Sergeant saw his mistake, and determined to profit by it.

Then the Marky appeared at the next window with a child in his arms.

"Catch!" he cried to RUBADUB on the ladder.

Out came POLLY, heels first. The crowd below screamed with laughter. RUBADUB broke her fall, and the Mother caught hold of her and shook her. The other two followed in the same way, anyhow. The Marky had seen MISTER PUNCH, in the Show, throw his baby out of window, and he adopted this plan.

Then he descended himself, sliding down the ladder with his legs out like two sides of a triangle. The ground soon formed its base.

Then he felt a hand on his shoulder.

"MASSABONES, I arrest you," said ANTONEROLY.

"Right you are!" said JAMES MARKY DU CROW.

(To be concluded in our next.)

LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

FITTHEVS THE MOST LEARNED PRINCE OF HIS TIME



WEALTHY philanthropist, whose name is not to be disclosed until the year 1900, has signified his intention of offering premiums of £500, £250, and £100, for the three best essays on "Black Beetles." The President of the Entomological Society, the Superintendent of Natural History in the British Museum, and the Reginus Professor of Domestic Economy in the College of St. Bees, will be invited to act as judges.

to a close, has been one of the most successful on record. The number of sticks, umbrellas, and parasols, temporarily confiscated at the entrance, has exceeded the most sanguine calculations of the Council; and, at one time, it seemed doubtful whether the pieces of string used for tying on the identifying numbers would last out to the end of the season. The Academy have not abandoned all hope of devising some readier method of attaching these labels, before the recurrence of their next centenary.

A voluminous work on the childhood, early married life, and personal

correspondence of the author of the *Iliad*, *Odyssey*, and *Battle of the Frogs and Mice*, from the pen of a distinguished ex-Premier, may be looked for among the novelties of the next publishing season.

A game at Polo between the late and the present Ministry, in Westminster Hall, is expected to attract an immense assemblage of spectators from every quarter of the globe. The Whips on both sides are now engaged in completing the preliminary arrangements.

The Comet has finally disappeared from these latitudes and longitudes. The most careful investigation with the stethoscope failed to discover any traces of indigestion in its nucleus. The Comet hopes to take part in the Transit of Venus. Due notice will be given of its next appearance in our inclement skies.

The decoration of the interior of St. Paul's with the prismatic colours heightened with ultramarine and picked out with gold and silver leaf, relieved by filigree work and ornamentation of arabesques and glass mosaics in the spandrels, is postponed for the present. The majority of the Dean and Chapter will spend the vacation together at the sea-side, drawing plans on the sands, and gathering chromatic hints from the sunsets.

Converse and Contrary.

In the Dry Measure of the *Tutor's Assistant* we learn that four pecks make one bushel or strike. Conversely, of course, one bushel or strike makes four pecks. The Strike of the Agricultural Labourers, however, is quite another thing. That Strike, on the contrary, makes not any pecks and no bushel at all.

MOTTO FOR A TOMB-STONEMASON'S YARD.—"Si Monumentum requiris, circumspice."

CABINET MANIFESTATIONS.

A NEWSPAPER, in a notice of some unaccountable conjuring by a Lady alleged by Spiritualists, but not by herself, to be a Medium, says:—

"Mysterious Cabinet Manifestations have been for some time creating much sensation, but the performance by Miss FAY eclipses everything we ever heard of."

MISS FAY's mysterious Cabinet Manifestations consist in various acts performed in a Cabinet without the aid of machinery, and apparently without that of a confederate, in the course of a few seconds, during which she remains bound hand and foot, neck and heels, with cords and thread tied in tight knots and sealed. These Cabinet Manifestations are certainly very mysterious; but much less so than those commonly enough exhibited by Cabinet Ministers. There is a Right Honourable Gentleman in Downing Street up to all manner of tricks of this description; and we would back him to produce a whole staff of gentlemen capable of writing official letters, diplomatic notes, and other documents, in a style which Miss FAY could never approach, everyone of those "mediums" being all the while tied up in the closest bonds of sealing-wax and red tape.

GREATNESS IN DECLINE.

OXFORD, 24th July, 1874.

DEAR SIR,

IMAGINE how refreshing to our flat and flabby vacation spirits must have been the announcement posted here yesterday:—

"Post-Office Telegraphs.

"VICE CHANCELLOR MALINS to-day refused to grant a writ of Habeas Corpus to ENLARGE the Claimant now undergoing his term of imprisonment."

May I ask you, Sir, who has been trying to undo the good work of keeping this man down? We have heard from time to time that his weight was diminishing, and hoped that there would soon be so little left of him that it would not be worth noticing; but it appears that somebody is actually demanding his body, not for restoration only, but actual enlargement.

The few men left here now are speculating as to whether the applicant is the Doctor or a Showman. Please settle the matter for us at once, as we wish to go to sleep again.

I am, dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

DORMOUSE.

A REGAL EXAMPLE.



PERHAPS the next Royal Academy Exhibition will contain a picture, entitled "Civic Splendour entertaining Literature and Art." Civic Splendour to be embodied in a portrait of the present LORD MAYOR. The painter can, if he please, put in Sweetness and Light as supporters. The LORD MAYOR, by the brilliant reception he has given to the Stars of Arts and Letters, has earned translation beyond Bottom's—from LUX to LUX.

THE RAILWAY PASSENGER'S DUTIES.

To make as few and as short journeys as possible.

To insure his life on every occasion.

To satisfy himself before he starts that the line by which he is going to travel is managed on the common-sense system, and that the staff are neither overworked nor underpaid.

To shun excursion trains and express trains.

To avoid luggage.

Never to disobey the injunctions of the Directors by giving fees to their servants.

To be cautious as to what he eats and drinks in the Refreshment Rooms.

To pounce upon and expose in the public prints every instance of carelessness, recklessness, delay, and unpunctuality.

Not to expend more than he can help on his ticket.

To master Bradshaw.



AMONG THE OLD MASTERS.

Master Tommy. "I SUPPOSE THAT WHEN THIS NICE, BRIGHT, OLEAN, NEW PICTURE IS FINISHED, THAT NASTY DINGY OLD ONE WILL BE TAKEN DOWN, AND THIS ONE PUT IN ITS PLACE!"

BETTER DO-NOTHING THAN DO-ILL.

(*"Surtout, point de zèle."* A Hint to Lothair.)

"MONTHS, idle months!" You know not what they mean!
Nor, since you sketched your boyish hero *Vivian*,
A Cabinet-maker of about nineteen,
One single idle moment have you seen—
You hate repose, which for you means oblivion.

You select Castle Indolent for seat!
Who fancied *that*, was singularly hazy:
You, who the war of words delight to meet;
Who love the arena heated to blood-heat;
Whom a do-nothing week would drive clean crazy.

You'd fain, you say, curb passions in the Church;
Secure more comfort to the peasant's hovel,
Restore to life the Pious Founder's birch—
And, if your following leave you in the lurch,
Your idlest month might yield its brilliant novel.

Premier, mystery-man, and novelist,
Sharp as you are, you have subs who would use you.
Wield your keen rapier with a facile wrist,
Brave e'en Achilles as antagonist,
But "*point de zèle*"—'tis too soon yet to lose you.

From Mansion House to Marlborough House you came,
That night when Fashion flaunted a new feather,
Where *TITIAN*'s beauties graced an English frame,
And pretty Puritans set hearts a-flame
With coquetry and Quakerism together.

Where ransacked records of Romance and History
Yielded their quaintest and most witching fashions;
Where capered the Court cards, in quaint consistency,
Each tabarded quadrille a moving mystery,
And you, the Sphinx, calm gauger of all passions!

That was a pageant with the night that fades;
And so may fade the triumph of a Minister.
Then while the nation's wish for quiet aids,
Do you refrain from crass reaction's raids,
Lest Augur *Punch* should say "The signs grow sinister."

WONDERS OF MODERN TRAVEL.

Wonder whether accidents will be as numerous as usual during this excursion season.

Wonder if a train, conveying third-class passengers, was ever known to start without somebody or other exclaiming, "*Now we're off!*"

Wonder why it is that foreigners in general, and fat Germans in particular, always will persist in smoking with the windows shut.

Wonder whether anybody was ever known to bellow out the name of any station in such a manner that a stranger could succeed in understanding him.

Wonder whether it is cheaper to pay for broken bones, or for such increase of service as, in very many cases, might prevent their being broken.

Wonder how a signalman can by any means contrive to keep a cool head on his shoulders, while working as one sees him in a signal-box of glass, and the temperature of the tropics.

Wonder if upon an average there are three men in a thousand who have never been puzzled by the hieroglyphics in *Bradshaw*.

Wonder whether any Railway Guard or Porter has ever been detected in the very act of virtuously declining to accept a proffered tip, on the ground that money, by the bye-laws, is forbidden to be taken by Servants of the Company.

Wonder how many odd coppers the boys who sell the newspapers pocket in a week by the benevolence of passengers.

Wonder what diminution there would be in the frequency of accidents, supposing Directors were made purse-onally liable.

Wonder whether people take to living at Redhill because it is so redhilly accessible by railway.



“PUNCH” ANTI-“ROMAINE”!

THE HERALD OF DOOM.

(A Lay of the late Comet.)

HERE was one who, from his casement, in the stillness of the night,
Looked forth on the starry heavens, and watched the Comet out of sight.
As it sank below the horizon, fancies of a lofty mind
Thus that individual, musing, spoke in phrase of lowly kind:

"Well, it is a strikin' hob-jec', wot impresses fear and awr;
Whilst you stands a lookin' at it you forgets yer breath to drawr.
It reg'lar sets yer flesh a greepin' with its tail of flickerin' flame;
Not an' air of yer 'ed but bristles whilst you contemplates the same.

'So mysterious, so stupendous, so himposin' to be'old,
If it don't convince the Septics hof the truth of hall we're told,

They must count hall faith wotever sooperstition weak and wain;
Nor believe in any 'istory, neither sacred nor profane.

"'Twas in former times the opinion, which idear is halso mine,
Comets is to hus a warnin', and a token, and a sign;
That there Wision's an Appearance in the Firmament which saith
Woe, plague, pestilence and famine, battle, murder, and sudding death.

"'Oo is meant to read his summonds in that signal from the sky—
Yon potentious luminary visible this 'ere July?
Not, I trust, the HEMPEROR WILLIAM; not PRINCE BISMARCK,
let us 'ope:
Wich I'll heven say please goodness spare 'is 'Oliness the POPE.

"But there's persons of importance in this kingdom 'ere at 'ome,
More important—more porochial—than in Germany or Rome.
There he goes! Am I to foller? All great men prepared should be.
I'm the Beadle of the Parish. 'Ave the Comet come for me?"

FROM OUR OWN "OCCASIONAL."

July 13.

ON the 27th day of June, 1832, DR. W. E. GLADSTONE, on his road to Innsbruck, wrote under his name in the traveller's book of the Hôtel de l'Europe, at the little town of Trent, in the Austrian Tyrol, this Sibylline warning—"Beware of the post-master at Volurgno." I felt a thrill as I read it the other day, for, though ignorant why he was a doctor, or of what, I was at once convinced that this characteristic piece of mystery foreshadowed the People's WILLIAM. That travellers' book is open for all men to read who chance on the Hôtel de l'Europe at Trent—a thing of historical interest, though unconnected with the Council and unsung by MURRAY the poetie, or BEDEKER the conise, for it is the oldest of these quaint records in existence, I believe. That little autograph of the immortal WILLIAM stands on the first page of the volume, in which the last entry, twenty years hence, will be pointed out as the sign-manual of him that was once Your Own Occasional. For at the present rate of inscriptions, it will be fully that number of years before the book is filled. Sojourners in Trent, like angels' visits in these utilitarian times, grow fewer and farther between every day—and the habits of travellers have curiously changed in the forty years that have passed since that book was first opened. The majority of these, now-a-days, will not write their names at all, having an impression that there is something foolish in the proceeding; and those who do write leave but the barest record behind them. The dear old habit of making "remarks" is a thing of the past, and through the pages of the travellers' book at the Hôtel de l'Europe, Trent, one may sadly and surely trace its decline and fall.

What memories those candid outpourings bring back of the quiet

pre-Cookian era, when they afforded genuine pleasure and entertainment, and very useful information too, to the leisurely Tourist, who profited by his predecessor's opinions before recording his own. How many pockets may not that laconic warning have preserved from the rapacities of the Volurgno Postmaster? The "old traveller," who "warns his countrymen against the faithless rascality of the Romans," may perhaps have been a thought too general in his monitions; but the imperfect speller, who objects to being charged "five lire for a beef-stake upon the Largo di Guardia," pointed a moral more worth having. Who would think of inditing such complaints now? Who would make use of the pages of the Traveller's book at Trent to be eloquent over the comforts of the "Leone Bianco," at Venice, the "Gran Parigi," at Verona—the very names have vanished away—or to rise to pathos, like T. E. W., about the kind-hearted landlord of the Stella d'Oro at Padua? "Do only try it," he adds fervently. There are no kind-hearted landlords now, and no Stella d'Oros, and probably no T. E. W. Nor would LADY BERKELEY, if she revisited Trent, gush over an entire page in commendation of its hotel, landlord, waiters, food, everybody and everything, eliciting from some anonymous libeller, in pencil, the brief, but touching, P. S. "Did you try the mustard?" And I think that a brother aristocrat, in these days of publicity, would hesitate before bestowing his magnificent approval on creation thus:—"LORD ALVANLEY—Content." O, when my Lord wrote that, how gratified everybody must have been!

It was, I suppose, an understood thing, that nobody was to take offence at any comments upon his own remarks which might be appended to them. At least, I never heard of anybody objecting, except the Commandant in *M. Perrichon*. There are many such conventionalities in the world. There are the gloves in *peau de Suède*, of which "il est convenu de les porter sales,"—there is the suspension of the laws of morality in reference to umbrellas and college-caps; and, so no doubt, personalities in travellers' books were offered and taken in a Pickwickian sense. Otherwise, blood alone could have followed on such a dialogue as this,—MR. TRENCH (1843) simply expresses approval of the "Luna" at Bassano. Whereupon "An Old Hand"—unsigned, you observe,—remarks that MR. T. must have an interest in that establishment, which is the worst he knows. Then follows this pithy sentence. "'An Old Hand' is an old fool. CAPTAIN RANDALL confirms MR. TRENCH's statement to be so." Frank, concise, doubtful in grammar, but manly and military. What happened? Did the "Old Hand" reveal himself, and call out CAPTAIN RANDALL, or did MR. TRENCH call out the "Old Hand"; or did the "Old Hand" skulk away undiscovered, and CAPTAIN RANDALL and MR. TRENCH embrace? Or was there a three-cornered duel? Or, should this meet the eye of the "Old Hand," will it be the first he ever heard of CAPTAIN RANDALL; and, if they meet in the happy hunting-grounds, will there be a fight?

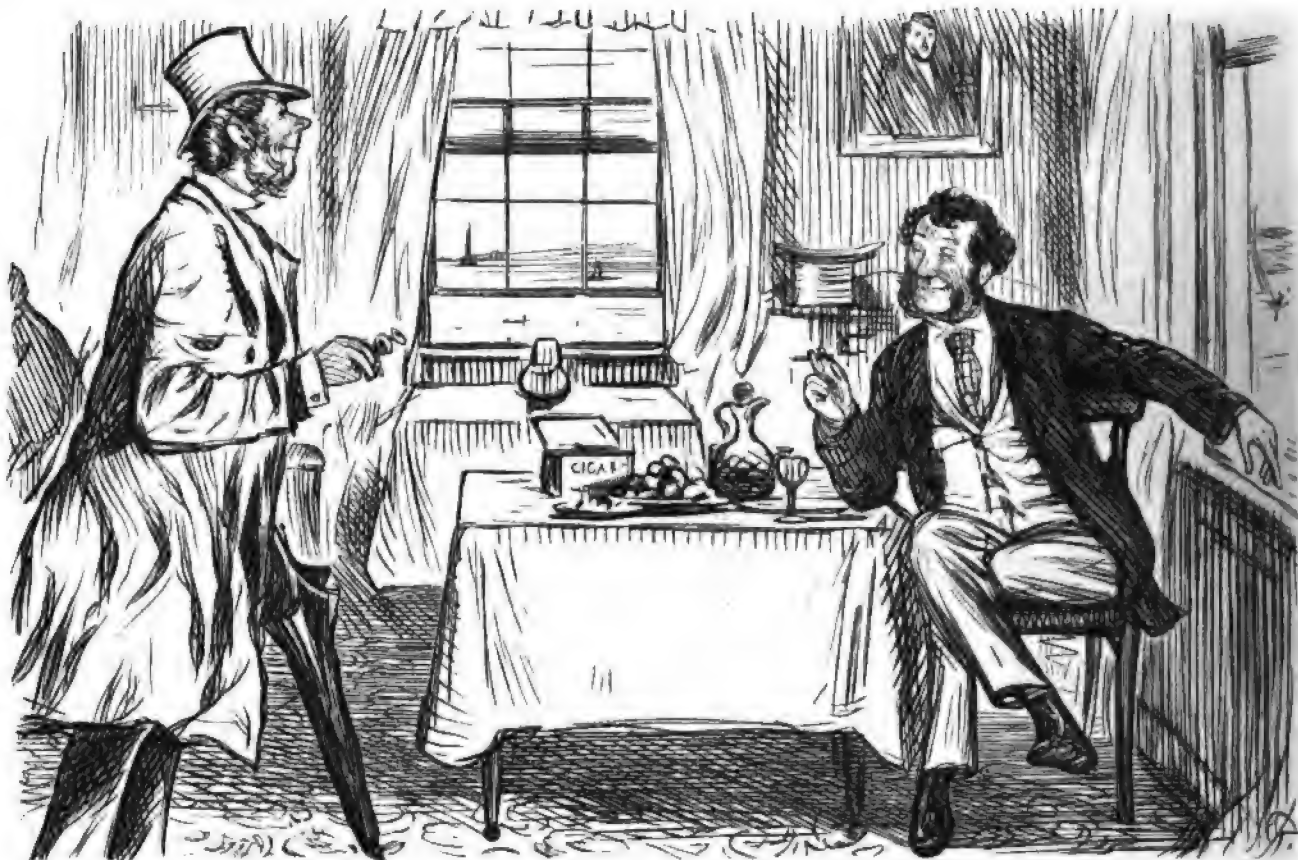
The little unconscious gems of expression are delightful in these books. It did not need the signature of "O'ROURKE" to tell me the country of the gentleman who was in Trent, "from England returning to Geneva." I feel with the anonymous but upright man who "utterly condemns the opinions of the HONOURABLE MR. CALLANDER about the 'Crown' at Botzen;" and am sensible of the patronage of MR. JAS. ROBT. BURCHETT, Junior, of London, who merely "regrets to be leaving the Tyrol." I look with real interest on the signature, forty-two years' old, of "CAPTAIN NICHOLSON," to which, twenty-nine years later, a friendly hand has appended this note,—"Afterwards the celebrated GENERAL NICHOLSON, who fell so nobly at the siege of Delhi, in Sept., 1857." I could connect "the Rev. A. P. S." with an eminent Dean, without the note which certifies me of the fact; I like to speculate whether "BARON DE MALAPERT" can possibly have been a real name, or whether MR. BURNAND can have been at Trent at the time it was writ down; to wonder if W. DYCE, who laments over "three days' dismal travelling over the Brenner," ever crosses it between dinner and supper-time now; and to sympathise with the HON. LEOPOLD and LADY M. P., who "found the Inn at Riva full of v-rm-n." They made that remark some twelve years ago, and even from before that date "remarks" are disappearing fast, and the book turning to a dull record of dull names. But the Past is yet with us. Those v-rm-n are at Riva still. That at least can be answered for, by your own (sorely bitten) OCCASIONAL.

No, You Don't!

PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF is likely to be disappointed if he expects England to discuss with Military Powers the proposal that a Naval Power should wage maritime war with them on their own terms. LORD DERBY, it is to be hoped, will not suffer them to come the Old Soldier over the Old Sailor.

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A BUBBLE COMPANY (BUT NO SWINDLE).—The Apollinaris (Limited).



"IN RETREAT."

Brown. "HULLO, JENKINS! WHAT'S BROUGHT YOU HERE? WHERE'S YOUR WIFE? WHAT! HAVE YOU GOT A DIVORCE, OR A DISPENSATION FROM THE POPE, OR WHAT—"

Jenkins (who has enjoyed his Whitebait). "No, ON'Y A PLENARY INDULGENCE!"

RULES FOR THE RAIL.

THE PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE having sent a Circular to the Railway Companies with reference to making provisions for the prevention of accidents and the enforcement of punctuality, especially in connection with the running of excursion trains at this period of the year, the following regulations will probably come under consideration.

1. In future one line will be kept (when feasible) for up-trains, whilst the other is reserved for the use of down-trains. This rule will not apply to luggage and mineral trains, and trains inaccurately shunted on to lines on which they (the trains) have no right to travel.
2. Station-masters should never permit a train to start more than forty minutes late, except when very busy with the Company's accounts.
3. That greater punctuality may be secured in the starting and arrival of trains, *Bradshaw's Railway Guide* will be published in future a month after date, so that all inaccuracies may be corrected before publication.
4. As complaints have been made that signalmen are overworked, these officers in future will occupy their boxes during the morning only. During the rest of the day the boxes will be closed. That the Public may suffer no inconvenience by this arrangement, the trains will continue running by day and by night as heretofore.
5. A Pointman will be expected to notice all signals and to obey them. He will be required, before leaving his post (when on duty), to order one of his children to look after the points during his absence. The child he selects for this office should be at least three years old.
6. The Driver and Stoker in charge of an engine should never sleep at the same time unless they have taken proper precautions beforehand to prevent an excessive consumption of the Company's fuel.
7. When a luggage train is loading or unloading beside the platform of a station, it will be desirable to recollect the time at which an express is due, as unnecessary collisions cause much damage to

the rolling stock, and not unfrequently grave inconvenience to First-Class Passengers.

8. The *débris* of a train should be removed from the rails before an express is permitted to enter the tunnel in which an accident has taken place. As non-compliance with this rule is likely to cause much delay to the traffic, it should be obeyed when feasible.

9. As Guards of excursion trains have been proved to be useless, their places will in future be filled by Surgeons. Passengers are particularly requested to give no fees to the Surgeons accompanying these trains, as the salaries of these officials will be provided for in the prices charged to the Public for excursion tickets.

10. In future, contracts from Surgeons and Chemists will be accepted on the same terms as those already received from Refreshment Caterers.

11. The Public having frequently experienced inconvenience in having to leave the Station when requiring medical attention, in future the Waiting-Rooms of the Third-Class Passengers will be converted into Surgeries for First-Class Passengers. As these saloons will be fitted with all the latest inventions in surgical instruments, a small extra charge will be made to passengers using them.

12. The Directors (in conclusion) fully recognising the responsibility conferred upon them by the Shareholders, if not by the Public, will expel from their body in future (as a person evidently of unsound mind) any Director convicted of travelling by any Railway.

The Cistern Abroad and at Home.

THE late MONSIEUR DE MÉRODE, so long the POPE's left-hand-man (His Holiness's right-hand-man being CARDINAL ANTONELLI), is reported to have left a legacy of 600,000 francs to his sister, the PRINCESS DELLA CISTERNA. It should not be too hastily inferred from this lady's title, that she is a member of an Italian United Kingdom Alliance. Such a confederacy against personal freedom would be impossible in a sensible and sober nation.



BEGINNING AT THE BEGINNING.

"AND WHAT'S YOUR FAVOURITE STUDY, MISSY?"

"CHRONOLOGY!"

"O, CHRONOLOGY, IS IT! NOW, WHAT IS THE DATE OF THE CREATION OF THE WORLD?"

"O, WE HAVEN'T GOT SO FAR AS THAT, GRANDPA!"

HOME RATING.

An attempt will probably be made by many distinguished Members of the Woman's Rights Association to add the following Clauses to the Rating Bill:—

Any Married Man taking advantage of his possession of a latch-key by returning home at two in the morning from a dinner with a friend at his Club, will be rated by his wife as "an unfeeling monster," and will be liable to a penalty not exceeding a new bonnet.

Any Unmarried Man, being at the time engaged to be married, waltzing with any female other than his future wife or his sister, will be rated by said future wife as "a cold-hearted flirt," and will be liable to a penalty of a letter of not less than ten sides of note-paper, the writing on which has been crossed and re-crossed.

Any Married Man, failing to remember the anniversary of his marriage or the birthday of his wife, will be rated by his wife as "false and cruel," and will be liable to a penalty of a dinner at home not exceeding cold mutton.

Any Unmarried Man, having unmarried sisters, refusing to accompany sisters (when desired) to the Park or the Opera, will be rated by them "a selfish creature," and will be liable to a penalty not exceeding all the new waltzes played on the piano in the room adjoining his study during the busiest hour of the day.

Any Married Man refusing at the proper season to take his family to the sea-side, will be rated by his wife as "a brute," and will be subject to the penalty of not less than a month's discomfort, caused by an invasion of white-washers and carpet-cleaners.

Any Unmarried Man, taking down an intellectual Unmarried Female to dinner, failing to pay proper attention to that intellectual

THE WAIL OF SMELFUNGUS.

It was an old Mycophagist
Who sadly did complain
He had his favourite toadstools missed
From lengthened want of rain.
His brow, with discontent o'ercast,
A rueful aspect wore;
Said he, "There has no fungus passed
These lips this month and more!"

"Saint George's mushroom, one or two,
I found in early Spring;
Agaricus gambosus, due
With swallows on the wing.
Lycoperdon, too, *giganteum*,
Two light repasts supplied;
And then, alas! no more would come
From pastures too soon dried.

"*Marasmius Oreades*,
Which wet in season brings,
The buff champignon, that one sees
In verdant elfin rings,
When seared were all those circles green,
No seeker's eye could see.
What disappointment that has been
To fairies and to me!

"The *Amanita* changing hue,
Rubescens, blushed me none;
The *Russula heterophylla*, blue,
And puce, I found not one.
And as for the *Boletus edulis*, so plump and fat,
A fungus which I love to see,
I found no more of that.

"The *Fistulina hepatica*
Grows out of the oak-tree,
Like liver to behold, but, ah,
Has not yet grown for me!
Coprinus, eke, *comatus*, fails;
Atramentarius, too;
For ketchup neither aught avails,
So what am I to do?

"I can but sigh for heavy rains,
And thunderstorms implore,
With agarics to make all the lanes
And meadows teem, galore.
The farmers might wet weather weep,
But I hot Summer moan,
Forbidden by the drought to reap
A harvest of my own."

Unmarried Female's critical conversation, in order that he may flirt with his other neighbour at the table, will be rated by said intellectual Unmarried Female as "empty-headed," and will be liable to the heaviest penalty of which the laws of the land may hereafter admit. (See proposed Compulsory Marriage Bill annexed to this paper of Clauses.)

THE WEDGE IN THE WORKHOUSE.

At a recent meeting of the Guardians of the City of London Union, says the *City Press*, "it was proposed to allow Ladies to visit the poor aged and sick inmates of the Workhouse at Bow." But howbeit that:—

"Permission of the kind had already been given as regards the Homerton and Holloway Workhouses belonging to the Union; still, a member of the Board thought the proposition premature, and that it was only the 'thin end of the wedge.'"

What is the "wedge" of which this gentleman looked upon the admission of Ladies to visit the paupers as the thin end? Is it comfort, consolation, humanity, or religion? His colleagues, of another mind than himself as to the wedge, may be congratulated on not objecting to the inspection of their workhouses. Dislike to inspection on the part of authorities always—except, of course, in the case of convents—shows that they have something to conceal. The Civic Guardians appear to hide nothing; and perhaps they will allow the "wedge," of which they have admitted the thin end, to be driven home.



"SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER."

(A RECOLLECTION OF GOODWOOD.)

SUMMER MANŒUVRES.

LADY RUSAY has commenced a series of manœuvres to get herself and girls invited to the balls of LADY HAUT TON.

CAPTAIN SLYBOOTS is manœuvring every morning in the Park to get a chair beside the charming widow MRS. MONEYBAGGER.

MR. SNOBLING may be seen manœuvring every night to place himself *en évidence* among his swell acquaintance.

MISS SLASHER is manœuvring with all her might and main to persuade papa to treat her to a pair of trotting ponies.

MR. SPONGE has just begun his yearly course of stale manœuvres to get invited to the Moors, and afterwards to Norfolk, for the coming shooting season.

CAPTAIN CRACKSHOT is manœuvring to get a pot of money laid against his gun in the match with ENSIGN DUFFERTON.

TOMMY TUTTHUNT has for weeks been manœuvring at his Club to get invited to a drive upon the drag of his old college chum LORD SWELLBOROUGH.

MR. HARDUPPE is manœuvring to keep his tradesmen tranquil until the Long Vacation.

MISS PRETTIFET goes on manœuvring at every croquet party to play in the same set with the REVEREND MR. RUBRICON.

MR. DODGER is engaged in some political manœuvres to get the promise of a place for his wife's nephew, MR. RATTENHAM.

MR. PRATTLEWELL may be found manœuvring, wherever he may dine, to get an opportunity for telling his old stories.

CHARLEY SPOONLEY is engaged in manœuvring day and night to get asked to balls or dinners where he thinks he has a chance of meeting CLARA SWEETLIPPES.

LADY DE MONTMORENCY SKYNFLYNT is now actively manœuvring a battalion of her daughters, with a view to storm the heart (and loot) of COLONEL CROCUSUS.

Between Dog and Man.

THAT tale of a fight between dwarf and bull-terrier,
As the *Telegraph* lately received it,
Did GREENWOOD invent it, to make his news merrier?
No: green would he be who believed it.

EAST AND WEST.—"Wot's all this here bother about turning East?" said an ex-Churchwarden of the old school. "I thought the difference was all about Westments."

LUSK ET LUX.

(*Letters and Arts feasted by the LORD MAYOR at the Mansion House, July 21st, 1874.*)

LETTERS and Arts asked to taste civic turtle!
Rich grains of mind clean winnowed from the husk!
The poets', painters', singers' bays and myrtle
Twined with your civic laurels, LORD MAYOR LUSK!
'Tis well one bard, with not too many a wrinkle,
Of lettered statesmanship the flag could bear,
Telling how VIVIAN GREY, M.P., could twinkle,
To shine, "*Premier des Premiers*," as Lothair.

But HOUGHTON—*Punch* feels doubts about the title
By which he on SIR ANDREW's right appears—
Is that high place of honour the requital
Of Peer 'mong poets—Poet among peers?
Why ask? All own he plays well either part,
Sustains both ranks—still, cordial, good at need;
Who never lets the hand gainstay the heart
Ready to crown kind word with kinder deed.

He knew Great ALFRED in his dawn at Trinity,
And heard the prelude of his glorious chimes:
Lives to be startled from his equanimity
By SWINBURNE's loose rhyme, *his reproche*—for
rhymes:

From boyish memories he can give description
Of CATALAN's trumpet-tones at York,
To the strange concert, for the Hall Egyptian,
Of TITJEN's, NILSSON's, PATTI's knife and fork!

Wondrous conjunction! Three such stars bid glow
In one night and one heaven, yet bode no dread,
No earthquake shaking operas here below!
So Lord Mayors rush where Lessees fear to tread.
And lesser lights were there, names known of men,
Each a great planet in its proper sky
Of verse or prose, form, colour, or sweet sound,
Gathered to make up LUSK a galaxy!

The crafts the Times once cuffed they now caress:
Grub Street's gone, with its scribes, tattered and lean,
The bulk their bed, the blanket off their dress—
CAVE's beef to JOHNSON thrust behind the screen.
Now Arts and Letters defy bankrupt's dockets—
Are paid and pay: i' the City sit at ease:
Men, in good coats, with money in both pockets:
Ladies, with diamonds as big as peas!

What fog asks has Art risen with the price of it?
If "*le jeu vaut la chandelle*" hints a doubt:
Were the cake in his reach he'd take a slice of it:
'Tis not from one of the well-paid, *that* flout.
Art ne'er had so much honour, so much money,
So many diamonds, since 'twas first a sinner;
Never had so much treacle, sugar, honey—
All sorts of sweet things—ending with LUSK's dinner!

O yes, the City loves Art—is possessor
Of a large stock-in-trade of works of mind.
But who's this out-at-elbows Art-professor
Whom I hear yonder, grumblingly inclined?
"What is your money to my untold treasure,
By me, PAUL PENNILESS, bought for a song,
A verse, a picture—wealth, *yours* cannot measure,
To whom both Easts—London's and Earth's—belong!"

"Money is good, and Lord Mayors' invitations,
Well meant, well given, and kindly ta'en as offered;
But there's no gold-gauge for mind-mensuration,
Nor is Art paid for when cash-price is proffered:
Money, the saw says, will make Mayors to go;
Mayors it may, but not Artists nor their Arts;
Or with the cash now Art-wards bid to flow,
More of Art's life-blood would run in our hearts.

"Men talk of merchant-princes, cities fair
Where Art and Commerce once walked hand in hand,
Serene and stately sisters, in warm air,
By sapphire sea, on marble-terraced strand.
Alas! no Venice, Florence, here can rise,
For all our money, Mansion House, and Mayor—
Money-grubs *you*, *we* money-butterflies,
Who buzz to-day—to-morrow shall be where?"

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



CORONAT opus. Everything indicates the beginning of the end. London is cooing out of town; and the Parliamentary crew can hardly be got to stick to the ship. A Saturday's sitting (July 25), for the purpose of clearing the decks, coiling down the loose ropes, fishing the damaged spars, and heaving the dead overboard; and yet there has been no battle. But the ship is in as great a mess as if there had been, and all her own officers' doing! Thirty expiring Acts were continued, by the united efforts of less than thirty all but expiring Members. Vehement complaint from MR. MARTIN, swelled by a chorus of Home-Rulers, against the Government for "sandwiching three Irish Coercion Acts between thirty 'expiring statutes'—a feat only possible, we should

have said, on the assumption that Irish Acts, like Irish birds, have the faculty of being in many places at once. MR. SULLIVAN is indignant that Irish Members should be brought down to the House on a Saturday, while English Members were enjoying themselves elsewhere. This is really too unreasonable. Where would the gentlemen from Ireland enjoy themselves, if not in the smoking-room, and the tay-room, and the library? Sure, isn't it themselves are the best customers for the Club-accommodation provided free *gratis* at Westminster by a grateful country? And why wouldn't they be thankful for it on Saturday as well as every other day of the week? MESSRS. BUTT, SULLIVAN & Co. complain that the expiring Irish Coercion Acts are not allowed to expire. Isn't it notorious that Ireland is a model country, where the Circuit Judges keep themselves in white gloves out of the Grand Jury presentments at Maiden Assizes, while the blameless Milesians might stand for examples of all the virtues, domestic and social, political and religious, to the base, brutal, and bloody-minded Saxon? Did anybody ever hear tell of such things as Ribbon-men and their lodge-trials, and executions by lot? Or of small little bits of playfulness as occasionally knocking-out a bailiff's brains, or potting a landlord from behind a dyke? Or if such ~~stories have been~~ circulated by the hiring organs of the Saxon oppressor, what are they but fiction—the original, “tales of MILLERUS,” from which BURTON LYTTON took the idea of his collection under that title?

Monday.—“Who killed the Judicature Bill?” A question not to be asked apparently—at least, one to which SIR H. JAMES finds it impossible to get an answer. The general impression seems to be, that LORD CAIRNS has been “got at;” but by whom, or for what motive, remains a mystery. All was ready. —The New Rules framed, and on the table. The ATTORNEY-GENERAL primed to go into Committee. —The legal M.P.'s on both sides the House ready and willing to help him. —In short, the good ship Judicature Bill was just about to be launched for a triumphant start on her trial voyage, when lo! a sudden countermand, and she is detained, docked, and dismantled—laid up in ordinary till next year!

Among the many disenchantments of the Session this is about the cruellest, the least expected—and, as far as *Punch* can find out, the least excusable. A day in Committee would have done the business. Was it that one well-grown, and well-dressed fish would have discredited the poor shabby little trio destined to figure as the solitary *plat* in the Ministerial menu at the revived Greenwich dinner? (See *Punch's* Cartoon.)

Well, MR. DISRAELI has shown, at least, one flash of pluck in these weak and wavering last hours of the Session. He stands gallantly by MR. BURTON's purchase of the *Piero della Francesca* at the BARKER sale, for all the Barkers against it—who protest it was JOHN BULL that was sold on the occasion of that purchase, and not a *Piero della Francesca*, but, at best, the coarsely repaired ruins of one. *Punch* can only say that he would be thankful for more such ruins. To be sure, he is no expert. All he can say is, that he wouldn't for twice his salary be BURTON. For as BOXALL had his MOORE, has not BURTON his J. C. ROBINSON?

To borrow from the old song (to the air of the College Horn-pipe)—

“Though BURTON has got BOXALL's place at last,
He mustn't think the perils of the passage to it past;
While a picture he dare buy,
There'll be one to shout, ‘O fie!’
And to make his life a burden—J. C. ROBINSON!”

Scotch Kirk Patronage Bill went through Committee. Free Kirk, U.P., and all the other varieties of sour, Presbyterian schism, grant it a good deliverance!

Tuesday.—The two tongues of Marylebone wagged loud and long against the Civil Service Co-operative Societies. It's no use, my worthy Mary-bones. “Ready money, honest goods, and reasonable prices.” There is the simple spell of co-operative success. Suppose Marylebone imitated instead of attacking it?

Public Worship Regulation went through Committee. An Appeal to the Archbishop was voted—Discretion is good, but Arch-discretion is better. University and school chapels are not to be exempt. Why should they? “Even as the twig is bent the tree's inclined.” Who can say how much Ritual tares may be sown with school and college wheat? MR. A. B. HOPE facetiously suggested hoisting the engineer with his own petard, i.e. bringing Bishops within test of their own discretion under the Act; and MR. HARDY really couldn't see why not!

Wednesday.—But where is the Judge's salary to come from? That's the question—gravely discussed through most of Wednesday's sitting—and finally only allowed to be shunted off on Consolidated Fund as a temporary arrangement. Bill for making an Indian Councillor for Public Works, well introduced by LORD CLAUDE HAMILTON; opposed by MR. FAWCETT—at least till we can hear what LORD NORTHBROOKE thinks of it; torn in pieces by MR. SMOLLETT, tooth and nail, or rather tusk and claw, for that Honourable

Member, (in his weapons of offence at least,) belongs to the *carnivora*—and stoutly supported by MESSRS. GRANT DUFF, SEYMOUR FITZGERALD, and SIR GEORGE BALFOUR. The Ayes have it—decidedly. MR. DISRAELI told the House that LORD MAYO's last letter to him pressed the need of such a Minister. And if the MARQUIS OF SALISBURY is permitted to work his vigorous will in Indian administration, such a Minister will be more necessary than ever. For the Marquis means Public Works; and Public Works, if waste and failure are to be prevented, will want a master's eye to look after them.

Thursday.—Names of New Charity Commissioners announced. The first is MR. LONGLEY, son of the late ARCHBISHOP of CANTERBURY, and a late Poor Law Inspector, who—to the scandal of those who have appointed him—ousts MR. HARE, Inspector to the Commission for twenty years, who has been doing the work of a Commissioner without pay for two years past—more shame to the late Government who allowed it—and who ought, by all rules of fairness and deserts of service, to have had the appointment when he was saddled with its duties. If it were not so late in the Session, here would be substantial matter for a nice little administrative scandal. The others are CANON ROBINSON—one of the late Endowed Schools Commission—and LORD CLINTON, formerly known to the Commons as MR. TRAFUSIS, a Peer, and late Under Secretary of State for India.

Revival of the Irish row over the Continuance Bill and the Coercion Acts. Much—if it were not Irish, we should have said—impudent nonsense was talked by Home-Rulers about the cruelty of putting Ireland under coercion. MR. SULLIVAN contrasted his countrymen's virtues with the ruffianism of Lancashire kickers and the lawlessness of Sheffield ratteners. As if Coercion Acts were directed against these kinds of offenders.

The O'DONOGHUE spoke some plain truths about Ireland, and was called a “political bawd” for it. The Home-Rulers persisted in dividing the House till even MR. BUTT was ashamed of them. They kept up this little game till a quarter to four—CAPTAIN NOLAN and MAJOR O'GORMAN being particularly lively.

Friday.—In morning sitting of the Commons MR. DISRAELI made the startling announcement that he had found a Judge to do the work under the Public Worship Regulation Act without a salary. LORD PENZANCE is understood to be the author of this innovation, of detestable example, against which SIR W. HARCOURT very properly protested. MR. DILEWYN tried to ensure work for this disinterested Judge by getting all Parishioners admitted to make complaints under the Act, whether Churchgoers or not. Surely this is hardly reasonable. SIR W. HARCOURT lashed the unnatural Law dignity, who had volunteered to do work without salary, and boldly proposed to restore the pay of the office to the £4,000 originally proposed by LORD SHAFTESBURY. *Punch* admires SIR WILLIAM's courage, all the more, because he himself believes that SIR W. is right—that the best course and the cheapest in the long run for JOHN BULL, is to decline gratuitous service, and to pay his Judges handsomely—above all, the Judge whose learning is to overawe Ritualism, and whose discretion is to throw oil upon the waters of Sacerdotal strife. Who can say that such a man would not be cheap at £4,000 a year?

The Home-Rulers, after a last division on the Continuance Bill, consented to let the business of the House proceed—MR. DISRAELI complimenting MR. BUTT on the example he had set his unruly young followers, who desire apparently to give England some illustration, by anticipation, of the taste and tactics, the style and spirit of Home Rule. It is wonderful how thankful people may be made for small meritorious sometimes.

Achilles again in the field!

MR. GLADSTONE, who had hurried back for the purpose, moved on the report of the Public Worship Regulation Bill to strike out the appeal to the Archbishop, and brought up a whole battery of Canons against such an innovation in the relations of Metropolitan and Suffragan. He fired round after round till seven, and then sat down with his Ecclesiastical ammunition still unexhausted.

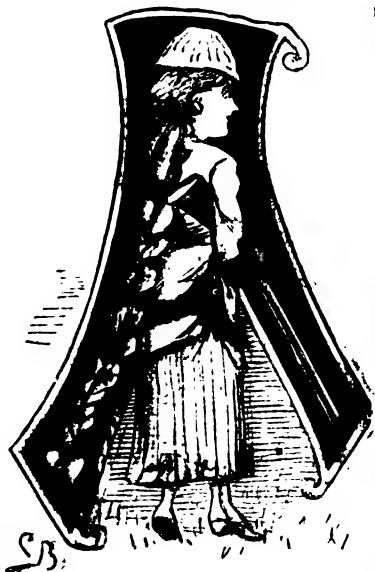
In the evening sitting he again opened his battery, and drew a heavy counter fire from SIR W. HARCOURT, who opened the great gun of Common Law against MR. GLADSTONE's Canons. The arraying of this antiquated Church artillery, SIR W. said, was enough to make COKE's bones stir in their coffin to move for a *quo warranto* against him who dared to bring up such weapons in an English House of Commons. MR. GLADSTONE, it must be owned, even by those on the other side, brought up his Canons with a courage worthy of a better cause. He even found backers in MR. HARDY, MR. CROSS, and DR. BALL; but the House was against them, 118 to 95.

Third Reading stands fixed for Monday.

A NOTABLE OMISSION.

THERE has been a Concert of “Quaint and Humorous” Music at the Crystal Palace. Oddly enough, the programme did not include a single composition by WAGNER.

"TRIFLES LIGHT AS HAIR."



SPRING Dresden, not to be outdone by Brussels, has held her own Congress. While the Soldiers and Statesmen of Europe have been considering the rules that are to guide the world in all future wars, the noble Fraternity of Hairdressers have taken in hand the heads of the nations. It would be scarcely just to publish a report in *extenso* of proceedings in which Journalists have been invited to take no part; but it can hardly be called uncourteous, when the present excited state of public feeling is taken into account, if a few hints of the secret transactions at this most momentous meeting are printed in these pages.

The first day of the Congress was devoted to a scrutiny of the Motions, to be brought before the Conference.

Before the formal commencement of the proceedings, a protest was lodged on this part of Great Britain: that under no consideration whatever should the pig-tails or side curls worn by Sailors of the British Navy be discussed at the Congress, on pain of instant withdrawal of the Representative of Great Britain.

This objection gave rise to a long discussion, in the course of which a Russian Hairdresser insisted that Chinese pig-tails were of not less importance to the interests of his countrymen than the beards of their own Moujiks, and that the subject could not therefore be excluded. The objection was ultimately withdrawn upon the receipt of a telegram from the British Cabinet, to the effect that, after a correspondence with several Departments of the Admiralty, it had been ascertained that the use of pig-tails in the British Navy had been abolished for more than thirty years.

The Congress was then opened, and a German Hairdresser (believed to have been inspired by a certain distinguished Prince) moved that in future only Yellow Chignons be permitted in Alsace and Lorraine. He declared that as the women of these countries were German by blood, they should have Chignons, to match the blue eyes, fair hair, and light complexions, to which by nature they were entitled under the everlasting laws of race.

It was imagined that this Resolution would be strongly opposed by the French Hairdressers, but to the surprise of the meeting they were too busily engaged in quarrelling among themselves to pay it any attention, further than to remark that whatever the hair of the inhabitants of Alsace and Lorraine might be, at least their hearts were French.

The next Resolution was moved (with some levity) by a Spanish Hairdresser. It ran as follows:—"That on account of the difficulty experienced by Spaniards in dealing with the Crown of Spain, the Congress be invited to insist upon the compulsory use of wigs in the Peninsula. This rule not to apply to a false hair like DON CARLOS."

This Resolution was strongly supported by the German Hairdressers, who bitterly complained of the proneness shown by DON CARLOS to comb his neighbour's hair without obtaining the proper permission. One of the speakers declared that if this habit became chronic, the use of powder in Europe might become general.

Upon this threat, an Italian strongly advised the Congress to have nothing to do with the matter. Neither France nor his own country could look back with pleasure upon their past connection with Spain. As a Cockney would say, "the hair of Spain was unhealthy to foreigners." As this seemed to be the opinion of the majority of the Congress, the Resolution was lost.

At this point the Public were on the eve of being admitted, when a Frenchman (who seemed, after many hand-to-hand fights, to have conquered the rest of his compatriots) proposed a Resolution to the effect that *Coiffures à l'Empereur* be revived. (Confusion.) To this a second French artist moved as an Amendment that *Coiffures à l'Aile de Pigeon*, and other Anti-Revolutionary modes of wearing the hair, be unanimously approved by the Conference. On this an Amendment was moved by a third French artist, that only *Têtes à la Brutus* and *à la Victime* be

sanctioned by the authority of the Assemblée. Prolonged sensation, which reached its height when a fourth artist, also French, moved an order of the day that no Frenchman, for the next seven years, be allowed to wear his hair in any but a Provisional crop.

The Congress hurriedly resolved that Europe had nothing to do with the hair of France, and the outside world were invited to enter. In the competition by foreign artists to produce the most elegant coiffures, with which the proceedings terminated, the following designs were those that obtained the greatest share of admiration:—

The German Style.—Coiffure à l'Union: Ribands—gold, red, and black, bound together with an iron chain, and a knot *couleur de sang*. Coronet of pure French gold. Ear-rings—with the arms of Alsace and Lorraine.

The Russian Style.—Coiffure à l'Agression. Ribands—yellow and black, intertwined with Indian jewels. Coronet—the Treaty of 1856 worn inside. Earrings—the arms of Khiva and Persia.

The French Style.—Coiffure à la Septennat. Ribands—red and blue divided by a band of white. Coronet—a cap of Folly, ornamented with chains and shells. Earrings—the arms of MACMURDO and the French army.

It is to be hoped that the rival meeting at Brussels will prove, if not as useful as the Congress at Dresden, at least as harmless.

THE TOURNEY AGAINST THE TURF.

"BETTING ON RACCOONS."—The Newmarket Magistrates have granted a summons against MR. CHAPLIN, as Steward of the Jockey Club, for permitting betting on the Newmarket raccourse during the July Meeting.

HE, all you virtuous, now begins
Your day of glory! Justice wins
A triumph, with the worst of sins
In its own birthplace grappling.
Beneath the magisterial frown
WARNER has paid his "tenner" down,
Dismay o'erspreads Newmarket town,
The Jockey Club, and CHAPLIN!

What next? Why Epsom's race must go,
Those "Isthmian Games" can't last, we know,
If heavy fines arrest the flow
Of plunger, backer, hedger:
Empty the Ascot stand will be;
From Goodwood Park who'll view the sea?
And Doncaster must lose the glee
Of her world-famous Leger!

No stand or ground can money take
From those the odds who book or stake,
If there's an Act in force to make
Your bet a misdeemeanor:
Hurlingham's lawn will miss those loves
Who never "plunge" except in gloves,
And back the slaughter of the doves,
With smiles that make hits cleaner.

So Virtue, scorning cakes and ale,
Would send the Jockey Club to gaol,
Nor only tag-rag and bob-tail
Of the Turf make its raid of:
For betting well as betting rough
Would gladly twist a halter tough,
And try what "perdurable stuff"
The Turf's "one neck" is made of.

But Virtue may her zeal o'erdo:
Laws stretched too far their game let through;
Sauce for geese won't suit ganders, too,
While "circles alter cases."
Our thoroughbreds will gallop yet;
And those who mean to bet will bet,
Against them howsoever you set
Your statutes or your faces.

Epsom and Ascot still will please;
Still high-bred beauty, neath the trees
Of midsummer, will stand at ease,
In Goodwood's green enclosure:
And Punch thinks, though the Ring he hates,
CHAPLIN may face the Magistrates,
As he has faced the racing Fates,
With tolerable composure.



A JOB'S COMFORTER.

Maud. "O, UNCLE GEORGE, I CAN SEE AT LEAST THREE GREY HAIRS ON YOUR HEAD!"

Uncle George (with Sentiment). "AH, MY DEAR, ALL MY HAIR WILL BE GREY SOON!"

Ethel. "NEVER MIND, DEAR UNCLE GEORGE! THERE'S SO VERY LITTLE OF IT THAT IT WON'T MUCH MATTER!"

"IN ALL COURTS, OVER ALL CAUSES, SUPREME."

"SUPREME Head of the Church." That lofty title
Gives to our Sovereign but our Sovereign's right;
Our forefathers have sealed the stern recital.
With Martyr's blood in Truth's and Freedom's fight.

Are we to be perplexed by strange quandaries,
To wrest plain words to other than they mean,
For her semi-papistical vagaries
Who was as much weak woman as strong Queen?

The gain for England's Church and State won dearly
England's Great Seal records, whose legend saith—
And where was ever great truth writ more clearly?—
"Head of the Church, Defender of the Faith."

And when we give this far-extended sway,
We know how wide the circle that we draw:
But willing is the allegiance that we pay,
For in her Queen England obeys her Law.

And ever since the English were a nation,
Over their Church and State Law reigned supreme:
We who have faced the sun of Reformation,
Must thenceforth walk by no less regal beam.

Can still make bold to set Truth's solving prism
To silliness of fools and craft of knaves;
We will not have, as in the Latin schism,
Our God an idol, and our women slaves.

Reason we will not yield to Church command;
To sacerdotal juggling trust salvations:
'Gainst Papal power and Priestcraft firm we stand,
Most Protestant of all Protesting nations.

GREAT ESCAPE FOR THE BISHOPS.

THE question was once asked, What is an Archdeacon? and the reply is historical. It is possible that there are persons who may feel the same curiosity about a Rural Dean. If so, the following extract from the *Times* summary of the proceedings of the House of Commons, when in Committee on the Public Worship Regulation Bill, may give them some insight into the nature of Rural dean functions—

"Clause 8, which prescribes by whom the representation to the Bishop is to be made, was discussed at some length. . . . The Rural Dean who appears in the Bill as one of the persons who may set the Bishop in motion, was struck out with general assent."

For the sake of the Bench we are glad the Rural Dean was struck out. In many respects Bishops are but as other men; and it would have been positively cruel if a Rural Dean (perhaps two Rural Deans holding conflicting opinions) had appeared at the episcopal residence on a very warm day—it might be just after dinner—with a deliberate intention to set the Bishop, a divine advancing in life and with a possible tendency to obesity, in motion—to run him down, run him up, or run him out, as the case might be, one of High, Low, or Broad Church institution. If this oppressive clause had been allowed to remain in the Bill, which comes into operation in July, no one—not even the most inflexible Nonconformist—could have blamed a Bishop for declining to see so disturbing a visitor as a Rural Dean until the return of cooler weather.

Questionable Publicity.

WE do not know MR. CASSELL, but aware of the distressing effect of such pedal exorcisements, we are ready to sympathise with him, when we read on all the hoardings a conspicuous advertisement of "the re-appearance of CASSELL's *Bunyan*." We must, however, doubt the good taste of so conspicuous an announcement of a fact which, however distressing to MR. CASSELL, we should have thought rather of private than public interest.



A REAL CONSERVATIVE REVIVAL.

"WE HAVE LITTLE OR NO *FISH*, GENTLEMEN; BUT AT LEAST WE HAVE REVIVED THAT GREAT AND CONSERVATIVE INSTITUTION, *THE MINISTERIAL FISH-DINNER!!!*"

OUR NEW NOVEL.

ONE-AND-THREE!

BY THAT DISTINGUISHED FRENCH NOVELIST,
FICTOR NOGO.

PART THE FOURTH—GETTING HOME.

I.—*There is nothing like Leather—with a Foot in it.*

THE Marky was under lock and key. ANTONEROLY had telegraphed to MADAME TOOSEW, "Cotched." She had wired back in one word—"Bringimalong." GAMMON wished that the Marky should perform at once in his Cirque.

The opportunity of treating the public to so strong a bill had never before presented itself to him. "LULUISA, the Bounding Belle of Bridgnorth, with her Acrobatic Children of World-wide Celebrity; the English Clown, JOM; and the Unequalled and Unrivalled JAMES MARKY DU CROW, the great Equestrian Negro Delineator."

Was he to lose such a chance now? No.

And if he did lose it: for whom?

For ANTONEROLY? For him whom he had detested ever since his childhood. For him who would have blighted the prospects of his career by omitting to teach him how not to be found out?

Who was this man? Years ago he had placed a watch under ANTONEROLY's pillow. That story has been told. Since then ANTONEROLY had kept a watch. On whom? On him: GAMMON.

ANTONEROLY owed him one. How would this be paid? As a boy, GAMMON had brought ANTONEROLY to justice by injustice. Was it ANTONEROLY's turn now to defeat him—to ruin him, GAMMON, his own pupil, at the very moment that brought him fortune?

ANTONEROLY had determined to take the Marky to MADAME TOOSEW's, Rue du Boulanger.

He had said to GAMMON, "It is no longer your affair."

To this GAMMON had replied by extending his hand towards ANTONEROLY, not as a sign of friendship, but in so constrained a manner as to keep the ball of the thumb touching the apex of the nose.

Hence arose an altercation between them: then a quarrel.

ANTONEROLY quitted the room, but returned with wolf-like paces to where GAMMON was standing before the window, glazed to the ground, meditating.

In ANTONEROLY's foot there was a power and a will. Also, he wore the thickest boots.

GAMMON's thoughts sped quickly.

Quicker than GAMMON's thoughts rose the boot, clumped and hobbled, of ANTONEROLY.

There are moral earthquakes.

GAMMON felt every faculty of his soul totter. His most solid buttons, his most elastic braces, his most firmly fastened buckles, his single cloth straps, all lost their steadiness. The unforeseen—that inexplicable power of the strongest sole—had struck GAMMON, and launched him into space. Before him was the middle of next week. Behind him was the Improbable transformed into a Reality—palpable, inevitable, inexorable. It was the Palpable against the Palpable. What did he think of it—he, GAMMON?

What had happened could not be avoided. GAMMON was concerned in it: he felt within his soul that pang which a tree may

feel when torn up by its roots. In such cases there is an analogy between men and trees, between roots and boots.

Every man has a foundation on which he rests. A disturbance of this foundation causes deep anxiety. It was what GAMMON now felt. His head whirled. He pressed it between his two hands.

He had been, as it were, lifted out of himself by the recent event. It was, indeed, in the middle of the following week that he alighted.

ANTONEROLY had said to himself, "A kick in time saves nine." GAMMON was hung to the earth by a boot of transcendent brightness.

II.—*A Last Impression.*

In the absence of GAMMON, ANTONEROLY would not lose a minute.

The MARKY DU CROW was alone.

ANTONEROLY said to him, "Your face will be your fortune—in wax."

The Marky answered, "Be it so."

He had come to conquer: he had remained to fail. This Sphinx of a man had been a riddle to himself. Now he had given himself up.

Humanity, family, country summoned him to return.

ANTONEROLY, once an enemy, now a friend, appeared to assist him. He said, "My boat is on the shore."

The Marky rattled his bones once more, took three steps which, at another time, would have astonished even ANTONEROLY, and replied, "Dat's me, GEORGE!"

ANTONEROLY's name was not GEORGE, but they understood one another, these two.

On their arrival, ANTONEROLY presented him to MADAME TOOSEW, at night.

Lanterns were lighted: wax-handlers came out, and measured him: sawdusters came to stuff his body.

Around him were the effigies—silent, awful, motionless. The only sound was the regular clicking of the machinery as Mlle. St. AMARANthe lay in her perpetual slumber.

A voice uttered these words:

"Take his head."

In the twinkling of an eye, swift hands smothered him with wax, as with the covering of a tomb.

The same voice as before said:

"In a month's time you will be in the Catalogue."

The Marky replied:

"I have the honour to be your very humble servant."

The Marky went out—like a candle. Candles go out, so do men.

THE LAST.—*Winding-up Act.*

GAMMON recovered himself, probed himself up, and returned. He re-opened the Cirque Républicain with all its attractions—and more.

His company consisted of LULUISA the Bounding Belle, the three Acrobatic Children, the English Clown, JOM, real Soldiers, and a real Sergeant called RUBADUB, with KARSOT for Leader of the Band, BILIBARLO for Comic Singer, and WIDDROOMB JUNIOR for Master of the Ring.

The MARKY DU CROW was denounced as an impostor. He had disappeared.

But GAMMON was to be the victim of the Unforeseen and the Inevitable. ANTONEROLY returned.

The Maire of Tristesse had been ANTONEROLY's master: had lost the watch that the boy GAMMON had taken and placed under ANTONEROLY's pillow.





"MELANCHOLY, SLOW."

Conductor. "LOOK ALIVE, BILL! HERE'S A OLD GENT INSIDE'S AFRAID HE WON'T KETCH HIS FUNERAL!"

The Maire swore to the watch.
ANTONEROLY swore to GAMMON.
GAMMON swore to anything—then at everybody. Being convicted, he asked what was his sentence?

ANTONEROLY replied,
"You be hung."

GAMMON, by the Judge's order, which admitted him to the Gallery of the Court, was banished to a State of Suspense.

ANTONEROLY paid the first week's salaries in advance to the *troupe* of the Cirque Républicain; and, in addition to the enormous attractions, he was able to advertise—

"First Appearance of the Renowned and Unequalled JAMES MARKY DU CROW, descendant of Two Great Originals, who, having lately appeared before all the Crowned Heads at MADAME TOOSEW's, has been prevailed upon to perform his celebrated feats on the present occasion under the patronage of his Excellency the Maire of Tristesse."

The Marky was received with acclamations, and bounded through all the hoops, playing his banjo as advertised.

That evening, LULUISA rose from her seat at supper, and drank the health of JAMES MARKY DU CROW.

She said:

"We owe him our present engagement. When I say 'we,' I mean I and my three Acrobatic Children; and when I point at myself and at them I say, 'You will always remember us as the price of a bottle of SERGEANT RUBADUB's wine—'"

The Ollendorfian Sergeant interrupted her by murmuring—

"Have you the good wine?"

She continued, partly answering him—

"I have the good wine. But the price of this is more than that of yours. The latter is the remembrance of the Mother and the Children—is, in brief,

ONE-AND-THREE."

ALARMING ACCIDENT.—One of the Jockeys at Goodwood, being of an impulsive temperament, after riding a race sat down on the Spur of the Moment. His feelings may be better imagined than described.

"SALOPIENSES FLAGELLATI."

(Times, Friday.)

ALAS that boys should be so tough,
Or Heads of Schools so kind!
'Tis hard to lay on stripes enough
To leave a smart behind.

The youngster, after eighty-eight
Light touches on his skin,
Rows out upon the Severn straight,
Perhaps a race to win!

O ghost of KEATE, appear and say,
How cheek the school-boy's tricks,
If four-score strokes won't do to-day
What you achieved with six!

Your fine Orbilian power rebukes
Head Masters such as these:
Into senarians you flogged Dukes,
And Bishops into sees.

And Shrewsbury would ne'er have seen
So charming a *Corolla*,
Had its Greek-loving Doctor been
Powerless to make boys holloa.

False quantity so hated he,
They who in *that* got fishing,
Soon found out one *true* quantity—
The quantity of swishing!!

But there are those, though, learned in
The needful Greek and Latin,
Who seem to touch a school-boy's skin
As if 'twere ladies' satin.

Head Masters now, 'tis very odd;
Are growing over mild:
They ought (see HOOD) to spoil the rod
Rather than spare the child.

And Shrewsbury its chief not less
Will prize, but yet more highly,
If he will practise in recess
Upon some *corpus vile*.

Some blockhead pachydermatous
His gentle arm must wallop
Secundum artem, till he thus
Restore the fame of Salop.

Nor think, though Poesy's unborn,
That flogging comes by nature.
It is an art, which they that scorn
Ne'er in it reach full stature.

Birch-accent turns on divers sorts
Of nicely ordered circles;
And much on well-packed longs and shorts
Depends, in rods, as verses.

Well-sorted twigs will sting, draw blood,
Yet thence no bruise endures;
And if you choose them thick in bud,
A good blow it ensures.

When Moss has learnt the Birching Art,
To LOXDALES yet in blade,
Six cuts, laid well, will cause more smart
Than eighty-eight ill laid.

The Keeper of the Seal.

CRITICS have remarked a conspicuous omission in the Great Seal Officers Bill. It contains no clause making due provision for M. FRANÇOIS LECOMPT, the meritorious officer in charge of the "Sea Lion" at the Zoological Gardens.

Victimised Avenger.

No wonder the Infanticide Bill was rejected, the other night, in the House of Lords without a division. Had not Ministers already begun the Annual Massacre of the Innocents?



A DISCREET HINT.

Matilda (star-gazing). "How I wish I could catch a falling star!"
Young Dobbs (whose Picture has been so successful at the Academy this Year). "That's impossible, Miss Matilda. But—a—might I suggest that you needn't go far for a rising one!"

Shooting too Far.

THE gallant soldiery of DON CARLOS, under the command of DORREBERRY, a short time since, were so bold as to shoot the Correspondent of a German paper. A German fleet has been in consequence despatched to cruise in Spanish waters. These brave fellows may perhaps discover that the chief who shoots a SCHMIDT has brought down a BISMARCK!

The Voice of the Tempter.

WE regret to see the painful announcement repeated, night after night, "Gaiety led astray by BOUCICAULT." Where is MR. HOLLINGSHEAD? Can't he keep his Gaiety "within the limits of becoming mirth," for all MR. BOUCICAULT's seduction?

AN OLD-WORLD CITIZEN ON OLD WAYS AND NEW ONES.

THE Keystone loose in Temple Bar!
 The Monument a-going!
 What is there that's worth living for,
 As they ain't overthrowing?

They tell me that the sinking's ceased
 By Law-Court excavations—
 I thought the City and the Law
 Stood on the same foundations!

Well, now-a-days folks *will* go down
 To what's called "fundamentals;"
 Will know what all things stand upon,
 From men's faith to their rentals.

But I say, take care how you dig,
 Lest in your spade-work's smother,
 While one foundation you prepare,
 You meddle with another.

Lest digging to old basements down,
 And rooting up old surbing,
 You loose the keystone of some arch
 You ne'er thought of disturbing.

The old Bar might be troublesome,
 It might impede the traffic;
 It mightn't be the gate to make
 A figure in the *Graphic*:

But 'twas a symbol of the rights
 Of Home-Rule in the City,
 And I can't help but feel the loss
 Of what makes that, a pity.

I like to think o' Kings and Queens
 Bound, srowas and all, to wait,
 Until Lord Mayor and Aldermen
 Chose to ope that there gate.

I like to think there once was heads
 Of rebels stook up there;
 If only 'cause it shows the times
 Are better than they were.

I like to think CHILD's books was kept
 In that room o'er the centre;
 How but through cash and well-kept
 books
 Should men the City enter?

In short, though, if 'twas now to build,
 I don't say I should choose it,
 I was fond of old Temple Bar,
 And shall be grieved to lose it.

If the old keystone should drop out,
 Can't they put in a new one?
 But as for pulling down the Bar—
 The idea quite goes through one!

SHORTEN YOUR SPEECHES.

PITHY MR. PUNCH,
 THERE certainly has been more talk
 than work this Session, though it has not
 been so idle as some people may make out.
 Still, here are we poor Members kept in
 Town as usual, till we've barely time to
 pack up and get ready for the grouse. I
 propose that, with a view of lightening our
 labours, M.P.'s should, in future, be chosen
 who are not on speaking terms with one
 another. This may seem a simple remedy,
 but it might help towards a shortening
 of the Session, and a lengthening of the
 lives of those who have to sit.

Believe me yours perspiringly—I mean
 to say aspiringly—

PETER THE SILENT.

House of Commons, Tuesday.



GETTING HIS ANSWER.

Important Old Gent (from the Country, who thinks the lofty bearing of these London Barmaids ought to be "taken down a bit"). "GLASS OF ALE, YOUNG WOMAN; AND LOOK SHARP, PLEASE!"

Haughty Blonde (blandly). "SECOND-CLASS REFRESHMENTS LOWER DOWN, SIR!!"

SOMEBODY'S LUGGAGE.

If you see half-a-dozen new patent leather covered basket-trunks with a name written upon all of them, in staring white characters, accompanied by a gigantic portmanteau and three hat-boxes, you may know that the Honourable LIONEL and ROWENA SILVERSPORN have started on their wedding-tour.

If you see a weather-beaten portmanteau, accompanied by a neat little trunk and a pretty little birdcage, you may know that EDWIN and ANGELINA DOVECOR are going to Ventnor for the honeymoon.

If you see a big carpet-bag, accompanied by a large white umbrella and a tin colour-box, you may know that DAUB, A.R.A., is going to Brittany in search of subjects.

If you see an overcrowded portmanteau, accompanied by a double-locked despatch-box, you may know that urgent private affairs have induced CAPTAIN BUBBLE (Promoter of Public Companies) to leave the City hurriedly for Spain.

If you see a small bundle, accompanied by a pair of handcuffs, you may know that urgent public affairs have induced SERGEANT SMART (of the Detective Police) to follow the same route taken by CAPTAIN BUBBLE *en voyage* for Spain.

If you see twenty-four patent reversible, extra waterproof holdalls, with all the latest improvements, painted blue, green, yellow, and red, and covered with hotel labels, accompanied by thirty-seven deal packing cases, you may know that COLONEL JERUSALEM R. X. E. SQUASH, U.S.A., and family are engaged in "doing" Europe.

If you see fifteen trunks, all more or less damaged, accompanied by an old portmanteau and a double perambulator, you may know that MR. and MRS. PATERFAMILIAS and children are going to Herne Bay for a month.

If you see, in conclusion, a neat knapsack and a spiked walking-stick, you may know that Mr. Punch is off to Switzerland to enjoy himself.

PUBLIC WORSHIP REGULATION.

AMENDMENTS proposed by Mr. Punch, M.P.:-

That no Clergyman whose face is worth looking at turn his back on his congregation.

If any Clergyman is in doubt as to whether his face is worth looking at, he may compare his personal appearance with that of the Ordinary.

That no Rector, Vicar, Incumbent, or Curate, introduce any innovation into the service without the requisite faculty—common-sense.

That after twenty minutes' preaching the proper position for the Minister be deemed to be out of the pulpit.

That celibacy be enforced on those of the Clergy whose incomes do not exceed £200 per annum.

That no Clergyman who has not passed in honours be allowed to use the expression "Philosophy falsely so-called" in his sermon.

That the Offertory shall be always accompanied by the Collect for the day.

The Last Week's Work.

August 1-8.

A FAG-END of fagged hacks untiring

Fag final clauses through:

A knot of Law-givers, perspiring,
Expiring laws renew.

The Lady Advocate.

"MISS LAVINIA GOODSELL, of Janesville, Wisconsin, has been admitted to the bar."—*Echo*.

THE information is too brief. We could wish it had been fuller. Thousands, in these days of Woman's Rights, would like to have known whether MISS GOODSELL styles herself a barrister or a barmaid.



THE FORCE OF HABIT.

Traveller (suffering from the Heat of Weather, &c.). "WASH BROMP'N-SHINGL'-'COLD 'TH BIT O' LEMON-LOO' SHARP'-R ELSE SHAN'T KESH MY TRAIN!"

THE LAST OF AN OLD FRIEND.

"The Sea Serpent has not only been seen, but actually killed, in the Republican River, near Scandia, in Kansas, United States. The Serpent would probably have escaped, but for the happy thought of Mr. A. P. SMITH, who arrived on the scene with a fire-extinguisher, primed with sulphuric acid and other chemicals. This machine was aimed at the open jaws of the monster, and a tremendous dose of the mixture was discharged 'squarely' into his throat. . . . Such was the sad end of an old and respected friend, who will be much missed when Parliament has been prorogued." (See *Pall Mall Gazette*, July 22.)

At Parliament's next prorogation,
When Ministers rush to the Sea,
When lawyers begin their vacation,
And Londoners Oceanwards flee,

When the Claimant has lapsed into quiet,
And French "non" fights no longer with "oui,"
When the Carlists have ceased to run riot,
When Archbishops and Bishops agree,

When they've settled the Sun's composition,
When the Transit of Venus they see,
When Stroud is without a petition,
Returning a blameless M.P.;

When BISMARCK no longer is shot at,
When the last has been talked of Fiji,
And when there's no news to be got at,—
Ah, then there'll be mourning for thee!

No more will the "Dailies" inform us
Of thy gambols and antics so free,
Nor describe thy proportions enormous,
And length like a Peer's pedigree.

Ho! bring me my salts aromatic,
A cigar, and a Soda and B,
Though a red nose ain't aristocratic,
And bleared eyes beneath my degree,
Punch mourns for thee, Serpent erratic;
Farewell! *Requiescas in P.*

A REAL STRONG BOX.—MESSRS. MYLNER have sold their works to a Limited Company. The shares must be an eminently "safe" investment.

GHOSTS AND GEESE.

THE "Second National Annual Conference of Spiritualists" was opened last week on Tuesday evening by a *soirée* at the Beethoven Rooms, Harley Street. The *soirée* did not include a *séance*, although "two Mediums of considerable power, MESSRS. BASTIAN and TAYLOR, who have just arrived from America, were introduced to the company." Music, instrumental and vocal, formed part of the proceedings at the Beethoven Rooms, but no influence of the spirit that may be supposed to be the *genius loci* appears to have inspired any one of the performers with a sonata, or a waltz, even a song. Those who assisted at this assembly of Spiritualists, under auspices associated with BEETHOVEN, might reasonably have expected that some musical Medium would at least strike up "*Kennst du das Land?*" or "*Adelaida*." Though, if we may judge from the analogy of alleged spiritual communications from deceased men of literary genius, a musical Medium "controlled" by BEETHOVEN would be much more likely to sing "*My Pretty Jane*," or to play "*Drops of Brandy*."

At a second meeting of Spiritualists, held the next evening, in Lawson's Rooms, Gower Street, however, some manifestations were related, wonderful if true. According to the *Post* :—

"MR. MORSE said he had been informed that miners had manifestations in their pit-workings, and that a little boy employed in a coal-mine near Glasgow was in the habit, when tired, of calling upon a spirit to help him push his truck, which it generally did. On one occasion the spirit, it was said, used such violence as to damage the truck considerably."

The story of this rather capricious "Kobold" was capped by something still more marvellous, of the drudging goblin kind :—

"To the Chairman (DR. SEXTON) the subject of conditions was somewhat perplexing. In his house it was no uncommon thing for spirits to appear to the members of his family, to remove articles from one room to another while all the doors were locked, to make the beds at night, and to walk up and down the stairs with tread as heavy as that of an ordinary man."

DR. SEXTON may be supposed to have—

"eaten of the insane root
Which takes the reason prisoner?"

Perhaps he is in the habit of mixing *hyoscyamus* with his salad. This supposition, however, is quite unnecessary to account for the testimony following :—

"MR. ROGERS remarked that a piece of cloth cut off by a female spirit from her materialised skirt was found to have been dressed with lime in the Manchester fashion, and he admitted that this presented a difficulty to Spiritualists which had not been surmounted."

Nay, come, this is a story which it is almost possible to believe. What can be more suitable to a Medium personating a "materialised spirit" than a costume which has been dressed with "devil's dust," except one likewise consisting of "shoddy"?

DRESS AND UNDRRESS.

"SWIMMING AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.—The Crystal Palace Company have, with a view of encouraging the practice of this art, decided upon holding an annual swimming entertainment in the lake, when various prizes and a challenge cup will be contended for. The first of these will take place on Monday, the 24th inst. Amateurs of any recognised swimming clubs, or any gentleman wearing University costume, will be entitled to compete."—*Daily News*, August 6.

I ENCLOSE an advertisement which has much exercised me. "University Costume" usually means Cap and Gown. If so, would not the Mortar Board and Academic Robe be rather an impediment to rapid swimming? Or is "University Costume" merely a Crystal Palace translation of "bathing drawers." "Do tell," as the Americans say.

Yours,

PUZZLED.

Summing up the Session.

(From the *Conservatives' Primer*.)

I'LL tell you a story of the first Session Tory—
And now my story 's begun;
It began in excuse, and it ends in abuse—
And—now my story 's done!

PUNCH'S ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

(THE LAST DROP.)



CHIEF Commissioner LORD LYTTELTON took his cashiering like a man (Monday, August 3). The DUKE OF RICHMOND.

MOND did his best to discharge a disagreeable duty without offence, but it is impossible to kick a man down-stairs quite inoffensively, though the kicker be the sweetest-mannered man in the world and the kickees the most unresisting of victims. If ever there were scapegoats driven out under the weight of a popular prejudice, due far more to injudiciously outspoken words than to deeds, it is the Endowed Schools Commissioners. They began by saying what had been better left unsaid; but they were doing their work on the whole well and wisely; and every year's good work was obliterating more and more completely the uneasy recollection of their first injudicious proclamation of war to the knife upon outworn trusts and undutiful trustees. It is no use sending the fiery cross through the enemy's country. Whatever Government is in power, or whatever body has to work the Endowed Schools Act, the Act *must* be worked, in the main, as the Jonahs of the original Board have worked it. All this is plain as A.B.C. from the DUKE OF RICHMOND's speech: and LORD LYTTELTON's simple and dignified reply. They are both honest men; and the truth comes out clear between them. MR. DISRAELI should have known better than set so pernicious an example of sacrificing good and profitable public servants to misdirected ill-will, in or out of the Cabinet.

Besides LORD LYTTELTON and his brother Commissioners, another public official came out of Monday's talk all the better for being thrown overboard—SIR HENRY THRING, K.C.B. Both the DUKE OF RICHMOND and LORD CHAMBERLAIN CAIRNS did him justice, declaring that whoever was to blame for the unintelligibility of the clauses in which MR. DISRAELI retreated from the fight over the Endowed Schools Bill, like a Homeric hero in a cloud, it was not the Government draughtsman—to whom *Punch* is bound to take off his hat, *en passant*, as one of the most indefatigable and most unfairly abused of public servants. If JOHN BULL only knew the flimsy and ill-spun stuff that that over-worked legislative laundry-man had the getting up of!

"If you saw our Bills before they are made,
You'd lift up your hands and say THRING was ill-paid!"

In the Commons, Third Reading of the Public Worship Regulation Bill without a division.

Let us hasten to relieve our readers' minds, shocked, no doubt, by the Premier's last week's startling announcement that he had found an unnatural lawyer willing to work without salary. It was all a mistake of MR. DISRAELI's. He only thought he heard a lawyer make the monstrous offer: The Judge between "High, Low, Broad—and the Blame!" turns out to be LORD PENZANCE. MR. GLADSTONE might say that the appointment of a Judge whose distinction has been entirely won in divorce cases augurs ill for the union of Church and State under the new Act. LORD P. is willing to take the Judgeship for such salary as the two Archbishops can squeeze out of the Ecclesiastical Court sinecures, which will be absorbed in the new office.

MR. GLADSTONE has pronounced his opinion that the chance of such an income is "pure and undiluted moonshine." Which is the "moonshine?" Ecclesiastical Court Fees, or the hope of making the Ecclesiastical Court Officials surrender them? LORD PENZANCE evidently thinks that money may be extracted from the moonshine that falls on those mysterious functionaries, "the Official Principal of Provincial Courts," and "the Master of the Faculties to the ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY." What an awful office! "Keeper of the King's conscience" sounds grand—but "Master of an Archbishop's faculties!" Think of keeping that weight of wisdom looked up, and letting the Archbishop

have it out for use as he wants it, a little at a time, and rather less than he wants, usually. ARCHBISHOP TAIT seems to have got a surreptitious key of his own to this officer's strong room. He appears to have the command of his own faculties, and to draw upon them with a freedom very uncommon in an Archbishop. We hear nothing of a keeper of the faculties of the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK. How comes it that the Northern Province is without such an officer? Is it that York is supposed to be sharp enough to do without faculties in its Archbishop? Or that the sharpness of the Yorkshire air is so catching that Archbishops of that Province may be trusted to make the best use of their faculties without the help of a keeper?

There was a solemn dismissory service over the Bill by a choir of eminent performers, including MESSRS. KNATCHBULL-HUGHES, A. B. HOPE, BARTHELOMEW, KINARD, HORSBURY, NEWDEGATE, and CROSS, crowned by an imposing *aria* from MR. GLADSTONE. Like COLLINS's *Ode to the Passions*, the cantata expressed every tone of feeling from cheerful hope to wan despair. But all the solo performers joined in a burden: in a gentle air and genial weather for the vessel thus launched on her voyage. Only GRANT DUFF, from the height of his private philosophical and prophetic pedestal performed a ceremony of vaticination on his own account, on the text from the Vulgate "*Et quid volo nisi ut ardeat*,"—"and what will I, but that it be kindled,"—the Established Church in England and Scotland—to wit. It was strange, he said, that a High-Conservative Ministry should have stuck a live coal into the rotten rafters of these two venerable edifices.

The Indian Budget was brought in to a skeleton House, as usual, by LORD G. HAMILTON in a speech worthy of a better audience.

There is a deficit of more than twelve millions on the last four years, but half of it is for money spent on relief of famine *in presentis*; and the rest on works meant for prevention of famine *in futuro*. Famine Relief and Public Works left out of account, the twelve millions deficit would be changed into five millions surplus.

The Sanhedrim of Indian pundits who make a point of keeping a House for Indian facts and figures—a House weighty in the wisdom, if measure in the number, of its heads—received the Budget cheerfully and hopefully. All seem of one mind that in the present Governor-General England has a blade of the right sort—"the Northbrook's temper"—and if the blade is tempered for the work, that the work is out for the blade. Meantime, England rejoices that in the year's wrestle for life foresight has conquered famine.

Tuesday.—The Lords had a night's cutting and carving of the Public Worship Regulation Bill, as sent up to them re-dressed by the Commons. The bone of contention was the Appeal to the Archbishops. Archbishops don't want to have to sit upon their suffragans, but were willing to accept that disagreeable position if put upon them, or rather, if they were put upon it.

The BISHOPS OF WINCHESTER and LINCOLN protested—EDWARD OF WINCHESTER on the astounding plea that Bishops held office *jure divino*; Archbishops *jure humano* only, and that the divinely ordained could not be subject to the humanly!

LORD CAIRNS, though he preferred the Bill without the Appeal, was afraid its rejection might endanger the Bill—if the Commons chose to ride rusty.

LORD SALISBURY pooh-poohed that argument vehemently, after his wont, calling the threat of possible action by the Commons "bluster," and the terror of it a "bugbear"—terms not over civil to the LORD CHANCELLOR. (See, in Wednesday's Essence of the Commons, what comes of needlessly strong language.) In the end, the Appeal to the Archbishops was struck out by 64 to 32; as was the exemption of University Churches and Colleges, and Inns of Court Chapels.

In the Commons, SIR G. BOWYER questioned MR. BOURKE about foreign intervention in Spain. MR. BOURKE said HER MAJESTY'S Government knew nothing about any intention of armed intervention in that distracted Peninsula. That England certainly doesn't contemplate any such intervention, nor will she encourage (would "tolerate" be putting too fine an edge on it, MR. BOURKE?) such intervention by any other power. Europe quarrelling over Spain reminds *Punch* of QUIN in his cups finding a friend; still drunker, in

the gutter, and cordially hiccupping out, "My dear fellow, I can't pick you up, but I'll lie down beside you."

MR. MACARTHUR trailed his coat through the fair for a final fight over Fiji, by asking the House to vote approval of the Government's acceptance of annexation, "as far as it has gone," i.e., to invoking the aid of SIR HERCULES to report. SIR C. DILKE moved in favour of caution, considering the 20,000 mountain savages and the domestic slavery. MR. GLADSTONE demurred to expressing approval when he felt nothing but vexation, and pitched into the Commissioners' report as "meagre and chaotic." He declined to march under the lead of MR. MACARTHUR, and strongly recommended that gentleman to allow Government tubs to stand on their own bottoms. MR. LOWTHKE admitted that was the safest rule. MR. KNATCHBELL-HUGHESSEN was content to leave the matter in LORD CARSTARVEN's hand. SIR WILFRID LAWSON was facetious on Cannibals and Missionaries, and rang a variety of merry changes on the God of Battles and Bottles, to whom he appealed as the true God of the non-professional British Missionary, at all events—rifles and rum being the agencies usually first resorted to by the white man for the civilization of his black or brown brother.

Wednesday.—Consideration, in the Commons, of the Lords' Amendments to the Public Worship Regulation Bill. The best, but also the most mischievous, talk of the Session, led off by SIR W. HARCOURT, who contrasted the dignified decency of MR. DISRAELI in the House of Commons, with the "rash and rancorous" language of LORD SALISBURY in another place. He had dared (SIR WILLIAM said) to talk of those who had shaped the Bill in the Commons as "a blustering majority." Then followed round after round from SIR WILLIAM's big battery of Common Law and Constitutional ten-ton guns, strengthened by the last five days' reinforcements, into MR. GLADSTONE's heavy-metalled Canons, from VAN EPPEN downwards. MR. GLADSTONE returned the fire with red-hot shot, till Liberalism, perplexed and pained, might have exclaimed, with *Faulconbridge*—

"O, prudent discipline! from north and south
Our greatest guns shoot in each other's mouth."

MR. DISRAELI followed the bad example of the Opposition Chiefs, and, in urging the House to agree to the Lords' Amendments, took occasion to deliver a rattling broadside into LORD SALISBURY, as one "not given to measure his phrases"—"a master of gibes, and flouts, and jeers"—capable of baiting a trap with irritating and contemptuous words, for the House of Commons to fall into, and in the pet provoked by his incivility, reject the Bill.

We have not heard how LORD SALISBURY liked this kind of friendly banter; but we observe that neither he nor the PREMIER dined at Greenwich after it.

Altogether Wednesday deserves to be memorable in the annals of Parliament and the history of the Public Worship Regulation Bill. Great and strange things may date from that day's work.

Thursday.—LORD SALISBURY protested to the Lords that he never

used the language attributed to him in the House of Commons by "a person or persons of considerable authority." When he used the terms "bluster" and "bugbear," he referred entirely to what had been said in the House of Lords. "Yes—by me," interposed the LORD CHANCELLOR. "I perfectly understood it, and rather liked it."

Well countered; my LORD SALISBURY! Who is "rash and rancorous" now?—Eh, SIR WILLIAM?—Eh, my Right Honourable B. D.?

Let this remarkable episode remain as the last drop of essence extracted by *Punch* out of the Session of 1874—a Session of moderate promise, and even more meagre performance—of no great cry, but still less wool—a Session to which the Little Wistlers coming for wool went away shorn—a Session, if not otherwise memorable, perhaps destined to be long remembered as the one to which two Charobes may yet have to trace the roots of Disestablishment, and in which the anarchy of Her Majesty's Opposition has been reflected in the heedlessness and headlessness of Her Majesty's Government.

Friday.—The Queen's Speech of Prorogation. It says nothing but what everybody knew already, and so amounts to the usual sum and substance of Queen's Speeches of Prorogation—*nil*. Stay—there is one paragraph in it worth noting: that which expresses the belief of H.M.G. that the restoration of peace and order in Spain will be best promoted by a rigid abstinence from interference by other Governments.

[*Exit Sessio!*]

Go, my Lords and Gentlemen of both sides, *Punch* dismisses you to the relaxation of your pleasure-places or the retirement and reflection of your homes. "Go"—and next Session do not "do likewise."

So the Session is over: then hey for the clover
Of life out of London by mountain and mere:
Cool breezes of autumn—we soon shall have caught 'em,
Where rosy peaks shimmer, where rivers run clear.

We've hampered the Cleric, Rome-rampant; hysteric;
We've left my LORD LITTLETON nothing to do:
But CARENS would not press on his Bill meant to lesson
Our spinners of law-costs, and lessen costs too.

We've queered Bonifaces with "populous places,"
With "Bonâ-fied" travellers, and other such gear;
But Vinegar Margaux still comes by the cargo,
And we have not insisted on malt in our beer.

Yet our holiday won is, and joyous the fun is
'Twixt Scotland and Switzerland settling the doubt
Which fair road to follow the flight of the swallow,
As long as the circular notes will hold out.

The Clubs may be painting, the Ritualists fainting,
The Exeter reredos kept up or pulled down,—
All geniuses busy, from *Punch* unto DEZZI,
Kick their troubles aside, till they're harked back to town!

TO MY "PUFF PUFF."



Puff me away from the
noise and the worry;
Puff me away from the
desolate town;
Puff me—but don't be in
too great a hurry;
Puff me, but don't in a
tunnel break down.

Puff me away to my loved
Isle of Thanet
Swiftly—or e'en at the
pace called the snail's,
Puff me the sea-breeze, and
pleasantly fan it
Into my nostrils—but
don't leave the rails.

Puff me away, far from
Parliament's houses;
For brown Moors of
Scotland my soul is
athirst—
For a smell of the heather,
a pop at the grouses;
Puff me, but mind that
your boiler don't
burst.

Puff me en route for care-killing Killarney,
Tenderly take me, as bridegroom his bride;
Bear me towards Erin, blest birthplace of Blarney,
Puff, puff, like blazes—but, please, don't "collide!"

IF FIJI FEEL FIDGETY.

UNTIL the arrangements for the annexation of the Fiji Islands by the British Government have been completed, the following list of Suggestions will be circulated for the guidance and information of the Fiji public:—

1. To avoid interruption of the street traffic of the metropolis, auctions of the wives and grandfathers of the inhabitants of Fiji should only be held between the hours of six in the evening and four in the morning.

2. At pic-nics held in the public parks, young married men should be cautioned not to eat their mothers-in-law without proper official authorisation.

3. Cannibal mountaineers should be politely requested not to interfere with their Methodist fellow-countrymen on Sundays. Banquets of an impromptu character held in churches having been found to create much confusion, should in future be strictly prohibited, in deference to the strongly expressed wishes of many influential Fiji parishioners.

4. As the Fiji national drink, "rava," is known to produce a partial paralysis of the muscular system, together with a lethargic state of the sensibility, and is said to resemble, in taste, "GREGORY'S Mixture" combined with soap-suds, the Fiji public should be strongly recommended to use, as a substitute, "Ginger Beer"—a most refreshing beverage, which may be imported in bulk from the mother country, where it can be obtained of every respectable chemist and pastry-cook in town and country.

5. Members of the Fiji Government should be urged to refrain from unnecessary assassination during the shooting-season.

6. Bayonet-charges and rifle-valleys should be discontinued until after the arrival of the British army in the Fiji Islands.

BONÂ FIDE TRAVELLERS.—SIR SAMUEL BAKER and CAPTAIN BURTON.



(Advice to Undergraduates and others who intend to spend the Long Vacation in Reading.)

"BE READ TO."

THE "ARETHUSA."

"The *Chichester* has for several years been sending poor boys to be seamen in the Merchant Marine or Royal Navy. She has now been joined by a consort, the frigate *Arethusa*. The managers of the Refuge for Homeless and Destitute Children in Great Queen Street find that nothing is so popular among the London Arabs as the idea of going to sea. The strongest lads are sent down from Great Queen Street to the training-ship. It is only those whose health is less fitted for a seafaring life who go to the farm in Surrey. The *Chichester* was opened in 1867, and contains 214 boys. But English seamen are still wanted in English ships, and there is no lack of destitute boys. LADY BURDETT COURTIS was therefore applied to for the establishment of a second vessel, and she offered £5,000 to fit out the frigate lent by the Admiralty—the *Arethusa*. The glorious ring of the name has not been dishonoured by the vessel's achievements. This is not the 'Saucy *Arethusa*' of metrical legend, but it is the *Arethusa* launched in 1847, and fitted with a screw in 1862, which at the beginning of the Crimean war, and when she was still only a sailing vessel, went boldly into the port of Odessa during the bombardment of the forts by the Allied fleets, and in sight of the whole fleet, who cheered her as she came out, sailed right up to the Russian batteries and broadsided them; then wore round and broadsided them on the other tack."—*Times*, Tuesday, August 4.

COME, young Street-Arabs, bright and bold,
Whose gutter-mud hides English mould,
While better fates kind friends unfold

Aboard o' the *Arethusa*!
With a heart of oak, and no iron skin,
To Odessa's batteries she sailed in,
Broadsides to exchange,
At short-musket range,

Then wore and gave it them, 'tother tack,
And as cool as she sailed in sailed back,
As became the *Arethusa*!

Now, thanks to our ANGELA BARONESS COURTIS,
At another guess kind of foe she shoots,
Means to give it to Old Nick like old boots,
Does this saucy *Arethusa*!
Alongside the *Chichester* now she lies,
And street Arabs to sailors transmogrifies,

Put on 'tother tack,
From ruin aback—
Though the sneerers may scoff, and think it stuff,
Into bright Jack Tar we can turn street rough,
Aboard o' the *Arethusa*!

With rough or smooth of British race
Some dirt is no deeper than the face,
And most dirt is good stuff out of place,
Till it reaches the *Arethusa*!

The *Chichester* boys the proof can show,
And the *Arethusa*'s have but to go
The same road, d' ye see,
To rise to A.B.—

"No, no," says the doubter, "that can't be"—
But LORD SHAFTESBURY he says "Yes," says he,
"That's the work of the *Arethusa*!"

Still a fighting frigate, at WILLIAMS' * command,
She will muster a crew by their guns to stand,
And 'gainst 'tother Nick's forts by sea or land
Bear down in the *Arethusa*!

For Street-Arabs that rob and starve ashore,
She'll give old England trained tars galore,
Two hundred a year,
To band, reef, and steer,
All from blackguards turned into guards true-blue,
Till with *Chichester* boys they'll rate the crew
Of the saucy *Arethusa*!

* The Secretary of the Society.

Saints of September.

THE pilgrimage to the Shrine of St. Edmund will start from London for Pontigny on the First of September. The votaries of St. Edmund are expected to be numerous, but their number will, we fear, be exceeded by the devotees of St. Partridge.



“COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS!”

FERDINAND (*following Ariel*). “WHERE SHOULD THIS MUSIC BE? 'T THE AIR, OR THE EARTH? IT SOUNDS NO MORE! AND SURE IT WAITS UPON SOME GOD O' THE ISLAND! SITTING IN ST. STEPHEN'S,

WEeping AGAIN THE SHIPWRECKS OF THE SESSION, THIS MUSIC CREPT BY ME ON THE ROUGH WATERS, WITH ITS SWEET AIR. THENCE I HAVE FOLLOWED IT, OR IT HATH DRAWN ME, RATHER.”

A TRIP TO SPABOROUGH.

From Your Private Red Rover.



DEAR PUNCH,

La Saison est morte, vive la Saison!
"The Rover is free."

Where, O where shall the Rover go? To some cool grot where he could remember the oyster, and beard him in his nativeshell, when there's an "R" in the month?

The Rover's eye was on a place. It had been attracted, long since, by a picture of the Grand Hotel, Spaborough, Yorkshire.

"If Spaborough," said the Rover to himself, "is all that Fancy has painted it, then it must be a very charming place."

Here let me pause to say that it is *all* that Fancy has painted it: and I am bound to admit that the representation in the advertisement is not sufficiently flattering. My imagination may be, like a Hotel Company, "Limited," but I can not picture to myself a more perfect site for a Grand Hotel at any fashionable

watering-place, than that occupied by the Grand Hôtel of Spaborough.

En passant, when you are comfortably lodged, well served, and most civilly treated, it is but fair and just to make public mention of it, as it is also good and wholesome to take notice of the reverse of the medal. Other Hostalries may be as good, they can't be better; and indeed from its size, extent, and adaptability to all classes (even down to the basement on the sands, where the Cheap-Trippers are accommodated, without any detriment to the Upper Ten, i.e. the Upper-stairs Ten), the Grand Hotel is Spaborough. Externally and internally it is a magnificent building.

The Journey thither.—We reached Spaborough, in spite of all such obstacles as a Railway Company can put in your way if it only takes the trouble. The train started unpunctually, it never made up for lost time; the engine was like the donkey in the old song, "Wot wouldn't go," and panted; and snorted; and groaned as if painfully appealing to some Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Engines. Poor creature! it was obliged to stop at a place where it ought not to have stopped, in order to take in water.

The Guard cheerfully observed to me, "You're from Spaborough, Sir? 'Fraid you won't catch your train to-night." He was quite happy over it, and evidently accustomed to it. I wasn't.

Spaborough.—Arrived. A furious driver, rendered probably more furious by having had to wait for the train, whisks me through broad streets, narrow streets, round corners anyhow, depositing me at last at the door of the Grand Hotel.

The Hotel.—I was prepared for something, not for *all* this. In the train they had given me no lights, and here all was ablaze. I was emerging from the darkness like a mole. To describe it briefly in stage-direction phrase, which is familiar to your Red Rover, (whose portrait may still be seen, a penny plain and twopenny coloured, wherever toy-theatres are on sale,) I should give it thus:—*Lights full up. The Hotel is illuminated as if for some grand occasion: Sounds of revelry heard within. Music. Guests are discovered walking about. Ladies in elegant costumes, &c., &c.*

Yes, after a seven-hours-and-a-half journey, the Rover had arrived at the Grand Hotel, Spaborough, in the middle of a ball! Men in dress clothes regard me superciliously. The ladies are making remarks. I am the travel-stained wanderer. They do not seem to be aware that in my portmanteau is such an evening suit as will astonish them. My entrance, however, is dramatic and mysterious. I throw a mist of romance about it by having luckily a large waterproof cloak, which would be perfect if I hadn't got on a modern hat. However, with the exception of the hat, the situation does seem to be part of a drama. I ascend the stairs to music. On the disappearance of the gloomy stranger, the guests recover their hilarity, and the dancing is resumed.

When I come down to supper, half an hour afterwards, it is as somebody else, and, except the polite and attentive assistant Manager, the hall-porter, and perhaps two of the waiters, no one knows that I am not an *habitué*.

For those who can't rest and be thankful, or for those to whom rest means a varied round of amusements peculiar to sea-side places, and who love refreshing themselves after their laborious London pleasures with public balls, theatres, promenades, and the daily programme of the Spa, there cannot be a much better place than Spaborough.

Your Rover likes to be free, and, when he leaves London, he likes to leave Mister Dress-coat and white-tie and chimney-pot hat at home. He would leave his polished boots behind

him. By the way, a good title for a song, "*The Boots I Left Behind Me.*" More of this anon. In changing the scene, he would have no such directions for the *dramatis personæ* as, "*First dress, morning suit. Second dress, fashionable afternoon walking suit, with hat. Third dress, evening suit.*"

No; and a few days at Spaborough decide the Rover on avoiding as much as possible his fellow-man, and seeking a humble cot in a Welsh valley. Of this, also, anon. *Nous verrons.*

A Friend in Need.—Being an entire stranger here, I am delighted to meet a friend who hasn't seen me for years, and "who knows this place, Spaborough, down to the ground." He is a knowing fellow; but is evidently full of information. What can he do for me? In the kindest manner he does everything he can, including introducing me to the Manager of the Hotel, Mr. FRICOUR, who is evidently the right man in the right place, and who, with enlightened and liberal ideas of management, will, if any one can, make this huge place a huge success.

My confidentially knowing friend takes me under his wing. His first item of information is startling and curious: he says, "I'll tell you something funny here."—(By the way, I find subsequently that he generally prefaces all his morsels of intelligence with a few words which would lead you to suppose you were going to hear one of the best jokes ever told. And he invariably whispers—in a noisy whisper which attracts general attention at table—and he generally finishes with a hearty laugh at what he considers "the fun of it," or with a prodigious chuckle.) He continues, "You see the waiters here? Well," in a loud whisper, "they're all retired Dons from Oxford and Cambridge. They come down here to spend the summer, and pick up a trifle."

Was it possible or probable? I know that the ultimate end of donkeys and post-boys is still a mystery, but that College Dons should subside into waiters! On my questioning his accuracy, he says, "Dons? No. I meant Oxford scouts and Cambridge gyps,"—which, I need not say, is quite another pair of shoes. We walk on the terrace. He stops abruptly, and, taking my arm confidentially, points to a building below, and says, always whispering, as if this were a most important secret, "Here's some fun here."

I don't see it; perhaps there is. I only see a dingy building below where we're standing. I can only say, inquiringly, "Is there?"

"Yes," he replies, squeezing my elbow in his, and becoming almost red in the face with suppressed chuckles. "That's where they wash. The washing of the house is done there."

I was obliged to laugh, out of compliment. But what at? He could have told me quite seriously that that building was the Laundry. But no, he wouldn't. He sees something ridiculous in it, I suppose, but I don't. I humour him, however, and hope he doesn't often do this. But he does.

We walk to another part of the terrace. At the end there is a Restaurant's closed for the day. He stops and jogs my elbow. Then confidentially as before he points towards the Restaurant's, and says, "Rather a lark here. Such rum people come here." Then he goes off into more chuckles. We turn. He points below. He says to me, "You don't see the fun of this." If it is anything he is doing, certainly not; but I reply, "No, what is it?" "Well," he replies, chuckling heartily,



TANTALUS.

Old Party. "I SAY, MY LAD, COULD YOU EAT ONE OF THOSE KIDNEY-PIES, IF YOU WERE OFFERED ONE?"

Vulgar Boy. "EAT ONE OF THEM KIDNEY-PIES! WHY, I COULD SWALLOW THE 'OLE BLESSED LOT!"

Old Party. "COULD YOU, REALLY! NOW, I COULDN'T EAT ONE IF I WERE PAID FOR IT!" [Exit Old Party.]

as if he'd been outwitting somebody by his own unaided ingenuity, "there are bed-rooms under here." He almost goes off into a guffaw at this. Then he adds, "And below that is where the excursionists come: they have only to order their liquor, and they're provided with salt, pepper, and mustard for nothing." This is very nearly too much for him.

Next Day.—A Bank Holiday. I should say, at Spaborough, a sandbank holiday. Here's the crowd of Ramsgate and Margate and Boulogne, only with a North Country accent. But such sands, and such driving and riding races on ponies and donkeys, and such a row and noise and bustle below us superior creatures on the terraces of the Grand Hotel, from morning till late in the afternoon. York comes here, Leeds comes here, and even Manchester, for an excursion. Here you may see the new edition of *A Trip to Spaborough*. In the evening, the renowned Messrs. So-and-So are at some rooms, giving their marvellous entertainment," Mrs. Thingummy is "reading" at the Spa, Mr. and Mrs. What-you-may-call-'em are ready to delight the public at one of the theatres, and Mr. Stick-inthemud and his talented company are doing their best at another. There is a band *al fresco* for those to whom stuffy rooms and hot theatres are now an abomination; but it's pleasanter to lounge on the terrace of the Grand, smoke the fragrant havannah, and moralise on the vanity of things in general, than to mix with the giddy throng.

I have one complaint to make, and there is no remedy. I was horrified to find that there were blacks (I don't mean nigger minstrels—they're everywhere) at Spaborough; genuine London blacks, on my dressing-table; nasty smuts. I don't like mentioning this to the housemaid, as she might make the stereotyped reply everywhere made to those who complain of having been bitten in the night, "Lor, Sir! never 'eard tell of such a thing 'ere, Sir. All as I can say is, Sir, you must ha' brought 'em with you!" So she'd say to me as to the London blacks. So I keep my grief to myself.

ORDER! ORDER!

House of Commons! House of Lords!
When a Member used those words
In the good old days gone by,
"Order!" was at once the cry.
This or that was called, in case
It were named, "another place."
What next? By and by, irate
And excited in debate,
Members will, as they declaim,
Of each other speak by name!
Then what mortal can foresee
What the consequence will be?
O may Order's late transgression
Not occur again next Session!

DON CARLOS ON HIS COUNTRY.

DON CARLOS declares in his late manifesto:—

"I dream of the glory reserved to this hidalgo land, to the point of imagining that possibly she is destined to be the initiator of the purification of the active and intelligent Latin race, spread over both Continents, as the indispensable vanguard of Christian civilization."

The vanguard of the Carlist forces in Spain appears to be employed less in diffusing Christian civilisation than in waging civil war, as distinguished from civilised warfare. The former, rather than the latter, in both the Old Continent and the New, has for some time been the sphere of action in which the Latin race has chiefly distinguished itself by its activity, if not by its intelligence. There is much more reason to wish than to hope that Spain may be destined to initiate its purification. But unless that process is effected by some agency or other, that race bids fair, or rather foul, to sink to a level with the Mongolian or Malay, the Red Indian, or the Nigger. Then, perhaps, Professors, lecturing on national skulls in ethnological societies of the future, will describe the Latin race as prognathous.

Temple Gardens to Temple Bar.

HERE's a wrinkle, Temple Bar!

If you can't stay where you are.

City sites no need to try—

There's the very thing close by!

But the Rover resolves that he will flee away ("flee" being the word just now uppermost in his mind), and seek some far-off vale, where, far from excursion steamers, excursionists, niggers, spas, theatres, donkeys and their riders, he may be at rest.

Then you will again hear from

Your Own

REDDY ROVER.

P.S.—Spaborough by night is lively. Bands, crowds, fire balloons, and flirtations, Chinese lanterns, steamers, boats, and real good fireworks on the Spa, let off by the Crystal Palace artificer. By the way, I met a Cambridge Professor here. He told me he invariably came to Spaborough for five weeks' vacation. I was beginning to observe that "I supposed the attractions"—when he cut me short by saying, "O no, I don't care about these things—fireworks and all that; but Spaborough is the only place (and I've tried a lot of 'em) where they have really good Marionettes. They're first-rate here, only"—and a shade of annoyance crossed his ample forehead—"they always will play the *Babes in the Wood*, and I'm beginning to get tired of it." Not bad this for an eminent Collegiate Divine.

Friend and Fisher.

It is stated in the *Glasgow Herald* that MR. BRIGHT has been staying at Stornaway, and, on the day of his leaving that place, fished in the Creed. We are not informed that the Right Honourable Member for Birmingham caught any articles.

MAN AND DOG.—There is no foundation for the report which was neglected to be circulated last week that the proprietors of the *Daily Telegraph* and the *New York Herald* have telegraphed to MR. H. M. STANLEY to go and find "BRUMMY" and "Physic."

ONE-AND-THREE!

(Letter from M. FICTOR NOGO, Author of "Une-et-Trois," to our Eminent Translator.)

Y HONOURABLE
CO-LABOUREUR,

YOUR noble and glorious translation of my immortal work touches me profoundly.

I felicitate London. London, in publishing a work of mine, draws to itself the attention of the civilised world. London swells with pride under the benignant sway of a Lord Mayor. The LORD MAYOR crowns poets, glorifies literature. He decks you with turtle, and thus does homage to Genius. You represent Genius, for you represent me. Thus I am shadowed: for this I embrace you in spirit. You have co-mingled your ideas with mine.

You and I, the Translator and the

Translated; the Adapter and the Adapted—it is grand. More than grand—it is stupendous. More than stupendous, it is colossal.

I regret to be absent from you. I have seen a sun-light portrait of you. It has only a half-face; hirsutely concealed. You have more cheek than is visible in this picture. Could I be near you, and yet not so as to see your face, you should feel the expression of my sentiments towards you. I speak emphatically the truth. You should receive an impression of my presence—profound, transcendent, indelible. I would give you my hand; both my hands, with my whole heart.

One such book as *One-and-Three* suffices for a lifetime. Nothing more pathetic, nothing more dramatic, nothing more original. You will understand me to speak of *Une-et-Trois*, not of your representation of it as *One-and-Three*.

I again felicitate you on being at so great a distance as you are from me,

FICTOR NOGO.

DESPERATE RESOLVES OF THE LAST MAN
LEFT IN TOWN.

To visit the National Gallery (for the first time), as an Englishman should really know something about the Art-Treasures of his native country.

To spend an hour at the Tower (also for the first time), because there you will be able to brighten up your historical recollections which have become rather rusty since you took your B.A. degree just fifteen years ago.

To enter St. Paul's Cathedral with a view to thinking out a really, good plan of decoration for the benefit of those who read letters addressed to the Editor of the *Times*.

To take a ride in an omnibus from Piccadilly to Brompton to see what the interior of the vehicle in question is like, and therein to study the manners and customs of the English Middle Classes.

To walk in Rotten Row between the hours of twelve (noon) and two (P.M.) to see how the place looks without any people in it.

To have your photograph taken in your Militia Uniform, as now there is no one in Town to watch you getting out of a cab in full War Paint.

To stroll into MURKIN'S Library to get all the new novels, because after reading them you may suddenly find yourself inspired to write a critique that will make your name (when the article has been accepted and published) as a most accomplished reviewer.

To read all the newspapers and magazines at the hairdresser's while your head is being shampooed (for the fourth time), as now is the time for improving your mind (occupied with so many other things during the season) with popular current literature.

To walk to your Club (closed for repairs, &c.) to see how the workmen are progressing with the stone scraping of the exterior, as you feel yourself responsible to hundreds of your fellow-creatures as a Member of the House Committee.

To write a long letter to your friend BROWN, of the 121st Foot, now in India with his Regiment, to tell him how nothing is going on anywhere, because you have not written to him since he said "good-bye" to you at Southampton.

To go home to bed at nine o'clock, as early hours are good for the health, and because there is really nothing else to do.

And last, but not least, to leave London for the Country by the very first train to-morrow morning!

MORE EFFECTS OF THE HIGH TEMPERATURE.

MR. KERR MURDERSON, having quarrelled with his wife, whom he expects to join next week at the sea-side, is delighted with the thought that he will have a cool reception.

LORD FOPPINGTON has been seen walking out without his gloves, and with rather a limp shirt collar.

CAPTAIN COOLGARD has astonished his young friend, ENSIGN GOOSESTEPPE, by winning a cool hundred of him, in spite of the high temperature.

MR. BENSWEING has been dining lately in his wine-cellar, as he fears that his old port may be mulled in this hot weather by being taken up-stairs.

It is whispered at the mess-table that gallant MAJOR FIREBRACK would have proposed last week, but the charming widow vowed she really couldn't stand the warmth of his preliminary expressions.

Kennedy Corrected.

You tell us "DOCTOR MOSS's cuts eight-score
A mere flea-bite to me seem to have been"—
"Flea-bite to me?" pray let Punch underscore—
"Phlebotomy" he thinks it is you mean.



THE CAR-DRIVINGEST NATION IN THE WORLD.

Saxon Tourist. "STOP! STOP! I SAY. YOU'VE PASSED THE ROAD HERE ON THE LEFT!"

Car-Drivingest One. "AGH, SHURE I KNOW'T RIGHT WELL, AN' I THRAV'LIN' ON THE ROAD THIS TWINTY YEAR! BUT WHAT SIGNIFIES, YER HONOUR, WHIN I WANT TO EATE THE LAD FOREINIST! SHURE, I'LL ROWL YE BACK AGAIN FOR NOTHIN', AN' THAT'S FAIR PLAY, QUITE CONVENIENT TO ANY SPOT YE MINTION!"

WESTRY WISEACRES.

St. Bunpus Ward.

SIR,—As you may not, perhaps, be aware that the watering of our streets is now managed by a Special Committee, chosen from our most intelligent Vestrymen, and known as the Insanitary Committee, I send you a condensed report of their last meeting.

YOUR OWN MISINFORMANT.

MR. A. thought the streets required watering.

MR. B. urged that it would be flying in the face of Providence to alter the results of hot weather—one of which was dust.

MR. C. differed from MR. B. on the Education Question.

MR. D. thought water-carts looked most natural on a rainy day.

MR. E. considered dust rather agreeable than otherwise.

MR. F. suggested a compromise. Empty water-carts would not be objectionable.

MR. G. was astounded at the indifference of members to great principles. Let them draw up a petition for Disestablishment without delay.

MR. H. differed on principle from anything advanced by MR. G.

MR. I. thought if dust kept people at home, so much the better.

MR. J. wondered if the Bank would advance the rate of discount.

MR. K. said one half of the carts were too shabby to send out.

MR. L. said the other half were newly painted, and it would be a shame to send them out on a dusty road.

MR. M. asked for a return of the denominational differences between members of the Committee.

MR. N. considered dust good for the dress trade.

MR. O. did not think there was any dust to complain of.

MR. P. remarked that it was easy to see the two last speakers were drapers.

MR. Q. suggested that India-rubber-ware manufacturers should not throw stones.

MR. R. did not put sand in his sugars like some people.

The observations of the next few speakers were inaudible, but a great deal of the furniture changed places, and several members of the Committee were carried away by their feelings, and the Police.

Order having been restored,

MR. Y. Z. remarked that the discussion was interesting, but superfluous, as there had been no water supply for some weeks.

Thereupon it was unanimously resolved—

That the old carts be sent to repair.

That the new ones be sent to the South Kensington Museum.

That the drivers and horses be incorporated with the Volunteer Artillery for the Autumn Manœuvres.

That the Committee do adjourn until wet weather.

A Dry Humorist.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON, is becoming conspicuous as a rising joker in the House of Commons. He poured out upon Fiji annexation a flow of eloquence worthy of comparison with a rollicking after-supper oration delivered near Cross time by a (cultivated and refined) Chairman of a "free-and-easy." Can such eloquence be inspired by mere tea? For all his championship of the doleful United Kingdom Alliance, it cannot be denied that SIR WILFRID is a fit representative of "merry Carlisle."

A Labour for Hercules.

THE Government has directed SIR HERCULES ROBINSON to proceed to the Fiji Islands in order to see whether their annexation to this country is advisable. According to SIR CHARLES DILKE, whoever annexes Fiji "will have twenty thousand ferocious mountaineers to subjugate and remove." That would be a labour worthy of HERCULES, to which, if appointed him, let us hope that ROBINSON will prove equal.



A RASH REFUSAL.

Customer (flying from Importunate Tradesman). "NO, THANK YOU, NOTHING MORE, REALLY! NOT ANOTHER ARTICLE, THANK YOU! GOOD MORNING!"
 [Escapes—ha! ha!—refusing his own Umbrella!]

LEGITIMATE SCIENCE FOR SPAIN.

DON CARLOS has been interviewed by a Correspondent of the *New York Herald*. The King explained with a frankness worthy of BISMARCK, what he means to do when he shall have gained his crown. He wishes Spain to advance in civilisation, and not lag behind other nations in education and science. "His Bourbon Majesty," however, added:—

"But there is something radically wrong in modern currents of thought and modern systems of education. The world is rushing into gross materialism and unbelief—a materialism which, if not checked, will end in the extinction of the human race. The fault of all this is in the modern godless system of education, the modern methods of investigation. The so-called *savans* of the day, who will be called fools by the *savans* of twenty years hence, wish us to discard the truth which has borne the test of ages, and to accept their whimsical theories instead. Spain shall never do this if I can help it. Religion and education should go hand in hand with each other; for science without religion is blind."

The encouragement of true and orthodox, as opposed to false and heretical science in Spain, would be greatly assisted by ably-written treatises in support of the former and in refutation of the latter. Prizes might be offered for productions of the following description:—

Ptolemaeus Redivivus. A Confutation of COPERNICUS, GALILEO, and NEWTON, demonstrating that the sun moves round the earth, and that this world is the centre of the universe. To which might be usefully added a translation of the pamphlet of "PARALLAX" (not Paradox), lately published, arguing the globe to be not an oblate spheroid, as the astronomers do falsely teach, but flat like a cheese. Also an Appendix, essaying to prove that the blue sky overhead is a crystalline vault, with the celestial regions on the other side of it.

A Confutation of Chemistry. In this work it might be maintained that the elements of matter do not exceed four; that air, earth, and water are simple bodies, and that the elementary substances, so-called by modern chemical theorists, have no existence.

Geology All Humbug. The chief points to be inculcated will be, that the world is but little above five thousand years old, and that all the alleged fossil remains of extinct animals, except those of the Dodo, are *lusus naturæ*.

An Expurgated History of the World. From this record of events all facts

which heretics and Liberals are accustomed to adduce in support of their errors are to be carefully excluded.

Should the "King" of Spain ever come to rule his dominions, he is quite welcome to the foregoing hints.

VASSAR-MAIDENS.

"The young ladies of Vassar College have decided to spend their summer vacation as waitresses in the leading hotels at Saratoga, &c. This is expected to greatly refine the tone of hotel society, while it will supply the young ladies themselves with pocket-money, free board, and highly valuable knowledge of the world."—*American Paper*.

VASSAR-she-students, who
 Summer vacation through,
 Feel woman's work to do
 E'en a blue belle helps,
 Drop from the Muses' chase
 Back to the female race,
 And at a watering-place
 Hire as hotel-helps!

Cut Greek and Latin text,
 Drop Metaphysics vext,
 Algebra y and x^d
 Fly at a tangent,
 To Saratoga, where
 Crowds City-waste repair,
 Keen in the keen sea air,
 "Hauriant" and "Mangeant"!*

Mistresses free of Arts,
 Bachelors help with hearts,
 And well-planned dinner-cartes
 As their auxiliaries,—
 Such water privilege
 In this dead level age,
 Might each blue devil edge
 Out of one's biliaries!

Scorning the scoff o' bores,
 Fair female sophomores,
 For their board offer chores†—
 Helps, neat and meet, of man—
 PLATO drop, plates to change,
 Leave their books, beds to range;‡
 Nor to toil feel it strange,
 Meek at the feet of man.

Nature although you pack
 Out with a fork, she'll back
 Still to her beaten track—
 So says the poet:—
 Vassar's she-students blue
 Prove the old proverb true,
 All Saratoga through
 Helping to show it.

Muse changed to maiden see,
 Gaily and gracefully,
 From high to low degree,
 Stooping to conquer:
 Hers still the highest class,
 Whom her love hails the lass
 Mistress of Arts to pass,
Maitresse de son cœur!

What's the next steamer, please,
 O'er the Atlantic seas,
 Let me take ship to these
 Fortunate regions,
 Where Saratoga stands,
 Whose happy shore commands
 Help of your dainty hands,
 Vassar-Collegians!

Though with small crop of these
 Faiths in Hydropathies,
 Punch would a wrap o' these
 Wet sheets endure,
 Could he rely upon
 Such helps to try upon,
 He'd not look shy upon
 This "Vassar-cure."

* The high heraldic phrase for what is vulgarly called "drinking and eating."

† "Chore"—any piece of household work. Once Old English, now American.

‡ "Naturam expellas furca, tamen usque recurret."

IN HIGHLANDS AND ISLANDS.

(Our Private Bulletin.)



Burn.—I call the island a gross-misnomer, as there is nothing to drink in it but whiskey, which, with the adjacent "Egg," may be supposed to have given rise to the neighbouring "Mull"—hot drinks being the natural resource of both natives and visitors in such weather as we've had ever since I crossed the Tweed. I have seen one bird—at least so the gilly says—after six tumblers, but to me it had all the appearance of a brace.

Skye.—Birds wild. Sportamen, ditto. Sky a gloomy grey—your Correspondent and the milk at the hotel at Corrieverriealuhahin alike sky-blue.

Cantire.—Can't you? Try tramping the moors for eight hours after a pack of preternaturally old birds that know better than let you get within half a mile of their tails. Then see if you can't tire. I beg your pardon, but if you knew what it was to make jokes under my present circumstances, you'd give it up, or do worse. If I should not turn up shortly, and you hear of an inquest on a young man, in one of BENJAMIN'S Heather-Mixture suits, with a HENRY'S central-fire breech-loader, and a roll of new notes in his possession found hanging wet-through, in his braces in some remote Highland shieling—break it gently to the family of

YOUR SPORTING CONTRIBUTOR.

THE following are the notes we have received from our Sporting Contributor. I wish we could say they were a fair equivalent for the notes he has received from us, to say nothing of that new HENRY'S patent double central-fire breech-loader, with all the latest improvements, and one of MR. BENJAMIN'S Heather-Mixture suits. Such as they are we print them, with the unsatisfactory consolation that if the notes are bad they are like the sport and the birds. Of all these it may be said that "bad is the best."

North and South Uist.—The awfully hard weather—the natives call it "soft" here—having rendered the chances of winged game out of the question, the sportsmen who have rented the shootings are glad to try the chances of the game, sitting, and have confined themselves to the Whist from which the islands take their name. Being only two, they are reduced to double dummy. As the rental of the Uist Moors is £400, they find the points come rather high—so far.

Harris.—In spite of repeated inquiries, the proprietress of the island was not visible. Her friend, Mrs. Gump, now here on a visit, declares she saw Mrs. H. very recently, but was quite unable to give me any information as to shootings, except the shootings of her own corne.

Fifehire.—The renters of the Fife shootings generally have been seriously considering the feasibility of combining with those of the once well-stocked Drum Moor in Aberdeenshire, to get up something like a band—of hope, that a bag may be made some day. Thus far, the only bags made have been those of the proprietors of the shootings, who have bagged heavy rentals.

HINTS GRATIS FOR COVENT GARDEN CONCERT.

AT MESSRS. GATTI'S Musical-Refreshment-and-Promenade Concert, conducted by a French composer, who might have been somebody in *Opéra bouffe* if OFFENBACH had been nobody, we see that the entertainment concluded with the "Sleigh Polka." Was this Polka composed on the spot or danced on the spot by the eminent Serjeant-at-Law whose name it bears? Being successful, SERJEANT SLEIGH is be congratulated. But here's a hint for a future programme: why not have a "Legal part" to the concert? Instead of the Ashantee musical nonsense in the worst possible taste, let there be such an attraction as this, e.g.—

"In consequence of the great success of the

SLEIGH POLKA,

it will be repeated nightly, and in addition will be given the new Terpsichorean Music, with explanatory libretto, entitled The

BALLANTINE BALLET.

After which a new set of Quadrilles called, after another learned Serjeant,

À LA MODE DE PARRY!

Which will be followed by a composition, imitated from the old style, entitled

THE COCKBURN CORANTO AND THE MELLOR MINUET.

In preparation, the Phillimore Fandango and other legally musical pieces, and on one evening only, on account of its repetition being utterly impossible,

THE GREAT KENEALY BREAK-DOWN!"

Now the above would be a collection of novelties; and such enterprising caterers for the public taste in ices, lemonade, gingerbeer, coffee, &c., &c., as are the MESSRS. GATTI, might find it an easy matter, and quite in their line, to secure the attendance of the eminent Lawyers abovementioned by providing them with constant "Refreshers."

A MISPLACED CRITICISM.

THE first line of a new Toll-table for Windsor Bridge specifies that:—

"For every hearse or coach passing over the bridge with a dead corpse, there shall be a charge of 6s. 8d."

This paragraph has been derisively quoted under heading of "Killing the Dead." Kind friends may have cut it out and sent it to members of the Corporation of Windsor. Take heart, your Worship. Let them gird at you that list. Ask them who it was that wrote:—

"What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon?"

Bid them give Windsor none of their sauce, and tell them to go to Stratford-on-Avon.

Your real mistake touching the "dead corpse" lies in charging 6s. 8d. for the carriage which conveys it over your bridge. Or is it because you consider dead weight so much heavier than living, that you tax it at a figure only too familiar to us hitherto in connection with lawyers' conveyancing, but not undertakers'.

The March of Intellect North o' Tweed.

It may well be said that in Scotland wisdom comes out of the mouths of babes and sucklings, when we find the Edinburgh School Board advertising for "an Infant Mistress and Three Certificated Assistants, one Male and two Female"—infants, also, we presume—for their Public Schools. In spite of the proverbial parsimony of our neighbours ayont the Tweed, we find the Edinburgh Board offering what it calls a "minimum," but what we Saxon peck-puddings would have called a "maximum," salary of £60 to the Infant Mistress and Male, and £50 to the Female, Assistants! Who can say that Scotland is not the School-master's Paradise, when even an infant with the gift of teaching can begin where many an English School-master leaves off, at £60 a-year?



FEMALE INFLUENCE.

(Master Tommy, the hero of the cricket-field—and of a hundred fights—comes Home for the Holidays.)

Master Tommy. "NOW, THEN, WHICH GOES ON FIRST—THE FLANNEL PETTICOAT, OR THIS ONE!"

THE RAILWAY GAME OF EXCURSIONS.

It is not surprising, after the success that has attended Badminton, Lawn Tennis, and other out-of-door games, that the Directors of many influential Railway Companies should have invented the following rules for the proper playing of the above-named popular diversion. It is only just, however, to state that, in framing these regulations, the Directors do not accept any responsibility for anything beyond that imposed by the Bye-laws of the Companies to which they respectively belong.

The game of Excursions shall be played in a Train, with a limited number of Carriages, with an unlimited number of Passengers.

The players shall consist of the Directors and their officers (Station-masters and Guards) on the one side, and of the Passengers (representing the Public) on the other.

The game consists in the Directors and their officers obtaining the maximum of profit out of the Public, for the minimum of comfort.

The Train having started, the Passengers will find themselves sorted into three classes. The first move (which will be played by the Directors and their officers) is called "shunting the Train on to a siding." When this is done, the Passengers lose a couple of hours.

When a Train arrives at a station, the Directors and their officers will attempt to force a number of noisy third-class ticket-holders into first-class carriages. Should they succeed in this, the first-class Passengers lose their patience.

Should the Passengers take the laws into their own hands and break any rules of the Directors and their officers, they pay into the pool forty shillings. (See Bye-laws.)

A Passenger may attempt to take a Guard into his confidence, when it will be the duty of the Station-master to give the signal for the starting of the train, so that the Passenger may gain no advantage by this move.

If a Passenger complains violently to a Guard, that officer shall be at liberty to laugh in the Passenger's face, and shall immediately whistle for the Train to move on.

Should a collision occur, those of the Passengers who survive shall

appeal to a Judge for compensation, when it will be the game of the Directors and their officers to oppose the application to the full extent of their strength and wealth.

A letter of complaint to the Newspapers will count one to the Passengers: but, unless followed up, carries no further advantage.

To such a letter the Directors and their officers are entitled to reply immediately with a letter of explanation, and the game commences afresh.

BIG GOOSEBERRY PUDDING.

(A delicious dish for the Dull Season.)

TAKE a couple of fine railway accidents and chop up one or two passengers into little bits, allowing your details to simmer steadily through a heated fortnight's correspondence. Add to this several gallons of putrid milk, taking care to spread them freely over a crowded neighbourhood. Your public will now be at boiling point. Shred in briskly an escaped tiger, a high life scandal, and a brace of nonagenarians, adding, if you can procure one, a storm of hail as big as ostrich eggs. Shake the whole up with a South American earthquake, and flavour according to taste with rumours of a European war. Warm up when wanted over a London bonded warehouse or Western American City or Prairie on fire, and serve red-hot in leaded type.

Chivalry Afloat.

AMONG the sports of the Cowes Town Regatta, a local paper mentions "The ancient game of Quintain":—"Knights armed with lances will tilt at a revolving target attached to a mast in the water." The reader may wonder on what steeds these aquatic Knights can have been mounted, and perhaps conceive of this chivalry of Neptune as horse-marines. It is even to be feared that there are some wretches who have not hesitated to remark that such a tournament appears less appropriate to Cowes than Ryde.



A PLEASURE EXCURSION—"FIRST-CLASS"!!

EXCURSIONIST "BOUGH." "DON'T LIKE THE 'ARMONY, GUV'NOR! WHY WE'RE TWO HOURS BE-IND TIME, AND IT'S 'ABD IF WE MAYN'T ENJOY OURSELVES!"

MIDDLE-AGED GENTLEMAN, "ENJOY YOURSELVES! DO YOU KNOW I'M A DIRECTOR, SIR?"

BOUGH. "DIRECTOR BE BLOW'D! DIRECTORS KNOW TOO JOLLY WELT WOT'S WOT TO TRUST THEIRSELVES IN A 'SCURSION TRAIN!"

SCOTCH "WUT."



RENDED for his opinion on the subject of MARSHAL BAZAINE's escape from prison, quoth SANDY McWHALLOP the other day, "Mon, I aye thoct that it wad be 's a' fault if he didna gie them the slip sometime whatever. Besides, hanna the pur mon been made a scape-goat o', and why wadna he scape?"

In the hopes of bringing the above jokes down to a level with the perception of the most hard-headed Scotchman, we have printed in italics the words in which the "wut" may be looked for. We shall be glad to hear from any North Briton who sees the points.

A PLEA FOR FAIR PLAY.

"PRINCE BISMARCK," (says the *Times*) "has received a letter from some working men, expressing their determination to avenge any attempt on his life by murdering a Catholic Bishop for every bullet which does not hit him, and two Bishops for every bullet which hits; while the one that really killed him should cost the Pope his life."

WE are not told that PRINCE BISMARCK reprobated the tone and spirit of this document. But reverse the picture. Suppose it to have emanated from some fanatical band of Catholic working men, who had addressed the POPE, telling him "of their determination to murder a Prussian General for every bullet that did not hit His Holiness, and two Prussian Generals for every bullet that did hit; while the one that should kill the POPE should cost the EMPEROR WILLIAM his life,"—what an outcry there would have been. How many fresh penal laws would have been enacted in Germany, and how every journal would have denounced the nefarious schemes of the Ultramontanes. And if the POPE had not rebuked these misguided men, what odium would not PIUS THE NINTH have incurred; and justly. But PRINCE BISMARCK has not replied to these fanatics; he is silent, and silence gives consent. We hope, for the honour of humanity, and of BISMARCK, that the story is untrue. Still, at present, there it is—uncontradicted.

To a COMMUNIST.—Are you not mistaken? We never understood that Dr. FAIRBANKS, to whom a statue has just been erected at Birmingham, was in any way connected with the Ritualistic movement.

SONG FOR THE TOWN-TIED SPORTSMAN.—"How happy could I be with heather!"

HOLIDAY HAPPY THOUGHTS.

At Penmaenmawr, North Wales. With a Note-Book, Diary, and Maps.

CHIEF Attractions.—Penmaenmawr, the Mountain itself, and MR. GLADSTONE in the neighbourhood.

Happy Thought (something Mahomedan).—If Penmaenmawr won't come to MR. GLADSTONE, MR. GLADSTONE must go to Penmaenmawr. Clear and logical reason. The result of reading VAN BUREN.

Standing on the beach, I meet GREGGOWAN, who's been here before, and knows all about it. He says, "Halle! you here!" as if I were intruding. Then he asks me, "Have you been up Penmaenmawr? Have you seen the Druidical Circle? Have you seen MR. GLADSTONE? He's here."

Meeting several people, one after the other, they ask me, invariably, these three questions. Now, when I come across an acquaintance, I say to him at once, 'I've not been up Penmaenmawr. I've not seen the Druidical Circle. MR. GLADSTONE is here. I've seen him.'

If I were an American journalist I should interview him, or write an account of how I interviewed him. I can imagine it thus:—

"I was admitted into the back-kitchen of the small but marvellously clean farm-cottage where the great ex-Premier usually puts up during his holidays. The truckle bed was wheeled on one side into a corner, and covered with a rare piece of genuine old patch-work. The Right Honourable Gentleman's travelling-bag (called after himself 'the Gladstone') lay in a corner; while his hair-brushes, comb, sponge, tooth-brush, and other necessities and articles de luxe connected with the toilette, were arranged in a most orderly manner on a chest of drawers, which one glance sufficed to show me served both for a dressing-table and receptacle for such linen and clothes as he might have brought with him" (&c., &c., in this style for two columns.) Then—

"The Right Honourable Gentleman was sitting in an old-fashioned wooden chair, deeply engaged in the perusal of a quaint-looking volume, which, on his laying it down, I ascertained was labelled 'VAN ESEN.' On the table, near him, was a book of Lectures by CANON LIDDON, a Greek grammar, a lexicon, a Homer, and a school translation (known in Welsh as a 'Krib'), while over the mantel-piece hung a flute, a blunderbuss, and an alpenstock. I begged him not to move, and inquired whether as yet he had made the ascent of Penmaenmawr. He replied, 'Well, Sir, there are three courses open to me—either to walk up, or ride up, or stay where I am.' I admitted this, but observed that unless the ascent had been previously made, the descent was almost impossible. He

smiled thoughtfully, and then remarked: 'This acute objection of yours has often occurred to me. Yet were I at the summit of the mountain, there would be still three courses open to me—either to walk down on my legs, or to slide down not on my legs, or to remain on the top.' After discussing many topics of local interest, and conversing in the Welsh language, in which I found he was almost my equal, I inquired—alluding to the instrument over the chimney-piece—whether he played the flute? The ex-Premier immediately took it down, and performed, in a most touching manner, the exquisite old Welsh air, 'De'wch y Curo.' I own that I could not restrain my tears, nor could he; and for some minutes after he had blown the last note, we sat in silence, weeping copiously. On recovering ourselves, I asked him, cheerfully, if he had seen the Druidical Stones? He answered with a sly question, 'What would CARDWELL say?' I laughed, and he poked me in the ribs with his umbrella, which he had playfully passed under the table for that purpose. He told me he had a *Dyn* to wait on him, and a *Dynes* to cook. In proof that he was not idle, he showed me some *Papyr ysgrifenu*, and said that he was working '*naw orian Heddys*.' He read me a quarter of the first book of the *Iliad* in Welsh, and observed that he inclined to the theory that HOMER was a Welshman. After sitting with him for four hours, during which time he regaled me with *Bara, ymenyn, Caws, wy, Cig oer, and Cwrs*, I wished him '*Nosdaoch*,' and left him, promising to look in again to-morrow, 'when,' he said, 'I will tell you what I intend doing next Session.'

I don't do this, however, but walk about and observe.

Geographical Note.—On the right in the distance is the Great Orme's Head. Who was Great Orme? This question suggests a

Happy Thought.—Write a history of Wales. Once having begun finding out who Great Orme was, the rest would be easy. Also, learn Welsh.

Opposite is Puffin Island. Evidently, by its name, the place of all others for Gigantic Advertisers to live. England is so disfigured all over with advertisements that it might itself come to be called "Puffin" Island."

Note.—In Penmaenmawr everybody, or nearly everybody, who is anybody, is named JONES. I shall not be accused of being a Puffin Islander if I say that here MR. JONES is most civil and obliging, and the presence of MRS. JONES sheds a lustre over the shop which perfectly compensates for gas. Everyone will be delighted, and no one hurt, when I say that JONES is a capital butcher, a first-rate grocer, an intelligent banker, a careful flyman, an unexceptionable chemist, a trustworthy fishmonger, a punctual postman, an excellent baker, and a generally invaluable person. As a stranger, and taking only a first superficial view of Penmaenmawr, I cannot conceive what we should do here without JONES.



"MEN WERE DECEIVERS EVER."

MR. PUNCH IS AT PRESENT IN THE HIGHLANDS "A-CHASING THE DEER."
MRS. PUNCH IS AT HOME, AND HAS PROMISED ALL HER FRIENDS HAUNCHES
OF VENISON AS SOON AS THEY ARRIVE!

THE CASUAL'S COMPLAINT.

(See Report on the mysterious Dwarf and Dog Fight, in
"Land and Water.")

If *LAND AND WATER*'s in a fog:
Is that a motive manly,
A brother penman's steps to dog
Throughout the town of Hanley?

Dog! How the word thrills through my brain!
What guineas would I forfeit,
If I could find the pit again
Wherein that dog and dwarf fit!

O hateful *Physic*! Huge of maw,
Swift rats or dwarfs to slaughter—
I'd rather face thy weight of jaw
Than that of *Land and Water*!

O vanished *BRUMMY*! Quilp of roughs,
With muscle tough as wire in,
Better your hugs and fisticuffs
Than *BUCKLAND*'s close inquiries.

He casts a slur upon my word,
Of doubt makes strong suggestion:
"Where was I on the twenty-third?"—
"Where am I now?" 's the question.

While cook in my peculiar walk,
I'm willing to let *STANLEY*
Be sent, and to stop sneerers' talk
Find Dog and Dwarf in Hanley!

Meantime, would I could chronicle
A fight, unseen of any,
Where dog dwarf, and dwarf dog should kill,
Like cats of famed Kilkenny.

Then *Land and Water* should receive
Permission free to find 'em;
Since, being both chawed up, they'd leave
Not e'en their tails behind 'em.

"VERY HARD LINES."—The Railways.

Observation.—Everybody walks about with a leather bag and an alpenstock.

Happy Thought.—Get an alpenstock, and go up somewhere.

I do get one; and feel like a merry mountaineer. On subsequently climbing, I find that I feel much more like a merry mountaineer when on the high road—

[*Happy Thought.*—High road quite high enough for me, without going up a mountain.]

—than when upon a height overlooking a lovely view.

GIGGLESWADE, who is a great walker and climber, says, "O, you must come up and see the Druidical Circle. It's no distance."

I make the following determination during the ascent to this confounded Druidical Circle (which is a distance, and GIGGLESWADE's an ass), that I will not go up anywhere else; but, so as to prevent the immediate reproach, "O, you ought to have been up," &c., I will simply say I have been up, or that I went up as far as I wanted, and I'll immediately turn on them with, "Ah! but have you seen the Druidical Stones?"

What I object to in GIGGLESWADE's going up a mountain is, that he won't stop to look at the view.

I say to him, after stopping for the fifth time in the first half-hour to draw GIGGLESWADE's attention to the view, which he would miss but for me, "I'm afraid I'm not quite in training for this sort of work."

He laughs boisterously as he returns, "A little touched in the wind, eh? Never mind; there's plenty of that article on the mountain."

He is right; there is. So to express it, I don't so much lose my breath as that I have it blown out of me.

Note for Mountaineers.—An alpenstock is very useful if you always get a soft but firm place to fix it in, if you don't strike it against a stone, in which case it slips away and you fall, and if you don't hit your toe with it or get it between your legs. In fact, the less I try to do with my alpenstock the more useful I find it.

At the Druid's Circle.—At last. There's nothing to be enthusiastic about. Yes: there are stones, the highest about four feet high, and the whole thing wants doing up and repairing. Why

don't JONESES rebuild this Druidical Temple in the winter time, when they can't have anything particular to do?

GIGGLESWADE informs me that all these mountains belong to different people. Why I thought they were free. "On the contrary," says GIGGLESWADE, "strictly speaking, we're trespassing."

Happy Thought.—If they belonged to me, I'd have gates and men in the summer, and charge half-a-crown entrance. I'd let tourists know what it was to possess a mountain. But, good gracious! what mines of wealth are being yearly thrown away! I'm told (by GIGGLESWADE) that Snowdon belongs to somebody; and yet admission is free!

Here'd be a place for Temple Bar in the middle of the Druidical Circle, and for the Lion from Northumberland House.

But does every place everywhere belong to somebody? Are we always trespassing? How about Mont Blanc? Why, here's a neglected opportunity for a promoter of schemes. The "Hill and Mountain Company (Limited)." With a large capital they could buy the hills and mountains and waterfalls everywhere.

Only, stop—

If this went on, England, in time, would be the property of a Company Limited. Well, and why not? India was. There'd be admission at the various ports and harbours, and you'd pay so much for entrance. Think this out, and prepare an Essay on the Future Greatness of England considered as a show-place.

Certainly the mountain air does agree with me.

Happy Thought.—Think I'll go, and if I see MR. GLADSTONE on the sands, suggest the above idea to him. Disestablish England, and make it a Company Limited.

Quiet Churchmen.

Two eminent Divines often mentioned, but never interfering, are Bishop Stortford, the Eastern (Counties) Bishop, and Dean Forest, into whose condition, however, a Parliamentary Committee has just been inquiring.



"BELIEVE IN YOURSELF, AND OTHERS WILL BELIEVE IN YOU."

Monsieur Bilboquet ("Peintre Académicien"). "I TELL YOU, SARR, ZAT ZE SECRET OF ALL TRUE ART IS LOST, AND ZAT PAINTING IS A ZING OF ZE PAST. ZERE ARE NOT MORE ZAN SARR MEN LIVING WHO ARE WORZY OF ZE NAME OF PAINTER!"

His Patron and Admirer. "YES—YES. AND WHO ARE THE THREE MEN, MONSIEUR BILBOQUET!"

Monsieur Bilboquet. "VELL, I AM ONE OF ZEM! I HAVE FORGOTTEN ZE NAMES OF ZE TWO OZERS!"

ON THE ROAD.

In these days of public Conferences, held by all classes of the community, it is not presumptuous to suppose that sooner or later we shall hear of a Cab Congress. Should such a meeting ever take place, it is to be expected that the following subjects will be brought under discussion by those interested in the movement:—

(Subject.) The Four-wheeler and its advantages as a sleeping-place for Cab-drivers. Sectional—The use of Nose-bags for pillows, with a few words relative to the advisability of smoking Clay-pipes with all the windows closed.

(Subject.) The Management of Fares. Sectional—On Fares who are supposed to consider themselves entitled to call themselves "Gentlemen."

(Subject.) The Resemblance of the Four-wheeler to the Bathing-machine. Sectional—Springs in their relation to Luggage.

(Subject.) The difference existing between the public's Mile and the Mile recognised by the Cab-driver. Sectional—The use of "short-cuts" with regard to fares from the country and abroad.

(Subject.) Modern languages and their adaptability to the use of Cab-drivers. Sectional—Some account of the meaning and derivation of the words "chaff" and "alang" with examples.

(Subject.) The Police and the Cab-Drivers. Sectional—On some methods of evading Rules and Regulations.

(Subject.) Driving: Slow, Fast, and Furious. Sectional—On the difficulty attending an attempt to consult the wishes of an impatient Fare without incurring heavy punishment for incidental accidents.

(Subject.) Cabman's Finance. 1. Payments to Cab-owners. 2. Receipts from Fares. 3. Demands from Wives and Children. Sectional—Some Thoughts about Home in a Workhouse.

THE LANGUAGE OF FLOWERS.—When the Roses sweetly breathe a Dew.

A VOICE FROM THE SOLITUDE.

Lo the falcon poises
High in ether sunny,
Watching for his quarry
On the fells below:
Far from London noises,
And the toil for money.
Where? I should be sorry
For the world to know.

As upon the smartest
Of the tribe of weasel
Drops that goshawk glorious
From the cloudless blue,
So the eager artist,
Packing up his easel,
Would be here victorious
In a day or two.

Chasm and sleepy hollow,
Mountain streams that hurry
Down tremendous gradient—
All would suit his brush:
Him too soon would follow
Myrmidon of Marmar,
With descriptions radiant.
Wherefore let us "hush!"

Let us watch the vapours
In the hot sky perish
As we race in lonely
Bay our boat for lunch.
Write not to the papers,
But our secret cherish,
Or commit it only
To the ear of Punch.

Toil that tends to cripple
All the mind's resources,
Riving brain asunder,
Is forgot this day,
By the lake's clear ripple,
Where the mighty "forces"
Downward as they thunder
Madden into spray.

Pools there are for headers,
Where swift streams are filling
Granite basins yonder,
Fresh as Tempe's well.
Mountain pathway treaders,
Up, through silence thrilling,
Up, but where we wander
Never let us tell!

If we've found a corner
Sacred from the "voicing"
Of descriptive leaders,
Innocent of ink,
In it, like *Jack Horner*
O'er our plum rejoicing—
Thoughts not meant for readers
Let us sit and think!

BATHERS AND BUOYS.

THERE was perhaps something in what the wiseacre who had narrowly escaped drowning meant, when he said that he would never go into the water again until he had learned to swim. By accounts from Lausanne, a man was drowned the other day in Lake Leman. "He does not appear to have been a swimmer, and was tempted out of his depth by the use of an air-belt." If bathers who are no swimmers will carefully mind to swim within shallow water until able to swim without support, they will then be in case to strike out into deep without fear and without foolishness. Otherwise not. Look you, dear reader, sojourning at the sea-side, now turning over these pages on the yellow sands—never go out of it into the waves until you are able to swim like porpoises, and dispense with buoys. It is as easy to learn swimming in four feet of water as in ten—and much safer. Respect this!



BREAKFAST AT OUR BATHING-PLACE.

Emily (to Boy on Horse). "LOOK HERE. FETCH SOME MORE STRAWBERRIES; AND THIS TIME MIND YOU DON'T DRINK THE CREAM!"

LOOKING OVER LINCOLN.

Query the BISHOP OF LINCOLN's impression
As to who should be 'Reverend,' and what is 'Discretion?'

(See Correspondence of BISHOP OF LINCOLN and REV. H. KEET.—*Times*,
Wednesday.)

Now, when diverging tracks perplex our quest,
When stout hearts fail for doubt, that know not fear,
When higher instinct is in turn repress
By priestly pride or proletarian sneer;

When they who scan the past with jealous care,
Some forecast of the tempest thence to win,
Hear on the wind a warning to prepare
For Storm without, by Unity within;

Is this a time for chiefs of the Church cause,
To claim their mint and cummin, every tittle?
Do they who raise a squabble over straws
Prove themselves great by making others little?

After its fruit how shall we name that tree
On Lindum's high hill planted by REMIGIUS? *
If seeking grapes we growth of thistles see,
Much may be orthodox that's not religious.

Words' worth is little; only deeds ring true;
Kindness and charity are joys that never end.
These graces if but LINCOLN would pursue,
And be himself, whoever be called, "reverend"!

A miracle might yet by grace be wrought—
A miracle assumed as fact last Session—
WINTON and LINCOLN, and their bench-mates, brought
To temper zeal and learning with discretion.

* Lindum—Roman name for Lincoln, where REMIGIUS founded his cathedral, 1080–1090.

THE LARKY ILLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

ARRANGEMENTS for the Month of August.—First visit to Bath. Lecture on Heads, by a Young Shaver.

In order to save time and expense, some of the disagreeable members will be sent to Coventry.

Later on in the Month.—Equestrian excursion for Ladies to Banbury Cross. Also plans to be discussed for going to Jericho.

The Association will proceed to examine a Mare's-nest discovered by the President.

Lectures will be delivered by several learned Professors on Extracting Sunbeams from Cucumbers, and Dyes from Rainbows.

MOST IMPORTANT.—Arrangements have been entered into with all the leading County families of England to provide luncheon and dinner gratis, at their own charming County seats, during the Association's tour. Science not so much an object as pleasant outings and first-rate innings (gratis).

Spiritualism and Sanity.

IN a lecture delivered at one of the late meetings of the "Spiritual Conference," on "Physical Manifestations," it was remarked, in regard to "mediums" for those phenomena, that "the rope-tying always afforded a loophole for doubt which the calico bandages do not admit of." To prevent a "medium" from playing the ghost, would not a restraint still more effectual than calico bandages be a strait-waistcoat? We were informed at the late Spiritualist Conference that our lunatic asylums contain many undeveloped Mediums. *Punch* would have supposed still more developed ones. The strait-waistcoat would thus seem to be an altogether appropriate uniform for Mediums. In such a restraining garment we might say indeed, with a twist of the old Latin saw, "*Medium tutissimus ibit*."

FROM "OUR OWN."—On dit, that "BRUMBY" has taken *Phy* and gone to Khiva.



STRICTLY PROFESSIONAL.

"FAMILY ALL OUT OF TOWN!"

"I KNOW. BUT THIS IS FOR YOU. IT'S MY HOFFER OF MY 'AND AND ART. I'LL CALL FOR THE ANSWER NEXT ROUND!"

OUTRAGE ON THE ARCHDEACON OF TAUNTON.

AN outrage of studied atrocity has been practised on the sensibilities of our dear ARCHDEACON DENISON. The Venerable Archdeacon has described it as "Church-Breaking at East Brent." It was not the fault of our doughty champion of the Church militant if it did not result in "Head-Breaking at East Brent," also. Its particulars are related in a letter to the *Bristol Times and Mirror*, signed "C. B. CHURCHILL, Churchwarden." When it became known at East Brent that the Public Worship Regulation Bill had passed the House of Commons, certain "most influential" inhabitants of the parish actually desired MR. CHURCHILL to set the church bells ringing; and MR. CHURCHILL is not ashamed to say that he *did* set the church bells ringing accordingly. Everybody who knows ARCHDEACON DENISON'S principles must see that to cause his own church bells to be rung for the passing a measure designed "to put down Ritualism," was at once as gross and as refined an indignity as could have been offered him. Suppose any Frenchman, but particularly the ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS, heard the bells of Notre Dame rung in honour of the anniversary of Sedan!

The ringing directed by this unfaithful Churchwarden aroused the indignant Archdeacon. The Churchwarden had gone to get a key to open the bell-chamber door, that he might inspect the bells, when the Archdeacon appeared in the belfry, and the former, on his return, found that the latter "had frightened the ringers away." He had also locked the belfry-door, and taken away the key. Let MR. CHURCHILL continue:—

"Whereupon, thinking myself very improperly treated, I proceeded with about one hundred of my fellow-parishioners to the church, and instructed the village blacksmith to open the belfry-door, which he did, when, to our astonishment, we discovered the Archdeacon, in conjunction with four or five others, secreted behind it, armed with very formidable and dangerous weapons. At this juncture the Archdeacon sprang to the doorway, brandishing a big stick, with which he made the most strenuous efforts at resistance. However, as you are aware, an entrance was made, although in doing so one was

severely injured by an iron bar, used by one of those who resisted our entrance."

It thus appears that the valiant Archdeacon was overpowered by numbers, and that the anti-Ritualistic ringing proceeded. Fancy its effect on the feelings of an Archdeacon who regards triumphant peals from Church towers as the music of a better day:—

"When the Mass was sung and the bells were rung
And the feast eat merrily."

The unblushing MR. CHURCHILL thus concludes his narrative:—

"It will, I think, be most obvious that the above conduct is highly blamable, especially when we remember that it proceeds from a person holding the office of Archdeacon."

"Partly proceeds"—MR. CHURCHILL. It will, perhaps, be urged on the other side, partly, or even mainly, proceeds also from a person holding the office of Churchwarden. Many people will doubt which side was the more to blame. Let us not attempt to compose such great strifes. But it may be allowable to congratulate ARCHDEACON DENISON on the redoubtable attitude he assumed with the big stick, confronting the audacious CHURCHILL (whose name we have no doubt the Archdeacon spells without the *h*). Mr. Punch would suggest that the stout Archdeacon might well sit for the likeness of St. Dunstan in a picture, to be painted by a competent artist, of the famous exploit performed by that intrepid ecclesiastic with the red-hot tongs on the nose of a certain antagonist. What a subject for a Ritualistic memorial window in the Church of East Brent!

THE POINT OF ATTACK.—Nothing can more clearly show the Anti-Clerical malignity of Dissent than the fact that Dissenters from the Turf assail even that Venerable Institution through its CHAPLIN!

THE TOAST OF THE THYME.—"The Moor the merrier!"

'ARRY'S MARK.



O where I will, about my name I guess I leave no doubt.
'ARRY' IGGINS on his 'oliday he lets 'em know he's out;
Wherever there's a relic, or a ruin to be found,
'ARRY' IGGINS he is down on it, of that you may be bound!

On each statue, on each wall and roof of buildin's known to fame,
When there's nobody a lookin', I always cuts my name.
Which it likewise is my custom, call it right, or call it wrong,
When I goes as a Cook's tourist about the Continong.

Seek Tintern, Melrose, Netley, and I'll be bound you'll see Memorials of the visits they've been honoured with by me.
Unto Kenilworth's old Castle, or to Carisbrooke's repair;
And I bet you'll soon discover 'ARRY's name cut full and fair!

On Ston'enge's rummy pillars you've but to cast a squint
For to find my neat A-R-R-Y carved in conspicuous print.
'ARRY's name will live for ever, 'ARRY's mark by 'ARRY's aid
Stands out on all the monuments of 'ARRY's native land!

REGULATIONS FOR THE JERSEY MILITIA.

*Horse Guards, Intelligence Department,
85, Fleet Street, August 23, 1874.*

GENERAL ORDER.

HER Majesty's Government having decided (as announced in the House of Commons on the last day of the Session) to refuse the customary grant for the Jersey Militia, unless that force is put in a proper state of efficiency, the following regulations are to be observed by Officers commanding the Jersey Militia. It must, however, be understood that these regulations, having been drawn up to meet the present exigencies of the case, will be liable to alteration and modification as the force increases in numbers and efficiency.

1. The proportionate numbers of Officers and Men should be so regulated that the number of Officers should in no case exceed that of Privates.

2. Strong Regiments should be equalised so that there should be only three Privates to each Officer retained on the regimental books. The remainder should be draughted to weaker regiments, so that their establishments may be completed.

3. It having been considered desirable for the present to appoint no Militia Officer to a grade senior to that of Lieutenant-Colonel, applications for the *bâton* of Field-Marshal can no longer be received by this Department.

4. Regiments having Regimental Bands should (when feasible) maintain an establishment of two musicians, of which the Drum or Bugle Major may be one.

5. A Sergeant-Major (when harnessed to the regimental water-cart) should never be required to carry more than one of the Colours.

6. Annexed to this Circular are forms of requisition for Arms, which should be properly filled and returned to this Department as quickly as possible. Until further orders, twelve rifles and eighteen bayonets will be allowed to every Private, so that the Estimates may be adjusted to the satisfaction of the Public.

7. Until the Regiments are recruited to their full strength, squares may be formed in circles, according to the rules laid down in the old *Irish Field Exercises*, Part II., edition of 1814, a copy of which work is enclosed for the information of Officers commanding battalions of Infantry.

8. In cases where Regiments are weak, a prisoner may be used as a sentry to guard his own cell, but this practice is only to be resorted to on occasions of emergency, and when an outbreak is imminent from within. At other times the cells will be left unguarded. This regulation will also be found in the *Irish Drill-Book*, to which reference has already been made.

9. Squads should be drilled in French or English according to the prevalent language of the men. Recruits who can speak neither French nor English should be draughted into the Band, and should be frequently encouraged by their Officers to express their sentiments on the trombone, while they are engaged in learning the language regimentally in use. By this means a thorough mastery of the instrument specified will be gradually attained.

10. Lastly, Officers commanding Regiments are warned against permitting any Company Drill or other exercises taking place on the sands opposite France, as such manoeuvres, executed by such soldiers, would be calculated to cause alarm in the ranks of the French Army, with whom it is advisable that the inhabitants of Jersey should remain on terms of cordial friendship.

By Order,

J. C. B. [Signature], Adj. Genl.

BASE-BALL IN THE VERE.

*Worlton, Nr. Ipsidge, Suffolk,
August, 1874.*

DEAR OAD POONCH,

WHAT fules you Londoners ba! You're allha nidy to swaller any thing a furrenner hoads afore yan jaw. The newest thing I see in the peapers is that the hoolcountry be agin to lute thar wits about the game o' base ball.

I'm night forty year oad, and I ha' plaid base ball, man and boy, for more un thirty-five year, as any o' yan folles up there could hev seen if tha'd ha come to our village—or fur the matter of that, to forty other villages hereabouts—any, evenin' a summer time. I'll try and tell yow the wai we plae base ball.

We make the base at the oad Church wall, and chuze sides; then we toss for In or Out; them ut git out stop outside the base-bounds, and hev to field, same as in cricket, and them ut get in stop in and take ball. Then the pitchen puts his men in the field where he chuzes, and then delivers the ball to fust man in base. If he doant hit it wi his stick or his hand, and the ketcher behind him ketch it, he is out, and a dead man for t'innings, but if he hit, he must run like t' oad un to fust bounds, which in our place is t' corner o' public-house wall (the Reathers), and if the next man hit the ball, the fust man runs nation hard to tother end o' public-house wall, and second man runs to where he left, and so on, to as many bounds but one, as there are men to the innard side. If the field men ketch the ball, the fellar ut struck it is out, same as in cricket.

Blame me if I doant think them there Yankee heven ben down here and larnt the game, jest to gull yow Cockneys wi', or else some Suffolk emmergrunts ha' goon and larnt them Merriicans the game, and thay're a lettin' yow hev it second-hand. Carnt you get 'em to come and plae agin our village?—I think thar'd git thar match.

Yours to command,

SAM'L PLANT,

Cow-parstur' farm,

Worlton, near Ipsidge, Suffolk.

P.S.—We cent got much munney, but we'll plae um: for harf a gallon, all round, o' CORBOLD's best Bright-eye, jest to let 'em know we doant want folks to come thousands o' miles to larn us what our granfathers larnt, our farthers, and thae wa.

How is it none o' yar young fellars who come to Fillixter a summer times doant tell the folks about base ball?

Bust and blarm my skin if I cent riled to see such a fuss made about nought.

"PECULIAR PEOPLE."

PEOPLE who prefer London to the country at this season of the year.

People who go to Mangate and Ilfracombe in the face of the Report of the Registrar-General.

People who travel by Excursion Trains.

People who emigrate to a "Free Country," and stay there.

People who believe in Spiritualism.

People who are still in doubt about the identity of ARTHUR ORTON.

People who object to the removal of Temple Bar.

People who support the Brentford Guardians.

People who serenade political prisoners in boats.

People who give largesse to German bands and organ-grinders.

People who devote days to the discovery of answers to aerostics.

And (most "peculiar" of all) people who do not read *Punch*. Happily for the welfare of the world, this last class is all but extinct.

"BAZAINE'S ESCAPE."

(The Mystery made clear in a Talk with Punch.)

By R-B-RT BR-WN-NG.

FRIEND *Punch*?

The man for me! Permit me, Sir.

Let world go wag what bit of beard it boasts;

To you, old white wise-acre, hunch on back,

This flight that flusters France, sets cooks a-crow On every mid-den - muck 'twixt here and Dan—

(For aptly call we not this raw retreat

You know so well—don't others wish they did?—
 Deceitful?—O to you—incline ear close—
 Not nose, old Nincom, now—right ear, I say—
 (And prithee prick what sense hath seat inside)—
 As plain I mean to make as stuff of pike.

Begin, then, at beginning, end at end.
 This tale I fled from . . . may, but stop a bit . . .
Marguerite it names itself; what means such name
 You know; what did, or didn't do, perhaps,
 The Serpent of old Nile with pearl and *Punch*
 But mix them both together, drain them down?
Marguerite the pearl, as *Punch* the punch; but how
 Get pearl, old *Punch*, from oyster sunk i' the slush
 O' the bed that has no bolster, blind as bat?
 You will not tell me? Why should I tell you
 What beats all getting out or getting in
 Of bed, if that's your word, on land or lymph—
 This flight of mine from Isle Sainte *Marguerite*?

Keep chime to chair, though, and I'll tell you all,
 As KIKERO said to THRASUBOULOS once,
 Or CHAVVAH, Mother of Men, to KHOUNG-FOU-TSEK.

—How 'scaped I? say you, I, no spider-speak,—
 Body o' me, face o' me, legs o' me too for that
 One monstrous *gluteus maximus*, fat and flesh,
 (Unable out of Metz to bunk or bounce)—
 From out those window-bars would squeeze a shrimp,
 In that fair island of Sainte *Marguerite*?
 Nip nose from nod of sleep and you shall hear.
 Old Wag, you've seen the world, and know, I think,
 The little slip o' the snow, to the finger-tips,
 One—so to speak—immaculosity,
 On half the window-panes and half the walls
 Of churches Catholic and candle-warm,
 That hold on spit of spire, so prompt to spin
 At touch o' the blast, the cock o' the weather—(say
 Of France—you catch me there, close all escape)—
 You know that little Thing, wool-white, I say—
 Whom mean I? Whom but our Sainte *Marguerite*—
 (Go read her legend if you doubt my tip)—
 On half the window-panes and walls of church
 And chapel. Look, I draw the picture thus,
 You see there:—One great gape of devil's gob
 Blacker i' the gulp o' the gorge than beastliest blot
 Of ink e'er spat from cuttle o' our friend,
 That pure pearl-oyster, whom you'll not forget,
 At cool sea-bottom—to come back to him—
 With, right i' the middle o' the throat-thing, just a twist,
 A curlieue—to call it what it is—
 (Can't spell it for the life o' me, though, can you?)—
 A kind of curl of calico, so to speak,
 Protrudes, last poor rag o' the robe o' the Saint,
 Just, as it seems, a-swallowed by the Beast,
 But perch'd as safe and sweet as swan on stream—
 (The Saint, I mean, small curl of calico, no!)—
 Right on the kind of head that brings the Brute
 To something like an end this side the tail.

Three 'scapes—from oyster, pearl; from devil's gulp,
 Sainte *Marguerite*; from bars would squeeze a shrimp,
 I. And you have it all, from end to end,
 Old *Punch*, as *Toby* knows, or never trust
 Or wink of eye or wag of tail again.

Ta, ta. Tell others? Whom you will. Ta, ta.
 I shall go stroll i' the square; you know the name.
 Or—don't know! What's the odds? I know my hand.

He shuts—to door. Who's 'snave now, he or I?

GUN NEWS FROM THE MOORS.

"DRUMLINGATE.—It would almost seem that sport will have to be given up. Yesterday was worse than Wednesday. Twenty gentlemen have only got one bird among them. Rain has come down freely, stepping the harvest, and making the moors all but impassable. There is some talk of giving up shooting."

THIS is about the average of the contents of each (post) 'bag from our unhappy friends on the Scotch moors *passim*! "It would almost seem" (one would suppose that you might drop the "almost") "that sport will have to be given up"! *Sport*! Well, of all the bitter things "wrote sarcastic"! "Twenty gentlemen have only got one bird," &c., that is, the fortieth part of a brace to each gun. Blank, too, "only one bird among them." The assumption is strong that if there had not been twenty sportsmen on the moor, that solitary bird would still have survived. Perhaps he was blazed away at, regularly enfiled, by twenty double barrels. How ever did they manage to pick up the pieces? "Yesterday was worse than Wednesday." Not knowing what Wednesday was, we can't say what "yesterday" may have been; but probably it was only to be described as worse than bad. Yet how indomitable is the spirit of the true British sportsman! Under all this, there is only "some talk of giving up shooting." "Talk," we suppose, will be reduced to "act" when the moors have become *wholly*, instead of "all but" impassable, and the shooting absolutely impossible. Meantime, as things go, one bird per *diem* to twenty guns is not such bad "sport." At least, it *might* have been worse. There might have been none at all!

A LITTLE LAY OF LINCOLN.

(Arranged for Two Voices.)

The VERY REVEREND C. LINCOLN to the not in the least reverend H. KEET.

"My good Wesleyan friend, you're extremely obtuse,
 And stand sorely in need of an orthodox teacher.
 Pray believe me there's nothing like 'primitive use':—
 Go to WESLEY himself, and he'll dub you a 'preacher.'"

The Generally styled REVEREND H. KEET to the VERY REVEREND C. LINCOLN.

"Very well, my Lord Bishop; go back, if you will;—
 Since antiquity furnishes matter to think on:—
 To that primitive age, when your Grace had fared ill,
 If 'five thousand a-year' be your figure for Lincoln!

"If since the Episcopate's primitive dawn
 Better salaries wait on Episcopal labour,
 A well-paid Right Rev'rend, in purple and lawn,
 Might the bare Rev'rend grant to a Wesleyan neighbour."

So Very Simple!

On your head place a diver's helmet.
 On your hands wear steel gauntlets.
 On your feet put spiked fishing-boots.
 On your breast fix a small railway-buffer.
 Stand firmly with your back touching a stone-wall.
 And then you may fire the Martini-Henry Rifle with some chance
 of not finding your shoulder black and blue, your cheek bleeding, or
 yourself knocked on your back, from recoil and kick together.

A BRILLIANT IDEA.

How, it is asked, did Fireworks first get associated with Regattas? Probably by the idea, with an eye to contrast, that fireworks would go off well after waterworks. At the Crystal Palace fire and water work in harmony with most brilliant effect.

"POPULOUS PLACES."—Ant-hills.



SUAVE MARI MAGNO, &c.

PEOPLE WHO ARE PREVENTED THROUGH CIRCUMSTANCES FROM GOING OUT OF TOWN MAY DERIVE COMFORT BY WATCHING THE RAIN FALL IN TORRENTS, AND PITYING THE POOR HOLIDAY FOLK AT THE SEASIDE.

PUNCH TO ARCHBISHOP TAIT.

THE Church should thank you, TAIT—in time it will—
For your sagacious Public Worship Bill;
Which, while it curbs the showy Ritualist,
Allows a healthy freedom to exist,
Nor yet the reverent worshipper annoys,
While it debars child-Curates of their toys,
And guards from tinsel shows, theatric ways,
Our sanctuaries built for prayer and praise.

Not less *Punch* thanks you for your counsel wise,
Which parsons blest with common sense will prize;
To shun the fogs that caste and coterie breathe,
And lay-life's freer air be bold to breathe.
Study the men to whom they have to preach,
Nor fear to know the world they claim to teach.

Steel rusts in damp; but intellect will rust
Condemned to feed on volumes dry as dust:
Nor does it much the manlier impulse stir
To lead aright the fair parishioner,
Who having flirted till of flirting tired,
Her life's fag-end would heavenwards have inspired.

No; *Punch* agrees with you, Most Reverend Primate:
Too oft our parsons breathe a stuffy climate,
Till men who rowed and cricketed—and thought—
Become, from sheer shop-influence good for naught;
Magnify molehills into mountains' size;
Unmanned, with men's needs cease to sympathise;
'Twixt the two sexes' stools come sexless down,
And their dwarfed souls in tittle-tattle drown;
Studying the *Record*, *Guardian*, or *Rock*,
Till their brains reel in the white sunshine's shock,
Used to the dim religious gloom, strained through
Windows, stained each with its peculiar hue.

God speed him who would ease sectarian yoke
For these weak teachers of a stalwart folk;
Bid them be no blind leaders of the blind,
But with firm hand, clear eye, and manly mind,
Come forth, the glorious Gospel in their hand,
And speak the great plain truths all understand.

The streets are open, and the fields are free;
"All things to all" our time's St. Paul must be:
Ready to learn, to teach what he has learnt,
Yet leave the unconvinced unbanned, unburnt,
And freely offer—balm of life's annoy—
The all-unstinted "tidings of great joy."

This cannot be, while coat and caste and clique,
The M.B. waistcoat, the smooth-shaven cheek,
The proud pretension of the priestly youth
To stand alone as Lord and lamp of truth,
The priggish ignorance that sets at naught
Worldly experience, philosophic thought,
Ride rampant. Meantime, hopeful let us wait
Result of Primate's and Priests' *tête-à-tête*.

Mayors and their Nests.

WE have the Correspondents informing us, how MARSHAL MACMAHON "while *en route* from Rennes to St. Brienc, received a Deputation of country Mayors, and paid a visit to the Government breeding studs." Is not this a misprint for "Mares?" Who knows but that one object of the Marshal's tour may be to discover "Mare's" nests. They abound in the French provinces, and still more in Paris. It is in these nests that the French canard is usually hatched.

A PROBLEM FOR BRENTFORD.—If Brentford Infants are "warm-blooded animals," what are Brentford Poor-Law Guardians?



EMPTY BAGS.

RIGHT HONOURABLE D. "BAD SPORT, INDEED!"

RIGHT HONOURABLE P. (*cheerily*). "YES, IT *IS* BAD. (*Aside.*) ALMOST AS BAD AS *BEFORE* THE TWELFTH!"

RAILWAY DRAMA FOR AUGUST.

(RAILWAY MOTTO—"Unpunctuality is the Soul of Business.")

ACT I.—In the Northern District. Spaborough Station.



URRIED but *Polite Passenger* (to *Ticket Clerk*, inside the office). If you please, can I book from here to Gifswyseia in Wales?

Model Ticket Clerk (sulkily). No.

Anxious One (rather bothered). O! (He had made out, by the help of two friends, several pieces of paper, a day's study of "Bradshaw" and *Local Railway Guides*, that he could be booked through. He is inclined to argue the point.) But this train goes through to Kester, and to Gifswyseia from Kester?

[*Model Ticket Clerk* is silent, with a sort of "take it or leave it" air. *Anxious One*. Well, then (making the best of it), can you book me to Kester?

Model Ticket Clerk (carelessly). Yes. (In a tone that implies I'm not going myself, and, therefore, whatever you do doesn't matter a damn to me.)

Anxious One (brightening up, and thankful for small mercies). Ah, well, then (as if he were going to ask for a sandwich and a glass of something), I'll take some—I mean I'll take a ticket for Kester.

Model Ticket Clerk (sulkily). One pound nine.

Anxious and Polite One (paying with alacrity, in order to show that "business is business," and that he is not gossiping idly). There—and tell me, please, do I change at Manchester?

Model Ticket Clerk (with utter indifference). If you stop at Manchester.

Anxious One (a little startled, as all his calculations have been based on this). But surely we stop at Manchester three-quarters of an hour in time to get some dinner?

Model Ticket Clerk (as if all this were new to him). Ah! not so long as that.

Anxious One. But I—

[Decides to tip some one outside on the platform and get the information from him.

Enter *Anxious Traveller* on Platform. He puts his hand craftily into his waistcoat pocket, as though in search of money, and summons Porter, who comes up willingly.

Anxious Traveller. Is there a carriage through to Kester?

[Shows his ticket.

Porter (appears to be unable to believe his eyes on seeing a ticket from Spaborough to Kester). No, Sir, I don't think—(suddenly)—I'll ask the Superintendent.

A very *Splendid Person*, in a Uniform.

Splendid Person (who, on being consulted, listens to the Porter and the *Anxious Traveller* as though he were a Judge hearing arguments in a difficult cause). Hum—(scratches his nose with a key, and then gets an idea.) If you'll walk this way—(to *Anxious One*)—we can see—on the time-table!!!

Anxious One (not wishing to waste precious moments). O! I've done all that. (Positively)—I know this train goes to Manchester, and I'm booked through to Kester.

[The *Splendid Creature*, having no more to say on the subject, walks off.

Porter (with some information). There's only one carriage on for L'pool, but they'll tell you at Kneads.

Anxious One (to whom this is a new light). O! Then we stop at Kneads?

Porter. Yes, Sir. They'll tell you there, and you'll perhaps get a carriage right on to Kester. (Mysteriously, and betraying evident suspicion of the train's uncertainty as to any particular destination.) You'd better have all your luggage in with you.

Porter is tipped, and Train starts. End of Act I.

Anxious One is in a Liverpool carriage for Manchester. York is passed, is put into, is finally left behind, and on we go again.

ACT II.—Kneads.

Anxious One's head (out of window). Here! hi! Porter! (Waistcoat pocket again.) I've got some luggage here, and I want to go through to Manchester for Kester.

Porter (surprised). By Manchester, Sir? You'd better go by Screw.

Anxious One (objecting distrustfully, and beginning to anathematise the surly *Model Clerk* at Spaborough). But they told me it was Manchester.

Porter (cheerfully). O, that don't matter, Sir. The train will be up for Screw soon. It's generally late.

Anxious One (is satisfied that he has got hold of an intelligent Porter, and wishes to obtain full information). Where does it start? (The Porter indicates the place.) When?

Intelligent Porter. Well, it ought to go now.

Anxious One (thinking of an important point). Will there be time to get something to eat?

Intelligent Porter (uncertainly). Well, there may be four minutes—but you'll have lots of time at Screw.

Anxious One (decidedly). Then I'll dine at Screw.

[Feels happy, and looks forward to dining at Screw.

A Train, about half an hour late, arrives. *Anxious One* finds out that he would have had plenty of time to have fed at Kneads. The *Intelligent Porter* labels the luggage for Kester, and the *Anxious One* sees them into the Van. Tip the Second Off. End of Act II.

ACT III.—Screw Junction.

Various Officials, Porters, &c., about, chatting. They don't seem to notice that a train is coming in. Evidently they are so accustomed to so common an occurrence that they have ceased to regard it as anything specially concerning them.

Anxious One (more anxious than ever). Here! Hi! Porter! (To attention whatever.) Por-ter! Here! hi! (Some people get out of the train and disappear. *Anxious One* decides on doing the same, only without disappearing. He descends with portable and personal luggage, and looks about for some one of whom to ask for information. Sees an Official walking towards him, and addresses him.) I change here for Kester?

[Official nods lightly, calls out to a friend in the distance, and walks on. *Anxious One* approaches a Porter and a sort of Policeman chatting.

Anxious Traveller. Where's the train for Kester?

[Porter and Policeman continue conversation.

Anxious One (in a tone intended to command attention). Where is the train for Kester?

Porter (as if waking from a beautiful dream). T'other side.

[Exit Porter, jumping down one side of the platform. Exit Policeman, jumping down the other. They cross lines in opposite directions, and vanish.

Anxious One (alone with bags). I wonder where— Confound it, it's too bad.

Porter with truck appears. To him another Porter. They unlade small quantity of luggage, and *Anxious One* again sees his luggage labelled "Kester."

Porter (answering question). Yes; goin' to take it 'cross t'other side for Kester train. You (to *Anxious One*) go out at that end and round to t'other side.

Anxious One carries out these directions exactly. He re-appears t'other side on a new platform.

Anxious One (to elderly and important-looking Official). This side is for Kester?

[Important Old Official, as if he didn't want to be bothered about such trifles, merely nods abruptly.

Anxious One. When does it start?

Important Old Official. Don't know. T'ought to ha' gone now.

Anxious One (excitedly). Ought to have gone! But I'm booked through to Kester; and I was told to come by Screw Junction to catch the train here, and we'd have a long time to wait, so that (plaintively) I could get something to eat.

Important Old Official (quite a "Dogberry," and untouched by the famished Traveller). Well, you're late, you see; and the Kester train ought to ha' been off four minutes ago. (To Porter passing.) Is the Kester train out?

[*Anxious One* hangs on Porter's answer.

Porter. No; she's shoonted.

[Important Old Official walks on.

Anxious One (to Porter). Will we have long to wait?

[Hopes the answer will be half an hour, and foresees something like dinner.

Porter (evasively). She'll be off d'reckly she's oop. (Continues, after looking down the line)—An' t'won't be long afore she be oop.

The remainder of the drama is briefly told. From first to last,



A SCHOOL-BOARD PERPLEXITY.

Active Member (to Mother of numerous "Irregulars" and "Absentees"). "JOSEPH IS JUST TURNED THIRTEEN, AND THEREFORE 'CLEAR;' SIMON, YOU TELL US, IS SICKENING FOR THE MEASLES, AND MARY IS GONE INTO THE COUNTRY TO NURSE HER AUNT'S BABY. WHAT HAVE YOU TO SAY RESPECTING PETER AND JAMES?"

Mother of "Irregulars" and "Absentees"). "PLEASE, SIR, THEY BE TWINS. CAN'T YOU ALLOW 'EM AS ONE, AND LET 'EM DO HALF A DAY EACH?"

[Active Member is puzzled. Orders Mother to stand aside, and requests Clerk to refer to Mr. Forster's Act "for law bearing on point."]

though informed by Bradshaw and Local Guides and Company's time-tables that the train will stop *here* half an hour, *there* twenty minutes, and so forth, for some sort of reasonable refreshment, during an eight or nine hours' journey, yet, in consequence of one train always being late, the half-hours and twenty minutes are reduced to two or three minutes, and these *uncertain*.

At Kester the Anxious One finds that, instead of half an hour to spare, so as to arrange about booking on for Glfyswysea in Wales, he has only five minutes; and he also finds that, as the Model Clerk at Spaborough might, if he had had ordinary politeness and taken ordinary trouble, have informed him, at Kneeds he could have booked himself and baggage right through for Glfyswysea without any further difficulty or trouble. Rush, hustle, bustle at Kester, in consequence of train being so late; guards hurried, excited, and uncivil. Passengers everywhere, porters nowhere. People rushing about, with buns in their mouths, wildly; luggage lost, left behind, tumbled about; in fact, Kester, on the arrival of a few trains, all late, is only what a rough and tumble scene in a pantomime would be with Clown and Pantaloon in private clothes; and here even the Fairy Tippieni, with the Silver Wand, is powerless to effect a transformation.

ACT IV. AND LAST.

SCENE—*The Station, Glfyswysea, in Wales. The Anxious One descends, wearily. The Train goes on hurriedly; late again, of course. He staggers into the Station-Master's arms with a loud cry.*

"Ah! lost! lost! My luggage was labelled for Kester, and I'm at Glfyswysea in Wales."

Station-Master (sings cheerfully)—

I'll telegraph at once, don't fear,
For I need not remind you

If they're labelled for Kester they'll be sent on here,
Those bags you left behind you!

Finale (after telegraphing everywhere for a night and a morning).

I only had to bother and pester,
And now my bags have come from Kester!

Chorus, all—

He } only had to bother and pester,

I }
And now { his } bags have come from Kester!

Steam up. Curtain.

"ONE FOR YOUR EYE."

PUNCH has received the following from somebody signing himself "A BOOKMAKER." He would hardly have thought so from the style. Here it is:—

"If I wins a stake amongst bettors,
And gets only 'alf wot I gains,
Why is that like the twenty-six letters
Dear Punch, that our languidge contains?"

"Give it up, old 'oss?" Well—

"'Cos don't you see that wot I get
Amounts to just the 'Alf-a-bet."

[All right for once, but don't try it on again. *Punch* strongly objects to undue familiarity from anybody; above all, from illiterate Turfites.]



A SUSPICIOUS OLD GRANNY!

"MY DEAR CHILD, THIS TELEGRAM IS *NOT* FROM GEORGE! I'VE KNOWN GEORGE'S HANDWRITING EVER SINCE HE WAS A BOY, AND THIS IS QUITE DIFFERENT!"

NOTES FROM THE HIGHLANDS.

"Jam eatis terris," &c.

Alt-na-blashy.—The aqueous and igneous agencies seem to be combined in these quarters, for since the rain we hear of a great increase of burns. In default of the Moors we fall back on the kitchen and the cellar. I need hardly add that dry wines are almost exclusively used by our party, and moist sugar is generally avoided. Dripping, too, is discontinued, and everything that is likely to whet the appetite is at a discount.

Drizzle-arch.—A Frenchman, soaked out of our bothy by the moisture of the weather, was overheard to exclaim, "*Après moi le déluge.*"

Insordreary.—Greatly to the indignation of their chief, several of the "Children of the Mist," in this romantic but rainy region, have assumed the garb of the Mackintoshes.

Loch Drunkie.—We have several partners in misery within hail, or life would be fairly washed out of us. We make up parties alternately at our shooting quarters when the weather allows of wading between them. Inebriation, it is to be feared, must be on the increase, for few of us who go out to dinner return without making a wet night of it.

Meantime, the Watering-places in our vicinity—in particular the Linns o' Dun-Dreepie—are literally overflowing.

It is asserted that even young horses are growing impatient of the reins. Our greatest comfort is the weekly budget of dry humour from *Mr. Punch*.

SELFISH SURREY.

THE opponents of the scheme for the abolition of the Surrey Sessions are expected to give their intelligent support to the following disinterested propositions:—

1. That the Lord Mayor's Show shall parade in Kingston every 9th of November from 12 noon until 2 P.M., so that the inhabitants of that important town shall have an opportunity of seeing the procession before its appearance in London.

2. That the St. Leger be run in future on the Downs, near Croydon, so that the sportsmen of Surrey may be able to attend that very important race with less trouble and expense.

3. That Covent Garden Market, Covent Garden Opera, and Billingsgate Market be gradually moved to Richmond, Surrey, so that the tradesmen of Twickenham may be spared a visit to the Metropolis for their purchases of fruit, music, and fish.

4. That the principal debates of the Session be held in future in the Town Hall, Guildford, so that the inhabitants of Surrey may hear the speeches of Messrs. DISRAELI and GLADSTONE without having to travel to Westminster.

5. That the name of Surrey be changed to "Little Britain," to distinguish it from the other counties which, in future, are to be known collectively as "Lesser Britain."

BETWEEN PUSEY AND PAUL.*

A Tract for the Times.

PAUL.

"AIN'T you coming, DOCTOR PUSEY,
Ain't you coming o'er to Rome?
Sure 'tis time that you were going
To your true congenial home!
O! if I were DOCTOR PUSEY,
Sure 'tis honest I would be,
And steer in wake of NEWMAN,
For the holy Roman See!"

"Faith, you're rethinking long about it:
'Tis now forty years and more
Since you started on the journey,
Though you stumbled at the door!
Others, taught by DOCTOR PUSEY,
These and back have made their roads,
While their teacher has stood doubting,
Like a donkey 'twixt two loads!"

PUSEY.

"You have drawn a truthful picture:
'Tis the 'cult' that presses sore.
All your doctrines I can swallow,
If that 'cult' I could get o'er!
But, if I don't move Romeward,
Still the road to Rome I show,
As a finger-post points others
The way it doesn't go.

"If you make a calculation
Of the English game you've bagged,
All those years since Tract Ninety,
Though you say that I have lagged,
You will find that DOCTOR MANNING'S
Is not half so safe a line:
He his converts counts by dozens,
Where by hundreds I count mine.

"As His Holiness compared me
To a 'Church-Bell'—still at home
Let me keep safely ringing
The chime that calls to Rome.
Though I ne'er your Church may enter,
'Tis from prudence, not from doubt.
I am yours in soul and spirit:
There are those who serve without."

Both.

"Then we understand each other!
To his post let each retire."

PUSEY.

"Still let me work in the belfry,
While you work in the choir."

Ensemble.

"Till the haughty English nation
Stoop to Rome its stubborn will,
Spite of SHAFTESBURY, TAIT, and THOMPSON,
And their Regulation Bill!"

* N.B.—The Cardinal (CULLEN to wit), *not* the Apostle.

INEVITABLE OBSERVATION.—It can hardly have escaped facetious remark that Iceland proved itself worthy of another name when it gave the KING OF DENMARK a reception as warm as a gush of its own Geysers.



IRREVERENT.

Policeman (on the occasion of our "Confirmation"). "STOP! STOP! GO BACK! YOU MUSTN'T COME IN HERE! WE'RE EXPECTIN' O' THE BISHOP EVERY MINUTE!"

Cabby (fortissimo). "ALL RIGHT! WHY 'VE GOT THE OLD BUFFER INSIDE!"

WASHING THE BLACK COUNTRY WHITE.

(See Report of Speeches at the great Sheffield School-Board Meeting, Tuesday, August 18.)

STRANGE concert! York's Archbishop's, ROEBUCK'S, FORSTER'S, and MUNDELLA'S,

'Mid unwonted hush of engine and hammer, wheel and bellows.
'Tis Sheffield starting School-Board work—cost, Yorkshire-fashion, reckoning,

And speaking out in faith the hopes, onward and upward beckoning.

The Sheffield blades were always sharp, 'tis time they took a polish;
If stress of School-Board ruffianism and rattening can abolish.
If long heads can oust Broad-heads with narrow hearts and notions,
Till Labour welcomes Capital as friend, and not as foe shuns.

If the dawn of love and knowledge once set in should spread and strengthen,

Till the suns in Sheffield brighten, and the days of Sheffield lengthen,
And darkening clouds that hide her sky, and darkened souls beneath them,

Feel a lifting and a lightening of the heavy veils that wreath them.

Till the brutes' Sin and ruffians' Wrong, which we have let environ
Not Sheffield only, but all parts where Coal takes bands with Iron,
By School-Board sap and siege are won for better minds and manners,
And from their black slag bastions wave the white Christian banners.

Till drunkenness and savage strength that rests in sport as savage,
Their rude reign shall relinquish, with its rioting and ravage;
And Duty, Thrift, and Order,—for those old wrong teachers, right ones,—

Combine, with God's good help, to make England's Black Countries
Bright ones.

THE LATEST THING OUT.—The Night-Light.

HOW TO RECEIVE THE ENEMY.

(Being the British Code as revised for the benefit of the invading Tourist.)

1. WHEREVER the Tourist stops he shall be regarded as if "in an enemy's country," and, "charged" accordingly.
2. During his invasion of any hotel, inn, or coffee room, he shall, for the time being, have no authority whatever over his own dinner, which shall consist of two or more black and burnt mutton-chops, a stale gooseberry tart, two cold potatoes, cheese, long opened pickles, and a pint of peppery Sherry.
3. For this repast a requisition of fourteen and sixpence shall be made on him.
4. Under no circumstances shall reprisals be allowed, in the shape of explosive letters to the Newspapers.
5. At all Railway Buffets he shall be encountered by refreshments iron-cased (with age).
6. When travelling, he, or at least his luggage shall, if possible, be shot—out at the wrong station.
7. If he manage to escape to a country house, the whole contents of his purse shall be mainly carried off by the repeated "charges" of the servants.
8. He shall at length retreat, and reach home a wiser man, but nothing shall indemnify him for the price of his experience.
9. He shall sign a secret treaty with himself never to do it again—till next year.

"Unseemly Wut."

THE following is extracted from the *Bridge of Allan Reporter*:—

WANTED.—Two Young GENTLEMEN, of excellent character, to Light the Lamps of the Burgh. The height of the Candidates will be a consideration, as the use of a ladder might be dispensed with.—Apply to the Inspector of Middens.

Can this be a flash of "wut" in the Inspector of Middens? We should recommend his superiors to look after him.



"BUS-MEASURE."

Bus-Driver. "NEVER SEE THE COMET!! WHY, WHEREVER COULD YOU 'A'——"
(*Notices Shortness of "Gentleman's" hair, &c., and hesitates.*) "HOWSOEVER——"

Passenger (relieving his embarrassment). "WHEREABOUTS WAS IT?"

Driver. "WELL, I'LL TELL YEE. IT WAS ABOUT THE LENGTH O' THIS YEE
BUS FROM THE FORWARDEST LEADER IN THE GREAT BEAR!"

"SNOOLING."

Being the substance of a Paper meant to be read at the Belfast meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science. Section; Natural History. Subsection: Biology.

THERE are certain subjects which although old are yet ever fresh and new; and Snooling is one of them. Treated more or less exhaustively by a long range of writers, beginning with the elder PLINY and ending with old DOCTOR JACOB TOWNSEND, there may yet perhaps be found some characteristics of the subject still undeveloped, upon which the student of to-day may dilate with pleasure to himself and profit to his readers. In the few words which I propose to devote to this interesting investigation, I shall treat the topic in no spirit of sedentary sentimentalism, but in its largest and most oleaginous entirety.

And first it may be remarked that legitimate Snooling has changed its character in a very peculiar manner since the sinking of the *Royal George*. It is no longer simply elementary, and more than partially adhesive; the pride of the peasant, and the detestation of the peer: but, having aggrandised to itself the many essentials which it has gathered from penultimate generations, it has from them elaborated in a regular and well-defined series the truest and tenderest thesis that can occupy the most calculating cosmopolite.

But the careless and superficial theorist may ask us what we consider to be the true meaning of the verb "to snool." To answer this in the most satisfactory manner, it is, perhaps, better to say what it is not, rather than what it is. Snooling is not a method of bleaching linen, nor is it a scheme of logical induction. It is no plan for fixing hat-pegs in a passage, nor is it a mode of treating neuralgia with treacle. It can hardly be called a modification of the railway block system, and to state that it is a substitute for the existing mode of collecting the Income-tax would be to bring down on our heads a shower of indignant denial. It is none of these

SAINT PARTRIDGE.

SOME most crack-jaw Saints there are
In whatever Calendar:
Now the almanack perfidious
Gives the First to Saint Ægidius.
Pray, old fellow, who are you?
Had you gaiters for apparel?
Did you tramp the turnips through,
With a double-barrel?

August made St. Oyster ours:
Now September's misty hours
Find us taking joyous trouble
O'er green swede and golden stubble.
Down each lonely lingering dell
Silently the shadows soften:
Where's the poet who could tell
What he sees so often?

Hail, Ægidius! No complaint
Make against September's saint:
Tu patronus es perdicum! . . .
And they're asses who don't like 'em.
Partridge-breast with woodcock-thigh,
People say, is more insidious.
Pending that discovery, I
Vote for S. Ægidius.

Such a Saint must be a true brick:
Ace, avis! that's his rubric.
In good faith we'll celebrate him,
Shooting fairly, yet *certatim!*
When Eve's rosy fingers paint
All the West, a hungry bevy
Home we'll tramp, and toast the Saint,
If our bags are heavy.

Monkey-Worship, Ancient and Modern.

A FULL-GROWN specimen of the Abyssinian Dog-headed Monkey has been presented to the Museum of the University of Geneva. A contemporary mentions that this monkey is engraved upon the monuments of ancient Egypt, that mummies of it have been found in good preservation, and that the old Egyptians worshipped it as the emblem of the god Thoth. Monkey-worship is not yet extinct. Are not Ritualist Clergymen the apes of Romish Priests, and are there not Ladies who adore Ritualist Clergymen?

things. To snool fairly and honourably, and in such a way that while purely positive its influence shall be spread over the largest area, is certainly a very precious talent, and the man who snools with no other thought than self, is a contemptible and procrastinating iconoclast.

Cases of abnormal snooling sometimes occur, and are particularly interesting. I know of an evangelical clergyman in Hampshire who regularly snools twice a day while Convocation is sitting; and there is an elderly maiden lady who resides in a remote village in one of the most secluded districts in the West Riding, who very rarely snools at all, but when she does so, it is invariably the reverse way. The tanner of Walton-on-the-Naze, who snooled with double beats whenever his mother-in-law was staying with him, is scarcely a case of legitimate snooling; but the well-known case of the hatter and vestryman at Tadcaster, who could only snool with the assistance of a little boy, who helped to hasten the reaction, and restore those balances which had been so seriously disturbed by the paroxysm, is a representative example of this neglected but beautiful art.

I would beg to submit to the Association one word of advice before I conclude. Avoid all collusive and saponaceous snooling. Do not be led away by those who tell you that so did the grand old Snoolers of the Middle Ages. It is not so; the conscientious Snooler is as careful of his antecedents in the past as he is of his more obtrusive relatives in the present.

How fair a sight is the steadfast snool of a venerable and respected old age. Granulated, perhaps, and it may be partially palpable, but rich with its peculiar positivism, and redolent of an elevated antagonism. This is indeed the snool of the poet and the painter, the walrus and the carpenter, and to attain to it should be the aim of us all, especially of members of that British Association for the Advancement of Science to which I have had the honour of communicating this Paper.

PUNCH AND PROTOGEN.



F the Inaugural Address delivered to the British Association by PROFESSOR TYNDALL, though marked throughout by a philosophical temperance, one passage seems obviously incompatible with teetotalism. Discussing the question as to the "Primordial Form—whence it came," the learned Professor said:—

"Trace the line of life backwards. We reach at length these organisms which I have compared to drops of oil suspended in a mixture of alcohol and water."

This would be a nearly exact definition of whiskey-toddy brewed with a slice of lemon-peel. The Professor might as well have given a name to his liquor. Might he not have at once admitted, perhaps with as much likelihood of being right, that the first of all living organisms was Punch?

THE ONLY FULL, TRUE AND PARTICULAR ACCOUNT OF THE ESCAPE OF MARSHAL BAZAINE.

(Communicated by Our Own Reliable Correspondent.)

ACQUIT MADAME BAZAINE, the English Ladies, and the entire Bazaine family, of any complicity in the plot. Alone I did it; at least with another fellow, who was really more nuisance than assistance, being very nearly a perfect fool, and almost stone deaf on one side, which infirmity, however, caused him to be useful as a mere blind.

My friendship, the Marshal's and mine, began, years ago, at the day-school where I first met Old BAZZY, or, as the boys used to call him, DON CÉSAR DE BAZAINE. When I heard of his imprisonment (you know I lead a rover's life, ever ready for adventure, being here to-day and gone to-morrow, whenever it's at all inconvenient to stay any longer.—N.B. The P.O. Order to the address mentioned in my private card. *Vous comprenez*), I exclaimed, "What! BAZZY a captive! Never!"

In five minutes my determination and passage were taken. Opposite the fortress is a small island formed by the ocean-birds, entirely covered with sea-weed and a peculiar sort of marine mushroom, much prized by the natives of the southern coast. This island is hidden by the horizon during the day, and only reappears under certain conditions at night. Here I soon knocked up a little house out of five or six wild sea-birds' nests, and took up my abode, with the boy above alluded to, a sort of distant connection of mine, whose parents have entrusted him to me for a small annual honorarium, knowing that I am a good hand at bringing forward backward boys.

Disguised as an under-butler, BOB (my boy), making a pretence of selling oranges to the Governor, entered the fortress, and wrote, in chalk, on the wall which he knew BAZAINE must pass in the course of his evening's walk, "*Allez-vous promener*." The Governor sucked the oranges, threw the peel playfully at BOB's head, told him to send in his bill, and then merrily kicked him down the steps.

From that moment the communication between the prisoner and myself was uninterrupted. It was of the simplest character: matches that would light only on the box, rockets that would burn under water, squibs that played with sea-serpents on the ocean, and Roman candles that shot up in the air. In the daytime, a tune on the barrel-organ (which, luckily, I had in my carpet-bag) would attract his attention, and through his telescope he would then see what I wrote up with a bit of chalk on my black board, kindly lent for this purpose by DR. CROFT, of the Polytechnic. BOB in the meantime was employed in constructing a small boat, with a rudder and oars, out of the materials offered to his ingenuity by a hip-bath, three bootjacks, a corkscrew, a walking-stick, and two cricket-bats (which I happened, fortunately, to have by me).

On the — of — (I purposely omit dates), the prisoner telegraphed to me—"Pas de corde." ("No rope.") Having my dictionary and conversation-book by me, I at once knew what he meant, and returned "*Ne soyez pas stupide*." This was on my black

board, and had anyone besides the Marshal seen it, I could, at once, have rubbed it out, written something else, and explained that I was only teaching French, after breakfast, to my idiot boy, BOB. However, the whole thing was so admirably contrived that the soldiers and sailors, the Governor himself, and the gaolers, only took me for a rather larger bird than usual perched on the little isle; while some disputed as to whether I were a gull or a lump of sea-weed. (Aha! I knew who the gull was. Aha!) Once they wanted to decide this by firing at me, but the Governor, on behalf of Fair France, would not allow such a waste of powder and shot. Old BAZZY has—I must confess it—no sort of ingenuity. He was always the same. When he found he hadn't a rope, he thought it was all up with him. "*Que faire?*" he telegraphed briefly. I understood him at once, and replied (of which reply I give the translation), "You stupid old muff! Yah! Where's your silly old noddle? What would you do without me? Haven't you got your *épaulettes*, your shoe-strings, your pocket-handkerchief, your neck-tie, and the elastic band that keeps your hat on your stupid old head in a high wind? And how about boot-laces? Then fix it as arranged. Come over the cliff. The boat will be below. No ceremony. Drop in when you like. Name your own time. Knife and fork ready, a hearty welcome, and a tune on the accordion." This last alluded to BOB, who is learning that instrument whenever I am absent from home, or whenever he is.

From this moment the Marshal went to work like a trump. BOB, disguised as a muffin-boy, with a bell, was sent on shore with a rope of onions for the Governor's dinner. The Governor took the onions, and then old BAZZY prevailed on him to play at horses with him on one of the terraces. BAZZY, pretending to be the horse, thus got the string round his arms, while the Governor drove him.

BAZZY then pretended to run away (a good joke this, at which we roared—BAZZY and I—afterwards), and so secured the string.

Unfortunately, just at this time, my rockets and squibs came to an end, for that ass BOB had let a lot off on his own birthday, while I was asleep. As an excuse, he said it (his birthday) only came once a year. He had also pitched away my last piece of chalk, and had begun cutting up my black-board to finish the boat.

There was nothing for it but to write on soup-plates and table-napkins, and send them in on the high tide, when they would be thrown by the violence of the wave right up to the parapet where BAZZYKINS was waiting to receive them.

Thus the time for his escape was fixed.

At eight o'clock in the evening BOB and myself started off in our model boat, using our two cricket-bats for oars. Had BOB learnt rowing, or could he have heard my directions, we might have got on faster. As it was, we got our oars mixed up together, and, in the midst of a tempestuous sea, I was obliged to punish BOB severely in order to make him understand his position.

The rudder, carved out of my old black-board, now came in most usefully. I had seen the celebrated man who paints with his toes, and I knew that I could steer with my feet (for why should my feet be idle after once kicking BOB soundly?) while I rowed with one hand and waved my signals with the other. Finding that, up to this time, we had not made much progress, owing to BOB's obstinacy in pulling dead against me, I hit upon an expedient, which turned out most satisfactory: we sat back to back and pulled in contrary directions, and thus we soon found our wildest hopes realised.

I could not help remarking how much the difficulty of the management of a frail barque in a stormy sea by two persons totally ignorant of seamanship had been over-rated. "I wish PRIMSOLL were here," I cried, as we dashed gaily over an Atlantic wave whose height I should be afraid to estimate. The rocks were now in view, gigantic, awful! The overhanging beetle-browed cliffs, fifteen hundred feet above the level of the sea, presented a prospect sublime and appalling. We gave the signal with a tune on the accordion by BOB, and another by me on the organ. After playing for some considerable time, our attention was attracted by a shadow, which in the calm moonlight seemed to be jumping about inexplicably. I raised my eyes, and right above our heads was the gallant old boy himself, in full uniform, and wearing his cocked hat, hanging on by a rope of his own making. He was high up in the air, midway between us and the summit of the cliff. Such a rope he'd made! I couldn't help bursting out into a roar of laughter. Bootlaces, onion-peel, string, handkerchiefs, and last of all, the elastic band, which naturally kept the whole thing bobbing up and down, making the Marshal dance in the air like a Marionette.

"*Tu te moques de moi!*" he said, savagely. He's got a bad temper has dear old BAZZY, and, of course, it was not improved by his absurd situation. No man of importance likes to be discovered in a ludicrous predicament, and no man likes to be laughed at—especially by friends.

"I swear I can't help it!" I protested, holding my sides; and even BOB stopped playing "*I never go East of Temple Bar*" on his accordion, and literally shrieked with convulsive merriment.

Old BAZZY literally kicked the air (it was all he could do) in spasms of rage.

"*Quand je descends, moi, je vous puncherai la tête!*" he shrieked out.

He knows something of English, and "*puncherai*" is his own invention.

"Look here," I replied. "We can't wait all day for you, old twenty stone. So, if you'll behave peaceably, *très bien*; if not, off we go, and you can continue your gymnastics till the Governor catches you."

He has a noble nature. There and then, with tears in his eyes and down his nose, on which up to that moment there had been a fly, which, as he couldn't use his pocket-handkerchief even if he had had one, had made him very irritable, he apologised, and asked me what he was to do next. I told him, and he obeyed orders with military precision. My instructions were most simple: "Slip yourself," I said, "through your coat, and, as you pass your arms through, you can tie the sleeves on to your absurd rope, then lower yourself as far as the coat-tails, stripping the lining off from within as you let yourself out. Continue to repeat this movement until you are within easy distance of our boat; then drop."

He *did* drop. And for one minute, in spite of all his misfortunes, I was annoyed with him, for he went, as clean as a Harlequin in a pantomime, right through the bottom of the boat. Luckily, being of a buoyant and cork-like nature, he came up again as sharply and as perpendicularly as one of those little black figures in a bottle when acted upon by air-pressure from above. Directly he had disappeared, I bethought me of this idea, and covered the aperture with a bundle containing Bob's holiday clothes; as I suddenly withdrew this, up came the Marshal. We couldn't allow him to reappear entirely in the boat, as we had nothing to stop up the enormous hole he had made, and into which, providentially, he so exactly fitted as to render our little craft watertight as long as he was a little more than half length in the boat and the other half below in the sea. He regretted being obliged to leave the rope behind him, on account of its containing his only pocket-handkerchief, by which, he appeared, not unnaturally, to set some store.

"There's more where that came from," said I, to cheer him.

"Yee," he answered; "at the wash. They never send me back my right number."

Old BAZZY, you see, has his domestic sorrows like other people. When we had proceeded for some distance, Bob and myself rowing, and BAZZY really assisting by steering with his legs under water, he asked thoughtfully—

"What will they say in England?"

I replied that I did not know.

He continued—"Do you think when they know all about the rope, the world will say that a Marshal of France has let himself down?"

I was painfully touched by the question, but in another minute the steamer, which I have hitherto forgotten to mention, hailed us, and we leapt on board.

Bob went back to the island to pack up a few things and disarm suspicion.

That is all. As for its truth, you know well enough you may depend upon me.

P.O. Order by return, mind. Can I do anything for you at Khiva, or in the mining districts? If so, command me. Terms as usual, and no questions asked.

(Signed) VERITAS-DE-CAFÉ.

SIR WILFRID THE GOOD TEMPLAR.

(See his Speech at Brayton, Wednesday, August 28.)

O MINGLER of the gay and grave!

Of temperance humorous exemplar!

Long toast-and-water's amber wave,
Drain thou, SIR WILFRID, the Good Templar!

Long to thy park may thousands flock,

Yet not a blade of grass to injure;

For why? They wear the temperance yoke,
And drink the beer that's brewed from ginger.

Delicious beverage, ginger-pop!

Cut string, out cork! from froth to frolic,

Pure effervescence rides atop,
Nor mads like mixtures alcoholic.

Though for Good Templars life must pass

Slowly sometimes, what Saturnalia,

Though sober, to tread Brayton grass,
Drink ginger-pop, and wear regalia!

And hear SIR WILFRID's cheerful scorn,
His logic that might fool a baby:

"He never heard of drunkards born!"

"He thinks" [*Punch* too] "that idiots may be."

Would with his faith we could receive
His plan for tapping social humours—
Drink-sellers without licence leave,
And licence grant to drink-consumers.

See *Punch*, with potting-plate on arm:—

"Three bottles, port: A 1 at Cross's"—

Or worn on watch-chain like a charm,

Insuring 'gainst all liquor-losses!

His bottle who so licensed braves,

Of strength of head gives safest warrant;

Sailor—is safe to rule the waves;

Soldier—to fight like a knight-errant:

Bishop—to rampant Ritualist,

The drastic dose of TART to minister;

Premier—to clench an English fist

When foes grow fierce, or friends grow sinister.

Meantime, while we've SIR WILFRID here,

Spite of his crotchets, none dislikes him,

Although his logic may be queer,

And grave or gay, all's jokes that strikes him.

Ne'er merrier man in drink's abuse

Bade men the Fiend of Drink lay claws on,

"The clock strikes 'Cross' as it struck 'BRUCE';

When shall we hear it striking 'LAWSON'?"

WILFRID in fun is good to read;

His laws were less to *Punch's* liking.

If ever "Lawson" strikes, take heed

Lest he set half of England striking.

OUR SEA-SIDE LIBRARY;

Or, *What to Read, and When.*



SEA-SIDE literature ought to be appropriate. We suggest, among the novels of the season,—

Far from the Madding Crowd.—When you determine to have a change somewhere.

Dearer than Gold.—When you settle for your lodgings by the sea.

The Impending Sword.—When you hear that your mother-in-law is coming too.

At Her Mercy.—When she does come.

Cruel Constancy.—When she stays on, regardless of all your hints.

Crushed Beneath His Idol.—When the wife of your bosom actually backs her up.

True to Her Trust.—When your landlady admits that she keeps no cat.

Three Feathers.—When you wonder what is inside your bolster.
My Time, and What I've Done With It.—When you leave your watch in a bathing-machine.

Waiting for Tidings.—When you wonder if you'll hear of it again.

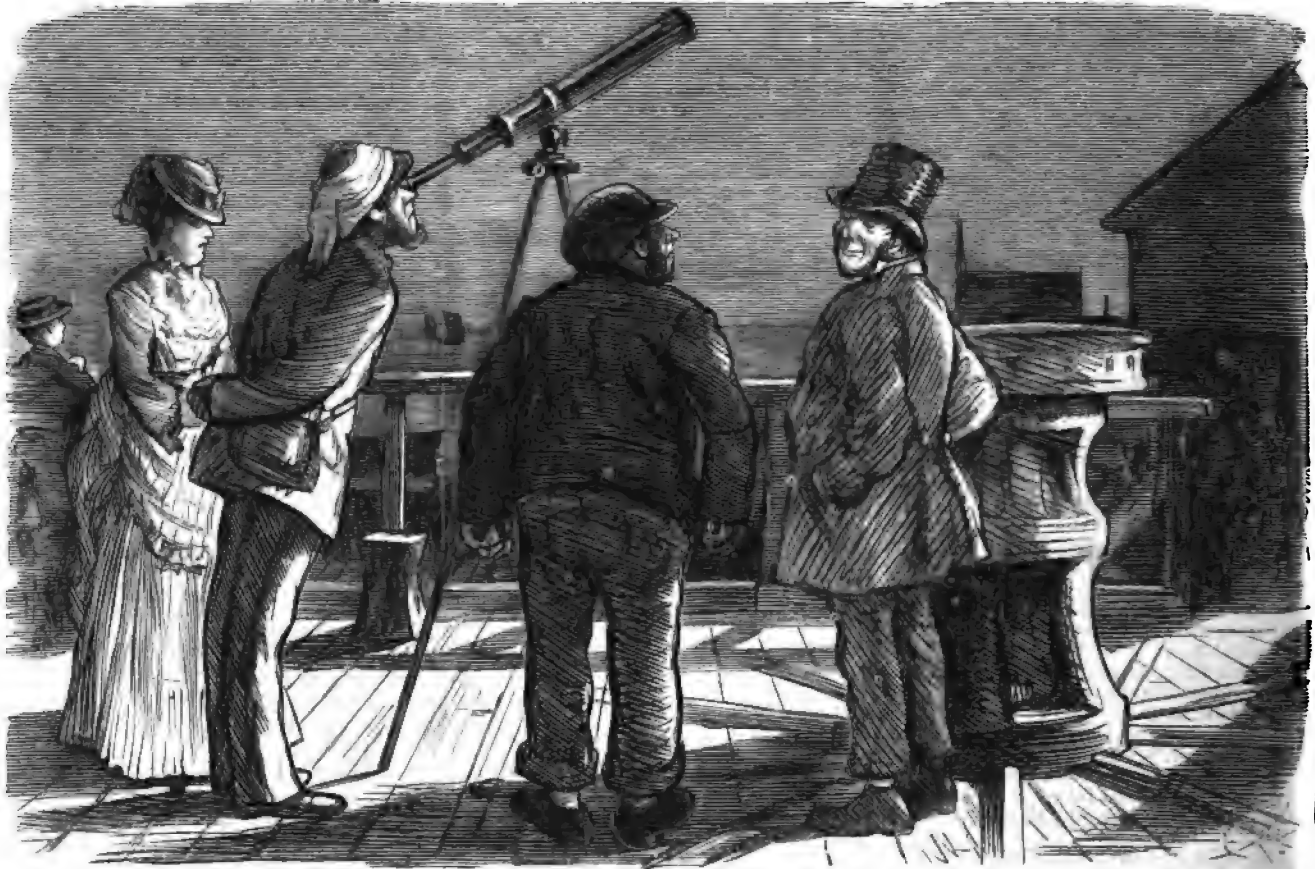
Wandering Fires.—When you watch the practice of the local Volunteers.

Under the Limes (lighted).—When you meet MR. BOUGICAULT on the Parade.

After Long (Y)ears.—When you are requested to follow the children on donkeys.

The Last Inca.—When you have to pay for the drawing-room cloth, to which MASTER TOMMY has given the *coup de grâce* by upsetting your inexhaustible inkstand.

One Only.—When you announce your intention of going up to Town for a few days on "urgent business."



A LUNAR OBSERVATION.

Old Sailor (to Parties looking through his Glass). "DISTANCE O' THE MEWN FROM THE EARTH, TWENTY-FOUR MILLIONS O' MILES!"
Country Excursionist (standing by). "LAUKS! WH'EAOW EVER CAN THEY TELL THAT, SIR?"
Old Sailor. "HOW CAN WE TELL! BLESS YER LIFE, 'CAUSE WE'VE MEASURED IT TO A HINCH, SIR!"

THE REDHILL HARVEST-HOME.

"The Harvest-Home of the Philanthropic Society's School for the Reformation of Boy Criminals, was held yesterday at the farm school at Redhill. Not a boy of the 304 who are at present at school but is a convicted felon; indeed, a boy must have been twice convicted before he can be received into the School. Since the establishment of the School 2,394 boys have been admitted, and 2,089 have been discharged, of whom 1,032 have emigrated. In the four years ending the 31st of December, 1871, 317 boys were discharged, of whom 192 emigrated. Further facts go on to state that over 90 per cent. of these boys were never again convicted of crime, and were heard of afterwards as doing well. About 8 per cent. of the number lapsed back into their old courses, and of two or three no tidings were afterwards heard. Of the 8 per cent., however, that were re-convicted, one-fifth had recovered their character, and were living honestly when last heard of. The principle on which the School is carried on, and by which these excellent results are obtained, is, as the sketch states, by employing four great instruments—religious influence, personal kindness, exact justice, and constant employment."—*Daily News*, Aug. 27.

ENGLAND hath garnered the rich crop by God's great goodness given,
 And now in Harvest-Home uplifts her thankful hands to heaven;
 But a more special blessing crowns *one* Harvest-Home—Redhill,
 Whose crop is raised from prison-seed and gutter-Arab drill.

Here Faith and Love the long year through, toil on, 'twixt eve and morn,
 In the face of doubters' sneering and unbelievers' scorn,
 From the seed the prison sends them a wholesome crop to grow,
 Let the blades seem ne'er so starveling, and their earing ne'er so slow.

For well they know soul-seed *must* grow, if not for good, for ill;
 So they set to hoe and harrow and spud with strenuous will:
 Soil may be dank, and weeds be rank, but sourest ground will drain,
 And damp will dry, and weeds will die, and then sow wholesome grain!

So have they drained, and harrowed, and crushed, and cleansed, and tamed
 This stubborn soil of souls run wild, and natures unreclaimed;
 Till for the darnel of ill-deeds, the kecks and burrs of crime,
 Comes up the golden growth of good, in the Lord o' the Harvest's time.

Then of all English harvest-homes through all our laughing land,
 Is none that asks more lifting up of thankful heart and hand,
 Than this of Redhill and all farms that Redhill's labour share,
 Spite of ill weeds, to sow good seeds, and rear, and bring to bear.

Our Railway Relations.

SIR EDWARD WATKIN, in connection with a threatened abandonment of the workmen's early trains on the South Eastern line because they don't pay, talks big of "The Great Railway Interest, which has done more than any other interest for the welfare of the nation." "Done" is an awkward word—with more meanings than one. But in SIR EDWARD'S sense of the word, this tall talk is out of place. "Railway interest" may be "great," but the Shareholders would like it greater, and to make it greater is SIR EDWARD'S one aim as the head of a Directorate. The attitude of a public benefactor is one thing, and that of a Railway Director strenuous for the increase of dividends another; and between the two we may fairly ask, "What kin?"

BY THE REQUEST OF SIR WILFRID LAWSON.—The supporters of the Permissive Bill will be known in future as members of "The Good-Temperance Society."

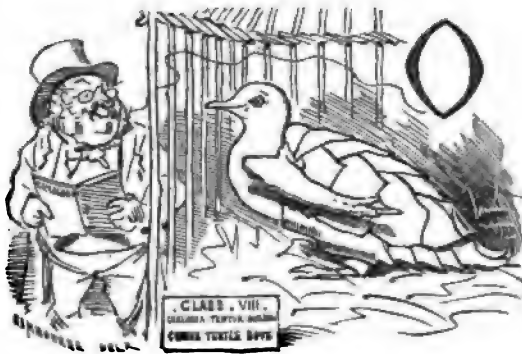
AN OLD SONG FOR NEW SAVANTS.—"O dear! What Can this 'Matter' Be?"



“GIVE AND TAKE.”

CERES (to Farmer and Labourer). “MY HARVEST GIFTS! TAKE—AND SHARE FAIRLY.”

VEGETABLE CARNIVORA.



UR Vegetables are not vegetarian. Readers of the proceedings of the British Association at Belfast must have been entertained by DR. HOOKER's remarks on "carnivorous plants," in particular the fly-catching *Dionaea*, which has a vegetable gin, armed with spikes baited with sweets, closing on any piece of animal substance put into it, and actually digesting its prey. What if vegetables are included in the transmigration of souls, and plants of the *Dionaea* order are tenanted by spirits of departed Aldermen?

the transmigration of souls, and plants of the *Dionaea* order are tenanted by spirits of departed Aldermen?

GOOD FRUIT FROM KINDLY FLOWER.

MR. FLOWER, the excellent ex-Mayor of Stratford-upon-Avon, the one man who came with credit and honour out of the Shakespeare Tercentenary muddle, and the brewer of about the best beer brewed in England, has added to these high titles of honour that of the Horse's best friend, by his vigorous assault on the cruel stupidity of the bearing-rein. Now that common sense and humanity have been brought to bear on the matter, we may hope to see an end of the barbarous and brainless practice of strapping up unhappy horses' heads tight for the sake of appearance, to the sacrifice alike of their comfort and their serviceableness. The rain is usually invoked to quicken fruit from flower. Let us hope opposition to the rein may in this case produce the same effect.

A SAFE RESTING-PLACE.

THE Pontigny pilgrims stop for a while at Sens. What a pity they should go such a very different road afterwards!

AUGUST SHOWERS; OR, STARS AND SOVEREIGNS.

THERE are certain nights in August when, if skies be calm and clear, The watcher may see showers of stars shoot madly from their sphere, And in a sudden trail of light flare, fade, and disappear.

Time was we watched these star-showers in awe and trepidation; Some deemed each errant meteor a world swept from creation, Foreshadowing for our globe, perhaps, as swift annihilation.

Some gathered omens, dark or bright, from these mysterious showers: Some thought them Cabinet couriers despatched by higher powers, On errands betwixt Cosmic Courts in systems beyond ours.

Some held them "rogus" stars, on the loose, a-muck through space careering, Uncontrolled by gravitation, and calculation queering, Big with possible destruction to each orb they were nearing.

Some deemed them dust of shattered worlds, some wild young worlds a-growing On their way to fixed-star manhood their fiery wild-oats sowing; Some thought them comets that had lost their tails, for new ones going.

Now Science throws cold-water on all such silly histories; For her Earth keeps no secrets, and the firmament no mysteries; "Learn law," she cries, "and fear not: Awe of Ignorance twin sister is."

She tells us these bright wanderers aren't worlds, but paltry aërolites, On a few grains of nucleus setting up all this glare o' lights, And making asses fancy that they must be real starry lights.

And much like August's shooting-stars seem August's shooting sov'reigns:

Whom hidden force, or law, in showers on Albion from above rains—

Princes, King, Empress—some from thrones where hate, and some where love reigns.*

And Europe, too, may trails of light from shooting sovereigns sun in,

While Czar, Kronprinz, and Kaiser hob-a-nob at Bad and Brunn; And young Wittelsbach, in Paris, debt for *bric-à-brac* doth run in.

Nor from the lot of star-showers are these sovereign-showers exempt;

Both grow so common that they breed less of awe than contempt, Now most dynasties rule cheaper than their pious founders dreamt.

And for history-hardened students monarchs cross or quit the field, As August's wandering meteors for star-gazers science-stealed, Both bodies with a nucleus small in luminous haze concealed.

Whose import, nay, whose impact, leaves things much as they are; No more helps har'at or vintage, than it brings plague or war;

Whose best chance to look big or bright is to be seen from far.

* The PRINCE and PRINCESS OF ROUMANIA, the PRINCE OF ASTURIAS, the EMPRESS OF AUSTRIA, and the KING OF DENMARK, all now or lately visitors *enoy*. of this favoured isle.

While science-sharpened eyes, that turn to watch them, seek in wonder,

What our forefathers found in them to bow to and knock under—
Lumen pictum, fulmen actum—tinsel radiance, play-house thunder!

"CLASS" LEGISLATION.

IT having been decided by several Magistrates and other persons in authority that education is the only certain cure for cases of assault and robbery accompanied by violence, the following rules will probably be embodied in a Bill (to secure Parliamentary sanction) during the course of the next Session:—

1. Policemen will in future be required to obtain certificates from the School-Boards of their districts testifying to their fitness to undertake the important educational duties with which they will be entrusted.

2. A Policeman discovering a Burglar on the eve of entering a gentleman's house at midnight through the dining-room window, shall allow him (the Burglar) to proceed with the business he has in hand, if he (the Burglar) can undergo a satisfactory *visd voce* examination in the geography of Great Britain and Ireland, and the rudiments of Algebra.

3. A Labourer shall in future be permitted to beat his wife without hindrance, if he is able to apostrophise her in French, German, or some other modern language.

4. In cases of Riot, attended by the sacrifice of human life, the ring-leaders shall be apprehended and removed to the station-house, where they shall undergo as soon as possible an examination to test their knowledge of English History and geometry. The examination will be conducted by a Sergeant of Police. Any prisoner, not obtaining the minimum number of marks, will be brought before the Magistrates on the morning following the examination. In cases of kicking, Mechanics and Anatomy may be taken up as extra subjects.

5. Prisoners charged with assault, who have taken their B.A. degree at the Universities of Oxford, Cambridge, or Dublin, will be released upon the understanding that they pay the fees necessary for proceeding to the degree of M.A. at their earliest convenience.

6. The following punishments will in future be awarded to prisoners convicted of assault:—

(a) For kicking a Wife, so as to cause serious damage to life and limb. A fine of five shillings, or an examination in the First Book of *Euclid*. If death follows, the whole of the First Six Books will have to be taken up.

(b) For striking a friend. A week in gaol, or an examination in the *Commentaries of Caesar*.

(c) For highway robbery accompanied with violence. Three months' hard labour, or the ordinary Oxford examination for Matriculation.

(d) For permanent injury of a Police-Constable in the execution of his duty. Penal servitude for life, or an examination testing thorough knowledge of *Bradshaw's Railway Guide* in all its branches, inclusive of the Continental Edition and the mysteries of the Loop Lines.

7. During the enforcement of the above regulations the gaols will be converted into schools for the prisoners, and the lunatic asylums into official residences for the Magistrates.

WHAT THE WILD WAVES ARE SAYING.—"Take a bath, Sir?"



OLD FRIENDS WITH A NEW NAME.

(ISLE OF WIGHT.)

Nearsighted Tourist. "WHAT A LOT OF BLUEBOTTLES!—NEVER HEARD SUCH A BUZZING IN MY LIFE!"

Waiter (indignantly). "BLUEBOTTLES, SIR! THERE AIN'T SUCH A THING AS A BLUE-BOTTLE TO BE FOUND IN THE 'OLE ISLAND!"

Nearsighted Tourist. "THEN WHAT ON EARTH ARE ALL THESE?"

Waiter (whose Face is horribly swollen, by the bye). "'MUSKEETERS,' SIR, GENTS CALLS 'EM. WE USED TO CALL 'EM 'GNATS.'"

DEEDS OF DARING.

SEVERAL accidents, attributable to the British love of climbing, having been reported this year, *Mr. Punch* begs to submit to the consideration of Members of the Alpine Club the following tasks, which will be found to be excellent substitutes for mountain explorations. The tasks have been framed with a view to testing the courage and endurance of those who undertake their accomplishment.

Task 1 (strongly recommended to Artists).—An examination (lasting not less than one hour) of the statue of QUEEN ANNE in front of St. Paul's Cathedral. (Any two of the statues in Trafalgar Square will be considered an equivalent for QUEEN ANNE.)

Task 2 (suitable to Literary Men in search of Authorities).—A visit to the British Museum during its annual cleansing.

Task 3 (a good study for Doctors).—A Railway Trip by "the Day-light Station route" from the Mansion House to Westminster on a sultry afternoon.

Task 4 (a capital exercise for Club-men).—A dinner at a Pastry-cook's or at a Railway-station.

Task 5 (the very thing for excitable Elderly Females).—A ride down Piccadilly when the roads are "up" and the steam-roller is at large.

Task 6, and last (only to be attempted by a Bachelor in the best of health and with the sweetest of tempers).—A visit to the sights of

London in company with a bevy of young nephews and nieces from the country. *N.B.*—The Lowther and Burlington Arcades should be carefully avoided, for fear of accidents.

A Scot in Switzerland.

THE Chamois is running short in Switzerland, inasmuch that a party advertises his "Chamois preserves in the Tyrol." *Punch* warns any gentleman wishing to exchange his Scottish Forests for Swiss mountains, that he will find the Chamois even harder to stalk than the red-deer, and that the chances are ten to one his month's sport turns out a sham-mois' sport after all.

À LA MODE.

A FARMER, in full Sunday go-to-meeting costume, was observed walking behind one of his own cart-loads of hay. Being asked why he got himself up to such an extent, he pointed to the cart, and replied, "My da'rter tells me that I bain't in fashion unless I follow the mowed. Zo here I be a followin' the finest mowed as you'd zee in these 'ere parts."

SAMPLE OF "DOUBLE X."—BAZAINE—ex-Marshal and ex-Prisoner.

STROUD—AN ODE.

(Dedicated, without permission, to the Free and Independent Burgesses of that lively Borough.)

STROUD Election,
Circumspection:
Blue complexion:
Small reflection;
Liberal section,
Loose connection;
Rough collection,
Weak correction,
No protection.

Hustings' rection;
Swift selection,
Sharp rejection:
Some defection,
Loud objection,
Close inspection,
Clear detection,
Court's direction,
Prompt ejection,
New election.

(And so da capo.)

What we are Coming to.

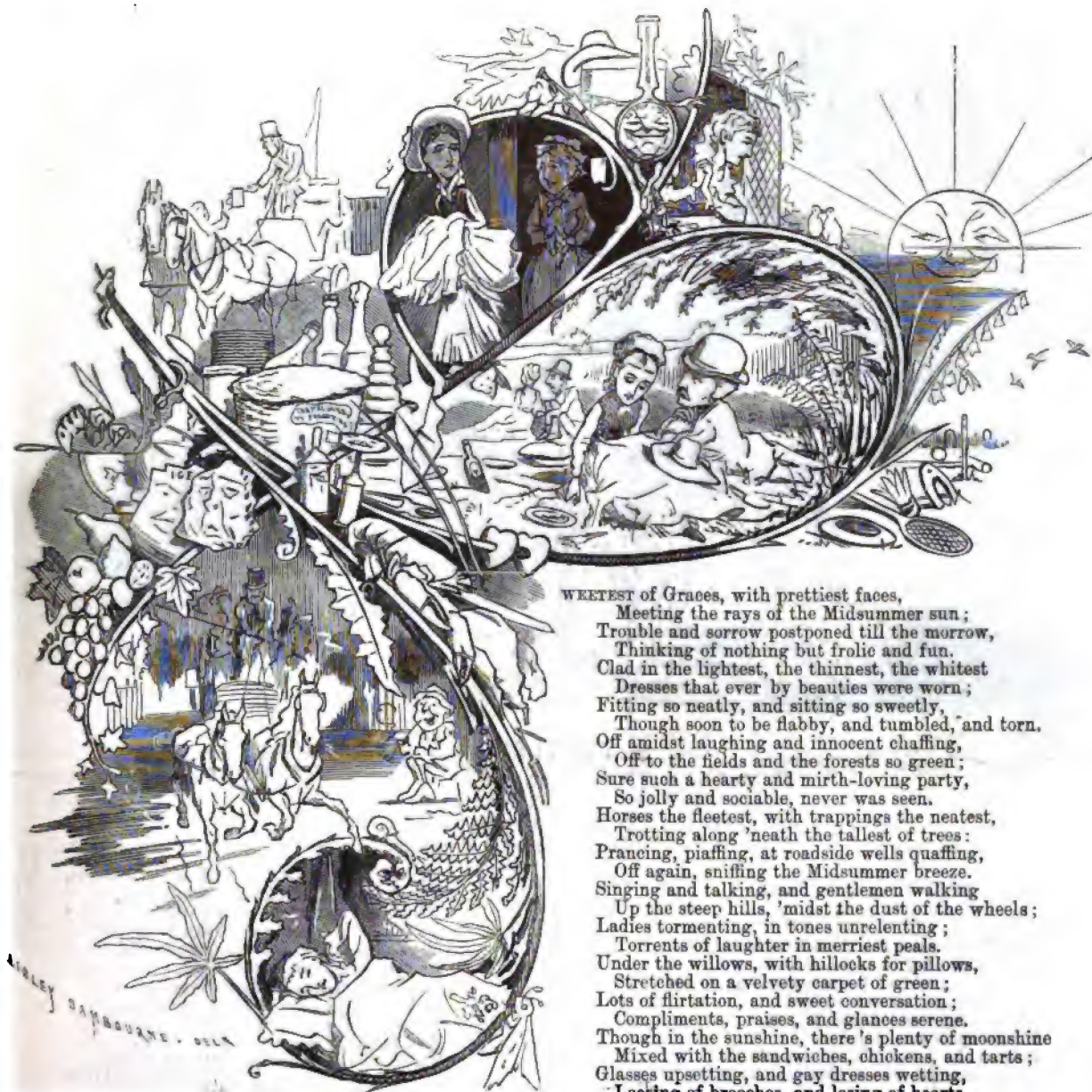
Now that a German Society in New York is actually about to construct a chamber with the appliances necessary for burning the dead, and their example is about to be followed at Vienna and Dresden, we may expect to see fire spreading in the cemetery as it is its nature to spread, till in the end cremation will have everywhere ousted interment, the undertaker's work will be changed from committing earth to earth to reducing ashes to ashes—and the old death-saw will have to be re-set into "*De mortuis nil nisi—burn-em.*"

His Word as good as his Bond.

SPEAKING of the last swindle of its foreign creditors by the rascally Government of Spain, *The Times* says, "MARSHAL SERRANO is a Soldier, and must understand what is the meaning of pledging one's word." If he doesn't, we can tell him. In the case of a Spanish Minister, "pledging one's word," means just as much as "pledging one's bond," and that—among *cosas de España*—we ought to know by this time means, precisely, nothing!

A MUSICAL NAME.—DO-RE.

A PIC-NIC.



SWEETEST of Graces, with prettiest faces,
 Meeting the rays of the Midsummer sun;
 Trouble and sorrow postponed till the morrow,
 Thinking of nothing but frolic and fun.
 Clad in the lightest, the thinnest, the whitest
 Dresses that ever by beauties were worn;
 Fitting so neatly, and sitting so sweetly,
 Though soon to be flabby, and tumbled, and torn.
 Off amidst laughing and innocent chaffing,
 Off to the fields and the forests so green;
 Sure such a hearty and mirth-loving party,
 So jolly and sociable, never was seen.
 Horses the fleetest, with trappings the neatest,
 Trotting along 'neath the tallest of trees:
 Prancing, piaffing, at roadside wells quaffing,
 Off again, sniffing the Midsummer breeze.
 Singing and talking, and gentlemen walking
 Up the steep hills, 'midst the dust of the wheels;
 Ladies tormenting, in tones unrelenting;
 Torrents of laughter in merriest peals.
 Under the willows, with hillocks for pillows,
 Stretched on a velvety carpet of green;
 Lots of flirtation, and sweet conversation;
 Compliments, praises, and glances serene.
 Though in the sunshine, there's plenty of moonshine
 Mixed with the sandwiches, chickens, and tarts;
 Glasses upsetting, and gay dresses wetting,
 Loosing of brooches, and losing of hearts.

Through the green bushes the merriment rushes,
 Hiding and seeking the foliage among;
 Thickets exploring, with lovers adoring,
 Startling the birds in the midst of their song.
 Notions concerning the time for returning;
 Long shadows falling like ghosts on the ground;
 Daylight fast ending, as twilight descending
 Casts a deep shade o'er the country around.
 Back through the valley, where in and out dally
 Merriest brooklets, through flags and through ferns:
 Back by the sedges, and dust-covered hedges,
 Back again homewards, the party returns.
 Lonely lanes ringing with sweetest of singing;
 Villagers staring as wheels whirl along;
 Countrymen smoking, desist from their joking,
 And listen awhile to the far-sounding song.
 Cot-garden flowers and wild hedge-row bowers,
 Cottages, villages, swiftly are past;
 Lights fast appearing show home they are nearing,
 And happy at home they are welcomed at last!

Sweetest of Graces, with prettiest faces
 Wakefully pressing the pillow so white;

Trouble and sorrow postponed till the morrow,
 Thinking of nothing but lovers to-night.
 Peacefully sleeping, with rosy cheeks peeping
 Out of their halo of gold-tangled hair.
 Sweet be their dreaming, for on them are beaming
 Visions of happiness, perfect, and rare.

Deleterious Tracts.

THE other day, at an inquest held on the body of a juvenile suicide by DR. LANKESTER, some Tracts which the self-murdered youth had been reading were shown to the Coroner, who said that "in his opinion they would affect a person suffering like the deceased." The Jury returned a verdict of "Suicide in an unsound state of mind." Might they not have added, "owing to the effect of pernicious literature"? And could not LORD CAMPBELL'S Act be extended to those who circulate Tracts so poisoned with fanaticism that they end in distraction?

MOTTO OF THE ENGLISH DELEGATE TO THE BRUSSELS CONFERENCE.—"Silence does not give consent."



TURTLES.

She (doubtfully). "WHICH WAY, NOW?"

He (tenderly). "SHALL WE TAKE THE BRIDLE-PATH?"

She (blushingly). "IF YOU WILL GIVE ME A LEAD."

MOSQUITO-PHOBIA.

(See *Dailies and Weeklies*.)

Now shame upon the thin-skinned Briton
Who howls that he's mosquito-bitten!
Have we no winged home-plagues as wight
If not to hum, at least to bite?
Lo, dancing o'er the humid flats
Innumerable gauzy gnats,
Born of the water (VIRGIL sang 'em)
They know the way to bite you, hang 'em!
Nor easy is't the skin to harden
'Gainst wasps, the pirates of the garden;
I like to see each miscreant yellow
Hawked by a hornet, his big fellow,
Though glad, too, that curst *Crabro's* dirk
Our summers rarely find at work.
His sting's no joke—a lesson taught us
As early as old Rome—see PLAUTUS.*
Mosquitoes? Pooh! Their torture's trivial
To what our lively friend convivial
Inflicts, with deipnosophic plans—
To wit, the *Pulex irritans*:
Pulex, a *pulvere*—'tis just
The name for him who bites our dust.
When ADAM from the earth arose,
Came *Pulex* too, as science shows,
Nay, more, survived the deluge dark,
As poets say, in Noah's Ark—
"The creatures came forth three by three,
Two elephants, one lively flea"—
Shall his hereditary fame
Be dimmed by the Mosquito's name?

* *Amphitryon*, ii. 75.

Perish the thought! The fleas industrious,
For thirst and nimbleness illustrious,
Shall feed on all who dare to carp
At the achievements of F. sharp.
It needs a style more strong and solid
To celebrate that insect stolid,
Too business-like to show vivacity,
But strong in John-Bull pertinacity,
Cimex, well-skilled his thirst to quenoh,
And swelling aggravate with stench:
Thou, who dost mere mosquitoes dread,
With B. flats ne'er hast spared thy bed:
From night of fretful industry,—
In lecto trito Cimice,—
Has't ris'n at morn a world too early,
A fevered wight, stung, sore, and surly:
Or thou wouldst ululate those stings
In strains such as true suffering wrings.
Not girls of Troy for Hector's sake,
Not women at an Irish wake,
Not schoolboy 'neath Salopian birch,
Not Dean of disestablished Church,
Not even patriot out of place,
Can show a more lugubrious face
Than those bled by that stern'st M.D.,
No *hum*-bug, but a silent B!
No shrill Mosquito he, to blow
Himself the trump that warns his foe,
And shrilly twanged, ere blood is shed,
Brings death on his own thirsty head!

* *Martial*, xi. 33.

BAZAINE'S HAND-OVER-HAND DESCENT.—His one feat of arms.



LAWN TENNIS.

Miss Maud. "HOW DO WE STAND?"

Captain Lovelace. "THEY ARE SIX TO OUR LOVE; AND 'LOVE' ALWAYS MEANS NOTHING, YOU KNOW."

Miss Maud. "ALWAYS!"

BRITISH AUTOMATON.

A Strange Case of Intermittent Unconsciousness.

MR. PUNCH begs respectfully to submit the following "case"—for the authenticity of which he is, in every particular, prepared to vouch—to the consideration of PROFESSOR HUXLEY:—

MR. JOHN SMITH ROBINSON (British paterfamilias) having some years ago met with some marked success in business, has ever since been, from time to time, subject to certain morbid hallucinations as to the obligations of his social position. In his normal life he is cheerful, sensible, and in every respect a rationally conducted man. That normal life lasts about ten months of the year; but, for the remaining two, usually the months of August and September, he passes into a totally abnormal existence. In this last state he is still active, often painfully so; but, though he eats, drinks, and goes about as usual, he enjoys nothing. His actions are purely mechanical. For instance, on a *Bradshaw* being put into his hand by his wife or daughters, he instantly conceives the idea of "travelling," and carries it out accordingly, thereby showing that in this condition the functions of the cerebral hemisphere are largely annihilated, and that left to himself, without knowing what he is about, he will illustrate the first law of locomotion. In this state he is capable of performing all sorts of extraordinary actions on mere suggestions. For example, on a hooked stick being thrust into his hand, he will toil up either *Snowdon* or the *Righi*, at a cost of comfort and enjoyment to himself which is almost appalling.

Again, on being told emphatically that "the girls want sea-bathing," he will take expensive apartments at *Eastbourne* or *Scarborough*, allow himself to be dragged up and down the Parade,

and generally hustled and stared at for six consecutive weeks. Sometimes MRS. JOHN SMITH ROBINSON will insist that "he ought to hire a place on the Moors," and then the extraordinary phenomenon of a middle-aged and not over-active man wandering about with a gun, and taking very bad shots, may be seen any day in the neighbourhood of his "place" for two or more months.

In his normal life usually contented and agreeable, he now becomes sulky, irritable, and morose. Naturally truthful and upright in his business transactions, he will now stoop to falsehood and deception, and talk of "urgent business necessitating his presence in Town." If driven on to a Channel boat, he will, for many weeks, allow himself to wander among people whose language he does not know, whose customs he loathes, whose comforts he seeks in vain, and whose food refuses to agree with him.

Finally, at the expiration of his "fit," he is restored to his old quarters and former routine, when he seems totally to forget the irritations, disappointments, and fatigues of his two months' "abnormal existence." To such a marvellous extent are the impressions he has received effaced, that at precisely the same time in the ensuing year he repeats the folly.

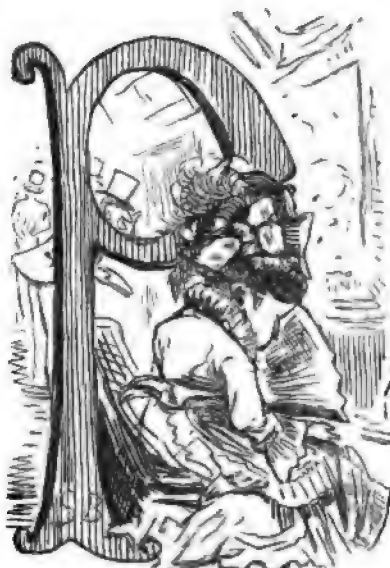
The case is an interesting one, but is regarded as incurable.

PLANTS AND ANIMALS.—Have we any native "carnivorous plants"? Some appear to be denoted such by their names—dog-rose, foxglove, sow-thistle, hawkweed, dandelion; and amongst those which, though not indigenous, are cultivated in gardens, there is the tiger-lily.

THE HORN OF THE DILEMMA FOR TYNDALL.—The Matter-horn.

HOLIDAY HAPPY THOUGHTS.

(Being Hints for a New Guide to North Wales.)



PENMAENMAWR is a capital place to go to, and to go from. For excursions—to Welshise the Irish phrase, “it bangs Banagher”—it bangs Bangor. The George Hotel at the latter place has a lovely garden for lounging in, good service, and satisfactory *table d’hôte*. It also possesses one of the neatest-handed Phyllises in the way of dinner-napkin folders I ever beheld. Out of fifty table napkins there were not more than three or four of the same pattern: at least so it seemed. With the exception of this *Hostellerie*, which has grown out of a small Inn, there’s nothing much to detain you in Bangor. Of course there are the two bridges; but there are the Three Bridges on the London and South Coast Line, so no one will think much

of these. Then there’s Beaumaris Castle on the other side, Penrhyn Castle on Bangor side and the Penrhyn model village, which looks as prim as that humbug of a place, Brook in Holland, where you take your shoes off for fear of dirtying the roads, or something equally absurd. There are very few “model” anythings that are not humbugs. They protest too much.

No tourist who cares for Welsh scenery, for lakes, waterfalls, sea, and mountain, would make his head-quarters at Llandudno, which is a pretentious, half-finished, Welsh-Liverpool-Cockney sort of place, with little to recommend it except that there are frequent trains to take you away again. Llandudno hasn’t made up its mind (and it’s been long enough about it) what sort of existence it’s going to settle down to. It oscillates between Scarborough (without its attractions and natural advantages), Margate Cockneyism, and Weymouth gentility. Many of the shops, as yet, haven’t precisely arrived at what their *spécialité*, if any, is to be. A watering-place must be in a very infantine stage of existence when you’ve got to go to a toy-shop to get your hair cut. Yet so it is at Llandudno. There is a rival establishment to this, where “Hair-Brushing by Machinery” is advertised. It made me tremble to think of it.

If two heads are better than one, Llandudno, with the Great Orme’s Head and the Little Orme’s Head, ought to be well off. Perhaps these two brainless heads rule the destinies of Llandudno. The place is between two seas, which is as bad, in its way, as being between two fires. Wind and rain, wind and dust, find quite a little holiday-ground at Llandudno.

As everyone staying at Penmaenmawr is safe to go to Conway and see Conway Castle, description is thrown away. A guide-book should tell us what to avoid. There’s something the tourist can’t avoid, and that is the Welsh *gamins*.

Warnings.—The Welsh children, I mean the dirty little girls and boys up to six years old, know this much of English, “Gie me y’ape’ny!” And for this half-penny they’ll pester every visitor, afoot or in a car.

Advice (as to dealing with these horrid little nuisances).—When walking, pretend to feel in your pocket for the coin, and keep on walking. Gradually they’ll tail off one by one, except the ring-leader, who has a character to keep up. Let him keep it up; and, if you’re ascending a mountain, *excellent*! You’ll soon find a convenient place to explain your practical joke to that boy.

In a Carriage.—Adopt the ancient method. Take the ring-leader’s cap and return it to him after a mile or so.

They are an avaricious set of little wretches, with dirty noses and shrill voices, who ought to be in school. Any donor of a penny or a half-penny to these small vagabonds ought to be fined heavily, and sent to Llandudno.

Thoughts which will occur, probably, to the bold Mountaineer, making the ascent of any height, say of Penmaenmawr.—First: It’s steeper than one expected. It’s more difficult than one thought it would be. “Do you?” (a question, after the last-mentioned thought, to a companion) “think that that workman who is throwing slates and stones down from a height sees us coming up?”

Thought (on seeing a whacking lump come bounding down).—It

would be as well to choose a time for the ascent when they are not rolling stones down.

After a certain height, you will probably find it convenient to select a good place for stopping to look at the view. You will probably wish that your companion would stop oftener to look at the view.

Thoughts on getting higher up.—If this next point isn’t the top, I shall turn back.

Still higher up.—If this next point isn’t the top, I shall certainly turn back.

Higher and higher.—Look here, if we’re not at the top after the next stone wall, I’m hanged if I see the fun of going any further.

And so on to the summit.

In order to assist you in reaching your lofty destination, the mountain-climber will do well to provide himself with an alpenstock of some such encouraging thoughts as the following:—

Imagination will help one a long way up Penmaenmawr (or Snowdon, or any mountain.)

When desperately out of breath, and your friend won’t wait for you, imagine you’re somebody going to help a female in distress.

Imagine you’re the Knight with the banner in “*Excelsior*!” (Up to a certain verse—not in the after part, “*Lifeline*, yet beautiful,” &c.)

Imagine you’re to have a sovereign on arriving at the top.

Imagine you will see such a view from the top.

Imagine how sorry you will be afterwards to have been in the neighbourhood and left this undone.

Imagine that the eyes of Europe are on you.

Imagine that you are benefiting Society generally by your individual experience.

Imagine what a lot of good it’s doing you.

Imagine how much better you will feel after it!

Imagine how delicious it will be coming down!!

But, if imagination will do so much, the contented mind, which is a continual feast (what a bore that would be, even to an Alderman!), might stay quietly at home, or on the beach, and imagine the whole thing from bottom to top. It’s ten to one, or more, against a view when you arrive at the summit of any place. As to seeing the sun rise—bah!—smoke your cigar, and take your coffee, on the terrace of Penmaenmawr Hotel, and see the moon rise. It’s twice as pretty, and not a quarter the trouble.

Note.—Bring your own Washerwoman. The Welsh *blanchisseuses* are angels in their visits: few and far between.

Conveyances and Horses.—Of all the miserable moving creatures on four legs I’ve ever seen, the horses which, almost invariably, drag the flys, cars, and ramshackle-any-how traps, are the most pitiful. There are honourable exceptions, and some people can give you good horses, comfortable traps, and decent drivers. But—see them first, see the whole turn-out with your own dear eyes before you hire it: insist on this.

The Drivers.—More often than not a stupid, pig-headed, dirty, apparently unintelligent, and certainly unintelligible boy, who, it may be, is learning his future business, and picking up English at the tourist’s expense. These boys, whom the tourist will come across, and from whom he will suffer much, seem to be out for a holiday from some local idiot asylum.

Advice.—Never travel without a Welsh conversation-book and a dictionary. If the boy can read (long odds against this), you can show him what you think of him in print; if he can’t read, you must depend upon the excellence of your pantomime for the expression of your feelings. My only complaint of the conversation-books is, that there is no language, or, at all events, no one sentence sufficiently strong for the occasions which are constantly arising.

More than once I have been out with what his proprietor called “an intelligent boy.” He knew enough English to render him suspicious. He was totally unacquainted with any objects of interest on the route, and it ended by my pointing them out to him, and showing him their names in the Guide Book. The artful proprietor had clearly adopted this method of giving the boy a lesson: and I was engaged, at my own expense, to teach the intelligent boy his business.

There was another intelligent boy of the same class. The only sign of intelligence he showed, was, in having a three minutes’ wrangle, in high Welsh, with a toll-bar keeper, when the intelligent boy came off victorious, and we saved sixpence. The leer he gave me after this feat of financial diplomacy was something to remember.

The local guide-book, price one penny—a Penmaenmawr Guide-Book—contains gems which deserve setting. Here are a few:—

“The sea-side is sometimes complained of for its monotony. . . . But in lovely Penmaenmawr the mountain breezes whisper to the sea, and the sunlit sea smiles back upon the mountain, except at intervals, when the smile is exchanged for a song, and perhaps that song”—What do you think? No one will guess—“a thunder.”

The tourist will very often hear the “whispering of the mountain breezes to the sea,” and will wonder what the shouting must be like.

Again: "To the tourist who likes to settle for his month where he can find, though not the excitements of artificial existence, yet a little social comfort"—not much, you'll observe—"combined with every facility for sea-bathing." * * * Liverpool beckons him (the tourist) to its social wonders"—(who, or what, is a social wonder? However, there seem to be a lot of them in Liverpool, according to this guide-book)—"Snowdon beckons him (the tourist again) to its awful solitudes"—crowds are making the ascent every day during the season, and dirty little boys offering to "take y'up top o' Snowdon, Sir, for one-and-eightpence"—by the way, a good service would be done by taking a few of these young rascals up to one of these "awful solitudes," and then and there punching their heads—"the sea beckons him to its glad voyaging"—which depends upon what sort of a sailor the tourist may be; but, after all, it only "beckons him," so he needn't go unless he likes. Should the talented writer correct a new edition, I would suggest that it should be "the sea" which "beckons to its awful solitudes"—for "awful solitudes" would be a beautiful description of the bathing-machines.

Talking of the cliffs of Penmaenmawr, the guide-book says: "The sea-eagle till lately made them its favourite abode." The sea-eagle has probably by this time found it more profitable to let it out in lodgings. Perhaps MR. GLADSTONE has taken it.

Of one mode of ascending to the Penmaenmawr quarries—"The empty trucks returning up the mountain may afford the tourist, if he have a good head, a swinging and giddy seat"—but he doesn't go up sitting on his head—"which may serve, on this or some later occasion, to save him the fatigue of the climb, and to produce a novel sensation"—rather!

Describing with poetic fervour the view from the summit of Penmaenmawr, the guide tells us what is to be seen: "Bridges, tubes, towns, plains, and valleys—right around to the moors and mountains of Cumberland." * * * The high grounds of the Isle of Man, and the Hill of Howth in Ireland, with—last but not least to the observant eye"—evidently the writer's own is here intended—"these vast and varied tracts of sea surface" * * * here the waters hushed in calm, there ruffled by a breeze: one broad belt rejoicing in the sun's salute; another, and more distant, lying in deep, inexplicable shadow:—"that that part of the sea which was out of the sun's salute should be lying in shadow appears to have considerably puzzled the owner of the observant eye. How he must have tried to reason it out, and have finally decided upon setting it down as "inexplicable." The gifted being of the observant eye must belong to the Dundreary family, and the phenomenon of any place, which is not in the sun, being in the shade, is clearly "one of those things which no fellow can find out."

After the above selections, let no tourist in North Wales forget to purchase a Penmaenmawr Guide. And so farewell—a long farewell—to all the Joneses; for, alas! the vacation for many of us is an accomplished fact.

ANOTHER CONGRESS.



INMATED and encouraged by the applause bestowed upon the proceedings of the Congress at Brussels by an intelligent European Public, the Members of the International Robbers' Defence Association have recently sent Delegates to a gathering of their Society, held at midnight, near a fashionable London thoroughfare. The following is a brief report of the meeting in question:—

On a resolution moved by MR. WILLIAM SIKES (Delegate for England), seconded by HERR PLÜNDER (Germany), and spoken to by M. CARTOUCHE, of France, M. POPOFF (Russia) was unanimously voted to the Chair.

The CHAIRMAN said that the holding of the Meeting was a concession to Civilization. The Attacker and the Attacked had both rights and duties, and it was those rights and duties they now proposed to discuss. But first, it was most important that the proceedings of the Association should be kept a profound secret. He trusted to that honour which was said to exist amongst—well, amongst gentlemen who might be styled "conveyancers,"—that no

one present would play the spy. It would be most inconvenient if the Police were to get scent of their doings.

At this point of the proceedings considerable confusion was created by a report that a foreigner had obtained admission to the Meeting under false pretences. MR. SIKES insisted that the intruder, having no right to be there, should at once be removed.

The CHAIRMAN. The question is very easily decided. Now, Sir, (addressing the person who had created the confusion,) you must pardon my apparent rudeness, but are you—in point of fact—a thief?

The PRISON.—Certainly I am. I should not be here if I were not.

The CHAIRMAN.—We are obliged to be very careful. Will you be kind enough to mention the branch of our profession to which you belong?

The PRISON.—Certainly. I am the proprietor of the Swindle Railway Refreshment Rooms.

The CHAIRMAN.—Your claims to be present are admitted. You can remain and take part in the proceedings.

MR. SIKES wished it to be clearly understood that he could not discuss any question affecting the steamboat traffic. He contended that he had a perfect right to search the pockets of every passenger he might find afloat or before the funnel.

The CHAIRMAN explained that naval subjects would be rigidly excluded from discussion. He had several suggestions to make. The first matter they had to consider was the right of the Attacked to call in the aid of the Police. For his part, he had no objection to making this concession. In England the rights of the Attacker would scarcely be even threatened, as the Police in that country were generally obligingly invisible in cases of emergency.

M. CARTOUCHE thought that the permission should certainly be granted in cases where one thief was attacked by another. He himself knew an instance, of recent occurrence, in which a great big bully had been able to plunder one of the cleverest and most successful robbers of his large acquaintance.

The CHAIRMAN called M. CARTOUCHE to order. At a Meeting held to regulate the rules of assault and battery, Civilization demanded that only the most exalted language should be used.

HERR PLÜNDER thought the attacked should be garrotted if he made any sort of defence. It was for the good of society that a robbery should be accomplished with as little confusion as possible. He contended that the Attacked should be forced to give plans of the houses of all his relatives, showing how they (the houses) might be most easily entered, and their contents put under "requisition."

MR. VAN ROBBEERMAN (Holland) could not agree with the last speaker in every particular. He saw no reason why the Attacked should object to giving information involving the ruin of his friends and neighbours, but it was quite another thing that he should be bound to offer no personal resistance in defence of his own property.

M. VOLEUR (Belgium) complained that it would be very hard indeed if the drawing-room windows of the house of the Attacked were removed by an Attacker wishing to gain admittance.

HERR PLÜNDER did not see how the proceedings complained of could be avoided if the Attacked refused to open the doors of his mansion to the Attacker.

After some further discussion, the provisional sanction of most of the Delegates present was obtained to a code of rules said to be very favourable to the Attacked, and a vote of thanks was passed to M. POPOFF for his conciliatory and courteous conduct in the Chair.

The gathering was then about to disperse, when a solitary passenger was seen to be approaching the spot upon which the Meeting had just been held. He was allowed to advance within a few yards' distance of the Chairman, when (at a signal from one of the Delegates) he was surrounded, gagged, and robbed.

It has since been ascertained that the rules that had just been sanctioned relative to the rights and duties of the Attacker and Attacked were not strictly observed on this occasion.

Notoriety in New York.

THE alleged scandal of gross immorality imputed to a popular preacher at New York has been decided by a Committee of Inquiry to have no foundation. The Reverend Gentleman is, of course, to be congratulated on this result. But, on the other hand, it should be considered that his income is derived from pew-rents, and that if the accusation brought against him had been found to be true, and he had gone on preaching nevertheless, his chapel would have been crammed to suffocation every Sunday.

GLEE FOR ASTONISHED SPORTSMEN IN THE HIGHLANDS.—"A grouse! a grouse! yea! my merry, merry men!"

A WELCOME "BORE" (when it comes).—The Channel Tunnel.



"ARGUMENTUM AD HOMINEM!"

Dealer. "I KNOW YOU DON'T LIKE HIS 'EAD, AND I ALLOW HE AIN'T GOT A PURTY 'EAD; BUT LOR'—NOW LOOK AT GLADSTONE, THE CLEVEREST MAN IN ALL ENGLAND!—AND LOOK AT 'IS 'EAD'!!!"

PILGRIMS, NOW AND THEN!

In the days when of yore Pilgrims took up their staves
To ask intercession of Saints in their graves,
When they sailed the salt seas with no steamers to aid,
And walked the rough roads, before railways were laid;

When Holy Land journeys were made without COOKS,
When mankind had no MURRAYS and hands had no books,
When the robber kept highway instead of hotel,
And his prey bled in purse, and in person as well;

When a Pilgrim who forth to The Sepulchre fared,
Ten to one, on the way found his own grave prepared;
When he faced thirst and hunger with scant scrip and cruise,
And for hard walking need put no peas in his shoes;

For the pious to go on a pilgrimage meant
More than rattling by railway through Sussex or Kent,
To Newhaven or Dover pier-gangway, and then
Their accounts with old Neptune arranging like men;

Then a scramble ashore, run to Paris by rail,
Through buffet-extortionists, out of Church pale,
With six in a carriage, and noddles that swim
'Twixt sea-sickness and sentiment, guide-book and hymn.

All this, and the squeeze at the Station du Nord—
For Pilgrims' "*bagages*" must be searched, though a bore—
And the bother for bed-rooms, and struggling for chairs,
In Not' Dame Des Victoires, for before-breakfast prayers;

Then more rail to St. Florentin, and that hot drag!
A la fin to Pontigny, with banner and flag,
And the pealing of chaunts, hymns, and litanies long—
(For the weaker our ranks the more need to sing strong)—

All this makes a hardish excursion, I see—
But a pilgrimage—such as the thing used to be!
Allow for sea-sickness, hotel-bills and all,
And gammon and spinach the business I call.

And just as your pilgrimage, smoothly railed o'er,
To that which the Pilgrim encountered of yore,
Is the faith that prompts *you*, to the faith that urged *him*:
His as child-like and clear, as yours doubtful and dim.

If blindly he followed the best guides he knew,
There was no one to show him his guides were blind too:
He did not from light turn, delib'rate, away,
Nor read Reason's guide-post, and then go astray.

He *believed* Priests could pardon, and Popes could condemn;
That Rome's Keys hung from Heaven, and that Crowns hung
from them;

That the Church kept the toll-gate betwixt God and Man—
Which without the Pope's ticket let those clear that can!

So a Pilgrim he went where the Church bade him go,
To buy the indulgence the Church could bestow,
By payment of money, and masses, and toil,
To wash moral blackamoors white of their soil.

But *you*—is it kinder or harsher to deem
Your belief a belief, or the dream of a dream?
'Tis a sore task for Charity's self to conceive
That what you profess to believe you believe.

Yet Charity holds 'tis in earnest you call
On all who'd be saved to your fetish to fall;
That some of you go to the Pontigny grave
In good faith that its bones have some magic to save;

Strange as it may seem, in these days you hold true
That a dead man's good works can, in some way, help *you*:
That the savour diffused by their prayers that are gone
Breathes up in a blessing from shrine and from stone!

Well—in days when faith scarce goes beyond gold and beef,
'Tis cruel to quarrel with too much belief—
In all things well intended some good there may be—
In a pilgrimage even, St. Edmund, to thee!



“SICK AND (NOT) SORRY.”

MISERABLE GROWER. “UNUSUALLY EARLY HARVEST THIS YEAR, FRIEND PARTRIDGE! NICE BARE STUBBLES! BAD LOOK-OUT FOR YOU AND THE YOUNG UNS, THOUGH, I’M AFRAID! WE’RE ALL RIGHT, YOU KNOW!—WE’VE GOT A TWELVEMONTHS SICK LEAVE!!!”

A LIFE BY THE OCEAN WAVE.



ORTHY MR. PUNCH,

WHILE you are chained as usual to your editorial desk, busily slaving to amuse and to improve mankind in general, I am lounging idly, free as air, at the sea-side, doing nothing in the world but trying to amuse myself and to improve my appetite. Yet further to exasperate your envy by contrasting our positions, I may add that I have been a month here by the beach, and have neither seen a flea, nor heard a banjo or a barrel-organ.

Where is this Earthly Paradise? you will be tempted to inquire; but its whereabouts wild dreamers never shall drag out of me. No, thank

you: there is now no verdure in my eye. I am not one of those foolish, feeble-minded folk, who, when they find a pleasant place, sit down to advertise its merits. I remember once discovering a nook upon a river, where I was feasted like a fighting-cock for half-a-crown a day, and where big fish could be caught as readily as blue-bottles. In a weak moment I took thither a garrulous companion, and he, like a great gander, wrote a letter to a newspaper, and told where in the world lay this paradise for fishers. Next season, when I went, the banks were bristling with rods, and, instead of living grandly upon half-a-crown a day, I could scarce get bread and cheese for less than half-a-sovereign.

Be content then if I say that I am somewhere by the sea, and not on your side of the Channel. I love my country like a Briton for ten months in the year, but for the other two I am rejoiced to get away from it. And here, where I am now, I see nothing to remind me of the home I left behind me. I doubt if there be even a doormat in the place, and I have stayed here a whole month without seeing a salt-spoon. If an Englishman could grumble, it might be at the absence of such luxuries as these: but if he lives abroad, he very soon discovers that they are not vital necessities. Even without a salt-spoon, I manage somehow to exist on two good meals a day, and I pay four shillings daily for about a dozen dishes. I find this far more pleasant to my palate and my purse, than staying in some stuffy sea-side lodgings nearer home, where one has to waste one's appetite on banquets of cold mutton wellnigh every other day, with the addition of a pudding, excepting upon Sundays.

Though I am not by any means a Sentimental Journeyman, I must echo the opinion that some things in the world are better managed out of England. I readily admit that BRITANNIA rules the waves, but I do not admire the rules she makes for men who venture into them. The young lady who blushed to hear the naked truth, might see the bathing here without a change of colour. The Tritons and sea-nymphs are all decently appraised, and their gambols in the water are certainly amusing. Instead of simply standing in a ring, and bobbing up and down like the sea-nymphs on our shores, here the fair aquatic acrobats can generally swim, and one might call them little ducks, for their prowess in the water.

But there are other things to do here besides watching the bathers, though this is, after all, the most popular of pastimes. There is the never-ending pleasure of looking at the sea, and seeing its clear green change into deep purple under every passing cloud; and, when the wind begins to rise, of hearing the big breakers thunder foaming on the beach. Then there are delightful bracing climbs upon the cliffs, where the sea-mews whirl and scream, and the larks are still in song, and where the sportsman pricks his ears up at the whirring of the partridge, or the twit-twit of the quail. Or, for those who like it, there is the excitement of standing in wet seaweed at low tide among the rocks, and holding a long rod out in the hope of a bite. Moreover, those who wish to taste a slice of Paris by the sea, may sip their mazagran or absinthe, and play their dominos or tric-trac, and their billiards or écarté, close beside the beach. Once a week too here, a little after midday, the children have a ball, and belles of seven flirt coquettishly with cavaliers of six. Partners more mature enjoy a "dancing evening" wellnigh every other night; and yet further to amuse us, the ball-room is betweenwhiles turned into a theatre, where the acting is far better than on many a larger stage.

I cry then "au revoir" as I pack up my portmanteau, and pre-

pare myself regretfully to quit this pleasant place. It is not often in his life that an Englishman can hope to come home from his holiday without some grievance on his mind to grumble and to growl about: and, having passed a month abroad free from this mental raw, I feel impelled by gratitude to advertise the fact; but nothing more—not a particular as to the whereabouts of this marine paradise, from your own

VAGABUNDUS.

Bainville-sur-Mer, Thursday, Sept. 3rd, 1874.

P.S.—The date is right enough, but I've invented the address: and I send this under cover, lest you should see the postmark.

ADVERTISING OFFENCES.



IF where you will, your eye is assailed and wearied with an endless repetition of glaring advertisements and pictorial puff. Of these last some are real nuisances. For example:—

Full-length figures of popular polyphonists and mimics in female costume.

Portraits of the PRINCE OF WALES and the DUKES OF EDINBURGH holding umbrellas, or exhibiting themselves as the wearers of some newly-devised garment. The offence is often aggravated by conjunction with vulgarly-treated likenesses of their

Royal Highnesses' Consorts, represented as partners in their imbecility.

Similar portraits in tailors' shop-windows of the KING OF PRUSSIA, PRINCE BISMARCK, MR. DISRAELI, MR. GLADSTONE, and other celebrities, fashionably attired, thus serving as it were the purpose of dummies to set off MR. SWIN's specialties in the way of coats and pantaloons. Old heads and faces are set upon youthful figures of exaggerated symmetry, with model legs, the shapely feet encased in shiny boots; and princes and statesmen are represented as posing themselves or swaggering like "gents."

A picture of an elderly noodle in a blue coat with brass buttons, a frilled shirt front, buff breeches, and top-boots, sitting in absurd relation to some big leaves, and calling attention to a leaven.

A monster vignette of a pudding-headed buffoon with a bloated face, thick lips, and a wide grinning mouth, placarded outside music-halls.

The gigantic portrait of a square-visaged, massive-jawed old man, with a firm-set mouth and glowering eyes, the alleged inventor of a quack anodyne, and evidently capable of any atrocity.

A fat and flaccid Turk with a fish on a fork—the puff of somebody's something pickles.

A monstrous and meretricious female brushing an impossible head of hair, the poster for some diabolical hair-dye.

The foregoing are a few examples out of many. Do they not constitute a case for the appointment of an Officer in connection with the Board of Works, empowered to superintend illustrated advertisements, and prohibit all such as are public eye-sores?

SUBSTITUTE FOR THE STEAM-WHISTLE.

THE Railroad Commissioners of Massachusetts suggest that, to lessen the annoyance caused by the ear-piercing railway-whistle, electric signals and a bell with flagmen at level crossings should be substituted for it, except in the management of freight trains and for warning of danger. Could not a steam-trumpet be exchanged for the steam-whistle, and a silvery sound replace the iron shriek? In these days of mechanism it seems not too much to suggest that a steam-trumpet might be constructed as well, and made to play a variety of tunes for signals, so as to delight the ears of passengers instead of torturing them. This would be a triumph of steam, which, if possible in itself, would doubtless tax not at all too highly either the resources or the liberality of Railway Companies, to whom the proposed substitute for the steam-whistle would be, in a pecuniary sense, the merest whistle after all.



NOT IN THE GUARDS.

Lieutenant Heaviswell, H.M.S. "Flirt" (one of the Channel Fleet anchored off Inverness), has escorted a Lady to the Train.

Excited Caledonian. "HERE, GAIED! HEY, MAN, WHIT ARE YE FITTEN' AFF YERE TIME THERE FOR! SHOW ME THURD CLASS, AN' LOOK SEATRP!"

A ROMAN REGATTA.

A REAL Regatta on Tiber!
What would HORATIUS say—
Lively lyric describer
In his Augustan day?
Up the old yellow river
Outriggers swiftly go;
And Roman oar-blades quiver,
In honour of SEARLE and LOW!

HORACE his Sapphics could scribble*
To LYDIA, naughty and sweet,
Who made a regular fribble
Of SYBARIS, quondam athlete:
Poet and lovers from Hades
Would we could but invoke,
To see the Roman ladies
Cheer SYBARIS pulling stroke.

Wake up, old Rome, to the struggle
Of man with his fellow-men!
Laugh at the priestly juggle,
And plots of the Jesuit den.
To the field of CINCINNATUS†
We English crowd to see,
Where Young Rome is proud to fêle us
With a match pulled manfully!

Well, the lesson we have taught you,
Like men to tug at the oar,
Is a better gift to have brought you
Than that we owe your shore.
Out of Rome to do like the Romans,
Like monkeys at monks to play,
Is too oft English man's and woman's
Lesson from Rome to-day!

* Carmen i. 8.

† The Torre de Quinto, said to take its name from the old Dictator.

SAINTS IN SEPTEMBER.

FREQUENT showers of rain on the First of September, in places, somewhat impeded the sport of partridge-shooting. St. Partridge appears to have shared his day with St. Swithin.

"PASSING THROUGH!"

A Tragedy in Two Parts.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

BROWN, a Briton. *Costume, the lightest of tourist suits.*

JONES, another Briton. *Costume, the dress of a bonâ fide traveller.*

SCENE—Regent Street. TIME—September, 1874.

PART I.—September 1st. Enter BROWN (R), JONES (L).

Brown. Ah, JONES, well met! How are you?

Jones. How are you? You in Town?

Brown (regardless of the truth). No, I am not in Town. I am merely passing through. I leave by the twelve o'clock boat for Antwerp. I am fond of the sea passage. To-morrow I shall be at Brussels; the day after at Cologne. But what are you doing in Town?

Jones (equally regardless of the truth). I am not. Merely passing through. I am just going to catch the train for Paris, en route for Switzerland.

Brown. Well, good-bye. Bon voyage!

Jones. Bon voyage!

[They shake hands warmly, and then exeunt hurriedly, JONES (R), BROWN (L).]

PART II.—September 3rd. Enter BROWN (R), JONES (L).

Brown. JONES!

Jones. BROWN!

Brown (aside). I must dissemble. (Aloud.) By the way, I missed my boat the other day.

Jones. And I my train!

Brown. Good bye, JONES. (Aside.) We shall never meet again! He will tell this story at all his Clubs.

Jones. Good bye, BROWN, (aside) for ever! He has me in his power!
[Exeunt (R and L) gloomily.]

SHOTS FOR SEPTEMBER.

Good Shot.—If during the early part of this month you call on several people whom you ought to have visited long ago. Safe to be away; or the servant will have to say "the family's out of Town, Sir."

Bad Shot.—When your new servant shows in a tradesman with his little account, and says afterwards, "Please, Sir, I thought it was your huncle as you petikilly wanted to see." Very bad shot this—of the servant's.

Good Shot.—When hungry (but economical), to call in at any family residence about one o'clock.

Bad Shot.—To guess any lady's age exactly.

Good Shot.—To tell a gentleman, who has just said "Bedad then I was in the Phaynix, and a dhirty spalpeen," &c., that "you would never have imagined him to be an Irishman."

Bad Shot.—To mistake a DE MONTMORENCI for a SMUGGINS, and call him heartily by the latter name.

Good Shot (for an invitation).—To say to the lady of the house that "You never saw such lovely children as hers. The air of your place must be very healthy, for I really never saw," &c.

Bad Shot.—To say to a chance acquaintance confidentially, "Of all the hideous women I ever saw," &c., and to find out afterwards that the lady in question was his wife.

Good Shot.—To write to a friend at his shooting-box, taking care to write your own address legibly.

Bad Shot.—To say to your neighbour at a dinner-party, "How any one can like those horridly vulgar daubs of MAULSTICKS!" and then to find you've been talking to the great MAULSTICK himself.

THE BRUSSELS CONFERENCE (between Husband and Wife).—
"Shall we have a new Carpet?"



THE QUESTION SETTLED.

Mrs. M-L-pr-a. "THE FACT IS, MY LOVE, THAT THOSE TERRIBLE COLLISIONS WOULD NEVER OCCUR IF THE TRAINS WAS ONLY MORE PUNCTILIOUS!"

A PILGRIM ON HIS PATH.

SENSATION has been excited by the subjoined announcement in a report of the Pontigny Pilgrimage:—

"It may be worth while to notice that last night, in his sermon to the Pilgrims assembled in full force at the pro-Cathedral, Kensington, MONSIGNOR PATTERSON informed his hearers that he had received a letter from 'a very high dignitary of the Anglican Establishment,' conveying his warm sympathy and good wishes for their undertaking."

Who could this have been? DR. PUSEY is not a dignitary of the Anglican Establishment at all; ARCHDEACON DENISON is not a very high one. Therefore, the letter received by MONSIGNOR PATTERSON cannot indicate that either ARCHDEACON DENISON or DR. PUSEY is about to follow MONSIGNOR PATTERSON. MONSIGNOR PATTERSON was a Clergyman of the Church of England. He became convinced of the tenets avowed by the Ritualists, and he kept a conscience. So, no doubt, does MONSIGNOR PATTERSON's correspondent. His heart was with the Pilgrims on their way to Pontigny, and he did not actually join them of course only because he was just then on the point of going over to Rome. If he has not gone it's a pity, and the sooner he goes the better.

SEASONABLE SUGGESTIONS.

TRAMPS in the Tyrol, in one volume, by the author of *A Peep at the Pyrenees*, will set the alliterative titles going again for seasonable books. The word Tramp and the name Tyrol evidently set in action the magnificent mental powers of the Peeper at the Pyrenees. It was an inspiration. Perhaps he has a series:—

Bounds in Bohemia. Back from Bavaria. Safe to Siam. Walks in Wales. Ventures in Venice. Off to 'Olyhead. By a Cookney. 'Ints for Italy. By the same. Hops in Hampshire. Looks at Livonia. Pops in Pennsylvania (a sporting work). Dances in Devonshire. Going it in Göttingen. Runs in Rutlandshire. Exercises at Exmore. Yesterday in York. Zum One in Zummeretshire. All with methodical maps and properly prepared plans, &c., &c.

SPIRITUALIST MOTTO.—"In medio tutissimus."

THE BEST TERMS POSSIBLE!

THE confidence of the holders of Spanish Bonds having been shaken by recent events, it is expected that the following circular will be issued by the Authorities at Madrid in the course of the next few days:—

Finance Department, Madrid,
September, 1874.

In future the Rate of Interest on Spanish Bonds will be 500 per cent., payable quarterly at Madrid.

The Bondholders will be merely required to come to Madrid in person to receive their money.

It is the general wish of the Recently-recognised Government that the Bondholders may receive the interest due to them. This official statement should be a source of great satisfaction to the generous capitalists to whom Spain is indebted.

The very best security will be given for the payment of the greater portion of the loan—namely, the solemn word of honour of every Spanish Nobleman.

As security for the remainder of the loan, the Spanish Regalia will be deposited in the Bank of England.

It has been considered advisable by the Recently-recognised Government that the Regalia should be returned to Madrid shortly before the completion of every quarter, so that the Jewels may be properly cleaned by Spanish goldsmiths.

To prevent seizure by the Carlists, the time when the Regalia will be removed from the Bank of England will be kept a profound secret from the Bondholders.

It is hoped that these extravagantly generous terms will be properly appreciated by the capitalists of Europe in general, and by the British Public in particular.

By Order of the Recently-recognised Government,
(Signed) DON JERIMIO DYDDLERO,
Minister of Spanish Finance.

FASHIONABLE INTELLIGENCE FOR SEPTEMBER.

(Not from the Morning Post.)

MR. BROWN, having returned from Margate, has been daily receiving a large number of guests at his noted restaurant in the City.

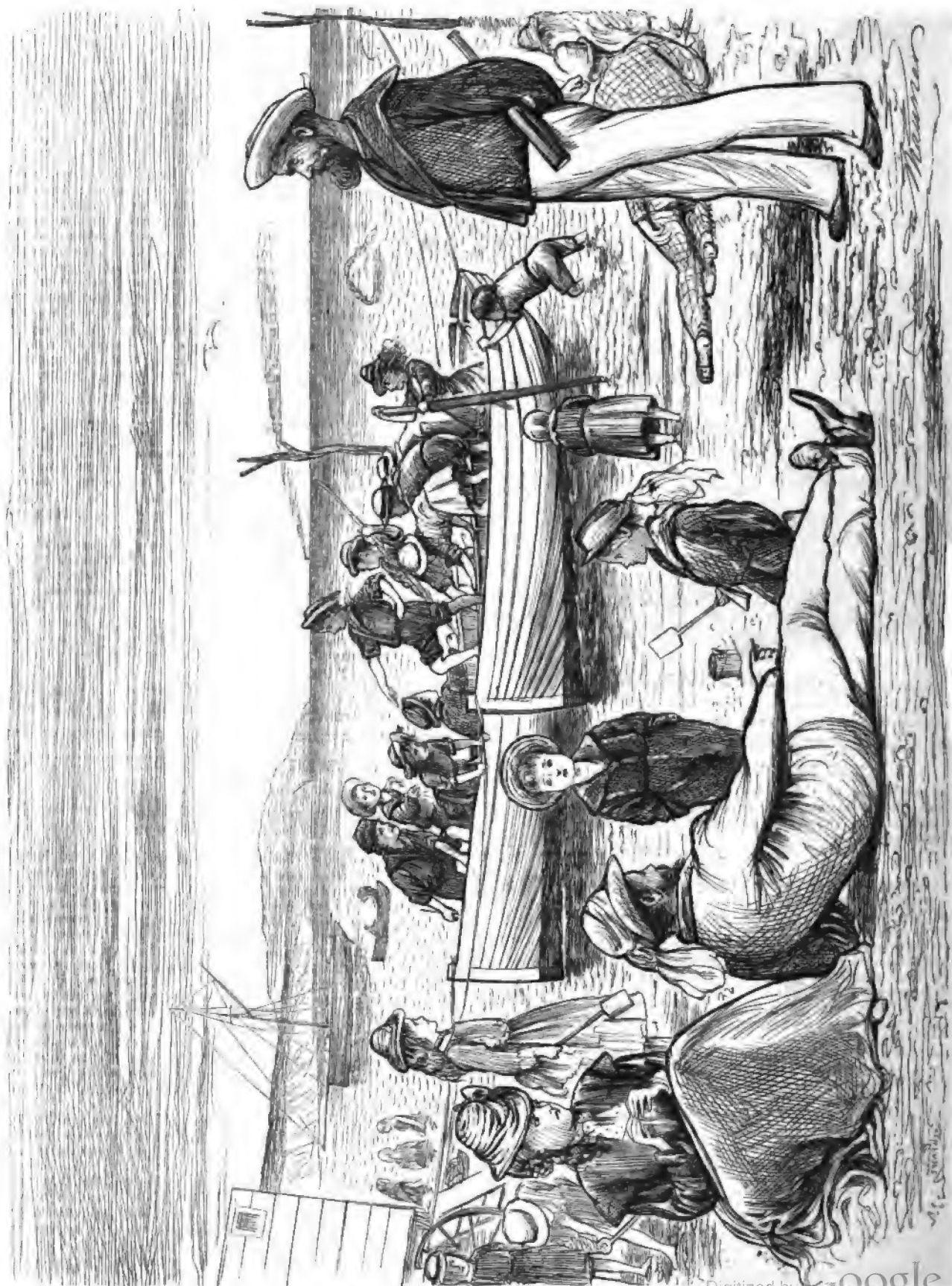
MR. SMITH JUNIOR, of Chelsea, came of age, on the 3rd instant. An elegant breakfast, consisting of tea and bread-and-butter, was served at 8.30 A.M. in the back parlour of the residence of MR. SMITH SENIOR, the well-known cheesemonger, to which a select circle of the family were invited. Amongst those present were noticed MR. and MRS. SMITH SENIOR, MISS SMITH, MISS JEMIMA SMITH, MR. JOHN JONES (the Business Assistant of MR. SMITH SENIOR), and MASTER TOMMY SMITH. There was no toast. In the afternoon MR. SMITH JUNIOR received a printed address from the Judge of the County Court. It was delivered to him by MR. GRIP (an Officer in the service of the Sheriff of Middlesex), who seized the opportunity to congratulate MR. SMITH JUNIOR upon his having attained his legal majority. MR. SMITH SENIOR, who was present at the ceremony, expressed his satisfaction at the result of the interview. The Birthday Rejoicings were of so orderly a character that it was found quite unnecessary to increase the number of Police on duty in Chelsea.

MR. WILLIAM SIKES, having been furnished with a letter of introduction by a Metropolitan Police Magistrate, has been staying for the last seven days on a visit at the residence of the Governor of the House of Detention.

On Sunday morning last, MR. DIDDLE, the well-known speculator, was married to MRS. SUSAN PORTS, the widow of a wealthy perambulating pieman. Later in the day a lady, who claimed (so it was understood) to be a wife of MR. DIDDLE of some years' standing, joined the wedding-party, which shortly afterwards separated, not altogether without confusion.

THE INDULGENCE MODERN PILGRIMS GO FOR.—Self-indulgence.

MOTTO FOR THE HIGHLANDS.—"The rain it raineth every day."



PEACE AND WAR.

LA FOLIE MUSICALE.

"Music at night,
Kept in bounds, is delight.
But Music next door
All day is a bore."



"Music hath charms"—and Music has harms—
There she goes, with that BACH *preludio*!
And for means of delight—turned to woe and despoite,
Give me music played from morning to night
Next door to an Artist's studio.

That studio I chose, above all, for repose,
After months of deliberate dodging
Through advertisements, agencies, search on the spot,
Till at last I thought I had really got
A model Artist's lodging.

It stood well back, in a *cul-de-sac*,
 Away from the thoroughfare's hubbub;
 From the *Punch* Office, Fleet Street, not too far,
 Yet in what my Landlady, dropping the "R,"
 Persisted in calling a "subbub."

Cats shirked the road, which had been the abode
 Of a line of grimalkin-slayers;
 And a local Babbage, who waged fierce war
 With the street-music nuisance, had banished afar
 The curse of organ-players.

At the public near they don't salt their beer,
 Nor with grains of paradise devil it:
 We've a buttermilk who is farmer too,
 So in butter not lard, milk not sky-blue,
 And eggs not shop, I revel it.

My Landlady's nice, not too pert nor precise,
 Nor too ringletty, nor too cappy:
 Neither tithes my mutton nor tolls my tea,
 "And yet," like TOOLE's my lament must be,
 "And yet, I am not happy!"

Though my windows look on a pleasant nook
 Of an old-fashioned garden, shady,
 I little thought, when the lodgings I took,
 That for next-door neighbour I had to brook
 A musical young lady!

She is fair to the eye, as I happened to spy,
 While about the lodgings inquiring;
 And, alas, I judged by the eye, not the ear,
 And thought to have such a nice girl so near
 To my work would prove rather inspiring.

I little thought what I'd have to go through,
 With her constant thumping and thrumming—
 Her scales and her shakes, her *andantes*, *arpeggios*,
 And, as if they were not enough, her *solfegios*,
 Upon the top of her strumming!

"When Music, heavenly maid, was young"—
 Sings COLLINS (see *Ode to the Passions*);
 But no musical maid can be heavenly, I swear,
 Though never so young, and never so fair,
 And never so up to the fashions,

If from morn to eve scarce an hour she'll leave
 This practice that drives me frantic:
 Be she never so lovely the thought will prevail
 That she's bound to end in a scaly tail,
 With a horn for head-dress antic.

But my only revenge, as I sit at my block—
 A revenge of the Artist's sort—is
 To draw this page-out, in hopes it may knock
 At my fair *Folie musicale's* heart, and shock
 Some *piano* into her *fortes*!

A SANGUINE IDEA.

WE often hear talk of "people with expectations." It must have been one of these who inserted the following hopeful request in the *Evening Standard*:—

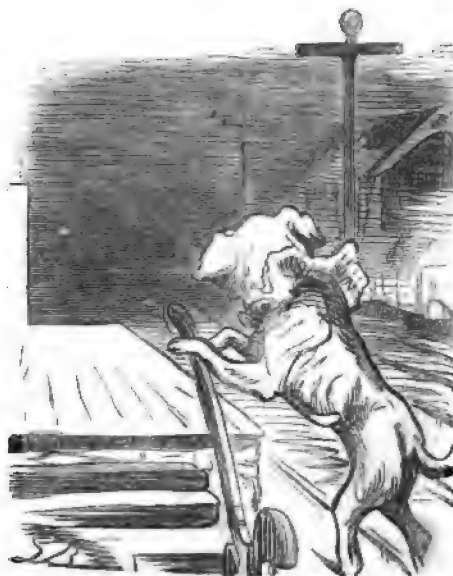
WILL a rich MAIDEN LADY NAME after her a LITTLE GIRL, just born; is very pretty and highly respectable.—Address, &c., &c.

Anybody capable of expecting that a rich maiden lady will "give her name"—that is, of course, stand godmother, and give something besides her name, to a little girl just born, of whose parentage she can know nothing, however pretty and respectable a little girl just born may be—must be in the habit of expecting a great deal. The person who can expect possibly to induce even a maiden lady, however old and however odd, to perform an act of motiveless benignity must have a temperament more sanguine than *Mr. Micawber's* own. But few, probably, of that person's expectations have ever been fulfilled.

MORE IMPORTANT.

A RITUALISTIC Clergyman announces that he is certain of the "Orders" of the Church of England, to which he says he has paid great attention. It is its dis-orders that occupy the attention of most people who care anything about the matter.

NO NONSENSE!



THE Press and the Public not sufficiently appreciating the benefits they owe to the Railway Companies, the following "Bye Laws" will be put in force as early as possible.

1. Directors shall be offered Peerages upon their election to the Board by the Government for the time being. Chairmen of Directors shall, *ex officio*, be Members of the Cabinet.

2. Secretaries and Traffic Managers to Railway Companies shall (when the honour is acceptable to them) be created Baronets of the

United Kingdom. The Government for the time being will be further required to find seats in Parliament for these gentlemen, without making any charge for canvassing or election.

3. The Press will in future be under the control of the Secretaries, who will require every Editor of a London paper to attend at the Offices of the Company daily to receive instructions. Editors of Country papers will report themselves from time to time at the Railway Stations nearest to the offices at which their journals are published.

4. An Editor of a journal refusing to insert a "communicated" article, emanating from the Secretary to a Railway Company, will be liable to a Fine not exceeding £500, and not less than £450, for a first offence, and an Imprisonment of not less than five years' penal servitude for every further offence.

5. The *London Gazette* will be incorporated with *Bradshaw's Railway Guide*, and the Editor of the last-mentioned periodical will be created a Fellow of the Royal Society, and a Member of the Privy Council.

6. The Block System will be abolished, and in future Lamps will not be used at the signal stations after five P.M. in the summer, and four P.M. in the winter.

7. Relatives of Passengers killed in railway accidents will be liable to a penalty not exceeding forty shillings.

8. Passengers seriously injured in railway accidents will be required to recoup the Company on whose line the accident has taken place for any expense that may have to be incurred in mending the damaged engine and carriages, and restoring the permanent way to its normal condition.

9. Passengers travelling by a train that arrives at a Station more than five minutes after its advertised time will be liable to a term of Imprisonment calculated with a regard to the magnitude of the offence they have committed.

10. A limited number of Victoria Crosses shall be at the disposal of the Railway Companies, for distribution amongst the engine-drivers, stokers, and guards of trains arriving safely at a terminus. A train shall be said to have arrived in safety if, during a journey of five miles, it escapes an accident of serious importance.

11. The Government for the time being will (when required) order Officers of the Army and the Militia to act as officials on the loop lines. Lords Lieutenant of Counties will also be good enough to make arrangements that the services of Field Officers of Volunteers may be at the disposal of the Railway Companies during the excursion season.

12. The Government will pay a "Passenger Duty" to the Railway Companies, calculated at the rate of twenty shillings a mile for every first-class passenger, ten shillings a mile for every second-class passenger, and one farthing for every journey (exceeding fifty miles) for every third-class passenger.

13. In future, Great Britain and Ireland will be known as the Kingdom of Railwaymania.

N.B.—Any person objecting to the above carefully-considered Regulations, will be prosecuted with the utmost rigour of the Law on the charge of High Treason.

JEAMES REDIVIVUS.

"MY DEAR SIR,
I wish you could put this little account of Mine as a Black Evening Coats about the beginning of February in the Duke's bill."

JEAMES DE LA PLUCHE.



JEAMES DE LA PLUCHE! are you with us once more, The hero below-stairs Punch dealt with of yore? Still ready, 'tis clear, to misspell and to swindle, Yet both of those marvellous faculties dwindle.

Why do you write "Duke," JEAMES, when "Dook" would be right? And how have you got in such pitiful plight That some paltry account, whose amount we don't note, Must be made to appear as a "Black Evening Coats"?

A fellow like you, JEAMES, could ne'er be the man To win the affections of poor MARY HANN: Still less could your luck and your pluck have beguiled The fair HANGELINA, the BARE-ACRES' child.

'Tis the day of the decadence, now, of all things,—
As some one or other eternally sings:
We haven't such Princes or Poets or Peers
As there were in the ancient and chivalrous years.

Our maidens are not what their grandmothers were,
Who used no cosmetics and wore no false hair;
Our youth think that DARWIN and TYNDALL are nice,
And haven't a heart for the duel and dice.

A facile descent! And what must be the end
When JEAMES DE LA PLUCHE makes the tailor his friend?
Disestablish the Sovereign, the "Dook," and the Priest,
But leave us the Great British Footman, at least!

"ELIZABETH'S RESIDENCE IN A FRENCH COUNTRY HOUSE."

It must not be thought that the young woman, who is about to communicate her experiences to our Readers, has anything in common with the heroines whose sorrows and joys have been so charmingly described by MISS THACKERAY and MRS. SARTORIS. Our ELIZABETH is no pale, delicate girl, too timid to assert herself against a scheming Mother, and an iron-willed domestic. Nor is she a Governess, careworn, and weary, with a doubtful *poitrine*, and an indubitable passion for an, as yet, unbenedicted Clergyman. On the contrary, she is sturdy, thickset, and square, with no particular complexion, and with a slight hardness of hearing, and an air of dogged resolution, on sight of which the hearts of MRS. GILMORE and CLEMENTINE would have failed them utterly. Nor have opportunities been wanting to her for the active display of that which, without offence we will call her "cussedness." A Grandmother, three or four elder Sisters, and a commodity of Maiden Aunts, have perpetually goaded her to madness. "It was their duty, and they did," and it is to their strong sense of duty, on the vexed questions of curled chignons and dress-improvers, that we owe her departure from home, and her entrance into the service of the family, by whom she has been taken to "A French Country House." At a first glance it would seem that we must not expect much that is heroic from our ELIZABETH, or hope to see in her the subtle workings of a grand passion; but who shall say that a young British housemaid, who struggles with an unknown tongue, and yearns in vain to comprehend the passionate protestations of a *Woligeur de la troisième légère*, does not feel as keen a heart-pang as ELLY felt when the SIR JOHN, who came to propose was cozened from her door ere he had done his errand. It is time, however, to let ELIZABETH speak for herself. It requires no great effort on our part to remember that, when we were young, our female admirers, of whom we had great plenty, were wont to give us heart-shaped pin-cushions as *gages d'amour*. They were deftly constructed of card, and covered with coloured silk. Rise! little curtain, rise!

and let ELIZABETH show that a heart covered with printed calico may be equally susceptible of pin-pricks.

FRAGMENT THE FIRST.

I'd better begin by putting down the address of the French Country House:—

*Maison à Louer,
Estaminet du Coin,
Pas De Calais.*

When we landed in France, and when our luggage had been cleared, as they call it (though it's a wicked shame to make a muddle of all the things in a young woman's box, and then talk of its having been cleared), I was left behind to see that the Baggages took the luggage safely out to our new house, which is about three miles away from the sea. The Baggages were all women, and I never should have forgot myself so far as to miscall my own sex by giving them such a name, if it had not been printed on a large label which hung to the neck of each of them. It is true that the French spell Baggages in this way, "Bagages"—but that is their one-eyed way of doing things, and I knew better. For I must let you know that I was brought up to be a pupil-teacher, and should have got the place if it wasn't for my deafness, which made the Civil Service Commissioners think that I shouldn't be able to hear the children their lessons. In my present place my deafness doesn't so much matter, for there isn't a great deal of difference between not hearing a bell and not minding it when you do hear it; and as everybody gives me credit for not hearing it, I can please myself about answering it. But, as I've said, I hope I know how to spell Baggages properly, and so in copying the word off the label I have corrected the bad spelling of the French.

As soon as the Baggages had brought our luggage on trucks to our house, which they did at a good round trot that would have astonished a London cab-horse, I looked for the name of the Villa, and I saw written up "*Maison à Louer*."

I asked our eldest daughter, who has gone through all the examinations for the middling classes, what the words meant, and she said that *Maison* meant a house, and that *Louer* meant "to praise," and that taken together, the words meant that the house was a "House to Praise," or to be proud of. Ah! thought I, that's just the way they go on at Brixton, and Clapham, and Pentonville, calling a house "Fairview," where you can only see across the road—or "Brookfields" where there are no fields, and the nearest approach to a brook is the main drainage—or "The Beeches" when the only trees about the place are two rose-bushes and a hollyhock in the front garden. I'm not going to believe, I said, that this is a "House to Praise," merely because they say so. The proof of the pudding is in the eating, I said; and I've found out since with tears and sorrow that, whether it's a pudding or a *boudin*, it's just the same. I shall try if I like the house, I said, and if I do, I'll praise it; but in the meantime, that's its name, and no mistake!

As for the name of the road in which the house stands, it is written on a house which stands hard by at a spot where two roads meet. Why they call our road the "*Estaminet du Coin*" I don't know, for all the acquaintance I have made since I came here, and especially one whose image can't be banished (for though you may break your idol, you can't get rid of the pieces) have been as poor as poor. The name of our village (*Pas de Calais*) I copied from the top of a great board which they call an "*Affichage Public*." I asked my master what was printed on the board underneath the name of the village, and he said it was an *Officieux Avis*, or officious advice from somebody whom he called the "Perfect." "Thank you kindly, Sir," said I, "for telling me that; for now I shan't want to know anything more about it." Having a grandmother and three elder sisters, to say nothing of maiden aunts (who think themselves perfect enough, goodness knows!), I've been very subject to officious advice all my life, and I didn't need to come here by what they call the *mal de mer* (which is the French, you know, for mail-packet) to get any more of it, perfect or not perfect.

But here am I, chattering on, and only at the door, whilst the Baggages are carrying the luggage into the house. The weights they lifted in doing this would quite remove the scales from the eyes of those who think that "woman's weakness is her strength." Said I to myself, when I saw them, "Woman's strength is her weakness," or she wouldn't be so put upon. "Bear and Forbear" is a very good maxim in our country, I said, but it isn't so good here, where the women bear, and the men forbear, I said. For I can assure you there's no spoiling of the women here. Nobody makes dolls of 'em; Nobody makes petted idols of 'em; Nobody forces them to spend their useless lives in idleness; Nobody is jealous of their doing any work. Oh! No! Not at all! They do pretty nearly all the work of the country, and if they could do it all, the men are so kind and so civil that they might have it all for the asking. But what I can't make out is, that in spite of their having their rights in this noble way, not one of 'em looks any the better for it.



KIND AND CONSIDERATE.

Maud (who, with Ethel, has just been invited to go for a Cruise in a friend's Yacht). "Now, THE QUESTION IS, WHOM SHALL WE ASK TO CHAPERONE US!—OLD MRS. BUSBEE, OR OLD MISS MAJORIBANKS!"

Jack (who is to be of the Party). "WHICH IS THE WORST SAILOR?"

Maud. "MRS. BUSBEE."

Jack. "O, THEN ASK HER! FOR THE SOONER SHE GOES DOWN BELOW THE BETTER, YOU KNOW."

DISRAELI ON CIRCUIT.

DISRAELI on Circuit. Let's hope no despatches
His pleasant track follow, to bore him at morn;
For well he deserves the repose that he snatches,
Pausing now in the steep upward path he has worn.

The wonderful dreams of unscrupulous *Vivian*,
The dashing young Duke, who became a *Lothair*:
These sumptuous visions can't rest in oblivion,
As our BENJAMIN talks to the wise and the fair.

We think of him oft, in a library cradled,
Mixing letters with pap in a curious shape,
Then by ROGERS with sterling divinity ladled,
And choosing the Angel instead of the Ape.

By force mixed with tact he has reached the high summit
Of power in the world, which men strive for in vain;
But he measures the depth far below with a plummet
Of genius, and treats it with quiet disdain.

For he is not ambitious, as men take ambition,
Knowing perfectly well the full power that he wields,
And he likes just to look upon life as a vision,
And the gardens of Dukes as Elysian Fields.

A Premier who saunters and gossips and glitters,
Has an epigram ready for any girl-rose,
Marks the sunset that blushes, the red-breast that twitters,
Deserves, *Punch* declares, his autumnal repose.

For him, while from county to county he's vagrant,
Wherever caprice may incline him to go,
May the claret be sound and the pineapples fragrant,
And the pretty girls Tories from ohignon to toe!

Those beauties around him may joyously flutter,
And flirt with him gaily, at pic-nic or lunch,
For there is not a man who can epigrams utter
So easy and radiant—except *Mr. Punch*.

ELIGIBLE TENEMENT.

THERE are—strange to say—Spiritualists who read *Punch*. They may, some of them, be interested by the subjoined advertisement:—

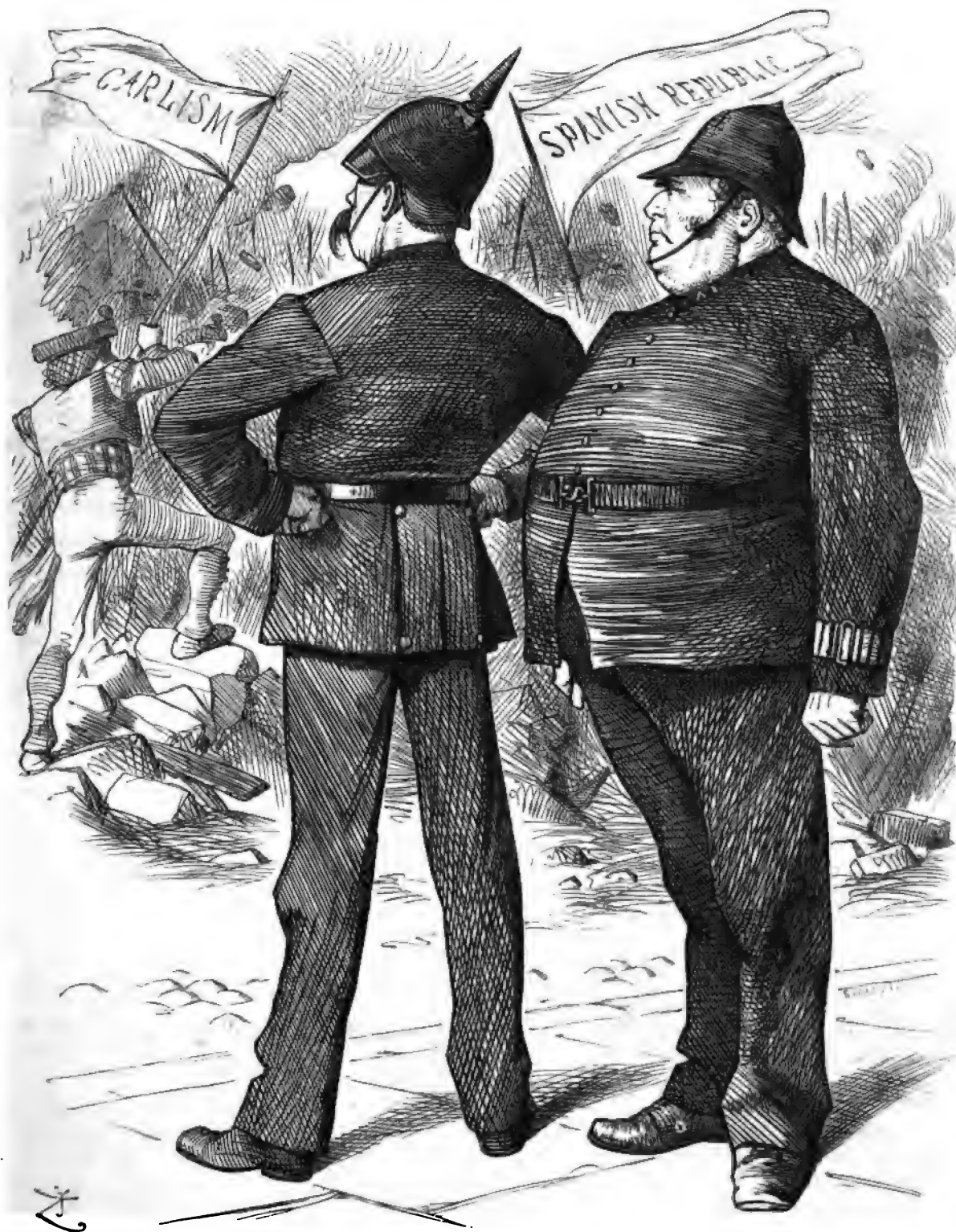
ISLINGTON CEMETERY, FINCHLEY.—For Sale, in the most prominent part of the consecrated ground of this cemetery, a Family Grave, 9 feet by 7 feet 6 inches, and 12 feet deep, with a first-class Monument in Marble thereon, the Owner, leaving the neighbourhood, having no further use for it. Apply by letter, &c., &c.

Can the owner of a grave at Finchley be also one of its occupants? Have we Vampires in our midst? Is there not a Vampire at Islington? What else can be the being who advertises his own grave and monument in Islington Cemetery? The people of Finchley must be very glad to learn that he is going to leave their neighbourhood. Such are the remarks which the foregoing announcement may perhaps suggest to timorous believers in dark *stances* at which "materialised" spirits present themselves in calico, and shake hands with their company.

Temperance News.

THE *Clinic* (American paper) says that a German chemist has produced brandy from sawdust; but we have heard of wood-spirit before. Is it possible that out of sawdust of cherry-wood he can make cherry-brandy, and extract "*Robur*" from that of oak?

BY A LIBRARIAN.—"Outward Bound"—my new Books.



“THE BUSY B.”

POLICEMAN B-SM-K. “HA! I MUST STOP THIS ROW!”

POLICEMAN BULL. “TAKE CARE WHAT YOU’RE ABOUT. IS IT IN YOUR BEAT? ’TAIN’T IN MINE.
I KNOW A PARTY BY THE NAME OF ‘SPAIN’!—RATHER!!!”

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

Goes to dine with a noble Friend; then to the Promenade Concerts, and Reports on both.



DR.—Being unwilling to do yourself what another could do for you (I will make no comparisons), you expressed your wish that I should represent you at the Promenade Concerts, Covent Garden Theatre. Your wish to me is law. As to my opinion of law, that is another question. I mentioned my intentions to the dear old D—ke—well, suffice it to say to an excellent and noble friend of mine, who immediately exclaimed, "Let us go together." "Not full dress," I returned quickly, for the dear D—ke (I mean my dear and noble friend) has a way of wearing his stare and garters on every possible occasion.

"No, no," he replied, "so as we are."

How we were at that moment is of not much importance. Neat but not gaudy: decidedly striking, but not obtrusively stylish. Well, Sir, we stepped into the barouche, and the gallant steppers set out in the direction of Holborn.

"Holborn?" said I, turning to my noble friend.

He winked; as he reclined on the damask cushions, he winked. Full of his fun: that's the best of him, whether he's his Grace before or after dinner, always full of his fun: of his own fun I mean.

"Yes," he answered, chuckling. "I am going to give you a dinner at a new place."

"New or old," I returned heartily, "a stalled ox is better than no beef and a contented mind."

But here we pulled up with a jerk.

"This is the place. Stand still, my steed!" And here it was. Could I believe my eyes? Yes. I am, as you know, a young man from the country, and these sudden surprises do get over me. Where once stood that undecided edifice which was a dancing place in the winter, and a bathing place in the summer, though in neither capacity did it, I believe, get on swimmingly, there is now a spacious, well-arranged, admirably-served, well-conducted, pleasantly-ventilated, resplendent Restaurant, the like of which I have not yet come across in London, either west or east. An excellent repast is served at a fixed moderate tariff—I am not above saying it was three-and-sixpence, with threepence for the waiter (which that polite functionary told us plaintively he didn't get, and so—but no matter, what was a sovereign, more or less, to my noble friend, the donor of the feast? bah!) and for that sum what had we? A choice of soups, a choice of fish, a choice of *entrées*, a *rôti*, a sweet (the only approach to a failure) cheese, ices, and dessert of plums, pears, and nuts. The liquor was not *vin compris*, but 'twas uncommonly good, and worth the extra money. During this repast, served without any unnecessary delay between the courses, a well-selected orchestra discoursed sweet music. Why we were dining royally! My noble friend was good enough to inform me that he had never had a better dinner, accompanied by a better band, even in B-ok-gh-m Pa-ace, or at W-nds-r C-stle. In fact, he admitted that the cheese at either of the above-named places was far inferior to that of which we had partaken at the Holborn Restaurant.

The airs were net, to my thinking, sufficiently well chosen; but this is a serious subject, on which an essay might be written. Digestion is nine points of the law. Dinner-music should be neither lugubrious, nor exciting. You should float on it as on a melodious stream, eating the while without distraction. The D—ke (I mean my noble friend) said it reminded him of Vienna. I don't know why, and he didn't explain himself. It didn't remind me of Vienna; but that may arise from my never having been there. One thing I will swear to, that coming out of that dull second-hand thoroughfare, it did seem as if we were in some gay Parisian realm of joy; only I cannot call to mind any place in that festive capital where there is so reasonable and so good a dinner set to music. The dinner-music time is six-eight: I mean, it is performed from six to eight. Then there is a temporary lull. But with the coffee and

cigars, MR. RIPLEY's musicians burst forth again, and it must be a strong attraction, or a stronger sense of duty, which is able to tear the lounging and satisfied one from so blissful a scene.

But duty called, and the Covent Garden Concert had already commenced.

The D—ke (I mean my friend), who is himself an amateur of music, and no mean performer on the Hungarian Bolophone (a slightly ponderous instrument, demanding most delicate manipulation, and generally played in the mountains during the grape season) was anxious not to miss one single *morçeau* in M. HERVÉ's programme.

I am delighted to say that we were in time to hear selections from M. GOUNOD's *Faust* (arranged by the late ALFRED MELLON), performed in first-rate style—a trifle too loud occasionally, that was all. Then came the beautiful MR. LEVY, of European and Cornepan celebrity, with a decoration in his button-hole, and looking uncommonly like some distant relation of the great Bonaparte family: perhaps a Corsican brother. Enthusiastic cheers greeted him, and to oblige the company, he graciously took the encore, beamed on the audience through his eye-glass, and played something totally different, of a soft and touching character. Then, amid the plaudits of the immense assembly of promenaders, he blew himself out, and disappeared.

The "vocals" were not strong on this particular occasion. But what shall he do who cometh after the King! And when the King has been hard at work on a cornet-à-pistons, a small man with a pretty voice hasn't much chance. Nevertheless, the generous audience insisted on this gentleman singing twice; because, perhaps, they weren't quite certain of what he was doing the first time. Not his fault: only his misfortune, in having to begin before the echoes of MR. LEVY's instrument had entirely died away. Altogether, though this clearly was not the best entertainment provided by the MESSRS. GATTI for the public, it was sufficiently good to induce your Representative to wish for another, and a better opportunity of hearing one of these concerts. The place was crowded; and that is a good sign. The man, as the poet says, who has not music in his soul, would lay hands on a female, not in the way of kindness, and get six months, with an occasional cat-o'-nine tails as a refresher, during his hours of recreation. The D—ke (I mean my worthy and excellent friend), regretted the absence of the Bolophone, gently beat the time all wrong to some dance music, composed and conducted by MISTRE KÉLEN BÉLA (there's a name!), and wagging his venerable and musical head, dropped off into the sweetest infantine-like slumber. Noticing that he was evincing symptoms of being about to accompany MADemoiselle BENATT's last song on the nasal organ, I deferentially aroused him, and led him forth into the chill September night. This was the first air that seemed to thoroughly awake the hero of the Bolophone, who, after returning to express himself to the energetic manager, MR. RUSSELL, as much pleased with the performance, and promising to give H—R MA—ESTRY a favourable report of the entire entertainment, took my arm and sauntered towards—but I must not be indiscreet. My noble friend is not *Corinthian Tom*, nor I *Master Jerry*, but now, and always,

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

CORRESPONDENCE.

If you please, Sir, as a young visitor to the Metropolis, and well acquainted with History, I want to ask you—

Who is the Constable of the Tower?

What is his Number?

Is he dressed like other Constables?

Can he run anyone in, and make them move on if found loitering on his beat?

Is his beat all round the Tower?

Is he a special? one of the *Force de Tour*, empowered to use a *tour de force*? (You see I am well up in French.)

I saw a very amiable-looking Policeman cracking nuts in the vicinity of the Tower. Do you think this was the Constable in question?

Yours,

RURRY CURR IN URBE.

P.S.—Pantheon means a place where all the Gods are. I know Greek. The Pantheon in Regent Street I find is now a wine merchant's. Is England exclusively devoted to Bacchus, and is Temperance a heresy?

A British Idea.

THE *Post* announces that:—

"THE RIGHT HON. SIR ALEXANDER COCKBURN, the Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench, is cruising in his yacht off the coast of Spain."

If a German fleet does not overawe the Carlists, surely the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE OF ENGLAND in Spanish waters will!



MORE ADULTERATION.

Master of the House (the Man has called to look at the Meter). "DEAR ME! WELL, I WOULDN'T HAVE BELIEVED IT! ACTUALLY WATERING THE GAS NOW!!"

LAWN TENNIS.

Now the long shadows of September come,
And idle for a time the scribbler's pen is,
He passes from the Town's discordant hum,
From garrulous gossip of the kettle-drum,
From orators who should have been born dumb,
To watch upon green lawn the girls play tennis.

Robins are trilling in the faded trees,
The fitting swallows of their voyage chatter,
Testing their wings before they dare the seas,
For Nile's dun marge or blue-girt Cyclades;
The sportsman's shots come frequent on the breeze,
The flying balls keep up a pleasant clatter.

Croquet's a merry game for those who flirt
(Who doesn't, pray,—Punch, poet, peer, or parson?),
But Tennis, when the ladies are alert,
Follow the swift ball with a looped-up skirt,
Strike it on high with graceful arm expert,
Burns up the masculine heart with sudden arson.

So, pour some icy fluid in a glass
Tinged with deep mulberry stain, true work of Venice:
And Mr. Punch will let the soft hours pass,
Watching with tranquil eyes each lovely lass
Flit like an Oread * o'er the smooth green grass,
And win his old heart as she wins at Tennis.

* Παρά τις οὐραϊσμοί, ἰσχυρὰς σύντροφος ὕλη.—NONNUS.

SAD—VERY.

THE destination of Temple Bar must at last be Hanwell. The poor old thing has been authoritatively pronounced "cracked."

CONVERSION IN HIGH LIFE.

THE following remarks, in the *Bien Public* of Ghent, should have appeared under the above heading:—

"The conversion of LORD RIFON appears to us, in the midst of the mourning of the Church, persecuted in its chief and its mission, as a symptom full of consolation and hope. It will be a balm for the heart of PIUS THE NINTH. it will also be a true joy for all Catholics. From more than one heart prayers will rise to heaven for the new convert and that noble country of England, where, among the ruins heaped up by the heresy of HENRY THE EIGHTH, one sees a rising harvest which will recall to the astonished eyes of our sceptical generations the glorious fecundity of the Isle of Saints."

The *Bien Public* is said to be the organ of the Jesuits. It expresses the sentiments of a kind of persons who "dearly love a lord." Are there Jesuits of that order? Their reputed organ evinces a valuation of a lord which is quite American. Do Jesuits love and value a lord at this rate? Have disciples of IGNATIUS LOYOLA a respect for a Peer equal even to that usually evinced on occasion by citizens of the United States? To be sure they may value the lord rather than love him. They may exult in having caught a live lord, not as respecters of persons, who think any more of catching a lord than they would of catching a beggar, but because they imagine that, in having caught a lord, they have caught a good decoy-duck. Let us charitably adopt that view of the case, and give the Jesuits credit for worldly wisdom, rather than suppose the foregoing quotation an example of Jesuitism combined with funkyness in the proportion of half and half. Be that as it may, the lord-loving *Bien Public* might take for its motto "*In domino confido*"—domino with a small d.

Professional Punsters.

THE Tonic Sol Fa Association held their Annual Choral Gathering on Saturday last at the Crystal Palace, numbering 3000 voices. Among the audience there were some medical practitioners who did not scruple to observe that they supposed that Tonic Sol Fa songs must be strengthening and bracing airs, and that sweet sounds having tonic properties were preferable to bitters. Some of them went so far as to ask what music could be prescribed for dyspepsia; and what musical notes were like the sulphates of iron and quinine.

A MASK ON MEANING.

ACCORDING to the *Globe*—

"CARDINAL CULLEN has issued a Pastoral to the Dublin Clergy urging prayer for the 'POPE, now a captive in Rome,' and for the Church, which he holds to be menaced by 'philosophy under the mask of science.'"

Philosophy under the mask of science must wear a mask very much like its own face. Humility under the mask of meekness, hypocrisy under the mask of deceit, superstition under the mask of credulity, would wear masks of the same description. For the purpose of attacking the Church, science might as well wear the mask of philosophy as philosophy the mask of science. Which does CARDINAL CULLEN consider the greater enemy of the Church, science or philosophy? Irreligion might attack the Church under the mask of science, just as love of rule might attack liberty under the mask of religion. Does his Eminence identify philosophy with irreligion? The Cardinal effectually conceals meaning under the mask of expression.

The Double-Headed Judge.

LORD PENZANCE, late of the Divorce Court, is to be the Judge in all ecclesiastical causes, under the new Public Worship Act, next year. Also his Lordship is to be the chief of the proposed Army Reform Commission. If there is a pedestal vacant anywhere, here is a chance for a sculptor. LORD PENZANCE as Janus Peace and War. His dress to be half ecclesiastical, half military. Motto—"I see before me a divided duty."

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

CERTAIN Press-writers of Paris affect to hold in such aversion the name of a Republic, that they even talk of founding a Septennate of Letters.



A REAL SEA-SIDE PLEASURE.

"WHAT! MISS MATILDA!! YOU IN THIS POURING RAIN, AND WITHOUT EITHER WATERPROOF OR UMBRELLA!!!"

"O, YES. CAPITAL PLAN—GET WET THROUGH, YOU KNOW, AND THEN YOU MUST CHANGE ALL YOUR CLOTHES WHEN YOU GO IN, AND THAT HELPS TO PASS THE TIME, YOU KNOW."

WONDERS OF THE WORLD ABROAD.

Wonder if there be an inn upon the Continent where you are furnished gratis with a cake of soap and bed candle.

Wonder how many able-bodied English waiters it would take to do the daily work of half a dozen French ones.

Wonder why it is that Great (and little) Britons are so constantly heard grumbling at the half a score of dishes in a foreign bill of fare, while at home they have so frequently to feed upon cold mutton.

Wonder what amount of beer a German tourist daily drinks, and how many half pint glasses a waiter at Vienna can carry at a time without spilling a drop out of them.

Wonder how it is that, although one knows full well that many Paris people are most miserably poor, one never sees such ragged scarecrows in its streets as are visible in London.

Wonder how many successive ages must elapse ere travellers abroad enjoy the luxury of salt-spoons.

Wonder why so many tourists, and particularly ladies, will persist in speaking French, with a true Britannie accent, when the waiter so considerably answers them in English.

Wonder when our foreign friends, who are in most things so ingenious, will direct their ingenuity to the art of drainage coupled with deodorising fluids.

Wonder if there be a watering-place in France where there is no Casino, and where Frenchmen may be seen engaged in any game more active than dominoes or billiards.

Wonder when it will be possible to get through seven courses at a foreign *table d'hôte* without running any risk of seeing one's fair neighbour either eating with her knife or wiping her plate clean by sopping bread into the gravy.

ANOTHER EXHIBITION.

THE success that has attended the Busy Bee Show at the Crystal Palace, Sydenham, has suggested the idea that an Exhibition of Working Men might be made not only amusing but instructive. Should the motion come to anything, the following Classes will probably be included in the list of those competing for prizes. Members of the International Working Men's Congress, and other kindred societies, should, for obvious reasons, be admitted as visitors to the proposed excellent exhibition without charge:—

Class 1. Public Servants.—For Cabinet Ministers and other Members of the Government Service, whose hours of labour are often from eight in the morning of one day, until three A.M. of the day following.

Class 2. Literary Men.—For Journalists whose toil knows no ending, for Novelists who frequently have to write two romances for the Magazines at the time that they are finishing tales in three volumes for their own publishers; and for Dramatists who have to rehearse all day what they are engaged in writing all night.

Class 3. Clergymen.—For men with refined tastes and educated minds, who have to spend their week-days in visits to the poor and the sick, and their Sundays in hard labour in the pulpit.

Class 4. Doctors.—For men of science, who cannot call a single hour of their lives their own, and are ever at the service of their suffering fellow-creatures.

Ceres in the City.

ON Thursday last a Harvest Festival was held in the City—a thanksgiving service for the harvest being performed in the church of St. Edmund, Lombard Street. An appropriate place for a harvest festival. Lombard Street is very near Cornhill.

PROVERB FOR A DISCONTENTED TOURIST.—"A bed in a house is worth two in the Bush!"

Wonder what would be the yearly increase of deafness in Great Britain, if our horses all had bells to jangle on their harness, and our drivers all were seized with the mania for whip-cracking, which possesses in such fury all the coachmen on the Continent.

Wonder in what century the historian will relate that a Frenchman was seen walking in the country for amusement.

Wonder why it is that when one calls a Paris waiter, he always answers, "V'la, M'sieu," and then invariably vanishes.

Wonder when Swiss tourists will abstain from buying alpenstocks which they don't know how to use, and which are branded with the names of mountains they would never dare to dream of trying to do more than timidly look up to.

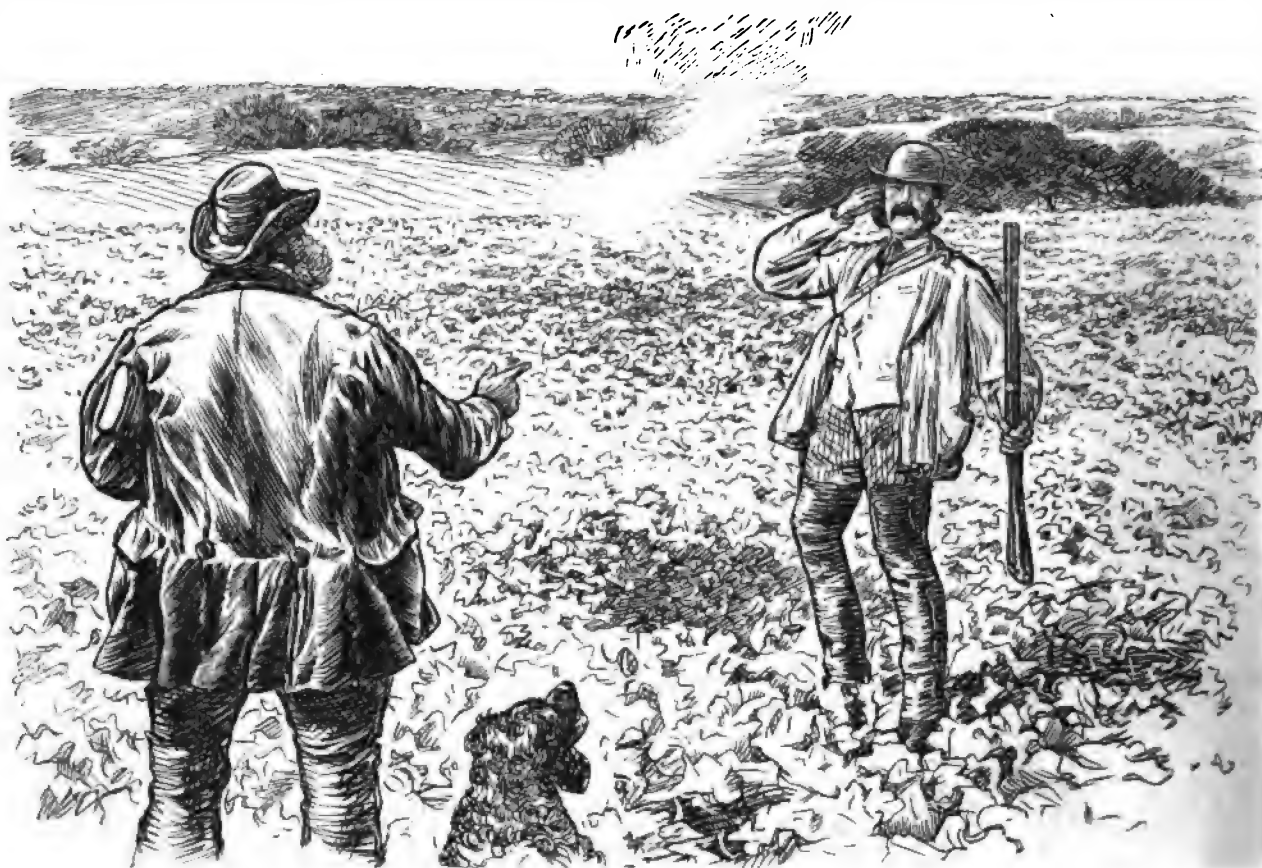
Wonder in what age of progress a sponge-bath will be readily obtainable abroad, in places most remote, and where Britons least do congregate.

Wonder if French ladies, who are as elegant in their manners as they are in their millinery, will ever acquire the habit of eating with their lips shut.

Wonder when it will be possible to travel on the Rhine, without hearing feeble jokelets made about the "rhino."

A Real Blessing.

THE last weeks of *La Fille de Madame Angot* are announced. Thank Heaven! Let us hope she may be allowed to rest in peace, or rather that the piece may be allowed to rest undisturbed, that the airs which the *fille* had given herself may be soon forgotten. Let not a drum be heard, nor a funeral note, at the burial of *La fille—la vieille fille* by this time—of that notorious old fish-fag, *Madame Angot*. The nuisance had become almost intolerable.



OPTICAL ILLUSION.

Host (to Captain Mango, who has blazed away at nothing). "HOLLO, MANGO! WHAT ARE YOU UP TO! THERE WAS NO BIRD!"
Captain Mango. "WA—WASN'T THERE! IT'S MY WETCHED LIVER AGAIN, THEN!—ALWAYS SEEING SOMETHING SUDDENLY FLOATING BEFORE MY EYES!"

THE SCHOOL-BOARD INSPECTOR'S SOLILOQUY.

Yes, I inspect:
 Such is my duty, as the Boards direct.
 Real fun it is, on awkward days, to me,
 To come into a School, and make a fuss.
 And, though I'm ignorant of the Rule of Three,
 Question the Master on the Calculus.
 How the boys stare
 When I talk big of cubic feet of air,
 And want to know if he considers birching
 Improves the idle urchin!

And I inspect
 Also the schools kept by the opposite sect.
 I must say Mistresses are rather pert,
 And try to set me down—but O I frighten 'em!
 When they would treat me just as so much dirt,
 About my powers I very soon enlighten 'em.
 If they're too stuck up,
 Their occupations soon they'll have to chuck up,
 And go about after the fellows dangling;
 Or, if not, take in mangling.

And I inspect
 Swell houses: haughty flunkeys don't protect
 These bloated harrystocrats. "Well," I say,
 "Your son's at Heton—tolerable school:
 But then your daughters—where, I beg, are they?
 Ladies are inefficient, as a rule."
 When in a rage
 They get, I tell them they're behind the age:
 And, if I meet with any very rum 'uns,
 I serve them with a summons.

I don't inspect
 Gutters and cellars, please to recollect.

The little dirty thieving imps are quite
 Beneath my notice: let them take their way,
 And grow up gaol-birds to their hearts' delight—
 Our clean Board Schools weren't meant for such as they.
 No; my vocation
 Is to produce continual irritation:
 Call me, and welcome, rude and ill-conditioned—
 I mean to be efficient.

TRICKS OF TAILORS.

THE complicity of some fashionable tailors with flunkeys in the practice of robbing their employers by cheating them in livery, may recal to mind the old ballad concerning the three thieves, of whom each was in the habit of stealing something special to his ostensible vocation:—

"And the little tailor he stole broadcloth
 To keep those three rogues warm."

The "little tailor" of the olden time appears to be reproduced, as to moral character, in too many tailors in a large way of business. In other days, tailors in general used to be popularly twitted with an embezzlement of cloth synonymous with a certain vegetable. Fraudulent dealing in livery may be considered the modern substitute for "cabbage."

FASHIONABLE GAMESTERS.

GAMBLING is prohibited in the country by the Rhine, but the game of Rouge-et-Noir is still in vogue with certain tourists there of the fair sex, who, to enhance their faded charms, put rouge upon their cheeks and noir upon their eyebrows.

"THE LAST STRAW."—For further particulars apply to the Gleaners.



"NA' THAT FOU."

Good Templar. "WE'RE TWEN'Y MIN'SH TOO SOON. JUSH TIME FOR ANO'R BOTTLE 'GINGER BEER!!"

FOREIGN INTELLIGENCE.

WHEN one considers that history may in some measure be written out of newspapers, there is food for some reflection in the following bit of news:—

"A Paris journal (*Le Liberté*) asserts that 'BISHOP MANNING gave orders to DEAN STANLEY to do the honours of Westminster Abbey to His Highness the PRINCE OF ASTURIAS;' and adds, that Members of Parliament conducted the Prince to the Common House."

We need hardly say that this, like most other London news which is found in Paris newspapers, is most thoroughly veracious, as far as it goes; but it appears, to our mind, a little incomplete. For the benefit of foreign readers we should, therefore, like to add some few details like the following, which may be equally relied on for their perfect truth:—

By the command of BISHOP MANNING, not merely did DEAN STANLEY act as Showman of the Abbey, but High Mass was there performed by the REVEREND C. H. SPURGEON, in special recognition of the presence of the Prince. All the Members of the Common House attended at the service in their splendid robes of State, consisting, as is usual at such Britannic ceremonies, of top-boots and velvet breeches, cocked hats and scarlet waistcoats, and swallow-tailed blue coats. The Speechmaker, or Speaker, led them from the Common House, and, as is customary upon such occasions, was honoured on returning with the Order of the Bath, and an order on the Treasury for three hundred thousand francs. The Prince, attended by his suite, was then conveyed in a State cab to the Palace of DEAN STANLEY, where a sumptuous English breakfast of rosbif and plumb-pudding was provided for His Highness; the Churchwardens of the Abbey assisting at the banquet, and emptying to his health eleven casks of portare-beer.

A Dual Domestic.

SOME answer may have been returned to the following advertisement, inserted in the *Western Morning News*:—

WANTED, a good General SERVANT. Two ladies; must cook well; good reference. Address, &c.

Apparently, however, to supply the advertiser's want, it would take two Ladies united in the capacity of one good General Servant.

LE CYNICISME ARTISTIQUE.

ARTISTS, I know, any lengths will go
When it suits their humour fantastic;
But, neighbour of mine, I cannot divine
Why to run down my poor little tunes you incline,
In terms decidedly drastic.

This corner to me seemed restful and free,
Well fitted for musical culture;
Yet no sooner am I snug nested within it
Than I feel like a poor little singing linnnet
Pursued by an Artist-vulture.

I also delight that the cats at night
Don't give us their shrill reminders,
And that sheltered close in a *cul de sac*,
I can practise sublime SEBASTIAN BACH,
Afar from the organ-grinders.

There's no sky-blue, I agree with you,
Where the buttermilk's milk-cans glitter;
But I've nothing to say of the public near,
Except that, if you drink the beer,
It must be tremendously bitter.

I've a garden as well, but the stuffy smell
Of your turps doth its fragrance tarnish,—
My limoncins and heliotrope
Vainly attempt with the scent to cope
Of your odoriferous varnish.

When the evening's fair in the quiet air
I lounge, having shut my piano;
But your window is wide, and there cometh thence,
To utterly drown the soft flower-scents,
The smell of a strong havana.

Then at night, when I'd fain amid dreams remain,
I hear—well, I won't say a howling—
Some Artist song of the German land,
Which would, no doubt, be uncommonly grand
If your bass weren't given to growling.

You flatter me where you say I am fair,—
'Tis your one word eulogistic:
Well, I have spied you too, MR. MCGILP,
And you certainly are better-looking than Quilp,
Though your costume's too artistic.

With hair too long and colours too strong,
Your taste is none of the purest:
But I say to myself, as you've done me the favour
To dress me all over in crotchet and quaver,
You're merely a caricaturist.

Had your genius a glow like ANGELO,
Or that glory of Venice, TITIAN,
I'm perfectly sure you would not swear
Because there is melody filling the air,
Wrought by a pretty Musician.

Forget and forgive, Sir; live and let live:
Good neighbour, I'm perfectly willing.
Just sketch yourself, with those long black locks
Blown wild by the wind of the equinox,
While I am jingling and trilling.

Your hair on end, and your favourite friend
With a pewter to save you from fainting:
Just do that soon, in a *Punch* Cartoon,
And I'll promise to play my softest tune
When you are not smoking, but painting.

The Prince of Wales's Debts.

SEVERAL impertinent statements, which have since been flatly contradicted, having lately appeared in print on this subject, we are authorised to inform the public that the *only* debt which His Royal Highness has contracted is the enormous Debt of Gratitude to Heaven for his recovery, which, the Prince himself would be the first to admit, he will never be able to repay.

NOT A TEMPERANCE SOCIETY.—A "Band of Hope"—the Staff of the *Saturday Review*.

THE NEW PLANET.

"M. LEVERRIER telegraphs to the Observatories of the world that he has just discovered, and calculated the elements of, a new planet, of considerable size."



ULL oft we have heard
of the planets
seven,
Floating of old in the
midnight heaven:
They have thickened
since in the blue-
grey void,
With the multitudi-
nous asteroid.
Each star, they say,
has a mission
above;
Mercury, subtle
diplomatist,
Venus, treading the
tracks of love,
Mars, the lord of
the heavy fist,
Jupiter, holder of
power complete,
Saturn the critical,
Uranus lone,

Admiral Neptune, leading the fleet
Into oceans of space unknown.
Such visions have some who look at the stars,
Without help from bright eyes or good cigars,
What will they say of LEVERRIER'S planet
When in the midnight heaven they scan it?

A planet is wanted; just to condense
That rarest of qualities, common sense,
Which rains not now from the ruling stars—
It is not in Venus, it is not in Mars,
Nor in Mercury, when he betrays the State,
Nor in Jupiter, crushing a helpless realm,
Nor in Saturn, encouraging spleen and hate,
Nor in Neptune, when floods his masts o'erwhelm.
O bright new planet, that just hast swung
Into the keen astronomer's ken,
Punch will sing thy psalm with loudest lung,
If thou bring'st good sense to the sons of men.
No poet need pine for his high ideal,
No beggar long for a scanty meal,
No statesman growl at the lack of pence,
If this planet would bring us common sense.

DISAGREEABLE DUTY.

AMONG "Women's Rights" strong-minded Women do not appear to claim the right of being eligible for Police-constables. Few Women would exercise that right if they had it. Policewomen would have to be occasionally employed in plain clothes.

TOURISTS' TROUBLES.

YOUR first trouble, as an Intending Itinerant, is to settle where you're going to.

Having settled this, the next trouble is to find out how to get there, wherever it may be, with the least possible trouble. You wish to commence by being economical, and do not want to lay out your money in anything which may prove useless or unnecessary.

A guide-book or a book of trains and modes of journeying is evidently one of those things which you must have to begin with.

But, as there are so many different guide-books and train-books now-a-days, wouldn't it be as well, to avoid expense, to ask a friend to lend you his foreign *Bradshaw*?

Good. Find a friend. Ask lots of 'em. They've all lost 'em, or forgotten where they put 'em, or are quite certain they had 'em once; but now, &c. One friend has one, but its date is of six years ago, and its pages are mouldy.

A Club friend—by which I mean a man who knows what a Club is made for, and takes his money's worth out of it from the clubhouse up to some fine old hidden dry wine at a low price which he has unearthed—suggests naturally, "*Bradshaw*'s at the Club. See it there. Come in." He takes me into what is his Town House, and orders a *Bradshaw* fiercely. Outside that house he is a genial pleasant smiling companion; once inside that building, he is a tyrant.

I absolutely see the Waiters "dress up" (to use a military phrase) on his appearance, and the buttons on the page-boys' livery jackets quiver like pagoda-bells in a high wind.

He orders a *Bradshaw* as much as to say, "Come, quick, no nonsense—*Bradshaw*—the best you've got—out with it—no loitering—here!—this instant—or I'll know the reason why." Catch the waiters trying to palm off on him a jar of caviare, three days' old, or dry sardines, or in fact anything but the very best at the very shortest notice!

So in a lightning-flash out comes *Bradshaw*, perhaps snatched from the trembling hands of some weak member, who had been first politely asked, "if he wouldn't mind sparing it for a minute," and who hadn't time to reply ere it had vanished.

I sit down to *Bradshaw*.

The Intending Itinerant has a fixed object in view; but I defy him to go direct to it when he has once opened the *Continental Bradshaw*. He can't help loitering amongst the advertisements. It suddenly occurs to him there are really so many things he requires. He hadn't thought of them before, but now, for such a tour as he proposes, they suddenly appear to be absolutely indispensable. Naturally there are so many things he wants for going abroad, which wouldn't be required were he stopping at home.

And first the eye is caught by a portrait of a fashionably-dressed gentleman, evidently going at the rate of six or seven miles an hour, illustrative of the prodigious powers of Mr. WAUKENPHAST'S—absurd way of spelling it; evidently Mr. WALKINGFAST'S fun, and not his real name—seven-leagued boots. Is the wearer of those boots in that advertisement going against his will? Evidently he is going against time. But what I want to know is, if I buy WALKINGFAST'S boots, must I, willy-nilly, set off at once, and not be able to stop, or be stopped (wouldn't my boots kick the

man who attempted to impede me, while I myself was apologising for their conduct?) until I went head-over-heels into the sea at Dover or somewhere, and there'd be an end of me; though, of course, my boots would turn up at Calais, and continue, solely on their own account, until they were worn out.

The Tourist pauses over *WALKINGFAST*, and considers do I or do I not want boots for this tour?

Well, as he is making a list of what he *does* want, he may as well put down boots. The list shall be alphabetical, and boots come under "B." Good. *Bradshaw* and Boots both under "B."

Nothing like method. But there ought to be something to put under "A," so as to start fair.

The Club friend says, "I haven't been to Switzerland for ages. It strikes him at once like an inspiration. Switzerland be it. Geneva for choice."

The next name (while looking out Geneva) that strikes him is *COOK*. *COOK*'s ticket! Some one has told him that "A *COOK*'s ticket" saves all trouble. Hitherto the name sounded somewhat like that old familiar phrase "A ticket for soup." He makes up his mind, as far as an Intending Tourist can make up his mind, that a *COOK*'s ticket is the thing.

Now, then, "B" *Bradshaw* help me to "C" *COOK*.

BRADSHAW refers the Tourist to pp. 824, 825 in his book. Good. Refer to 824, 825. Not a word about *COOK*. The pages in question are occupied by advertisements, including a picture of a dressing-bag, and a gentleman in a surgical belt.

The Dressing-bag at once suggests the idea. The Tourist *does* want a nice handy bag. It's the very thing of all others. Put it down as a mem. under "D" for Dressing-bag. The memoranda now are: A—Nothing at present. B—*Bradshaw* (to buy one). C—*COOK* (to inquire about him). D—Dressing-bag (to call and see different sorts).

It may be *Continental Bradshaw*'s joke, but at pp. 824, 825, there is not one word about *COOK*.

The Tourist understands his friend to say that Neufchâtel is a good point to make for.

He looks out "Neufchâtel" in *Bradshaw*.

It troubles him seriously to find it, not in Switzerland, but France. Yet he will swear, to the best of his knowledge and belief, that when he was eleven years old, Neufchâtel *was* in Switzerland. Perhaps the *tel* at the end of it got confounded in his mind with the *WILLIAM* who had *TELL* at the end of his Christian name. Neufchâtel is not the cheese place, surely, or if it is,— Well, one lives and learns *Bradshaw*, and owns one's ignorance. It is startling for the Tourist to discover that Neufchâtel is the next station to Dieppe, and that he has been there without knowing it.

But no, this can't be his, the Tourist's, Neufchâtel, the Neufchâtel that he fondly supposed and hoped was in Switzerland, where merry Swiss boys played on merry Swiss pipes to merry Swiss maids as they milked merry Swiss cows and carried merry Swiss pails on the top of their merry Swiss heads! No; his Neufchâtel is *not* in France, and the Tourist won't be put down by *Bradshaw* or a hundred *Bradshaws*.

Inspiration, leading clearly to a grand and important discovery.— There must be two Neufchâtel! Must look this out.

ECHOES FROM THE EAST.

THE Congress of Orientalists, at the request of the LORD MAYOR of London (with whom they dined a few days since), will accept Papers dealing with the following subjects as matters particularly appertaining to the Languages of the East:—

1. "Temple Bar, and the strange Language to which it has given rise in the columns of the Metropolitan Press and elsewhere."
2. "Houndsditch and its *Patois* traced back to its derivation in Palestine."
3. "The Language of Billingsgate, in common use amongst the Females of Wapping, with some consideration of the growth of Slang in Western London."
4. "The Central Criminal Court and the Language of its Visitors, with a comparison between the Plain English of the Judges and the Fiery Eloquence of the Bar." To this Paper will be added "A Treatise upon those Verdicts of the Jury which have been considered 'Greek' by the Public."
5. "The Natural History of the Stook Exchange, so far as it is connected with the Language of Bears and Bulls."
6. "The Language of the Waves, as it is understood at LLOYDS, with hints (suggested by MR. PLIMSOLL) upon the meaning of the words 'Insurance' and 'Assurance.'"

SOMETHING NEW FOR THE ORIENTALISTS' CONGRESS.

WHAT did NOAH's Bees do while afloat?
They kept the Aro-hives.

CHIGNONS OFF!

HERE is an old Gentleman who went to the Crystal Palace to hear—and see—his favourite Opera, *Faust*. He took his seat in anticipation of exquisite enjoyment.



Here are two young Ladies, in fashionable head-gear, who came and sat in front of him.



During the whole of the performance they laid their heads together, studying the book of the Opera. Through a loop-hole, bounded by their necks, he could discern the legs of the actors, and, over the heads of these young Ladies, see the top of the proscenium. He sat behind them in a state of mind more compendiously delineated than it could be described.



This old Gentleman remembers the time when Ladies, at the Opera, were required to take off their bonnets. He is aware that the bonnet has been superseded by a structure most of which is practically irremovable. But he has known some gentle girls who, at a theatre, having spectators behind them, behaved like Gentlemen, and Ladies also, by taking off their hats; thus at once displaying their amiability and—heads of natural hair.



Q. E. D.

"MAMMA!"

"YES, DARLING."

"AM I A BIG GIRL?"

"NO, DARLING!"

"THEN CARRY ME!"

THE RAILWAY COOKERY-BOOK.

How to Make a Dividend.—Take your Traffic List, and carefully remove from it any Workmen's Trains that you may find mixed up with it. Having raised your fares, thrust your Directors into Parliament, and extract concessions. Cut off as much as you can from the salaries of your officials, and be sparing with your Pointsmen. Add a few Excursions of the roughest sort. Now introduce your Third-Class Passengers (the commonest kind will do) into your First-Class Carriages, and allow them to mix freely with your First-Class Passengers. Allow matters to stand for a quarter, and then serve up your Dividend in a nice cool Report, garnished with a little froth and a good deal of flourish. It will require an acquired taste to thoroughly appreciate the Dividend made in this manner.

How to Make a Wild Public.—Advertise a Train to start from one station to arrive at another in time to enable Passengers wishing to proceed further on their journey to catch another Train. Dawdle a little, and let your First Train arrive five minutes after your Second Train has started. This will turn your Public wild, when serve out quickly with Official Sauce.

How to Make an Accident.—Start a nice long Train twenty minutes late over a Line encumbered with Luggage traffic. Throw in a very young Pointsman, and add a few Mineral Trains running on the wrong rails. Cut off the Block System, and shunt a little. Allow matters to simmer for half an hour or so, and serve up your Accident hot on a Branch Line.

Another Recipe.—Take a single Line and two Express Trains. Start one Express Train from one Terminus, and the other from the opposite Terminus. Let the Trains meet on the single Line, half-way, so that they may mix well together. This mode, which is both simple and effective, will make a very pretty accident indeed.

How to Make a Depopulated Country.—Take six ordinary accidents and add to them a dozen extraordinary accidents every third week for a year. When the accidents grow slack, put on a few Excursion Trains and use your Tunnels freely.

How to Make Yourself a Prisoner in a Criminal Court.—The Recipe for this excellent dish has been unhappily lost.

SOLILOQUY BY A "SWELL."

On weligion although I could neva weflect,
I've wegarded it always with pwopa wespect.
I considra the subject in this point of view;
What the wight sawt of people believe must be twue.
On that question the Peers, as a wule, are at home.
—But the MARQUIS OF WIRON's gone ova to Wome!

So the Peswage contwibutes anotha wecwuit
To the camp joined before by the MARQUIS OF BUTE;
And the gentwy 've contwibuted severnal too.
It seems going to be the corwest thing to do.
—Stop! a fella would think twice before he did that.
He would like to make sure about what he was at.

A Fweemason, in case of becoming a 'Vert,
The Fweemasons is forced by his pwiests to desert;
But the Uppa Ten Thousand, at pwesent, contains
A gweat many more Masons than Ultwamontanes;
And a fella should wait till most fellas secede,
Before eva he thinks about changing his qweed.

He who Masonwy's got to wenounce as a sin,
Can he tell for what else he has let himself in?
A deserter might find, hy-and-by, to his cost,
That he more than his Fweemason's fweedom had lost.
To be quopped I won't just yet surwenda my comb,
Though the MARQUIS OF WIRON's gone ova to Wome.

New Entertainment.

"READINGS by NEGRETTI AND ZAMBRA'S Barometer."—Notice to Theatrical Agents and entrepreneurs, MESSRS. N. AND Z.'s Barometer can be now engaged for a provincial tour. No "fit up" required. Barometer objects to go where there is any "local depression." Quite a novelty! True art! Everybody sure to be immensely interested in these Readings by degrees.



RAILWAY RESPONSIBILITY.

MR. PUNCH. "NO, NO, MR. DIRECTOR, *THEY'RE* NOT SO MUCH TO BLAME. IT'S *YOUR* PRECIOUS FALSE ECONOMY, UNPUNCTUALITY, AND GENERAL WANT OF SYSTEM THAT DOES ALL THE MISCHIEF."

THE NEW STEAMER.



UR twin-ship *Castalia* is good as far as she goes, and she hasn't gone very far at present. But the theory of her construction is wrong. A ship in which it is impossible to be ill should be so made and worked as to avoid *all* the causes, not one only, of sea-sickness. I make you and the scientific nautical world a present of my notion:—

1. Many people are nauseated by the smell on board. Let it, therefore, be scented from stem to stern, and the boilers be filled with rose-water.
2. Let all the sailors, stokers, captain, steward, &c., be supplied with White Rose, Ess-Bouquet, or something equally delicious.
3. The pitch upsets some. It mustn't pitch.
4. There must be no rolls on board. No lurching. Anything about a "sea-swell" is an old

joke to everybody, and must be avoided as being no joke to anybody.

5. The noise of the screw is enough to unsettle the stoutest passenger—or the thinnest.

This could be obviated by the lower part of the vessel being a sort of musical-box, the action of the screw would then produce merely popular airs.

6. The noise and action of the machinery are disturbing causes. My plan is to work it without this, but I don't tell the secret under a certain sum down, paid in advance.

Its pace, of course, is a knotty point, which we will consider when the present writer has heard satisfactorily from nautical head-quarters, where, it is to be hoped, the brains are.

Rome on Robinson.

HAD RIFON been plain ROBINSON. We should have booked him but for one. But with that ROBINSON we score, In expectation, many more. A Marquis and a lord of land Is safe a following to command; That tail of the gregarious kind Which wealthy nobles draw behind. Therefore, we ROBINSON set down As good for SMITH, and JONES, and BROWN.

A SERIOUS "LOCK-OUT."

TWO A.M. Coming home from a party; no latch-key; no knocker. Bell only rings down-stairs, and Servant a heavy sleeper in the attic.

THE PATH OF DUTY.—Through the Custom House.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

Report of a Visit to the Olympic Orphan Asylum, and of a Revival at the Princess's.

SIR,

THE two unhappy French orphan girls, the offspring of MM. DENNERY and CORMON, have at length—at great length—found an Asylum at the Olympic Theatre. MR. NEVILLE, the manager of this interesting establishment, has taken the two amiable sufferers under his care. They have a nice time of it, these two French orphans, in their English dress: they play from eight to midnight; at least, they did so on the first occasion of their appearance in Town. Poor dears! I sincerely trust they've been compressed and brought closer together since that eventful evening. You see, when one hears a pitiful tale, even about two orphans, over and over again in the course of four hours, it *does* become a trifle wearisome.

The story is this: There are (as may be imagined from the title) two orphans. The two *Orphelines*—"so called"—as my friend the BARON CHARLES MOOTON DE KENNT observed, "because as neither of them are inclined to *embosom*, they are evidently the Two Awful Leans"—that's one of the Baron's side-splitters—well, of the Two *Orphelines* one is abducted by a nobleman; the other is blind, and is abducted by cadgers. The latter goes about trying to find the former; the unbeknown mother of the blind girl (who isn't really an orphan) goes about trying to find her daughter; her husband goes about trying to find out his wife's secret; the police go about trying to find out everything in general; and everybody is trying to find out everybody else, while the audience is trying to find out what it's all about. And this occupies six Acts and eight Tableaux!

It puzzled Your Representative, also, to find out what on earth could have induced MR. NEVILLE and MISS FOWLER to choose such wretched parts as those of *Pierre*, the cripple, and *Louise*, the blind orphan. True that *Pierre*, the weak, comes out uncommonly strong in the last Act, but you have to wait till the last Act for this sudden display of energy. The motto for the last Act being clearly "go it, you cripple!" what does the cripple do? He gives his bullying brother "a nasty one" below the waistcoat! Now there was no sort of necessity that these two should have been brothers, and the English proprietors of the piece ought to have allowed his eminent translator to dissolve the relationship.

As for MISS FOWLER, she could have been blind only to her own interests to choose such a miserable, squalid, and, as it seemed to me, dramatically uninteresting part as that of *Louise*. She has to sing whining songs to most trying tunes; she has to be dragged about, to sit on cold steps saying and doing nothing, and is comparatively a nobody. The only solution to the mystery of this selection is that, in these days when Provincial Touring Companies are the fashion,

MR. NEVILLE can start with one touring company under his own personal superintendence (like a theatrical Cook's agent), going northwards, while MISS FOWLER, with another *troupe*, can proceed southwards, and the two parts at the Olympic can be easily filled without endangering the success of the drama.

The *Two Orphans* is a thoroughgoing Porte St. Martin piece of the oldest school of melodrama. There are telling situations of the *Penny Illustrated* school; there's the wicked Marquis and the good young Nobleman of republican proclivities; there's a duel between these two (an excellent bit of fence between MR. SUDER and MR. ROWLAND); there are Secret Police and a Minister of Police with "archives;" there are abductions, a kniving, threatenings, bullyings, faintings, wallings, and long explanations.

Of course, just to lighten it up a bit, there is the Comic Servant, who has nothing to do with the plot, just as there is in that old-fashioned melodrama *Raymond and Agnes*, revived *pour rire*, last season at the Haymarket.

MISS ERNSTON, as the orphan *Henriette*, is specially clever in giving her long speeches under most trying circumstances. So also is MRS. CHARLES VINER, who is perpetually dissembling to her husband, gushing in her nephew's arms, and fainting away whenever there is a convenient chair or sofa. Seeing what this distracted lady had to do, let alone the difficulties of gracefully managing a cumbersome train, it was a most meritorious performance.

MR. HARCOURT made an excellent Minister of Police, much troubled by domestic doubts, because his wife *could* dissemble so openly that he couldn't choose but suspect something; and his nephew's conduct, in tearing a page right out of volume thirty of the official Police News, which had been carefully bound at the Government's expense, was really most exasperating. What dread secret was in that Police Sheet (Night Charges, vol. xxx.) Your Representative was unable to learn. I asked a friend who pretended to know, but found he didn't.

Ere Your Representative's report of *The Orphans* can appear, it will no doubt have been pruned and trimmed considerably. If not, then perhaps the following suggestions might be useful:—

Act I.—Omit it altogether, because in Act II. *Henriette* can tell the action of Act I. in three lines. Cut out the Comic Character, also the Lady with a Song, entirely. Cut short the interview of the Police Minister with the dull Detective in Act III. Omit the dissembling *Comtesse de Lumière*, or let her just faint and dissemble once and have done with it. As to the Police archives, cut with them and the included mystery. Change the Blind Girl's tunes. Dissolve the relationship between *Pierre* and *Jacques*. As to the remarkably unpleasant *Salpêtrière* scene, cut with it; but as it would be a pity to lose MRS. HARCOURT's humorous rendering of *Genève*, the Superior of La *Salpêtrière*, why not let her come into



NOT TO BE MADE A FOOL OF.

Farmer. "Noo, if it's a fair question, hoo much wull ye get for thae kye when ye've feenished them!"

Artist. "O, perhaps sixty guineas, or so."

Farmer. "Wha-a-t! Dinna tell me, man; a 'l no get that for them lreevin'."

the Church Scene of Act III., where she would be quite in character, and, as it is snowing, there might be some amusement got out of that gossiping old flirt the nameless Doctor (MR. VOLLATRE) offering his umbrella to the diffident Mother Superior, or seeing her into a sedan-chair, and then pretending (merely pretending) that he was going to get in after her. The brutality of the Last Act might be toned down with advantage, and though I would not compress *The Two Orphans* much within the limits of *Cox and Box*, yet I feel sure that were it brought comfortably within the hours of eight and a quarter past ten, MR. NEVILLE'S "kind friends in front would smile for many a night on their endeavours to please, and there would not sit down a happier supper-party every evening after the play than *The Two Orphans*." (*Curtain*.)

After all, this compressure is not an impossibility—far from it. Look at *Lost in London* at the Princess's. It commences at 7'45, and is over at 10'15, and if a crowded house is any criterion, if cheers, tears, and laughter have any meaning whatever, *Lost in London*, as a revival, is a success. Such things will happen even in the best-regulated theatres: the fact may be inexplicable, but, no matter, there is the fact. *Lost in London*, however, is peculiarly adapted to a large theatre like the Princess's, or the Adelphi, where it was originally produced. MR. WATTS PHILLIPS is as clever a melodramatist as M. DENNEBY, and if his Act III. were only equal to Act II., *Lost in London* would be a masterpiece of this particular line of dramatic art. Unfortunately the finish is depressing. But bless Your Representative's dear eyes, it's worth all the money to see MRS. ALFRED MELLON'S *Tiddy Draggleshorpe*, as fresh and as sympathetic as ever, carrying the audience with her just as powerfully as when she played *Nelly* in the *Green Bushes*, or when, as the devoted country wench, in the *Hop-Pickers*, she sat on the milkpails and gave MR. WRIGHT a hunch of bread; and as when, in any other favourite old "Adelphi Hits," she withstood that atrocious stage-villain MR. O. SMITH to the face, defended virtue with a dish-clout, cried over and hugged the suffering heroine, setting the audience snivelling one minute with her homely pathos, and the next making them roar by boxing the ears of the funny man who had come to steal a kiss, or driving out the melodramatic miscreant with a broomstick. May her shadow never be less!

Your Representative has not space left to say more than that the piece is fairly played all round, and that there could not be a better impersonator of the heroine than MISS LYDIA FOOTE. Also, it is most effectively put on the stage.

To those whom the attraction of *Lost in London* may induce to visit the Princess's I would say, Please do stop and see *Two Heads are Better than One*. And, if they do not find it a genuine sidesplitter—not on account of anything that is done or said in it, but through the idea that it should ever have been produced at all and then reproduced in this enlightened age—they have not that keen sense of managerial humour which contributes so much at a theatre to the personal enjoyment of

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

IS IT POSSIBLE?

THE *Manchester Evening News* announces that—

"MR. J. T. WOOD will lecture, during the month of November, on the discovery of the Temple of Diana, and other results of the excavations at Ephesus, which he has conducted for the last eleven years at Birmingham, Edinburgh, Manchester, Newcastle, Leeds, Bradford, and other places."

Most people are probably aware that the Temple of Diana at Ephesus was something very wonderful, but nobody can hitherto have imagined how exceedingly wonderful it must have been, and its remains are still. By the foregoing account we are apparently informed that excavations on its site have, for the last eleven years, been conducted by MR. J. T. WOOD, not only at Ephesus, but likewise at Birmingham, Edinburgh, Newcastle, Bradford, and other places besides. It thus appears that the Temple of Diana, if not absolutely ubiquitous, is situated in more places than one.

NEW TITLE.

ON dit that BARON GRANT is to be created a Duke, Duke of Leicester Square. He will then be addressed as "GRANT, your grace."



"BY THE SAD SEA WAVES."

Landlady (who has just presented her Weekly Bill). "I 'OFE, MA'AM, AS YOU FIND THE BRACING HAIR AGREE WITH YOU, MA'AM, AND YOUR GOOD GENTLEMAN, MA'AM!"

Lady. "O, YES, OUR APPETITES ARE WONDERFULLY IMPROVED! FOR INSTANCE, AT HOME WE ONLY EAT TWO LOAVES A DAY, AND I FIND, FROM YOUR ACCOUNT, THAT WE CAN MANAGE EIGHT!" [*Landlady feels uncomfortable.*]

OIL AND VINEGAR.

THE Japanese are most anxious that their quarrel with the Chinese shall be submitted to arbitration. Should this excellent idea be carried into execution, the following proposals will most probably be urged by the respective Representatives of China and Japan...

CHINESE PROPOSALS.

The EMPEROR OF CHINA to be acknowledged in Japan as "the Mother-in-law of the Moon," on the condition that the TYCOON OF JAPAN is described in all Chinese official documents as "the Elder Brother of the Dog-Star."

The Chinese Competitive System to be introduced in every Japanese matter, inclusive of the deaths and marriages of the Japanese population.

Tea and opium to be the national food and drink of both countries.

All books to be destroyed in China and Japan that have been published since the days of CONFUCIUS.

The Electric Telegraph and Railways to be abolished in both countries.

The Date of the World to be put back two thousand years.

JAPANESE PROPOSALS.

The total abolition of Pig-tails, and the extension of Government protection to Hair-brushing by Machinery.

Compulsory use of Shirt-collars and Spectacles in China and Japan.

Establishment, under the management of the Editor of the *New*

SONG OF A SHAREHOLDER.

COLLISIONS, when they Railway Trains befall,
Increase the weight of my domestic cares,
Because, indeed, I have my little all
Invested, most of it, in Railway Shares.

When bones are broken and when lives are lost,
We suffer with the victims and their friends;
They are bereaved or injured at our cost:
Their damages reduce our dividends.

This is the question:—were 't the better way
On cheap precautions money to expend;
Or frequent compensation have to pay?
Which policy were cheaper in the end?

This doubt it now behoves us to decide;
For if unsettled it much longer stands,
Rulers, for public safety to provide,
Might take our business out of private hands.

The telegraphs they took to the sole end
Of cheap despatch: still stronger is the plea,
Which, for the like assumption, may commend
Mismanaged Railways to the Powers that be.

If we, for Parsimony's doubtful gains,
Risk our investments of productive store,
Then, to prevent the clash of crowded trains,
Had we not better lay out rather more?

BAZAINE'S ESCAPE.

(A Letter from our former Correspondent.)

SIR,

NEVER again let anybody doubt your Special Correspondent. Three weeks ago I sent you the full, true, and particular account of BAZAINE's escape, and without fear and without reproach I implicated myself. Sir, I heard that account doubted! I heard my details disputed! Turn to the number where that letter of mine appeared, and see what I said about the use of *string*. Then turn to the *Times*, Sept. 16, page 5, and notice how remarkably my explanation has since been corroborated by internal and totally independent evidence. "BARREAU, the prisoner's servant . . . complained a few days before the escape that *all the string in the house had disappeared*." Of course, including the shoe-strings, and the elastic, that was fastened to his hat. Now, Sir, I beg the insertion of this letter in your valuable Journal, in order that I may put myself right with a suspicious public.

I am yours truly, very truly,

SAME AS BEFORE.

York Herald, of a journal in Pekin of the same character as the recently-published *Japanese Morning Telegram*.

American-English to be the vulgar tongue of both countries.

Penny Tramway Cars to ply every five minutes between all towns situated in China and Japan.

The Date of the World to be put on two thousand years.

N.B.—KING COFFEE, of Ashanti, to be the Arbitrator for China, and MR. BARNUM, of America, the Arbitrator for Japan.

RIVAL SAINTS.

"S. Fiacre, who flourished 622, erected a monastery in honour of our Blessed Lady in a forest near Meaux, in France. The fame of his sanctity rendered the pilgrimage to his tomb so popular, that in later years his name was given to the hackney coaches of Paris—now called *Fiacres*—of which so many were employed in conveying the citizens thither."—*Tablet*.

S. FIACRE, who flourished in Six-two-two,
Was a benefactor to Pilgrims, who

Will always be famous, verily,
For he showed them the way to earn repose
Among the Saints, without corns on their toes—
And to win their sanctity merrily.

To another Saint the Londoner prays,
In his hottest haste, in his rainiest days,
And pays half-a-crown for ransom—
A Saint who knows street and alley and square,
Who can catch a train, with a second to spare—
Here's a health to good St. Hansom!



GALLANTRY.

Maiden Aunt (remonstrating with Dublin Street Arab). "DON'T YOU KNOW, SIR, IT'S VERY DANGEROUS TO THROW STONES! THAT ONE VERY NEARLY HIT ME, SIR! AND SUPPOSING IT HAD PUT MY EYE OUT, AND BLINDED ME, WHAT WOULD YOU HAVE DONE THEN!!"
Street Boy. "SHURE, I'D HAVE MARRIED YER, AV COORSE!!"

THE THREE DINERS.

(A Lay of Temple Bar in its present state, September, 1874—with grateful remembrance of MR. KINGSLIE'S "Three Fishers.")

THREE *gourmands* invited were into the West,
 Out of Cornhill, by LORD FITZ-BROWN;
 They found they'd be late, and they thought it best
 From Cheapside to cab it right into Town.
 "For men will growl and women will weep,
 If waiting for dinner my Lord we keep!"
 Near Temple Bar they're moaning.

They were blocked up in Fleet Street for nigh an hour,
 And the lamps were lit as the sun went down;
 They swore they'd walk, but there came a show'r:
 'Twas long past the hour for LORD FITZ-BROWN.
 For cabs must walk and 'busses must creep,
 Which causes a block from Fleet to Chepe,
 While the Temple Bar is moaning.

Three "empties" drew up at FITZ-BROWN's house grand,
 As the Devonshire cream and the tart went down;
 And the ladies are smiling behind the hand
 As the "empties" explain to LORD FITZ-BROWN.
 While cabs must crawl and 'busses must creep,
 All long to say, from Fleet to Chepe,
 "O, good-bye to the Bar and its moaning!"

THE EDUCATIONAL MOVEMENT.

AN anxious parent, whose son has already mastered French, German, and Italian, has determined on sending the youth to Finland, in order to give his boy's education just the little Finnish it required.

STATISTICS OF CONSCIENCE.

FROM official accounts which have just been issued, it appears that in the financial year ended the 31st of March last, the remittances forwarded to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER as conscience-money amounted to no less than £8,588 7s. 11d. This is a good deal of money, and represents a considerable quantity of conscience. But it can stand for only a small part of the conscience of the community. How many persons are there who, having conscience enough to make them pay their taxes at once to the tax-gatherer, have no occasion to send conscience-money to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER? Doubtless, if their aggregate conscience could be represented by figures, comprising all the taxes they could evade if they chose, the sum of its pecuniary expression would be a plurality of millions, and afford a gratifying proof of the number, the wealth, and the conscientiousness of those British taxpayers who can afford to keep a conscience, and do. That is to say, who do keep a conscience, and don't do the Government and the nation.

Imaginary Dialogue.

CENTENARIAN (to MR. THOMS). Yes, if you please, Sir, I'm a hundred and twenty next birthday.

Mr. Thoms (to Centenarian). Pooh! You must be mistaken! At least, you're old enough to know better.

[Exit MR. THOMS to write to the "Times."]

Notice to Correspondents.

NOR with a hundred pairs of hands and eyes
 Could *Punch* to daily letters write replies.
 And, be it known to all whom it concerns,
 Rejected articles he ne'er returns.



"MATTER!"

Portly Old Swell (on reading Professor Tyndall's Speech). "DEAR ME! IS IT POSSIBLE! MOST 'XTRE'ORDINARY!—(throws down the Review)—THAT I SHOULD HAVE BEEN ORIGINALLY A 'PRIMORDIAL ATOMIC GLOBULE'!"

MOVEMENTS OF M.P.'S.

WE notice yearly more and more that during the dull season certain journals fill some inches of their valuable space by reporting the movements of the Members of the Government, and, moreover, those of any gentlemen in Parliament who have happened to become conspicuous in debate. Not to be behind-hand in conforming with the fashion of the age, we beg leave to furnish a few details of this sort; although we altogether question the propriety of publishing the private acts and pastimes of any public men.

MR. GLADSTONE has just started on a journey to the East, for the purpose of examining the various claims advanced by several ancient cities to have been the actual birthplace of the poet he so loves. Ere leaving home he stated to a confidential friend that he saw three courses open; namely, (1) To go at once; (2) to put off going; or (3) not to go at all: and, after a protracted mental conflict with himself, he finally decided in favour of the first.

MR. DISRAELI has been summoned on a visit to Balmoral, that he may have the honour of submitting to HER MAJESTY a scheme he has concocted, with the aid of CANON KINGSLAY, for severing the connection between the English State and Church.

MR. LOWE is going through a rigid course of training, to prepare himself for making a bicycle excursion from the end of Dover Pier to the door of John o' Groat's House. He rises every morning at four o'clock precisely, swallows five raw eggs mixed with a cup of rum and milk, mounts his bicycle and whirles off at full speed, round and round his little grassplot, until eight o'clock; then bathes, and eats for breakfast a pint of oatmeal porridge and a pound of raw beefsteak; smokes a pipe and reads his newspaper till ten, practises the dumb-bell exercise till noon, answers letters before lunching sparingly at one, and whirles away again until he hears the second dinner-bell at half-past six o'clock.

THE MARQUIS OF SALISBURY is out yachting in the Channel, in company with MR. BRADLAUGH and MR. BERNAL OSBORNE, the latter costumed in the character of *Long Tom Coffin* in the *Pilot*, as performed with such success by the late MR. T. P. COOKE.

THE RIGHT Honourable MR. SPEAKER is living *en retraite* at a quiet little village near to the Land's End, and as far as possible from a newspaper or post-office. As a pleasant and appropriate course of reading for

his holiday, he has set himself the task of going through the whole of *Hansard*.

MESSIEURS CROSS and BRUCE, the rival liquor legislators, are spending a few days at the hospitable residence of their friend SIR WILFRID LAWSON. A select circle of guests have been invited to meet them, including the Past Master of the Grand Lodge of Good Templars, and the Chairman of the Licensed Victuallers' Defence Association. For the refreshment of his visitors, while shooting on his land, the worthy host has given orders that a cask of goodly home-brewed should be always kept on tap at the Park Lodge, which being a trifle over three miles from their bed-rooms, will in no wise contravene the law respecting *bond fide* travellers.

MR. AYTON is at present sojourning at Athens, where he is busily engaged in the collection of materials for his long meditated lectures upon Ancient Art.

THE MARQUIS OF RIXON has just set forth on a pilgrimage to Paray-le-Monial, in company with MR. NEWDEGATE and the REV. C. H. SPURGEON: the former carrying a score of unboiled peas in his left boot, and the latter wearing full canonicals of the Order of the Carmelites.

MR. BRIGHT, it is expected, will start for Nova Zembla in the middle of next week; intending there to pass his Christmas, and enjoy the famous sport of fly-fishing for whales, for which that country is so celebrated.

MR. WHALLEY occupies himself in his well-earned vacation by making a selection from his recent public speeches, which he intends forthwith to publish, as models of modern oratory, for the use of infant schools.

THE CONGRESS MANIA.

WHAT to do in Autumn

Often people ask:

Something may be taught 'em

If they like the task.

Follow not the pheasant—

Frivolous affair;

Wisdom's effervescent

In Congress everywhere.

Pundits Oriental

Give us Sanskrit puns;

They are ornamental—

Looking sons of guns:

They can talk in Tamil,

'Mid many other feats;

Why don't they ride the camel

Through our sober streets?

Congress of Fungologists—

Toadstool-eating men,

Who appear apologists

For aught that grows in glen.

Punch of no such rueful

Fungi will partake;

In *pâté* give him truffle,

And mushrooms with his steak.

The Congress scientific

Must bore us, just a bit;

Its sopor-sudor-ific

Results, we all admit.

The Congress *Mr. Punch* is

More willing far to share

Involves the best of lunches

In bright October air.

It puts an end to troubles,

And brings a calm repose.

The wine that briskly bubbles,

The wit that freely flows,

The pungence of a salad,

The laughter of the young,

The music of a ballad

By red lips gaily sung.

'Twixt politics and science

The year is taken up:

At both *Punch* hurls defiance,

And means to drink his "cup";

Leave *savans* to their tall ways,

And saints to their repose;

Hold Autumn Congress always

Of the nicest girls he knows.

"THINGS A LADY WOULD NOT LIKE TO KNOW."



PLEASE observe that this, the companion volume to *Things a Lady Would Like to Know*, is a repertory of recondite knowledge, giving information on many topics like the following:—

1. On whose heads the hair first grew which is manufactured into her charming chignons.

2. Of what chemicals are made her perfumes, essences, hair-dyes, and washes for beautifying the complexion.

3. What (she being a lovely blonde) **LORD MIL-LION'S** eldest son, whom she had almost caught, said about her to the wicked little brunette with whom he waltzed so often the other night.

4. Why her husband is so willing that she should enjoy herself for a few weeks at Brighton, though he has so much business that he can only come down on Saturdays.

5. What the children are learning while the governess writes her love-letters.

6. What the servants think of the correspondence which she carelessly leaves about.

7. Why the fascinating **CAPTAIN FITZ-PYRAMID**, who is always bringing opera-boxes and bouquets, will let her husband induce him to waste so much time on billiards.

From these examples it is clear that the book in question is one which should never be absent from any Lady's boudoir. Its negative virtues are great.

"ELIZABETH'S RESIDENCE IN A FRENCH COUNTRY HOUSE."

FRAGMENT THE SECOND.

Her First Impressions.

"WHY, whatever have those ridiculous horses got bobbing about over their noses?" I said to myself, as I leaned over our front gate, the first morning after our arrival. Having been trained to truth from my youth up, I will not conceal from you that I was late for breakfast, and that, as such, I should not have been at the front gate. But I reckoned on all our party being dog-tired with their journey, and not likely to get up at their usual time. "Besides," I said, "if they're not tired themselves, they are that considerate that they'll think I am, and then they'll make every allowance for a poor suffering young girl, as well they may; so I may as well indulge myself with a good look out. When you have a mistress that don't mind being put upon, why, put upon her of course! You mayn't always have the chance! Besides, ain't we told that virtue is its own reward? and who are we that we should go against that, I should like to know?"

Well, I leaned out over the front gate and saw a waggon and horses coming along the road, and I couldn't think what the horses had got over their noses. When they got close to me I saw that each horse had a sheep's tail hanging from his forelock right down over his face. The sheep's tail was set in a nice little socket of black leather, with a neat fringe of red wool, and looked quite ornamental. "Well," I said, "think of the vanity of these French people! I've always been told that they all like to be decorated as much as ever they can, and that's natural; but to go and fig out their horses like this! Well, I never!"

When the horses came up to me, however, I changed my mind; for, just then, a swarm of flies began attacking them about the eyes and nose, and the horses, by tossing their heads and whisking the

sheep's tails, brushed away the flies as cleanly as I could with a duster. "Ah," I said, when I saw this, "there's a moral in every tale if you know where to look for it. France is the country for me! If there's a country anywhere where a young girl may look to be a happy wife it's here, where the merciful man is merciful to his beast!" But I've seen my error since. I've seen one, as was as soft as silk to a dumb brute, turn a deaf ear to a pleading woman. But at first I thought otherwise, and, as I went in to lay breakfast, I hugged those deceitful sheep's tails to my trusting bosom.

I must own that, when I came to look over the house and know it well, I didn't find much to complain of in it. It was very large, and had a good many rooms; but it hadn't too many carpets, to harbour dust, and get me into trouble with mistress about the corners—the floors being mostly of wood, which had been brought to a polish with wax and hard rubbing, and so was easy to sweep. I needn't say I didn't trouble myself about the polish. That beautiful line of **DR. WATTS**—

"How neat she spreads the wax—"

was meant for the little busy bee and not for a hard-working girl, who had lived in good English places and wasn't going to give in to French ways.

On the mantelpiece there were none of those fidgety little knick-nacks, which are always jumping out of your hands and dashing themselves into pieces, when you're dusting them; but, instead, in each sitting room, there was a good solid gilt clock, that wouldn't go, and so couldn't be put out of order by hasty handling when one was late in the morning. And the furniture was all solid and strong, and wouldn't break when you moved it about, if you was ever so much out of temper. Men may swear when they're put out, but a girl, who has been brought up to be a pupil-teacher, must look elsewhere for comfort, and it is a relief to her to be able to set a chair down with a slam and not find the top rail come off in her hands.

The walls of the sitting-room were lined from top to bottom with

presses, with panelled fronts, which looked like wainscot, so that I had no trouble in keeping my rooms tidy, but could just put out of sight any needlework or newspapers or other odds and ends of litter which might be lying about. Those presses were "a place for everything," and I put "everything in that place;" and that, I know, is the golden rule of tidiness.

When we were coming over, my mistress told me we should find the usual offices (as the House Agents say) for us servants. I can't say much for the usual offices, which were all of stone with plaster floors, and so dark that some of 'em looked no better than beer-cellars with the doors off. But the kitchen made up for all. There was a large garden, with very high walls, all round the house, and the kitchen opened into this garden. Close to the kitchen-door was a door leading from the garden into a wood, and through the wood was a road leading to the front entrance. When you had got outside the garden-door you couldn't be seen from the house. "O, how nice!" I said to Cook when I saw this. "O, how nice! Why we shall be able to slip out of evenings without disturbing poor Mistress." And so we did too, I promise you.

I daresay a good many people would have called the place dull, for there was nothing but a hill with woods and corn-fields in front, and a valley with woods and corn-fields at the back; but I always say that, when the London season is over, it must be dull anywhere. Elvaston Place in September is no more like Elvaston Place in June than a lodge in a garden of cucumbers is like the Crystal Palace on Foresters' Day: and dullness in a new place isn't half so weary and worriting as dullness in an old one, where you sit listening for the knocks that don't come, and thinking of the young men that used to trim up the window gardens, and bring the flowers and the glass for the supper-table, and help to hand the ices. So! I've always said that I never would live with a family that didn't go away regularly as soon as the season was over. "Don't ask me," I've often said, "to live with a family as will take furnished lodgings at Margate for two months, and leave me to keep house in an empty street with all the blinds down. I like to be able to say, 'When I was at Scarborough the year the Prince took the fever'; or 'When I was at Brighton last November'; or 'When we had LORD BURLINGHAM'S place in Hertfordshire!'" This sounds well, and lets people know what kind of place a girl expects when she is thinking of bettering herself.

ROYAL VISITORS' GUIDE FOR 1875.



THE SULTAN is staying at the Turkish Bath in Brighton.

THE EMPEROR OF AUSTRIA is seen every morning on Margate Jetty.

MARSHAL MACMAHON is at Dublin.

DON CARLOS is at Herne Bay, enjoying the sea-bathing.

THE KING OF ITALY is deer-stalking in the Highlands of Scotland.

THE Czar OF RUSSIA is at Broadstairs. The appearance of His Majesty on the sands is the signal for the gathering of immense crowds of visitors.

THE EMPEROR OF GERMANY, the PRINCE IMPERIAL OF GERMANY, accompanied by PRINCE VON BISMARCK and COUNT VON MOLTKE, are at

Dorking, from which town they make almost daily excursions into the adjacent country.

THE KING OF GREECE is at Edinburgh—a place which His Majesty is said to describe as "quite the modern Athens."

And the SHAH OF PERSIA is staying as a self-invited guest at the establishment of MADAME TUSSEAUD in Baker Street.

Satisfactory Solution.

FACTS in Geology and Egyptology, Very momentous as touching chronology, Seem to run counter to facts of Theology. Very well, never mind. What if they do? These facts, and those facts as well, may be true. Truth and truth ne'er can at variance be: All truths will some day be proved to agree. Seemingly different truths, let us say, Are equally true in a different way.

PUNCH'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENTS.

THE following letter reached our Office, attached to the wing of a carrier-pigeon. The signature of the writer is sufficient to verify it. He, the most truthful of all travellers, never met an old savage at Khiva, never saw a dwarf and dog fight at Hanley, never brought home one of PHARAOH'S chariot-wheels from the Red Sea, as a birthday gift to his mother. Perfect accuracy, combined with a simple descriptive and narrative style, makes him the best of Special Correspondents; and we can guarantee the exactitude of his letter just received from the unexplored Empire of

AMAZONIA.

Saint Penthesilea's Day.

It was, Mr. Punch, with some disinclination that I left my loving wife, and my stable of Houyhnhnms, to make a fifth and, I hope, a last voyage. But your commands must be obeyed; so I went forth in a steamship, manufactured for me by MR. BESSEMER and MR. READ, which can be worked by a crew of one, to avoid mutiny. I was that crew of one. I victualled the ship with homeopathic pills of ox and deer, one box warranted to contain a hecatomb, and with small phials of essence of brandy, each holding a condensed hogshead, I steamed away from Falmouth Harbour, exactly a hundred and seven (Gordian) knots an hour by the barometer, E.S.E. by N.N.W. on a great circle. The great circle I used was my daughter POLLY'S iron hoop, which she drives to school between the people's legs. This is one reason (if I may pause to make a scientific remark) why bow-legged people abound in Wapping.

[At this point it becomes necessary to omit a few thousand pages of the honest Captain's log. He will, however, be besieged by publishers for a complete record of his travels, when he returns. They will run after him with blank cheques, to be filled up for any amount—a generous habit, which seems almost peculiar to the London publisher.]

When I was washed ashore [a harrowing shipwreck is here omitted] I found myself in a pleasant open green with large trees upon it. I went forward slowly, being somewhat bruised and tired, and having swallowed many gallons of a liquid I have never learnt to like; namely, salt water. The country seemed beautiful, but I saw no signs of habitation; and at that moment I longed for food and drink, and to dry my apparel. Suddenly I met a person dressed in a blue silk tunic and white satin trousers, and wearing on her head (for it was a she, and this is a country of shes) a cap with a jewel and feather in it.

"Stop, or I'll run you through!" she cried, drawing a sword and pointing it at me. Her accents were so musical I knew she did not mean it.

[At this point our valued Correspondent becomes prolix, from two causes—he likes to describe at length his attempt to flirt with this forward young minx in Bloomer costume, and he also calculates on getting a guinea a word for all he writes. So we pass on to his interview with the Queen.]

Her Majesty, who is of high stature and commanding appearance, received me favourably. It is etiquette to approach her kneeling, and licking the dust from the floor. I always adhere to the customs of the country. The quantity of dust I had swallowed uncomplainingly caused Her Majesty to smile.

"I am sure you are a very good husband, CAPTAIN GULLIVER," she said.

My heart and mouth were too full for a reply. She graciously proceeded:

"Here we have no husbands. All men are slaves. We regard them as inferior animals, with just a slight glimmer of reason. They are bought and sold like cattle, and compelled to work in their various ways. This is the highest form of civilisation, and will, in time, be the custom of the world."

This seemed likely to be the worst of my adventures. To escape from the spiteful Lilliputians and the terrible sons and daughters of Brobdingnag, and then to fall among the Amazons! O Glumdalclitch, that you were here to take that Queen by her hair and drown her in a slop-basin!

I dissembled. I spoke as fluently as I could on the wisdom of the Queen of Amazonia. I expressed my delight at being a slave, my belief that all men ought to be slaves. I expressed my admiration of Her Majesty's wisdom—and still more of her personal beauty.

She has commanded me to dine with her. I must still dissemble.

In another letter I hope to tell you something of the Metropolis of Amazonia, its Cathedral, its University, and all other matters which the well-informed traveller has to record. The male population of the place are kept in excellent order, and crime is entirely unknown. If a man takes a drop too much, he is bastinadoed, or carbonadoed, or something. I must try and be temperate dining with the Queen; but I suppose she won't transgress the laws of hospitality. I am very thirsty.

Yours to command,

LEWEL GULLIVER.



A FRAGMENT.

AUGUSTUS KNOWS A CERTAIN SNUG RETREAT—
A LITTLE ROCKY CAVERN BY THE SEA—
WHERE, SHELTERED FROM THE RAIN (AND EVERY EYE),
HE FONDLY HOPES TO BREATHE HIS TALE OF LOVE
INTO HIS ARTLESS ARABELLA'S EAR!

A WORD TO THE "ROUGH."

You ruffian, you scoundrel, you brutal Yahoo!
There's a good time, be sure of it, coming for you.
You dull, drunken savage, malignantly mad!
You dastard, you blackguard, you criminal cad!

You'll be taught to take care how your fury you wreak,
How you fell the defenceless and trample the weak.
How in face, mouth, and eyes folk with clenched fist you slog;
Knock down, stamp on, and smash them with iron-bound clog.

You shall know, you foul sot, you shall feel in your skin,
What it is to gouge eyes out, and ribs to kick in;
Or, in bestial affray with some wretched compeer,
To bite off your antagonist's nose or his ear.

See you this knotted scourge of nine thongs? 'Tis the Cat!
You have feelings which may be appealed to with that.
On garotters, your like, with effect it was tried.
And your heart, too, no doubt will be reached through your hide.

An Ingenuous Offer.

In the *Manchester Guardian* we are apprised that:—

A Clergyman WANTS TO BORROW £50 or more for Two Years;
no security, but high interest.—Address, &c., &c.

"He must be a hopeful man who advertises for a loan on these terms. Doesn't he wish he may get it?" Such is the comment suggested by the above announcement. Are there not, however, many Joint-Stock Companies from whose circulars the proposal to borrow money on the conditions of high interest and no security differs only in candour?

POST HASTE.

If the Representative of England at the International Postal Congress, recently held at Berne, understood the wants of his countrymen, he doubtless urged the acceptance of the following proposals by those who attended the meeting:—

Letters from tradesmen (especially on or about quarter-day) should be "delayed in transmission."

Letters from wives of one year's standing to their husbands, on account of their extreme length, should be paid for by the hundred-weight.

Letters from husbands to their wives, on account of their extreme brevity, should be despatched at so much the dozen.

Circulars sent through the post should be destroyed immediately on their discovery in the letter-boxes.

Letters crossed and re-crossed should be returned to their writers. Letters from mothers-in-law should be refused on any terms.

Letters from amateur authors to editors should be marked "Hanwell" to insure proper attention.

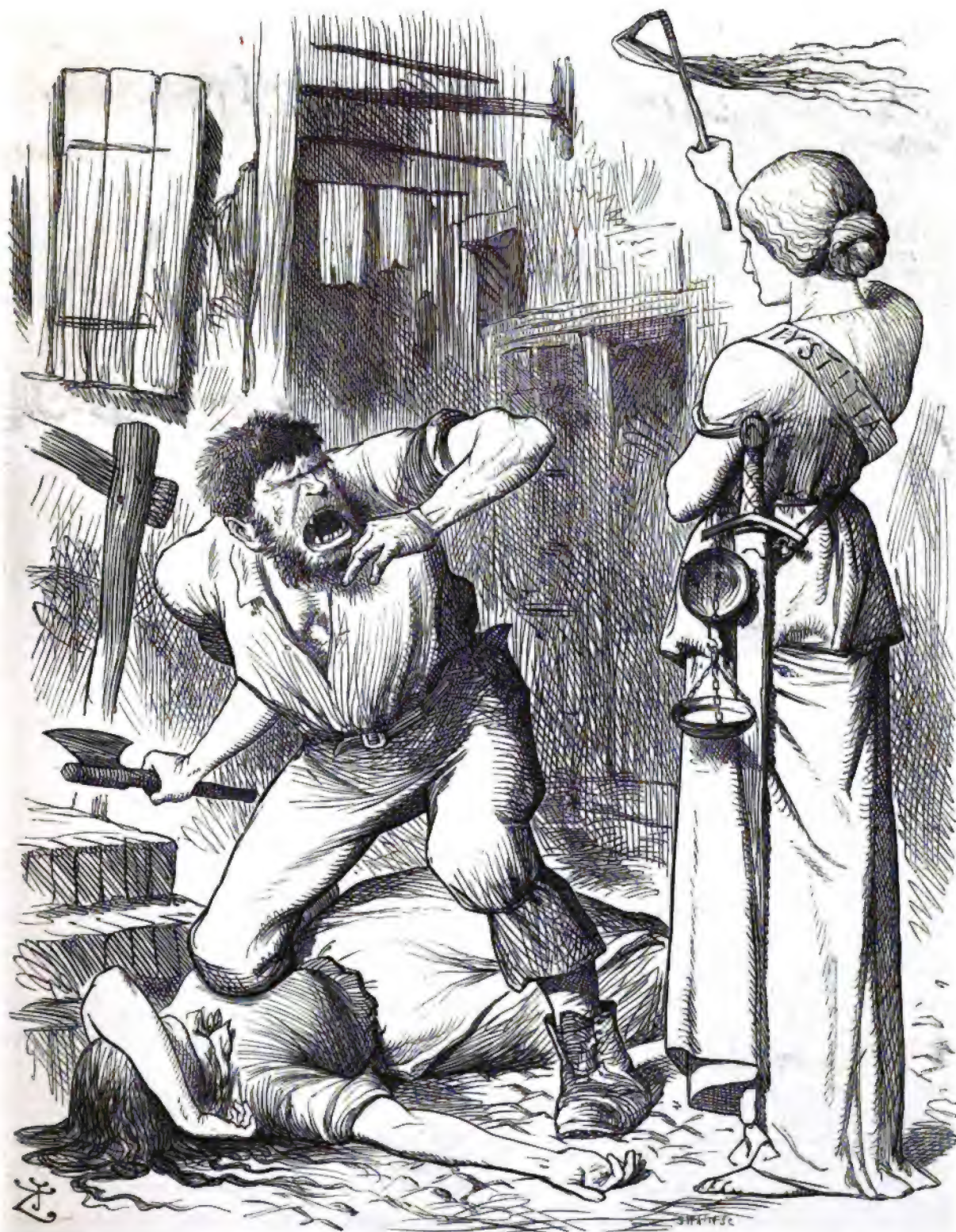
Letters of credit should be paid for by those who receive them on their arrival before they are sent. (N.B.—This Clause only to apply to Ireland.)

Notes from Postmen should be paid for at the rate of authors' MS., as coming from men of letters.

And last, but not least, all love letters should be delivered post free.

Shakespeare's Line.

ATTENTION lately called to the plants mentioned by SHAKESPEARE, has caused people to argue that he must have been a gardener. The fact appears to be that the Prince of Playwrights was the living contradiction to a popular saying—SHAKESPEARE was Jack of all trades and master of one.



THE DEMON "ROUGH."

JUSTICE. "LOOK HERE, YOU COWARDLY RUFFIAN! THIS HAS PUT DOWN GAROTTERS! WE SHALL NOW HAVE TO TRY IF IT WON'T PUT DOWN YOU!"

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

At the Alhambra and the Charing Cross Theatre.



EXPECTED SIR,

I REPRESENTED you one night at the Alhambra. I took with me my noble friend the D—ke, in return for that admirable entertainment to which he had invited me at the Holborn Restaurant. I had intended to give my dear D—ke an intelligent treat. Sir, I regret to say that since the evening of our visit to the Alhambra my noble friend has never been the same man, at least, towards me, that he was before. How could I tell that the *Demon's Bride* was so depressingly dull? It wasn't my fault. "I didn't write it," I explained to my dear and noble friend, who simply exclaimed "Thank

Heaven!" and, soon afterwards, about the middle of Act II., dropped off to sleep.

He complained, and with reason, that there were no airs he could carry away with him, and reproduce on his favourite instrument the Hungarian Bolophone.

The music, to the thinking of Your Representative, was rather too good for this sort of piece, and perhaps M. JACOB the composer is not himself quite satisfied with the performance of his own work.

Except M^{RS}. ROSE BELL, who is a true artist, there was really no one to command the attention of an audience. But, then, can the attention of an Alhambra audience be commanded except by spectacle, ballet, and practical fun? As to witticisms, brilliant dialogue, neat song-verses, they are, on the whole, utterly thrown away. Whenever MR. PAULTON speaks he can invariably be heard, but, on this occasion, there was really hardly anything worth hearing; and, as far as the "action" went, very little worth seeing. Yet it is splendidly put on the stage, both as to scenery and costumes, and everyone from first to last seemed to be doing their best to make the piece go.

The night of our visit may have been an exceptionally unfortunate one, as M^{RS}. BELL appeared to play without her usual vigour, and to go through her performance mechanically: but the part is not a good one for her, and, as my noble Bolophonist observed, "the music doesn't seem to suit her." My dear friend only woke up to say this, and then went, at once, to sleep again, so that perhaps his opinion would not be of very much value.

An apology was put out for that elegant dancer MADemoiselle SARA, and so "the bells went a ringing for SARA" in vain. Your Representative sincerely hopes the young lady is better. Her unobtrusive troupe was there, and how any audience can approve of such ungraceful, unwomanly, inartistic kicking up behind and before (like *Ole Joe* in the once celebrated nigger song) is a puzzle to Your Representative. Late diners and later suppers of both sexes may revel in this sort of entertainment, which, as my dear discreet D—ke (who did wake up for this) observed, "is, decidedly, not for Joseph." Were the dancing artistic, that, to speak colloquially, would be another pair of shoes altogether. Art, like Charity, covers a multitude of sins.

As far as Your Representative could judge, the Alhambra has not played a trump in the production of the *Demon's Bride*.

The little Charing Cross Theatre has been re-opened by MR. HENDERSON, of Liverpool and American theatrical fame, with Miss LYDIA THOMPSON as the Queen of the celebrated "Blonde Troupe," which has been delighting American play-goers for the last four years.

Their *pièce de résistance* is an original *Opéra-Bouffe*, or rather burlesque of the old pattern, with ready-made music fitted to it by its Author, MR. FARNIE, who seems to be well up to the requirements of this sort of entertainment. The first Scene of *Blue Beard* sparkles from beginning to end; everyone is new, everything is new, everybody is brilliantly costumed, the dialogue is crammed with allusions to the topics of the day, all more or less telling, the puns are bad enough to be groaned at; and when Miss LYDIA THOMPSON bounds on as pretty and as graceful as ever, the audience give her and her neat little speech so warm a reception as to send

the thermometer up several degrees, and remind us that a little more ventilation would be highly acceptable.

Miss THOMPSON has not been spoiled by America: the only appearance of her being at all un-Englished is her evident enjoyment of what is purely American fun, and her evidencing her own appreciation of it by having allowed so much of it to remain in the piece.

Probably, before this report appears in print, the American Pantomimist, who now plays *Corporal Zingzong*, will only remain in the bill as the impersonator of "the heathen Chinese" for five minutes or so, not more, just time enough for him to show his dress, make one grimace once, play a short game of cards with MR. BROUGH as *Blue Beard*, and then vanish, and that most clever and ingenious Protean entertainer will have obtained several engagements nightly at our numerous Music-halls.

MR. ALFRED BISHOP was unrecognisable as *Ibrahim*, the father of *Fatima*, so fearfully and wonderfully was he made up; while MR. BROUGH was immensely funny in his quaint rendering of the immortal *Blue Beard*, whose catch phrase, "That's the sort of man I am," might, but for the actor's skill, have become a nuisance.

The concerted piece, "*You're a Fraud*," is in itself almost enough to make the fortune of any burlesque, and the *encores* which followed were genuine and hearty. There is no mistake about this at all events. American in idea, it is just that utterly absurd nonsense which, admirably given by a *sestette*, but mainly depending upon the vivacity of Miss THOMPSON and the quaintness of MR. BROUGH, in the delivery of the words, is safe to appeal irresistibly to the sense of humour of any English-speaking audience wherever it may be. The first scene is almost too much for the rest of the piece; and, on reflection, if such amusing trifles will bear reflection, two such scenes would be quite enough.

By the way, it will be as well to remind the gentleman who is styled in the programme "*Chef d'Orchestra*" (*sic*) that the theatre is a very small one, and that the audience have drums in their ears as well as he has in his orchestra. Such a common fault, and such an uncommon nuisance!

Before quitting Charing Cross Your Representative noticed on the bill, announced after the name of the "*Chef d'Orchestra*," those of the Machinist, the Property Master, the Gasman (!), and the Prompter. Indeed, the Property-men and Machinist are mentioned twice in the programme; i.e., at the head and at the tail. Why? I do not remember this anywhere else. I like it: it's very kind and nice, and shows a commendable absence of pride in a management ready to acknowledge publicly the services of its subordinates.

But why stop here? Why not go on? After *Property Master*, MR. SCARBOROW; *Gasman*, MR. W. BLACKWELL (the last looks like a name in a pantomime), we might have the names of the Male Dressers, the Female Dressers, the Stage Door-keeper, the Call-boy, the head Carpenter, the under-Carpenters, the Box-keepers, the old women who collect the orange peel and sweep the Theatre, and so on. By thus drawing public attention to their official existence what a proper pride they might be soon induced to take in their honourable position. A discriminating audience instead of visiting the faults of a performance on the wrong people, would, if there were a "stage wait" call for the Call-boy, whose duty it would have been to have given the summons, and hiss him.

The Prompter should be called and treated in the same way, if failing in his duty to give the word when wanted. However, this is for the enterprising Manager's consideration. *En attendant*, that Miss THOMPSON and her troupe may achieve during their short season in London such a success as may revive the drooping fortunes of these *quasi Opéra-Bouffes*, musical follies, or whatever may be their ambiguous description, is the sincere wish of

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

RULE BRITANNIA!

INQUIRY into several cases of fagging and bullying on board H.M.S. *Britannia*, naval cadet ship, has resulted in the punishment of twenty delinquents, some of them having been adjudged to lose six months' time. The Lords of the Admiralty have announced that, in case any more fagging of the junior cadets occurs, offenders will be dismissed the Service. Quite right, my Lords. Menial servitude is not a fit training for officers and gentlemen. It is particularly unsuitable for naval cadets on board the *Britannia*, associated by her name as that vessel is with "the charter of the land" enacting that "Britons never shall be slaves." Good luck to your Lordships for having determined that British youth, who will hereafter be officers in the British Navy, shall be deemed Britons within the meaning of that charter.

MOTTO FOR GENERAL OFFICERS, OVER SEVENTY, ON THE "ACTIVE LIST."—"The Old Guard dies, but never yields."



QUALITY AND QUANTITY.

Old-fashioned Sportsman. "I ALWAYS THINK ONE OF THE GREATEST PLEASURES OF SHOOTING IS TO WATCH ONE'S DOGS WORK, CHARLIE."

Charlie (whose only idea is wholesale Slaughter). "YES; BUT I DON'T SEE THE FUN OF WATCHING THEM WORK, IF WE DON'T KILL OUR NUMBER, EH?"

Guizot.

BORN AT NISMES, OCTOBER 4, 1787; DIED AT VAL RICHIER, SEPTEMBER 12, 1874.

THE light, so long trimmed by a hand severe,
Dies grave and gradual, without flash or flare,—
No storm cuts short the radiance calm and clear,
That ne'er showed doubtful but when skies were fair.

To the last drop of oil had burned the light
That shone ere sun-rise, after midnight mirk,
Ere to the life-long student came the night
That comes to all—"wherein no man can work."

With such stern humour as his nature deigned,
He chose, for coat-of-arms, a rigid bar;
For motto, "straight line shortest," and so trained
His spirit for its work of peace or war.

Strange irony of Heavenly rule that he
Who knew least cloud in creed, least doubt in school,
Least laxity in life, was doomed to be
Such People's minister, such Sovereign's tool!

Rigid, right-minded, clear as keen of ken,
The student's, teacher's, step was straight and strong,
About the dusty ways of bye-gone men,
No path too dark for him, no search too long.

High, to a wider class than his Sorbonne,
His firm hand held the guiding light, to show
Out of Rome's dust, slow-shapen, one by one,
New nations gather, and new orders grow.

All revered the teacher, from whose chair
Truth's trumpet gave forth no uncertain sound;

And when professor's gown for statesman's wear
Was changed, men deemed a better time come round.

All knew him learned, high of life as thought,
As eloquent of speech as keen of pen,
And few but fancied, "he that so has wrought
Wisdom from books, must needs work good from men."

Ah me, blind hearts of all from woman born!
The teacher that we knew so pure, so proud,
So strong in his own strength, so full of scorn,
For others' weakness, mingling with the crowd,

Stooped to their littleness his stately port,
Content, so his hands showed no sordid soil:
A mean king's mean grace not too high to court,
He stood by silent while knaves shared their spoil,

Deeming untampered mortar good enough
For buildings reared on sands of trick and turn;
Till, when the wind rose, and the sea waxed rough,
And at the crumbling basement 'gan to spurn,

It found not strength above, nor stay below,
But all, a rotten ruin, toppled down,
Sweeping away, in sudden overthrow,
Minister, measures, Cabinet, and Crown.

And when, stunned and bewildered, he, the chief,
Who had misjudged, misordered, things and men,
Struggled back to his feet, he sought relief
Where lay his strength, in thoughts and books and pen,

And was again the man of his first fame,
The father, sage, philosopher and guide,
For whom each day found its day's work—a name
For reverence, love and honour, far and wide.



THE EYE OF FAITH.

"O MY! WHAT A LOT OF CURRANTS!"

"CURRANTS! YER CALLS 'EM—CURRANTS, DO YER! WHY, THER'S FLIES, YER STOOPID!"

See the two marks left by him on his time:
The writer's, thinker's—a clear-lighted track
By which the student, following it, may climb
The Pisgah-heights of time, and, looking back,
May see the realms and ruins of the Past
Stretched in the Vast of Ages, at his feet,
In the broad light from far-drawn knowledge cast,
And, in his hand, the clues to bound and mete.
But woe's me for the mark the statesman leaves!
No realm reclaimed—no record reared—a space
Wherefrom the Future will not garner sheaves,
Black with the blight of death upon its face.
Why seek him there, where he but passed and fell,
Essaying work for which he was not born?
Look to that other field he tilled so well,
To win the wreath so long and nobly worn.

THE WIVES OF WORKING MEN.

EXAMINATIONS are now the order of the day, and everybody seems desirous of publicly testing his knowledge of everything. Soldiers, sailors, lawyers, and clerks have to undergo the same ordeal, and the "movement" seems for ever to be on the increase. It is impossible to say when a limit will be reached. Should, however, the Education of Married Women be submitted to the examination test, the following "papers" may be confidently expected from the examiners.

EXAMINATION PAPER FOR COLLIERIES' WIVES.

What is the best brand of Champagne?

Give the present Paris Fashions, and say whether velvet or satin should be used in Dresses intended for every-day wear.

What are the names, dates, and distances of the principal annual Horse Races?

SAINT PHEASANT.

(See *Punch*, Sept. 5th.)

PUNCH—alas, how sad a stigma!—
Found Ægidius an enigma:
Now he marvels what religious
Gentleman was S. Remigius.
Did he after pheasants trudge?
Would three bottles leave him sober?
Was he an unerring judge
Of good old October?

Pheasants, 'tis the poets' creed,
By the Phasis went to breed,
Came from Colchis, in the cargo*
Of that primal ship the *Argo*:
Now in yellowing English woods
Flies the bird of radiant feather—
We're diminishing their broods
In the October weather.

Did Remigius sail with Jason
First across the sea's calm basin—
One the Golden Fleece to claim,
T'other looking out for game?
If his eye was first to dwell
On a grand cock-pheasant rising,
Few the Saints that half so well
Pay for canonising.

Certain 'tis that many sages
Lived in even the darkest ages,
Men who knew 'tis very pleasant
Both to shoot and carve a pheasant.
Of Remigius let us think

While through woods of beech we clamber,
And his noble memory drink
When the skies grow amber.

* *Argiva primum sum transportata carina,
Ante mihi notum nil, nisi Phasis erat.*

MARTIAL.

A Communist Culpit.

At a local meeting of the "International" in a public-house, a member of that Society proposed, as a toast, "QUEEN ANNE." The abandoned wretch explained that he meant Anarchy, and the pewter-pots levelled at his head were not thrown.

Is there any cure for intoxication? If you answer in the affirmative, give the prescription.

What is the best defence in fights where hob-nailed boots are freely used?

EXAMINATION FOR CURATES' WIVES.

Give the present prices of Meat and Coals?

What is the best substitute for meat at dinner?

How long will a hundred-weight of Coals last in winter time? Give your answer in months.

How many yards of Calico does it take to clothe yourself and children?

Given £80 a year, prove that a gentleman, his wife, and six children can live upon the money in a state of respectability.

Give the full meaning of the following words—(1) "Misery," (2) "Despair," and (3) "Starvation."

Railway Insurance.

A THOUSAND pounds for sixpence! Insure your precious life Ere travelling by Railway, if you have child or wife. Six pounds a week disabled so long as you remain! Insure your limbs for sixpence before you trust the train.

But though for life or limb lost a premium you secure, Ah, what insurance is there their safety to insure? The verdict of a Jury may go a little way, When it condemns a Company for accidents to pay.

Barbarity to a Horse.

MR. PUNCH needs make no Apology for not publishing any of the numerous puns which have been sent him relative to the Horse of that name. By this time, no doubt, they have all been in everybody's mouth and everybody else's ears, and had they appeared in these columns it would have been generally remarked that *Punch* had been guilty of cruelty to animals, in having ridden *Apology* to death.



RATHER SUSPICIOUS.

First Passenger. "HAD PRETTY GOOD SPORT?"

Second Passenger. "NO—VERY POOR. BIRDS WILD—RAIN IN TORRENTS—DOGS NO USE. 'ONLY GOT FIFTY BRACE!'"

First Passenger. "'MAKE BIRDS DEAR, WON'T IT?'"

Second Passenger ("off his guard"). "YOU'RE RIGHT. I ASSURE YOU I PAID THREE-AND-SIXPENCE A BRACE ALL ROUND AT NORWICH THIS MORNING!"

A CHRISTIAN SCHOOL OF SCIENCE.

THE days are past, nor ever can return,
When Science shuddered at a Church's banning:
Now Catholics who for instruction yearn
At CAPEL'S College may right freely learn,
And read wise essays, edited by MANNING.*

Rome finds in England's life more bracing air,
And is constrained to organise a neo-
Catholicism, whose votaries will beware
Of shocking any possible *Lothair*
By vetoing the tube of GALILEO.

Yet if men search the secrets of the sky,
And read the records writ on flint and granite,
They must be ready for whate'er reply
Comes to the eager philosophic eye
As to the history of this marvellous planet.

"A Christian School of Science" seems to show
Foregone conclusions as the teacher's staple:
A strange new thought might be a fatal blow,
And that surprise would never do, you know,
ARCHBISHOP MANNING, MONSIGNORE CAPEL.

There's to geometry no royal road,
So said in ancient days a great philosopher:
From *ultra montes*, Miracle's abode,
To where Truth teaches her eternal code,
Punch sadly fears it will be hard to cross over.

* HENRY S. KING: 1874. A Third Series.

BISMARCK'S MASTER MIND.

ALTHOUGH inflexible, if necessary, in pursuing a foreign policy of "blood and iron," PRINCE BISMARCK in domestic life can unbend. The other day, at Varzin, he gave all his farm-servants, male and female, a grand feast, followed by a ball in celebration of harvest-home. Soon after the waltzing had commenced, the Prince and his Princess entered the saloon, and joined in the festivities. The Princess "danced with one of the labourers once, and then played the part of a spectator." But as for BISMARCK himself:—

"The Prince danced with all the girls on his estate, but not until he had given his first partner a lesson in the art."

This incident is mentioned in a piece of news under heading of "PRINCE BISMARCK At Home." It shows him at home in the capacity of a dancing-master. Thus BISMARCK is proved to be more of a master mind even than he is reputed. From his having danced with all the girls on his estate, it is evident that he is an indefatigable dancer. Who has ever dreamt that PRINCE BISMARCK would remind him of SIR CHRISTOPHER HATTON? Yet if QUEEN ELIZABETH had a dancing Chancellor, so, it appears, has EMPEROR WILLIAM.

Now it is known that BISMARCK dances, the dance-musicians will most likely get hold of him, and produce Bismarck waltzes and quadrilles, or perhaps something new in polkas or mazurkas, which they will call the *Bismarquienne*. Withal, pictures of a beautified Bismarck, with blooming cheeks and an Adonis figure in the fullest evening dress, may be expected to appear very shortly in shop-windows on the lids of music-books.

A "FREE" BREAKFAST-TABLE.—One that makes rude remarks to its own Spirit-medium.



"MAKING THE BEST OF IT."

First Artisan. "BEEN TO THE SEA-SIDE THIS YEAR, BILL?"

Second Artisan. "NO; IT DON'T RUN TO IT, MY BOY. A PINT OF S'RIMPS AND 'ALF A POUND O' TIDMAN'S SEA-SALT 'LL BE ABOUT MY FORM!"

MR. GLADSTONE ON RITUAL.

PHYSICIAN and Prophet, you write with a will
From your quiet retreat in Llandudno or Rhyl,
And the wicked world, given to excesses habitual,
Is warned by your eloquent sayings on Ritual.

Three courses there are which you carefully touch:
There may be too little, there may be too much;
What's precisely enough only trial can tell—
This prescription applies to one's Cognac as well.

The point that you miss is to most people clear:
SACERDOS should ask himself—"Why am I here?
To wear whimsical finery, radiant and rare,
Or to teach the true meaning of duty and prayer?"

Our stolid strong world is in some things obdurate,
And laughs at the silly caprice of the curate;
And even a GLADSTONE will labour in vain
To prove that excitement is good for the brain.

With music and painting to glorify God
Is a noble desire; but contemptibly odd
Is the notion, from Romanist policy caught,
Of exalting these Arts to the loss of true thought.

Our GLADSTONE, spoilt child of the nation, might see
That England is strong because England is free,
And that ferment of fierce theological yeast
Will ne'er put JOHN BULL under power of the Priest.

We think rather slowly: the heterodox
May laugh at the grave old strong sire of the ox:
But he waits till the fever of phantasy cools,
Knowing Premiers and Petticoats both may be fools.

TONGUE v. TRADE.

How great would be the wonder of our Honourable Legislators, were a Petition to be signed by our leading Merchant Princes, praying that the opening of next Session be postponed, say, till next summer, on the ground that talking politics sadly injured trade! Yet, so far as we can learn, nobody seems startled by this scrap of Paris news:—

"A petition has been signed by the Merchants of Paris, praying the National Assembly not to meet before the 15th of January, in order to avoid exercising an unfavourable political influence on the trade of the country at the close of the year."

A petition such as this seems rather a bad compliment to the honourable gentlemen who compose the French Assembly, and who, be it borne in mind, are paid a handsome salary for the service which they are supposed to render to the State. If the influence of their meeting be injurious to trade, one wonders that *La France* should retain them in her service, and still more that she consents to retain them in her pay. Or it might be worth her while to increase their yearly income, on condition only that they did her the great service of abstaining from all speech-making, and living peaceably in silence, as far as for a Frenchman that may be possible, at home.

A Puzzling Announcement.

FRIENDS, Ladies, Housekeepers, lend us your eyes, to look at this advertisement:

WANTED, a GIRL, about 16; need not have been out; for titled family.

One may presume that this young person is wanted in the kitchen, but, for aught that one can gather, she may rather be required for social service in the drawing-room. Perhaps the titled family may be wishful to adopt her, and intend to bring her out if she has not yet been so brought. There is no mention made of wages, or anything of that sort: but admission to the house of a family of title may be esteemed full compensation for such a trifling matter as the want of actual pay.

THE EASTERN POSITION.—Ritualist squatting cross-legged on the Chancel floor.

So, Physician and Prophet, though welcoming you,
Mr. Punch doesn't think you teach anything new,
And holds that your sayings may make men litigious,
But will give them no help to be truly religious.

The Church of our realm has a glorious basis
In the faith of the people, and scorns all grimaces:
Nothing new, DR. G., what you come to prescribe is—
In mediâ viâ tutissimus ibis.

A BLUE-BOOK WITH A ROSE TINGE.

READ the Third Annual Report of the Local Government Board for 1873-74. In the midst of that vast blue-book of seven hundred pages there is a bit of motherly writing by MRS. NASSAU SENIOR, which is delightful to read, and cannot fail to be of immense use. MRS. SENIOR has visited pauper schools, and has traced about seven hundred girls who had been educated at pauper schools; and her brief biographies of these poor little waifs are perfect in their simplicity. She believes that the Poor Law system will, in time, come to an end through improvement in education. *Mr. Punch* is not so sanguine. *Tous ceux qui n'ont été élevés que dans les écoles de mendicité*. Mendicity is eternal. But the pauper may be gradually raised to a higher level: and such an inquiry as MRS. SENIOR's is likely to do great good in this way.

Mr. Punch is delighted when a lady does in this direction what no man could possibly do. The terse memoirs of these poor little pauper maids are much more pathetic than anything in modern fiction. We trace the poor children from place to place—we see them stunted, sulky, squinting, suffering from ophthalmia, the very refuse of the world. MRS. SENIOR, kind and keen in her investigations, tells the Guardians of the Poor (who too often deem themselves mere guardians of the rate-payers) how they may gradually diminish this evil. MR. STANSFELD did a wise thing when he asked her to undertake the inquiry: if the lessons of it are rightly read, her second contribution to the blue-book will have a far rosier tinge.

A HERO OF ROMANCE.



R. PUNCH understands that the KING OF BAVARIA is still away from his home. The last on *dit* is to the effect that, before returning to Munich, His Majesty proposes to take a tour in India, with a view to completing his "artistic education" in that distant land. The report, had it reference to any other sovereign, might be safely put down as a *canard*; but, when KING LUDWIG is in question, the world is prepared to believe any and everything. It is impossible to say what this eccentric monarch may do next, but it may be anticipated that sooner or later (as his fondness for theatrical representations is historical) he may provide his subjects with an entertainment founded upon personal recollections of his own career. Should this scheme be carried into execution, the following programme may be confidently expected.

THEATRE ROYAL, MUNICH.

His Majesty the KING OF BAVARIA presents his compliments to the World in general, and the Peoples of Europe in particular, and begs to inform them that he has arranged to appear for a limited number of years (by kind

permission of PRINCE VON BISMARCK) in a new and decidedly original piece of absurdity (in one character), entitled—

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE;
OR, UNHAPPY AS A KING.

The Music (intended for the future) arranged and composed by HERR WAGNER.

In the course of the action of the play His Majesty will appear in the following Illustrations of Character:—

Illustration—"The Royal Fiddler."—During this mirth-moving piece of acting, His Majesty will prove to the satisfaction of his subjects that it is as easy to play during the absorption of a kingdom into the German Bund as it was in the days of old to discourse sweet music while Rome itself was burning.

Illustration—"Beer in the King's Arms."—His Majesty will sing a song in praise of wine, and deliver a discourse upon the pleasure of sacking one's birthright for a mess of porridge.

Illustration—"The Princely Bric-à-Brac Hunter."—His Majesty will, in the course of a very humorous speech, maintain that laws should be broken to secure broken china, and that an ancient throne has no value except when picked up cheap in an old curiosity shop.

The whole to conclude with a screaming farce, entitled—

GOVERNING A KINGDOM.

In which His Majesty will utterly disappear in the presence of his subjects, after indulging in a Breakdown of novel construction and singing his favourite song, "I have no Work to Do!"

Vivat Rex—No Money Returned.

Associations of Ants.

IMMENSE swarms of Ants have lately been reported from sundry places. These creatures appear to have been holding Congresses. They generally do at this season; and so do lady-cows and other insects. These Associations, like our own, appear to have been provided by Nature for the benefit of the newspapers.

HOW TO MAKE HOME HAPPY.

THE following letter, which has been addressed to Mr. Punch, speaks for itself. It will be observed that the writer has made a mistake in his spelling—London having been invaded by Ants, not (as he evidently believes) by *Aunts*. In spite of this trifling error, his communication is published for the benefit and information of his suffering fellow-creatures.

Paradise Place, E. W.
October, 1874.

MY VERY DEAR SIR,

I observe that the papers have recently been filled with letters containing remedies for Aunts, who, apparently, have invaded the houses of their Nephews and Nieces in such vast numbers that their presence has become at last unbearable. Surely there is a plague to which most married men are subject which deserves equal attention—I allude, of course, to the periodical excursions made by Mothers-in-law into the homes of their helpless children. I feel that I owe the world no apology for suggesting a few remedies that may be used with advantage. I may add that, as a Benedict of ten years' standing, and having had the advantage of three distinct Mothers-in-law, my experience of these pests is very extensive.

Remedy No. 1.—When your Mother-in-law arrives, flatly refuse to argue with the cabman about his fare; and, if he appeals to you, give your verdict (expressed in the strongest language) in his favour. If your Mother-in-law is quick-tempered, she will resent this behaviour, and leave your house for ever.

Remedy No. 2.—Remedy No. 1 having failed, show your Mother-in-law the room you have selected for her. This apartment (take care that it is small) should be at the very top of the house, and should, moreover, have no bell. If your unwelcome guest is an obstinate person, be careful that the chimney smokes and the windows have no curtains.

Remedy No. 3.—The above remedies having failed, it now will be as well to call in the assistance of your children to your aid. Let THOMAS (your eldest boy) be instructed to "amuse" his grand-

mother, with experiments selected from the *répertoire* of "The Youths' Half-guinea Chemical Chest" (as advertised), whilst his little brother JOHNNY may be encouraged to practise his clever, if somewhat noisy, solo on the big drum on the landing outside the door of his aged relative's bed-room. During these manoeuvres, smoking should be permitted in every room in the house.

Remedy No. 4.—The above Remedies having failed, it now becomes incumbent upon you to discover your Mother-in-law's exact age. Having accomplished your object, threaten to reveal the secret at a dinner-party at which she is present, if she does not consent to leave your house immediately.

The last Remedy has never been known to fail.

Believe me, my very dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

ONE WHO IS A SLAVE NO LONGER.

A GOOD LOOK-OUT FOR A GOVERNESS.

THERE are generally two ways of looking at a bargain, and, to the thoughtful-mental eye, there are assuredly more ways than one of viewing the subjoined:—

A Kind HOME in the Country, with necessary training for NURSERY GOVERNESS, offered to a genteel girl (aged 15 to 17) for £14 per annum, if willing to assist in needlework and care of children. Good piano, bracing air, plenty of new milk, eggs, &c.

This certainly appears an advantageous offer, but the advantage inclines rather to the pocket of the advertiser. Bracing air, and kindness, and plenty of new milk, are doubtless pleasant in their way, but their purchase may be costly at the price of £14 a year, *plus* the care of several children, and *plus* likewise *x*, an unknown quantity of needlework. These additions are by euphemism termed "training for a Governess," but wherein do they differ from the duties of a nursemaid? And we wonder what a nursemaid would say if her employer demanded £14 a year for board and lodging, and utterly declined to pay her any wages?

CAPITAL!



REPORT affirms that the undermentioned States, encouraged by the announcement that the Turkish Government is on the eve of negotiating a new Loan in England,

will shortly attempt to obtain advances on the following exceedingly advantageous terms.

Khiva will offer as security the Winter Palace at St. Petersburg (the Bondholders being required to arrange the details of the transfer with His Majesty the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA), and will further deliver up—as a hostage to be kept until the repayment of the Loan—the celebrated “white-headed old savage,” whose patience has been so graphically described in the columns of the *Daily Telegraph*.

Persia will be prepared to hand over to the Bondholders five hundred documents exactly similar to the Concession granted a short time since to the BARON REUTER. By order of the SHAH, half the Loan is to be paid in Free Admissions to the Exhibition of Waxworks established by the late MADAME TUSSAUD in Baker Street.

Spain, to obtain a further advance, will be willing to add to the Securities already in the hands of her creditors, a deed authorising the Bondholders to seize and retain the person of DON CARLOS, in addition to any German gun-boats they may find cruising about in Spanish waters.

Should the above Loans be launched, they will probably be negotiated in the first instance at Hanwell.

“ELIZABETH’S RESIDENCE IN A FRENCH COUNTRY HOUSE.”

FRAGMENT THE THIRD.

Her First Impressions (continued).

So! I’ve never been one to set my face against the country. There must be some country, you know, and I hope I know my duty better than to fly in the face of what’s ordered. In all my advertisements, in a paper which shall be nameless, but which is the largest paper, with the greatest circulation in the wide world, I’ve always said “No objection to the country.” And why? Because I know that, if you want a dinner of herbs where love is, and which makes a continual feast to a contented mind, the country is naturally the place for it.

You may guess that, with my sharpness, I wasn’t long in picking up some words of the language.

There was nobody near who could speak English, and, for a time, it was as much as Mistress and Miss EDITH (our eldest) could do to keep us straight with the Booshey and the Boolonjay. And, what struck me most at first was the deal of use that the French make of two or three words. Now, there’s that wonderful word *marshay*. Why, it’s equal to a dictionary! I happened to say so to Miss EDITH one day when Master was by, and he said something in

French, which made her laugh. I asked her afterwards what he’d said, and she said it was a quotation from a famous French play, and meant pretty much what I had been saying, so I got her to write it down for me, and here it is:—

“Où. La langue turque est comme cela, elle dit beaucoup en peu de paroles.”—*Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*.

Now that’s just what the French do with *marshay*. I hadn’t been twenty-four hours in the place before I found out that, when anything wouldn’t do what it was intended to do, it was because it wouldn’t *marshay*. When a tap wouldn’t turn, it wouldn’t *marshay*. When the carving-knife wouldn’t cut, it wouldn’t *marshay*. If the kitchen stove wouldn’t burn, through Cook having shut all the dampers, it wouldn’t *marshay*. When Master’s razors wanted setting he told me to take them to the barber’s, about two miles off, and tell him that they wouldn’t *marshay*, and must be *raccommodés*. And so they were, and they’ve *marshayed* ever since; at least, you’d say so if you looked at Master, for he’s shaved as clean as a Clown in a pantomime.

The first morning at breakfast Mistress announced that none of the bells would *marshay*; but I can’t say I troubled myself much about that. “That’s the kind of bells’ strategem as suits me,” I said. By dinner time we had found out that none of the locks on the doors would *marshay*; and that night Cook and I, in fear of our lives, didn’t dare to go to sleep until we had piled the water-jug, two basins, and a foot-bath against our door.

Next morning (it was very dry weather) some one came in to say that the pump wouldn’t *marshay*, and the very next day we were told that the cow, which was let to us with the premises, had broken down, and couldn’t *marshay* any longer.

“Good gracious!” I said, when I heard this. “Why she must be an English cow! How natural of her to break down along with the pump. How well these dumb animals know their friends and the handle that helps ‘em.”

Next, Mistress hired a little Frenchwoman to help Cook and me, for of course we couldn’t do all the work, and she used to do a few odds and ends, such as washing all the floors of the rooms and passages, and all the stairs, and washing and ironing all the clothes and linen of the house, and cleaning all the kitchen utensils, which were of bright copper, and working the pump, when it would *marshay*, to fill the up-stairs cistern, and carrying the water in jugs up a ladder to the cistern, when the pump gave in, which it did almost every other day. And besides doing these little odd jobs, while Cook and I got through the heavy work, she used to go into the town twice a week to make our *marshays*, as she said, and was always talking about the *bong marshays* she had brought home.

What she did for us, she did for one or two other families, and so was at it from morning to night, but still was always fresh, and cheerful, and good-humoured.

But what I couldn’t abide in her, and never shall, was her demeaning herself by taking twopence an hour (with no meals) for her work.

“No, Cook,” I’ve said more than once, “never will I allow that we should cheapen ourselves like that! Know your own value,” I said, “and you’ll make others know it. Put a low price on yourself, and they’ll beat you down. If you want your trumpet blown,” I said, “blow it yourself, and you’ll get more noise out of it than anyone else will. And what I say of trumpets I say of French horns.”

And I must always think it was mean of MADAME PICHOU—for that was her name—not to blow hers louder.

MANY MISSES.

ON my youthful misfortunes I don’t care to dwell, But O how I suffered from that minx, Miss SPELL! She plagued me with words that to write I was ill able, And a poly-twigged birch avenged each polysyllable.

Then at twenty or so I grew wise, as I thought, And the suction of eggs to my grandmother taught; I fancied myself the first man in the nation— Being utterly humbugged by Miss INFORMATION.

Whenever by rail any journey I make, There’s a girl that will go with me, stupid Miss TAKE: And if all the ROTHSCHILDS I’d blow to Old Harry, Or ‘Change I am certain to meet with Miss CARRY.

MISS NOMEK sends wrong all my letters, I know; I can’t get a kiss from my dear Miss L. TOE: And when I write verse with an epigram in’t, ‘Tis spoilt by that feminine typo., Miss PRINT.



L'EMBARRAS DES RICHESSES.

Young Robinson (mentally). "O WOULD I WERE A BALL,
THAT I MIGHT FLY TO—ALL!"

THE RABIES AMONG THE "ROUGHS."

ACCORDING to the *Post*, on Wednesday, at the Middlesex Sessions:—

"JOHN BALL, a most ferocious-looking ruffian, was charged with assaulting and causing grievous bodily harm to JEREMIAH SULLIVAN, an aged man."

BALL was the manager of a common lodging-house in Queen Street, Seven Dials. SULLIVAN was one of his lodgers. He had lost the sight of one eye.

"On Saturday night, the 12th of September, the poor old man was sitting in the kitchen when the prisoner demanded money for calling him in the morning, and he said he would pay him as soon as he received his wages. The prisoner then seized him round the neck, punching him so severely about the eyes that he immediately lost the sight of the other eye and became totally blind."

The brute having been found guilty—

"MR. SERJEANT COX, after commenting upon the prisoner's brutality and cowardice, said he should pass a severe sentence upon him, which was that he be imprisoned and kept to hard labour for twelve months."

A severe sentence—comparatively. That, perhaps, was what SERJEANT COX meant to say. Some Judges would have let a dastard off for punching an old man's one eye out with six months', or three months', or even, possibly, with as little as one month's seclusion. MR. SERJEANT COX, in giving BALL a year's imprisonment with hard labour, has taken a step—perhaps as far as he could—in the right direction. The law may not have empowered him to requite MR. BALL with penal servitude for life; and, unfortunately, he could not order him a flogging, as he might have done if the convict had, in addition to blinding his victim, robbed him of a halfpenny. Still, it may be possible to stamp out the epidemic of ferocious barbarity now spreading amongst the "Roughs." The attempt, at least, could be made.

Suppose, that, in future, Magistrates made a point of sending all cases of violent assault for trial, and Judges took to visiting cruel

ruffians with the utmost legal severity. It has been customary, of late, to deal so leniently with this class of offenders, that, at one time, there seemed to be not a little probability that the next fellow guilty of having, for instance, broken his wife's bones, would be, on conviction, ordered to be bound over to appear and receive judgment when called upon.

SHIPS AND MEN.

SEAWORTHY ships we need.

That's half a truth to tell;
Because we lack, indeed,
Seaworthy men as well.

But will seaworthy men
Ships unseaworthy choose?
And don't unsafe ships, then,
Make unseaworthy crews?

Whole truth enforce with lips,
And inculcate with pen.
Provide seaworthy ships,
And have seaworthy men.

Inevitable Remarks.

SOME people observe that, as for the Block System, it is generally a block that causes Railway accidents. Others remark that the Block System is refused, and blocks occur because Directors are blockheads. Not a few suggest that what is wanted in Railway management is the head without the block. There are those of a severer turn, who say that, in the case of fatal Railway accidents caused by criminal mismanagement, the heads of the guilty persons should be brought to the block. They forget, however, that the law prescribes for offenders, such as those ought to be accounted, another punishment than beheading.

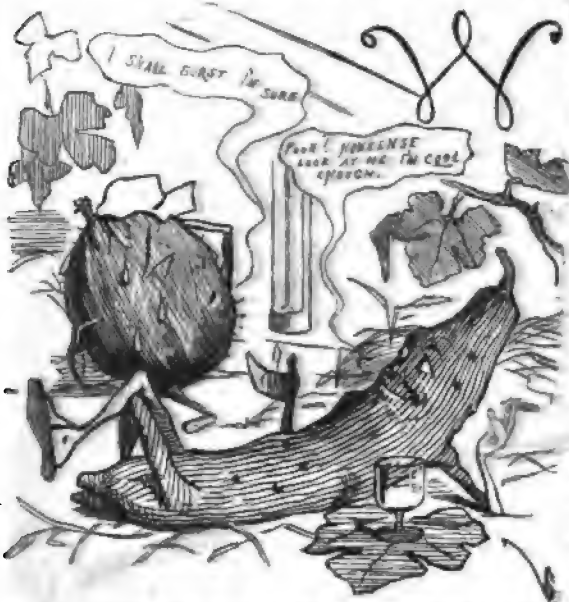


OUR MERCHANT NAVY.

DUKE ALFRED. "REALLY, MR. PLIMSOLL, WE'RE BOTH IN THE SAME BOAT. YOU WANT SEAWORTHY SHIPS; I WANT SEAWORTHY MEN;—AND WE'LL TRY AND GET THEM."

[See DUKE OF EDINBURGH'S Speech at Liverpool.]

THE LATEST INTELLIGENCE.



Punch, ever ready to march with the spirit of the times, begs to present the Provincial Editors of the United Kingdom with a few items of news, that they will find, on examination, to be more instructive, more amusing, and infinitely more reliable than the vast majority of those they receive from their unscrupulous reporters at this—the dead—season of the year.

Find that Co-operation, after cheapening our hosiery and abolishing adulteration in our grocery, is gradually extending its usefulness to other matters of importance. Already a Society of Country Editors have combined together to secure from the pen of a popular novelist a Romance to be published simultaneously in the pages of all their respective "organs," and every day the Central Press usurps more and more the posts once so ably filled by "Our Special Correspondents" in London. In furtherance of this movement, Mr.

THE LICENSING LAWS.—On and after the 1st of November, 1874, all the Public-houses in Central Africa will be open on Sundays for the entertainment of *Bond fide* Travellers.

VISIT OF DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNERS IN LONDON.—Many Frenchmen have arrived recently in Leicester Square. The Germans, as the name of the locality would suggest, prefer to reside in "Soho."

NEW METROPOLITAN MARKETS.—Fruit is now sold in Covent Garden, and fish at Billingsgate. At the last-mentioned market the school system, as practised at Eton, Winchester, and Westminster, has been introduced, and the fish "fags" are both hardy and numerous.

CORRECTION.—There is no truth in the report that the British Association for the Advancement of Science, at the recent meeting of its members, decided that the moon was composed of some substance other than green cheese.

STRANGE STATISTICS.—It has been estimated by a celebrated mathematician that no less than 25,000 people of the name of SMITH pass St. Paul's Cathedral daily, between the hours of ten and four. Another celebrated mathematician asserts that there is enough smoke in London to propel a steam-tug from Liverpool to Pekin.

THE WEATHER.—Strange to say, but owing probably to the mixture of sunshine and rain that has distinguished the past summer, no showers of frogs have been reported as yet at the Royal Observatory, Greenwich. The gooseberries, too, have not been nearly so fine as usual.

DEATH OF A SOVEREIGN.—It is with the deepest regret that we announce the mournful news that her Most Gracious Majesty QUEEN ANNA has ceased to exist.

MOOTO OVER THE CONDUCTOR'S SEAT IN ONE OF THE NEW NORMAL-PITCH ORCHESTRAS.—*Tempora mutantur.*

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

Visits the Opéra Comique, and reports thereupon to his Editor.

SIR,—ON the front page of the programme of the Opéra Comique, the new Manager (perhaps "his first appearance in any management") rushes at the Public with an announcement. He must make it, he feels he must; he can't restrain himself any longer: he says, "I wish to address to you a few words."

Well, before the *Opéra Bouffe* commences, let us read what you wish to say, MR. R. D'O'LYX CARTE.

"It is my desire to establish in London a permanent abode for light Opera"—not an unnatural desire in any Manager anxious to do business on his own account. The gentle R. D'O'LYX CARTE then admits that there are difficulties (it is a pity that a Manager should commence by getting into difficulties—but the admission is candid), and that even he will "at first have to claim a measure of indulgence from you." A measure! this seems to say, "I'm not perfect; none of us are perfect. Don't, please, be too hard on a young and bashful Manager. I'm only a beginning Carte, only a go-cart: but come often and see me, and make me your Carte-de-visite." And certainly if the Public takes to your programme, MR. R. D'O. C., you may depend upon continual support.

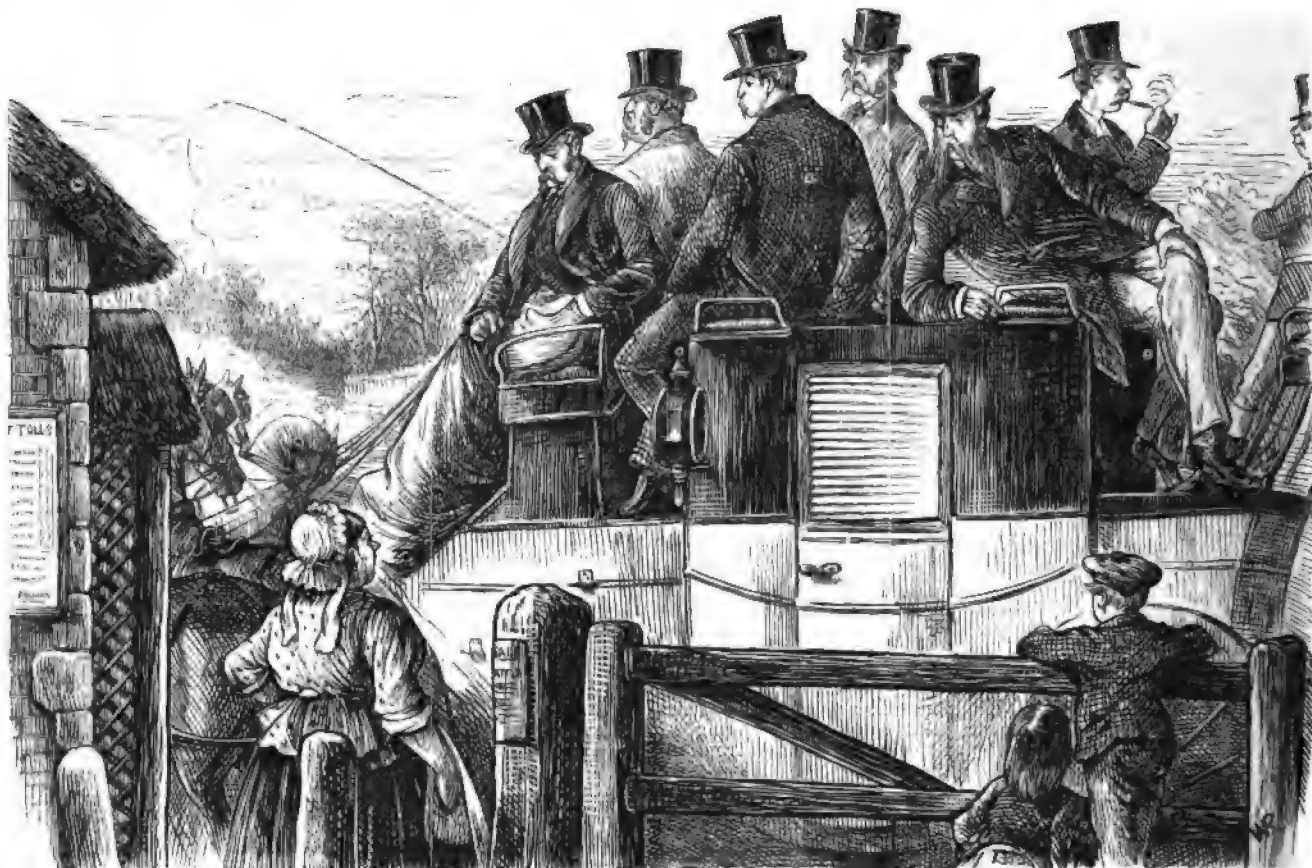
Then he says, "Confident, however, in ultimately arriving at the desired result"—which of course means a cartful of money—"I beg to submit the following programme,"—whereupon we have *The Broken Branch*, founded on GASTON SERPETTE's Opera *La Branche Cassée*. This was a poor beginning. The story is stupid enough, whether in French or English, and the music is just a trifle less dull than the story. But the Public has had a long course of *Opéras Bouffes* by this time, and wants something more than fantastic dresses, and worn-out, clumsy imitations of the French *cancan*.

As a rule, in this sort of entertainment head is nowhere, and leg everywhere. However, when *Opéra Bouffe* is to stand, or fall, by its kicking up behind and before, or by a passive display of symmetrical forms, real or padded, then *Opéra Bouffe* is on its last legs. This fault is not glaring in *The Broken Branch*, which, poor thing, hasn't even so much as this to go upon. The place in popular opinion held by *La Fille de Madame Angot* is not going to be filled by *La Branche Cassée*, nor by anything else that I've heard lately.

The *Opéra Bouffe* being finished, let us see what MR. CARTE has to say about his Company, and then we can form some opinion of the probability of his fulfilling his own wishes. A man is to be judged by the Company he keeps: let us see what sort of a Company MR. D'O'LYX CARTE keeps:—

"The popular favourite, MISS PAULINE LAVERNE." Yes, she is the life and soul of *La Branche Cassée*, just as MISS THOMPSON is at the Charing Cross, and thoroughly deserves all the applause she obtains. "MADAME PAULINE RITA, the well-known concert singer, will make her first appearance on any stage." This lady plays "*Jean*, a Cabaret Waiter," and it was thoughtful of MR. CARTE to make this apology for her. She can sing; everybody, I suppose, knows that. Not that I did; but then, obviously, I am not everybody, and, Sir, only represent on special occasions You, *mon rédacteur en chef*. No doubt she will improve. Then there is "MISS ADELAIDE NEWTON, the Contralto." O, then there's no other contralto but MISS ADELAIDE NEWTON. Dear me! Let us make the most of her. I wonder if she has acted much before this? Perhaps she has, but I couldn't swear to it from seeing her this once, and speaking cautiously as Your Representative. "The Company will also" (and does) "include MRS. POWER, MR. J. H. JARVIS" (all the initials, if you please, because it is important that he shouldn't be mistaken for any other JARVIS), "MR. APPELBY, and I have succeeded in retaining the American tenor, MR. CHATTERSON (of the CARL ROSA Company), who will make" (and who has made) "his debut in London." I felt I must put that announcement in italics. 'Tis not so in the bill, and, therefore, the overwhelming importance of MR. R. D'O. CARTE's stupendous effort "in retaining the American tenor" is, I regret to say, lost upon the public in general. Of course they appreciate all that MR. CARTE must have been obliged to go through, all the sacrifices which he must have made, all the sleepless nights he must have passed, in order to achieve so gigantic a success as the retention of "the American tenor, MR. CHATTERSON." Poor America! What is she doing without her tenor? Ah! MR. R. D'O. CARTE, be generous as you are great, and let America have the tenor back. It will be a wrench and a struggle, but, after a few nights, take my word for it, you'll get over it, and you really won't miss him. Occasionally, perchance when you hear another voice warbling the notes which he used to sing, a shade of regret may cross the bright disc of your great mind; but it will be but transient, and you will soon console yourself by your heroic act. Let "the American tenor" fly away; open the door of the cage, and, though it be with a breaking heart and trembling hand, let him return to his native prairies, or wherever he came from. And on his return let him take the talented persons who does the Heathen Chinee at the Charing Cross Theatre with him. How delighted America will be to welcome them. We might throw in MR. TOOLE into the bargain. Perhaps, after a few less from so amusing a cuss as the Heathen Chinee, even the English Droll might be appreciated in New York.

As for the Opera itself, MR. CARTE tells how "MR. DU TERRE



LORD TOMNODDY'S DRAG ON A NEW LINE OF COUNTRY.

Pay-Master. "HOW MUCH!"

Toll-Keeper. "WELL, WE CHARGE A SHULLIN' FOR A SHOWMAN'S CARRIWAN. I SUPPOSE YOU'RE SOMETHING IN THE CIRCUS LINE!"

has rendered his assistance for the English version of the piece"—which seems to mean that MR. DU TERREAU held the candle while MR. CARTE looked out the words in the dictionary, or *vice versa*—"and the Conductor of the Music will be MR. HAMILTON CLARKE"—and, I suppose, therefore, it was MR. HAMILTON CLARKE whom I saw conducting the music.

The Costumes, "by that original artiste, M. FAUSTIN," are decidedly good. Speaking specially of some of the young ladies who only had to join in occasionally and look pretty, I should be inclined to say that the dresses were excellent—as far as they went. Altogether, the public will agree with MR. R. D'O. CARTE as to "the difficulties of the task," and will be inclined to grant him "a measure of indulgence" for this once: *only*, don't do it again.

A propos of this piece, here is a neat *mot* by my friend the BARON CHARLES MOUTON DE KENNI, who was invited to see the *Broken Branch*, "which," observed his English host, "is dished up with an English dressing at the Opéra Comique."

Monsieur le Baron had seen it, or enough of it at all events.

"Dished up!" he exclaimed. "Vous avez raison, mon cher! Ce n'est pas *La Branche Cassée*, c'est *La Branche fri-Cassée*."

This is one of the Baron's side-splitters, and the table, which till then had been groaning, was set in a roar.

In your absence, depend upon my being here, there and everywhere as ever

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

A Bull or an Epigram?

THE *Times* does not often astonish its readers by publishing such a piece of intelligence as this:—

"A SHIP'S CARGO ON FIRE.—The *Yorkshire* steamship, CAPTAIN LONGLEY, from Calcutta to London, has just arrived at Algiers with cargo and coal on fire. The Government pumps were at work. All necessary steps have been taken for the extension of the fire."

The statement respecting the extension of the fire may have been meant for a satire on the Government Pumps. However, it is as well to say that the *Times* to which we owe the foregoing paragraph is the *Irish Times*.

VOCAL SCIENCE.

"It is almost inevitable that addresses on Social Science should be apt to run into talk on things in general."—*Times*.

SOCIAL Science is all the go—

('Tis from *Socius*, a fellow, and *scio*, I know)—

And *Punch* knows many a garrulous fellow

Who likes to make speeches when leaves grow yellow.

To Glasgow city they've gone to talk,

'Neath the shade of the "great St. Rolloxstalk;"

And eloquence gushes on topics hard,

With PRIMROSE for President, MILNES as bard.

Jurisprudence, Health, Repression of Crime—

Such themes don't promise a lively time:

But the sensible orator likes to desult,

And to mix up with them *quodcunque vult*.

So it comes to this, that women and men are all

Chatting together on things in general;

And that sometimes logical, sometimes poetic,

Are these pleasant philosophers peripatetic.

Why not? Such chat has a certain charm,

And may do good while it can't do harm,

If you're catechised upon things like these—

"What's Social Science?" Whatever you please.

Congress and Picnic are much the same,

Though the former's far the more dignified name:

And *Punch* is informed that it does not hurt

A Social Scientist's fame to flirt.

So a joyous trip let us hope 'twill be,"

Wherever travels the S. S. C.—

And for stimulating Glasgow's brain

May they have the reward of some sound Champagne.

• Bon Gaultier.



"HAVE I A RIVAL?"

Lady. "ARE YOU THE REVEREND MR. DASHLEIGH'S BOOTMAKER?"

Bootmaker. "YEE, MISS."

Lady. "I WANT YOU TO MAKE UP THREE SLIPPERS FOR HIM, AND SEND THEM TO ME."

Bootmaker. "WITH PLEASURE, MISS. I AM JUST NOW MAKING A PAIR FOR HIM."

Lady (with consternation). "WHAT!"

Bootmaker. "ONLY A PAIR OF LEATHER ONES, I ASSURE YOU, MISS."

DISTRESS AT EXETER.

It is likely that the course taken by the reverend gentlemen referred to in the subjoined extract from a newspaper will be blamed as at least impolitic by all but the most stupid Conservatives in the Established Church:—

"THE LEGALITY OF DOMINICALS.—The question of the legality of the tax called dominicals, which the Clergy of Exeter are endeavouring to enforce by law in the different parishes, is exciting considerable attention. Several of the persons sued having failed to comply with the order to pay, the Rev. Mr. STROTHER yesterday obtained from the Magistrates a distress warrant against one of them, MR. SANDFORD. The opponents of the tax met last night, and determined to hold a meeting to reimburse MR. SANDFORD, if his goods are sold."

But, in enforcing a disputed claim to "dominicals," the "Clergy of Exeter," all of them concerned in that movement, have done what cannot but be very much applauded by all political Dissenters, advanced Liberals, and everybody else who would like to see them deprived of all claim to any payment but that of voluntary contributions. The party of "Disestablishment and Disendowment" can only regret that the irritation created by distraining for "dominicals" is merely local. If the Clergy at large were to concur in the step of so doing with those of Exeter, they would go a very great way to insure the speedy "liberation of the Church from State control." The Nonconforming portion of the "opponents of the tax," who met and determined to reimburse MR. SANDFORD if his goods should be sold, might also have consistently voted the reverend gentlemen engaged in trying to levy "dominicals" by distraint, a testimonial.

EDINBURGH AT LIVERPOOL.

WHAT shall we say
Of Liverpool on any holiday?
Is there another city anywhere
With such electric air?
The ocean-town gave welcome true and thorough
To our young mariner DUKE OF EDINBURGH.

The Mayor's no Chartist;
He venerates the Throne and loves the Artist;
He generously casts his gold away
For the far future day.
He does not seem a most inveterate talker,
But Liverpool will long remember WALKER.

O'er the Atlantic
England's great port looks forth with dream romantic
Of that fair time when 'neath a nobler sun,
All English will be one,
And people will remember in their prayers,
Logical Primates and artistic Mayors.

Fast Liverpool
Is sending other English towns to school:
Why not? 'Tis closer to our brothers there
In the keen Western air.
Why should not England's ocean-city be
A nobler Venice by a wider sea?

BUNG, OR BONIFACE?

ADDRESSING a meeting the other day at Manchester, on the subject of a Roman Catholic Temperance Society, formed by the titular BISHOP OF SALFORD, ARCHBISHOP MANNING is reported to have said "he hoped no Catholic who had prospered in the world sufficiently to save money would ever invest that money either in the making or selling of intoxicating drinks." It may be presumed that DR. MANNING does not consider good wine as one of those drinks which he calls intoxicating. He surely cannot mean to say that there is anything at all wrong in making wine; and what harm is there in causing it to be made by the natural process of fermentation? If there is no harm in making wine, what harm can there be in selling it; and, as to the vocation of an innkeeper, may it not be so pursued as to be consistent with actual sanctity? The Typical Publican may bear the name of BUNG, but can ARCHBISHOP MANNING deny that "mine host" used to be commonly called BONIFACE? Why BONIFACE but because he did good?

A LADY'S RIDDLE.—Which is the ugliest of all trees?
A plane tree.

SOCIAL SCIENCE FOR THE LADIES.

It is said that next year a section of the Social Science Congress will be entirely devoted to Members of the Fair (or rather unfair) Sex. Should this excellent idea blossom into a fact, the following Papers are certain to be read during the course of the Meeting:—

1. *Bonnets, how to get them, and when to wear them.* With a few remarks upon the theory of husband-coaxing, and a Dissertation upon Family Pews in Church.
2. *Proposals, Ancient and Modern.* This Paper will contain several Hints to guide the choice of a Husband, with a Scale showing that Income should be regarded before Age.
3. *The Abuse of Tobacco.* With Thoughts about the effect of Cigars upon Drawing-room Curtains. To this Paper will be added a short Essay upon "Husbands' Promises that (in spite of assertions to the contrary) always and in Smoke."
4. *Keys and their Uses.* Being a Lecture upon the Keys of the Wine-cellar and Wardrobe, with a few Remarks anent that modern abomination, the Latch-key.
5. *On Doctors.* With Hints to guide Family Practitioners in the prescription of visits to the Rhine, Switzerland and Italy, in cases where the Husband of the Patient is known to be "unfeeling and miserly."
6. *On Children.* With a Dictionary of Terms of Endearment to be used in familiar converse with a Child of six months' old.
7. *A Few Words about the Very Best of Men.* Being a Biography of "that dear old creature," Mr. Punch, of 85, Fleet Street.



THE SKETCHING SEASON.

Appreciative Rustic. "THERE! IF I COULD 'MAP' LIKE THAT THERE, I'D CHUCK UP EVERYTHINK!"

POLEMICS IN THE PAPERS.

THERE is nothing like logic, *Mr. Punch*—nothing at all like it in most arguments.

ARCHBISHOP MANNING is reported to have said that his co-religionists were now passing through "the most enormous and hypocritical persecution" that had been known since the time of the EMPEROR JULIAN.

Hereon "A Perplexed Protestant," in the *Times*, suggests that it would be interesting to see DR. MANNING'S "method applied to such events as the persecution of the Albigenses, or the Massacre of St. Bartholomew, or the treatment of the Huguenots generally in France, or the policy of the EMPEROR FERDINAND during the Thirty Years' War, or the conduct of the DUKE OF SAVOY to the Vandois in the time of CROMWELL, or the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes."

Very good, on the one hand. But there is something to be said on the other.

It may be questioned if the events above enumerated ever happened. It may be denied that they were persecutions. It may be said that faith is one thing, heresy another, and that Protestants cannot possibly be persecuted though they may be executed; and serve them right! Therefore, it may be argued, the Ultramontanes are the only people who have ever undergone any persecution at all, either since the EMPEROR JULIAN'S time or before it.

Another *Times* Correspondent, the REV. W. F. WILKINSON, quotes a declaration prefixed in 1742 by two Jesuit Fathers to an edition of the Third Book of NEWTON'S *Principia*. It expresses "assent to the Decrees passed by the Sovereign Pontiff which deny the motion of the earth." MR. WILKINSON remarks:—

"This proves two things; first that successive Popes have, by their infallible authority, contradicted the fact of the earth's motion; and secondly, that all Roman Catholics are bound to submit to their authority, and to profess to disbelieve this most certain fact."

Arguing the same point with MR. WILKINSON, in the same journal, a "CANTAB" tries to prove that a certain "unlucky VIRGILIUS," an Irishman, who, in the eighth century, taught that the earth was a globe, and that perhaps there were antipodes, had those theories

condemned, and himself sentenced to recant them by POPE ZACHARY, *ex cathedra*. A "CANTAB" quotes HARDOUIN to prove that Infallibility thus made a mistake.

But, it may be replied, perhaps HARDOUIN does not give POPE ZACHARY'S exact words. However, suppose he does. Infallibility cannot deny any truth. If any scientific truth was in fact ever denied by a Pope, that Pope, by denying it, in so far proved himself fallible. Therefore he proved himself, for the nonce, not to have spoken *ex cathedra*. You cannot be sure that a past Pope has decided any question *ex cathedra* except in the sense defined by the Pope for the time being, speaking, and declaring that he speaks, mind you, *ex cathedra* himself. So don't say that any Pope ever authoritatively denied the motion of the earth.

Always accustomed to look at both sides of a question, and impartially balance all the arguments *pro* and *con*., believe me, *Mr. Punch*, your unprejudiced old and familiar acquaintance,

AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM.

A RETIRED LION.

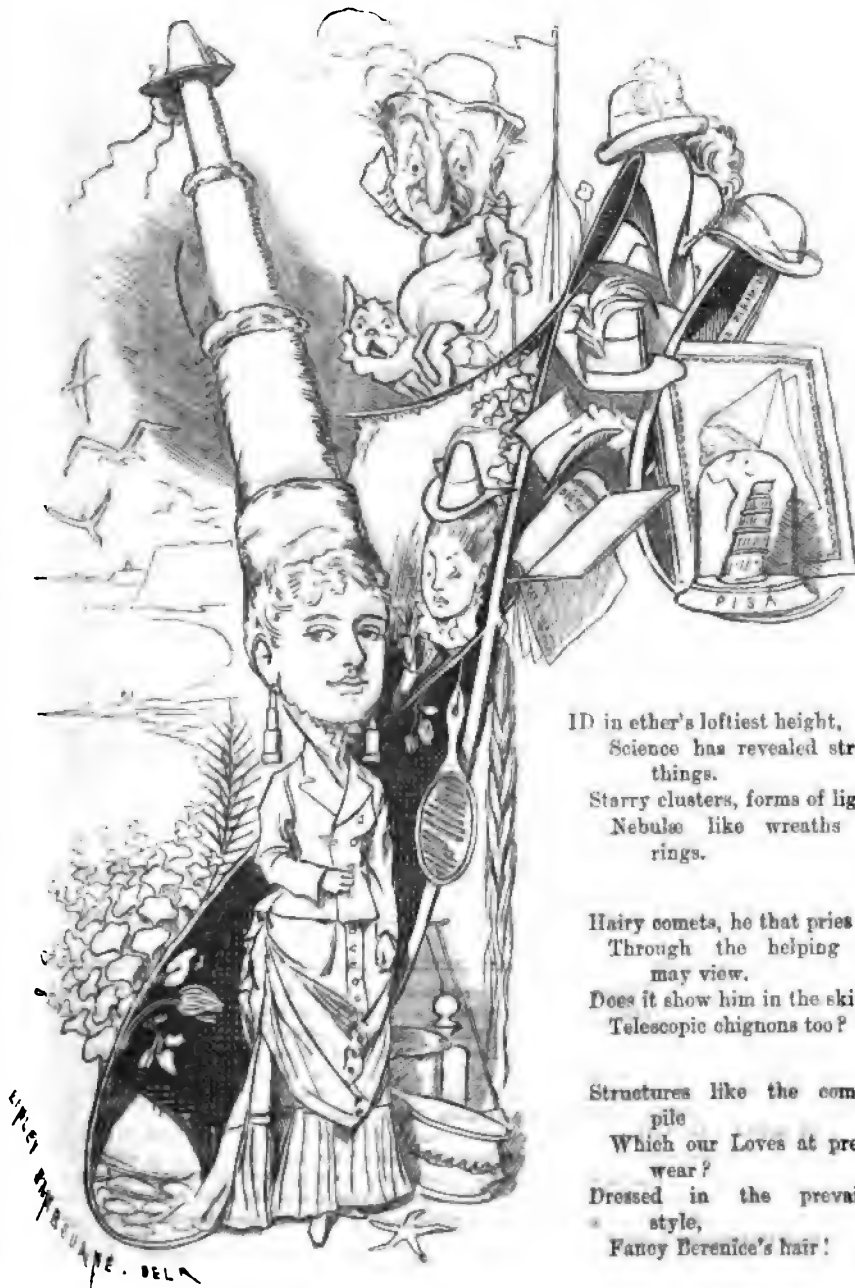
THOUGH no longer, alas, doth the Royal Brute stand On the PERCIES' dismantled abode in the Strand, Not destroyed, removed only, Northumberland's Lion Stands, again reared aloft, on the Palace of Sion.

On that height in the distance commanding a view Of the spacious Thames valley, 'twixt Richmond and Kew, Whencever our way by the River we wend, We shall still be enabled to see our old friend.

Now retired from the crowd and the traffic of Town, Upon meadow and woodland and stream he looks down, Out of reach of ignoble and mean-minded men. Board of Vandals, you ne'er can molest him again!

"FADED FLOWERS."—The Wall-flowers in a London ball-room.

CONSTELLATIONS AND COIFFURES.



Id in ether's loftiest height,
Science has revealed strange
things.
Starry clusters, forms of light,
Nebulae like wreaths and
rings.

Hairy comets, he that pries
Through the helping lens
may view.
Does it show him in the skies
Telescopic chignons too?

Structures like the complex
pile
Which our Loves at present
wear?
Dressed in the prevailing
style,
Fancy Berenice's hair!

SOCIAL SCIENCE.

THE Social Science Congress has been a great success, and would have been a greater still, at least so some people think (whose names are here subjoined), had permission been accorded them to read before the Meeting the interesting papers which we proceed to numerate.

1. In the Section of Domestic Economy, a Paper by MRS. SKYFLYNT on the Science of Light Suppers as applied to evening parties: showing how a hundred guests may be socially "received," for considerably less than a sixth part of the expense which is sure to be incurred by a dinner for a dozen.

2. In the same Section, a Paper by LADY DOWNIE BYRD on the Science of Made Dishes, with remarks on the advantage of the system of *réchauffé*, and the facilities for adulterating sweetbreads with sheep's brains.

3. In the Section of Finance, a Paper by MR. HARDUPPE upon Bills and how to Do them; with practical suggestions on the Science of Kite-flying, as practised in Society.

4. In the Educational Department, a Paper upon Reading in Bed, by the HONOURABLE MISS LAZIE BOHNNS.

5. In the Marital Law Section of the Jurisprudence Department, a Paper on Home Rule, by MRS. CUREMAN GREYMARE.

6. Among the extra matters, a Paper by CAPTAIN CADGER on the Science of Fishing, as pursued in good society; namely (a), Fishing for Compliments, (b) Fishing for Invitations, (c) Fishing for Flats, when one wants to make a book.

7. In the Section of Dress, a Paper by MISS SPIFFEY on the Bonnet, its Decline and Fall, and evidence evincing its comparative longevity.

8. In the same Section, a Paper by MISS FUZZIWIG on Hairpins and their Difficulties.

9. In the Dining-Out Section of the Social Department, a Paper upon Turtle Soup, by MAJOR GUTTLETON, F.R.G.S. (Fellow of the Regular Gormandising Society), and a Paper upon Precedence by LADY HENRY SNORTER; showing in what sequence guests of title ought to follow one another to the table, and what exceptions may be made in favour of untitled, but in some way or other distinguished, fellow visitors.

10. In the Matrimonial Department, a Paper by MISS SHEEPSY on the Science of Flirtation, as applied to Country Curates; and a Paper by LORD MAISCHANCE on the Science of Selection, as applied to wedding presents.

11. In the Culinary Department, a Paper on Cold Mutton, by MR. DODGELEY SHIRKITT, with instructions how to Cut it—by dining at one's Club, and some excellent recipes for good excuses for so doing.

12. In the Young Ladies' Section of the Sanitary Department, a Paper by DR. DOSEM on Tight Lacing, and its probable advantage to the Family Physician.

13. In the Woman's Wrongs Department, a Paper upon Latchkeys, by the President, MRS. BOUNCER, and a proposal to enact a Permissive Bill respecting them.

14. In the Miscellaneous Department, a Paper upon Morning Calls, and how to do without them, by MR. SMILEY SIMPER; a Paper upon Heir-hunting, regarded in the light of a fashionable Science, with some few hints to Mayfair huntresses, by the HONOURABLE LADY STALKDOWN; and a Paper upon Mothers-in-law, their duties and their perquisites, by MISS PAULINA PRYOR.

THE VOICE AND THE PIQUE.

(Amended Edition, by the P—L—.)

THE Voice and the Pique!

It was once a beautiful Voice
From a girl with roseate cheek,
Who made my heart rejoice.

But the Voice—or the girl—ah, which?
Against me took a Pique,
Because I was not so rich
As she thought—and the Voice grew
a squeak.

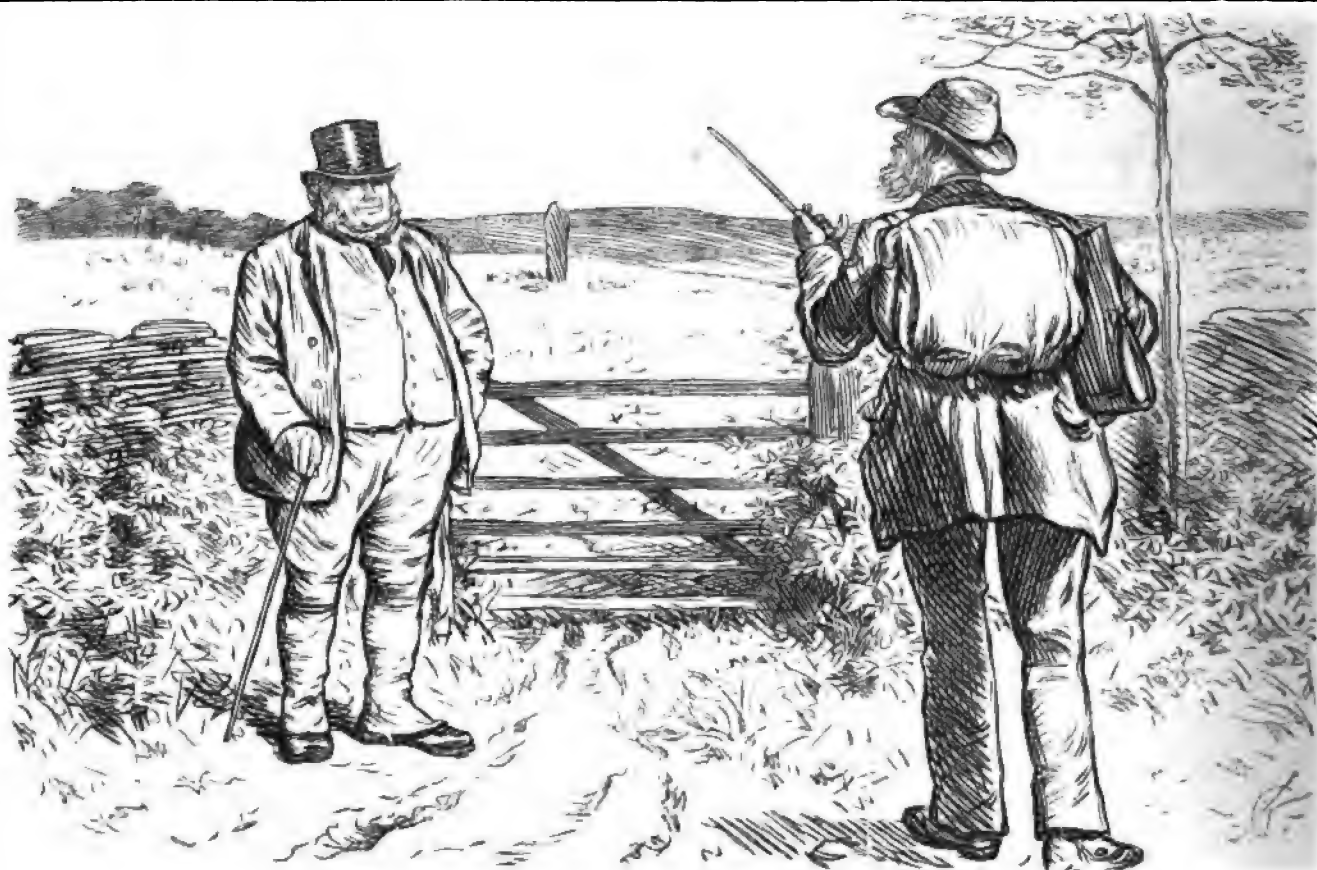
Hast thou no voice, O Pique?

Thou hast, uncommonly shrill:
And I know that a Maiden Meek
May grow to a Wife with a Will.

Ah, misery comes, and miscarriage,
To all who wear fleshly fetters:
She's made a Capital Marriage—
I mourn in Capital Letters.

A Sanitary Question.

MRS. MALAPROP wishes to know if the Typhoon at Hong Kong is supposed to have been caused by bad drainage. Also whether that Typhoon was worse than the Typhoon of Japan. She says she has been led to make these inquiries by some unanimous letters.



THE ANTIQUARY.

Tourist (in Cornwall). "MAY I BE PERMITTED TO EXAMINE THAT INTERESTING STONE IN YOUR FIELD? THESE ANCIENT DRUIDICAL REMAINS ARE MOST INTERESTING!"

Farmer. "SART'NLY, SIR. 'MAY BE VERY INT'RESTIN' AN' ARNSHUNT, BUT WE DO STICK 'EM OUP FOR THE CATTLE, AN' CALL 'EM ROUBBIN' PUSTS!!"

A LORD MAYOR'S NEST.

THE following suggestions have been made with a view to carrying out the proposed scheme for giving to the London District a Municipality worthy of the interests it will be required to represent. It will be noticed that in this list the arrangements for the proper management of the Show and Banquet on Lord Mayor's Day have (as might have been expected) not been altogether overlooked and forgotten.

1. That the LORD MAYOR under the new régime may have increased dignity, it is proposed that the idea of the French, that his Lordship "has the power of life and death" shall be actually realised. This may be easily done by making the LORD MAYOR, *ex officio*, a Director of all the Railway Companies.

2. So that the new Citizens of London may see the Lord Mayor's Show, the Procession in future will be required after leaving Guildhall to pass through Hampstead, Highgate, Bayswater, Isleworth, and Kew on its way to Westminster, returning to the Mansion-House *via* Woolwich, Greenwich, Hackney, and Dalston.

3. That plenty of time may be allowed for the accomplishment of this progress, Lord Mayor's Day shall be changed from the 9th to the 5th of November.

4. That the ground may be travelled over with sufficient rapidity, the following regulations shall be put in force:—A Steam Engine shall be attached to the Lord Mayor's Coach. The Aldermen shall be supplied with Velocipedes—those who have not passed the Chair using Bicycles, and the remainder vehicles of four or more wheels. The Recorder shall divide the two classes of Aldermen seated in an American Trotting Cart. The City Companies shall ride in Tramway Cars, and the way shall be cleared by Policemen mounted on Steam-Rollers.

5. To afford sufficient space for the new Aldermen, Cheapside shall be boarded over and covered with canvas on Lord Mayor's Day. Members of the new Municipality still unable to find room at the

Banquet shall be supplied at the Albert Hall, the Crystal Palace, and such other places as may be selected for the purpose by the City Reception Committee, with precisely the same dinner as that provided to the LORD MAYOR and his more fortunate guests.

6. In future, Aldermen will sit in all the Metropolitan Police Courts. These officials will not be expected to interfere with the presiding Magistrates, they will be merely required to undertake the same functions as those they perform with so much credit at the Central Criminal Court. That is to say, they will be invited to wear their Robes, read the newspapers, and look dignified and amiable.

7. The Mansion-House and Guildhall shall be removed, before the completion of the century, to Richmond as a more central spot than the City.

8. The effigies of Gog and Magog shall be removed from Guildhall and mounted on the vacant pedestals, in Trafalgar Square. When these additions shall have been made, Charing Cross shall be declared to have its complement of statues.

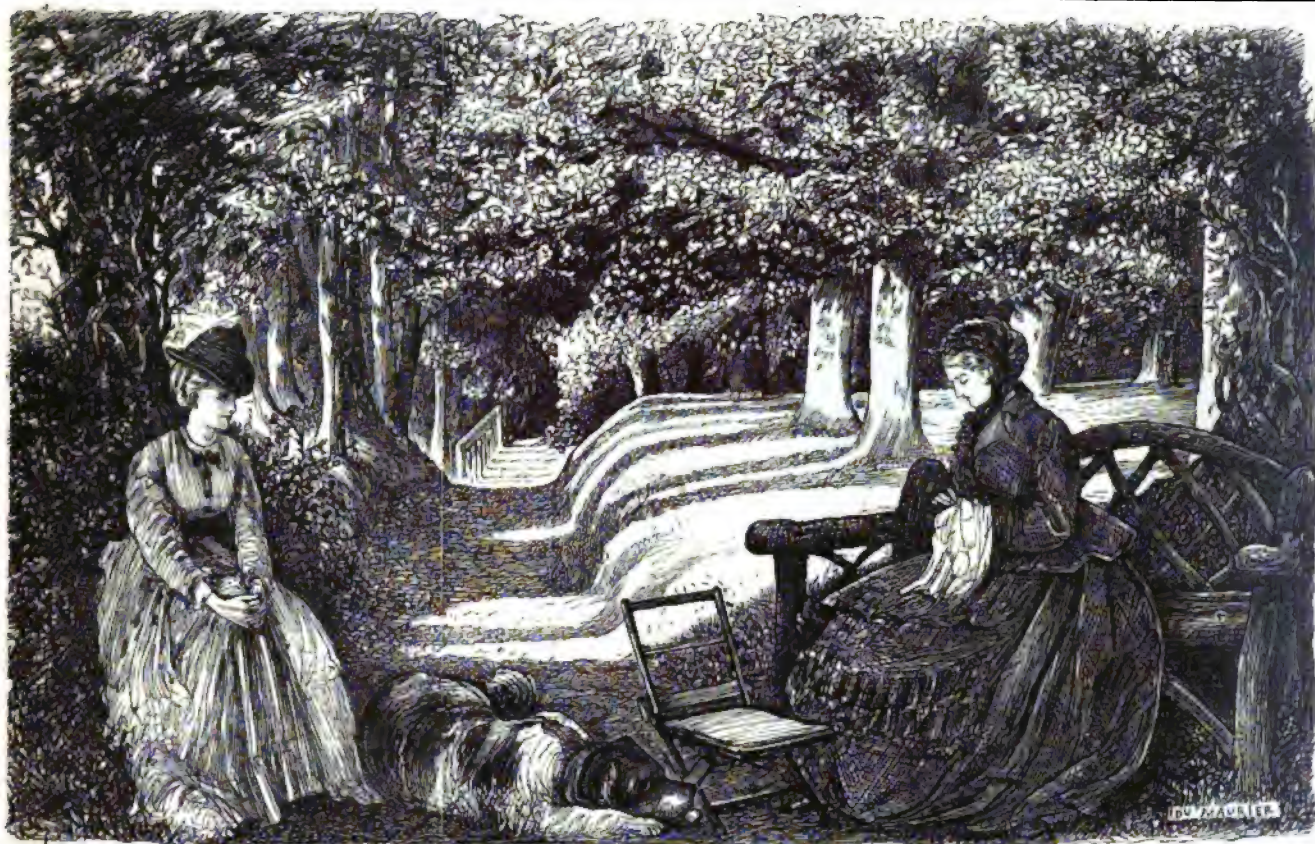
9. Suburban Vestrymen shall in future be known as Aldermen.

10. The Royal London and the King's Own Royal Tower Hamlets Regiments of Militia shall be permanently embodied, and shall be required to assist the combined forces of Metropolitan and City Police in preserving the peace during the various mass-meetings of the members of the new Municipality.

11. On no consideration whatever shall more than fifty members of the enlarged Court of Aldermen be permitted to speak at once, and that the words of the LORD MAYOR may have due weight, his Lordship shall be provided with a steam-worked speaking-trumpet.

12. Finally, the meetings of the Municipality shall be held in Hyde Park until such time as Parliament shall be abolished, and the Palace of Westminster shall be handed over to the LORD MAYOR with a view to being used as a Council Chamber for London, then grown into the size of the nation.

A SERVICE OF DANGER.—The service of a Railway Company.



A PATHETIC APPEAL.

"MAMMA, SHALL YOU LET ME GO TO THE WILKINSONS' BALL, IF THEY GIVE ONE, THIS WINTER?"

"No, Darling!"

(A pause.)

"YOU'VE BEEN TO A GREAT MANY BALLS, HAVEN'T YOU, MAMMA?"

"YEA, DARLING,—AND I'VE SEEN THE FOLLY OF THEM ALL."

(Another pause.)

"MIGHTN'T I JUST SEE THE FOLLY OF ONE, MAMMA?"

[A very long pause.]

THE VERY SAME STUFF.

"The new House of Commons is composed of very much the same stuff as the old. . . . However you may shuffle the political cards, that is about the result."—MR. WALTER *at Maidenhead*.

TRUE is the saying, yet only partly true:
England is one, but England's times are new,
And each successive age must find its men
To lead the world, to wield the sword and pen.
How wide the change 'tis needless to declare
From WALPOLE to the Author of *Lothair*;
SIR ROBERT, prompt to bully or to bribe,
Would wonder at DISRAELI's diatribe,
And, as he heard the brilliant terse reply,
Own there was something that he could not buy.

See classic CANNING, GLADSTONE classic too:
How wide the difference when we track them through
Their marvellous career; the one alert—
The other with three courses—and desert.
See burly FOX, a giant in the fight—
Greater or less was he than stout Friend BRIGHT?
Greater or less? 'Tis vain to make a fuss:
BRIGHT fishes: FOX liked dice and ÆSCHYLUS.
Such Titans seldom rule the world: and why?
They have to rule themselves, and will not try.
So, while the glorious giant plays the fool,
Men of slow brain and narrow shoulder rule.

'Tis pretty clear that oft the aspect changes;
The course of things a SHERIDAN deranges:
This we omit from all our modern plans,
And don't expect the casual Sheridans—

'Tis well to recognise the distance that
Stands 'twixt aristocrat and plutocrat:
Granite can never be reduced to mud,
And gold is seldom worth its weight in blood.

Still, MR. WALTER, you speak partial truth:
This Realm in age is what it was in youth.
These Parliaments but little more can know
Than ALFRED's, called a thousand years ago.
Edwards and Nelsons, Harrys, Wellingtons,
Chaucers, and Shakspeares, of this nation sons,
Will yet maintain the unconquerable breed,
The happy humour and the Christian creed.
Whoever guides the realm, and guards its fame,
Stubborn JOHN BULL is very much the same.

MYSTERY AND MUSIC.

CERTAINLY advertisements grow daily more and more mysterious.
For instance, what is one to gather from the following?—

WANTED, by a Young Lady, domesticated, a good Needlewoman,
and musical, a SITUATION; can be highly recommended.

What sort of situation, pray, does this "Young Lady" want? It
can be hardly that of governess, for she in no way even hints at her
capacity to teach. She may be musical, no doubt, and so may be a
snuff-box; but that epithet can scarcely be accepted as a proof of
her proficiency, or even bare ability to do more than hum a tune.
As she calls herself domesticated, and also a good needlewoman,
perhaps the place which she desires is that of a domestic servant,
hired to do plain sewing, for which she, being musical, would prob-
ably prefer to use a Singer's patented machine.

THE SHAH'S DIARY.



The Volunteer rifle,
England at work with her unequalled pace.

CAME from Persia,
The land of
XXXXX,
To England, coun-
try of wit and
power;
To its Wessex
and Mercia—
Alas, what irks
is
That I can't com-
prehend this
realm, this
hour.

At home, ty-
rannie,
I cut men's
heads off,
I have my luxury,
live my life:
I'm struck with
panic
When freedom
spreads off
So far that a man
daren't kill
his wife.

I saw great Lon-
don:
Teheran's a
trifle.
Chesapeake or Pall
Mall would
hold all our
race:
A deal of fun
done,

Yes, England beats us
With her easy manner
Of treating all men in a pleasant way:
And when she greets us,
Her glorious banner
In the bright air tells us, *she will have her way.*

I have seen her Queen, who
Is a lovely lady,
In her happy autumn, under skies of gold:
With her girls serene, who,
In woodlands shady,
Teach her all the folly of growing old.

I have seen LORD RUSSELL,
The *Vigil*, who's older
Than I, by many a weary year:
But, in any tussle,
He'd be far bolder
Than the heir of XXXXX, I sadly fear.

Yet I cannot learn it—
The weighty lesson
Of freedom, meaning full breadth of power;
Could Persia earn it!
Put clearer guess on—
Grasp England's hand in this difficult hour.

A Monk and Monkeys.

At the risk of being accused of giving circulation to pernicious intelligence, *Mr. Punch* ventures to extract the subjoined betting announcement from a Birmingham journal:—

"MIDDLE PARK PLATE.—Correction in the *Betting at the Subscription Rooms*.—Six o'clock.—Cambridgeshire: 8 monkeys were offered agst Benedictine (not taken)."

Respectable readers, taking eight monkeys in the above connection simply to mean so many of the *Simiadae*, will perhaps see a novel and comparatively unobjectionable form of betting in wagering monkeys against horses. It may be as well to tell them that a "monkey" means five hundred pounds—in the slang of betting-men and thieves.

A FALSE ALARM.

THE hoax announcing the perversion of the DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND carried improbability on its face. It was transparent. The *Daily Telegraph* said:—

"We received some days since an important communication to the effect that his Grace the DUKE OF NORTHUMBERLAND had become a convert to the Roman Catholic faith. In order to test the accuracy of this statement, we sent for information to Alnwick, and learnt from a telegraphic despatch that the rumour had no foundation in fact. In consequence, however, of a reiteration of the original assertion, we last night referred the report to one of the highest authorities of the Catholic Church of England, who, in answer to our inquiries, asserts his firm belief in the DUKE's conversion, and adds that his Grace was lately admitted into communion by the BISHOP OF BEVERLEY."

"One of the highest authorities of the Catholic Church of England" of course would not have asserted "his firm belief in the DUKE's conversion," and then have added to that assertion of belief the assertion of the fact that "his Grace was lately received into communion by the BISHOP OF BEVERLEY." He would simply have asserted the fact if he had known it.

The messenger through whom reference was made to MONSIGNOR CAPEL, or some other high Roman Catholic authority, was probably a gentleman unused to the society of such authorities. When he called, most likely the distinguished ecclesiastic was out, and one of his men-servants, perhaps his footman, had the impudence to personate him, and make the statement above quoted, which an unscrupulous and illogical flunkey would be quite capable of doing. It is to be hoped that ALOYSIUS, or AMBROSE, or JOHN THOMAS, or whoever he is, has had a good penance set him for this blundering presumption, by the Prelate his master.

The Correct Colour.

JOHNSON was expressing his surprise to JACKSON, at finding on his return to Town all the pillar-boxes painted a new and startling colour. JACKSON could see nothing but the most perfect harmony in an alteration matching so well with the letters, which were always, he reminded his friend, re(a)d.

A TORPEDO TOO MANY.

TORPEDOES, and the like, our foes
Are suffered to explore, 'tis said,
Whilst all such mysteries as those
Are from our friends kept secrets dead.

But, if the foreigners have seen
More than has led them all astray,
"What fools our Powers that have been!"
Is somewhat less than we could say.

How dead a secret, till to-day,
Was that torpedo which explodes
Unbidden on its fatal way,
Mid close and populous abodes!

Now eyes are opened that were blind,
Trust we that all torpedoes know,
Will be, in time to come, confined
To blow up enemies alone.

No Credit Given.

"It is characteristic of the primitive character of Syrian Christianity, that both His Holiness the PATRIARCH OF ANTIOCH and the BISHOP OF JERUSALEM, who arrived in this country the other day, have come without scrip or purse for their journey, and whilst here will be the guests, we believe, of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel and the Church Missionary Society."

ADMIRABLE! But we should like to know whether the Patriarch and the Bishop hired a cab on their arrival, and what view the cabman took of the absence of scrip and purse at the end of the journey?

THE BAROMETER'S BEARING.

THE *Times* the other day announced a return of pressure, under the heading of "The Weather;" happily not under that of "Money Market and City Intelligence."



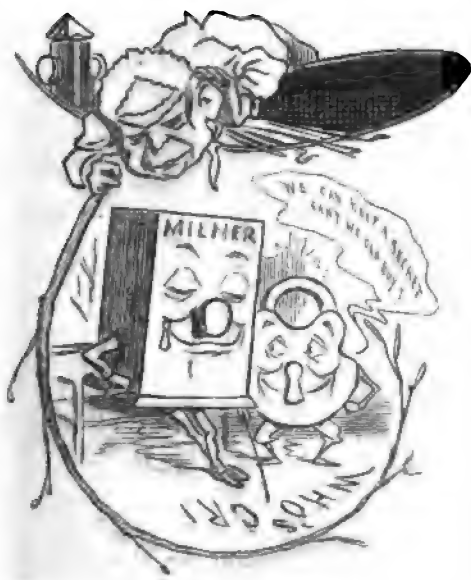
THE UNSUSP

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D TORPEDO.

ADVICE ON EXPLOSIVE MATTERS.



ERTAINLY a recent and very sad event will suggest to Parliament, when it next meets, the advisability of considering some measure dealing with explosive substances. At the same time should the expected Act become law, as many other matters are quite as dangerous as gunpowder, it may be presumed that some means will be taken to prevent those ebullitions of temper which cause so many explosions in the family circle. However, as the Public will have to wait with more or less pa-

tience for that legislative interference, that should have been exercised years and years ago, *Mr. Punch* begs to publish a few hints that will be found, he believes, valuable in the interim.

If you tread upon the gouty toes of an Old Bachelor a most unpleasant explosion of wrath is sure to follow.

If you refer to the age of a Young Lady in the presence of an Old Maid a cruel explosion of spite may be expected.

If you give advice to a Friend who declares himself to be in trouble, and anxious to hear your opinion, you may feel much surprised if you do not cause a loud and greatly prolonged explosion of argument.

If you complain to your Wife that the total of the house-keeping book is too large, you may consider yourself lucky if you escape with nothing worse than an explosion of sobs and tears.

If you suggest to your Wife's Mother that her visit to your mansion might be brought to a close without causing any very serious inconvenience either to yourself or your household, an explosion of angry irony will follow as a matter of course.

If you open a Theatre, become Security for a friend, or start a new Paper, you will be indeed fortunate if the explosions that are sure to follow do not land you in the Court of Bankruptcy.

If you attempt to scale the Mountain of Fame by publishing a book of Poems at your own expense, you will discover that the critics will combine to pull you down.

And, lastly, if you neglect the above excellent advice and commit the blunders therein enumerated, you will find that every sensible man in the world (inclusive, of course, of *Mr. Punch*) will help to blow you up.

"ELIZABETH'S RESIDENCE IN A FRENCH COUNTRY HOUSE."

FRAGMENT THE FOURTH.

She sees the Voltigeur.

I THINK I have told you about MADAME PICHOU, the little French-woman whom Mistress had hired to do the light work of our house. At first, I own that I could not give in to her letting herself down by taking up with twopence an hour for wages; but she was a cheerful, merry little woman, and soon made me like her. For mine is a heart which pants for friends, as if they were water-brooks, and many is the scolding I've had from Grandmother and Aunts, before I left home, for demeaning myself, by making acquaintances too easy over the hedge at the end of our garden, and coming in with scratched hands and a torn frock. It was no use my trying to make a bosom friend of Cook, for she is a widow with two little children to maintain, and, of course, can't enter into the feelings of a young creature like me, but passes most of her time in wondering whether dripping is going up or down and reckoning what she will get for the next pot. So I used to be sad and lonely, as the evenings came on, and to say to myself—

"What's become of JOHN as lived with the BLATHERWICKS (BLATHERWICK, C.B.), in Cromwell Gardens, and used to come to

our house so often with notes and messages? Where's MARY, I wonder, who lived next door to us in Elvaston Place, and who was everything to me, until I saw JOHN wearing a blue and white tie which she pretended, when I saw her making it, was for her Cousin JEREMIAH in the country? Ah!" I said, "if I could only see them again, especially JOHN, and have some more of those suppers in one another's kitchens, I'd take care that no ties kept me and JOHN apart any more!"

Well, in my solitude, I quite took up with MADAME PICHOU, and as she knew a little English and managed to teach me a little French, we soon got on very well, and became quite confidential to each other. I must own I found the language puzzling at first, but that was mainly from the habit the French have of calling things by their wrong names. I nearly had a quarrel with MADAME PICHOU the first day we looked out the washing, because she would try to make out that Master wore a *Chemise*. It was of no use for me to hold up some of his things, and say to her "Look! Master's shirts!" for she would only nod her head and say, "Wee! wee Lay Chemises de Monsieur!" until I was ready to throw them at her. And then she would aggravate me by calling the Children's bread and butter "tarteen." "Don't you think to impose on the Children like that," I used to say to her, forgetting, in my passion that she couldn't understand me. "Don't think that calling bread and butter 'tarteen' will make it go down as long as Nature point out that it isn't at all like tarts." But, for all that, she only used to slam the plate down on the table, sing out, "Voysee day tarteen," and go off to fetch something else. I didn't so much mind her calling ice "glass," because one is as slippery as the other, and so there's something to guide you to the name; but it stands to reason that she shouldn't have called a cabbage a "shoe"; and can't tell why she should call a chair a "chaise," when it isn't at all like one, even when it's on castors. At the school where I was pupil-teached,* there used to be an old Inspector, who wanted to have us taught to remember everything by thinking of something quite different. If you wanted to know when WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR came over to England (not that I ever wanted to know any thing of the kind), you had to think of *Oh, Willie Brewed a Peck of Malt*, and you got at the time when the STUARTS were restored by thinking of—

"CHARLIE loves good ale and wine, CHARLIE loves good brandy, CHARLIE loves a pretty lass as sweet as sugar-candy!"

I'm sure I don't know how he managed it, but it always used to come out all right, especially on examination days, when the old Inspector was present; and I couldn't help thinking, when I began to try and make out the French language, that he must have invented it all on his own system, for surely nobody else would have given to such a lot of things names that couldn't possibly belong to them. And the aggravating part of it is that the French have tried to do better sometimes and haven't gone on with it; for you know there isn't a great difference between skates and "pattens," as the call them; and you needn't go far from pie to guess "patty"; whilst, if you look at it properly, a box is a "case," *now isn't it?*

So, you see, they could have managed their language quite nicely if they had liked, instead of leaving it in such a muddle, and when they didn't I can't think, unless it is for some wise purpose. However, little by little, I managed to pick some of it up, and, MADAME PICHOU improved in her English at the same time, we got to hold quite long conversations together, and used to walk up and down the avenue talking, after the family had given over fidgeting for the evening, and while Cook was dozing over her dripping, and dreaming she should get two Sunday suits out of it for her little boys.

Of course I told MADAME PICHOU all about Grandmother, and Aunts, and MARY, and JOHN, and she told me about her husband. But what I most liked to hear her talk of was her brother JEW, who was a soldier. She used to call him her "*monay sojany*," which, I suppose, was something in praise of him, for she always laughed and shook her head when she said it; and she used to tell me how often *Lazy Moors* had led him astray, which, I suppose must have been in Algeria, where he had been with the French army, and where, I am told, that Moors abound. Anyhow, I used to pity him for having been led away, and to wonder whether he was at all like JOHN, and whether any of the *Lazy Moos* were like MARY; until, at last, I used to set MADAME PICHOU talking of him every evening when we were together. Well, one evening, she told me that she expected to see him soon, as a regiment was coming to the town near which we were. I thought that this couldn't make any difference to me, for, of course, a man that was full of JOHN could have no room for JEW; and, when he went away, I stood and looked after her, as she went up the road and felt as lonely as ever. I thought of what the man in the desert island, who afterwards became *Robinson Crusoe*, had said about

* This is a participle of ELIZABETH'S own invention. It does credit to training as a pupil-teacher.



WHAT WE ARE COMING TO.

Swell Keeper. "THERE, MY LORDS! I HAVE ANY NUMBER OF BIRDS FOR YOU, AND YOU'LL FIND THEM QUITE TAME!"

"Society, Friendship, and Love," and I whispered to myself those beautiful lines—

"O! had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste them again!"

Just then I heard a sound close to me. I could not make out, at first, whether it was a sigh, or whether it was somebody clearing his throat; but, when I turned round, I saw a soldier smoking, so I suppose it wasn't a sigh. He was leaning against the wall, with only his side face turned to me, but I could make out, at a glance, that he wasn't at all like JOHN. He was not so tall; and JOHN was six foot one. JOHN once took the second prize in a competitive examination of the Footmen of the Upper Classes, which was held at the International Exhibition, and it was thought that he would have had the first prize, if he had brushed up his top hair in the way I wanted him to. The soldier wasn't stout, either, but there was a something noble in the way he leant against the wall, with his head a little turned up to the sky, as if he were considering which star he should go to first, which reminded me of a poem Grandmother and Aunts used to tell me—when they had made me cry, by calling me a little under-sized upper-crust, and wanted to comfort me—and which ended with these lovely words:—

"I would be measured by my soul!
Mind is the standard of the man."

Now I never could think much of JOHN's mind since I found he had set it on MARY.

The soldier had a sweet uniform, something like that of our Militia, only the cut and the colour of it were different. He had a beautiful pale blue tunic, magenta-coloured trousers, white shoes and gaiters, and worsted epaulettes to match the trousers. I have never been able to recollect whether he turned round before I coughed, or whether I coughed before he turned round; but, anyhow, he did turn round, and looked me full in the face. I could see, then, that his clothes were made very tight in the waist, and very wide and loose across the hips; and, as he stood before me, with his hands on his hips, one leg a little advanced, his chest thrown forward, his head a little tilted back, and his cap just cocked on one side, I thought I had never seen a finer outline of a

man. He looked at me, until I thought I should sink into the earth, and then he said, in a voice that was hoarse with emotion, "*Cr-r-ré nom de pipe, quelle bonne pâte de femme!*"

Every word that he said sank into my soul, and, by recollecting it and asking MADAME PICHOU about it afterwards, I was able to get it written down all right, and to make out, that he was swearing by his pipe—which is the most sacred oath a French Soldier has—that I was a very good-looking woman. Well, I daresay I should have believed him even if he hadn't sworn it. I had no time to answer him, for, just then, our people in the drawing-room took one of their whims that they wanted something, and I had to answer the bell. I came out again afterwards, but he was gone. No doubt he thought I was offended with him. When I sat down in the kitchen with Cook, she looked at me and said, "Why, ELIZABETH, whatever has come over you? You look as if you had seen JOHN!"

"Nonsense!" I said. "Nonsense, Cook! You ought to know better, after all you've gone through, than to put such notions into a young girl's head. Why should I think of them as don't think of me?"

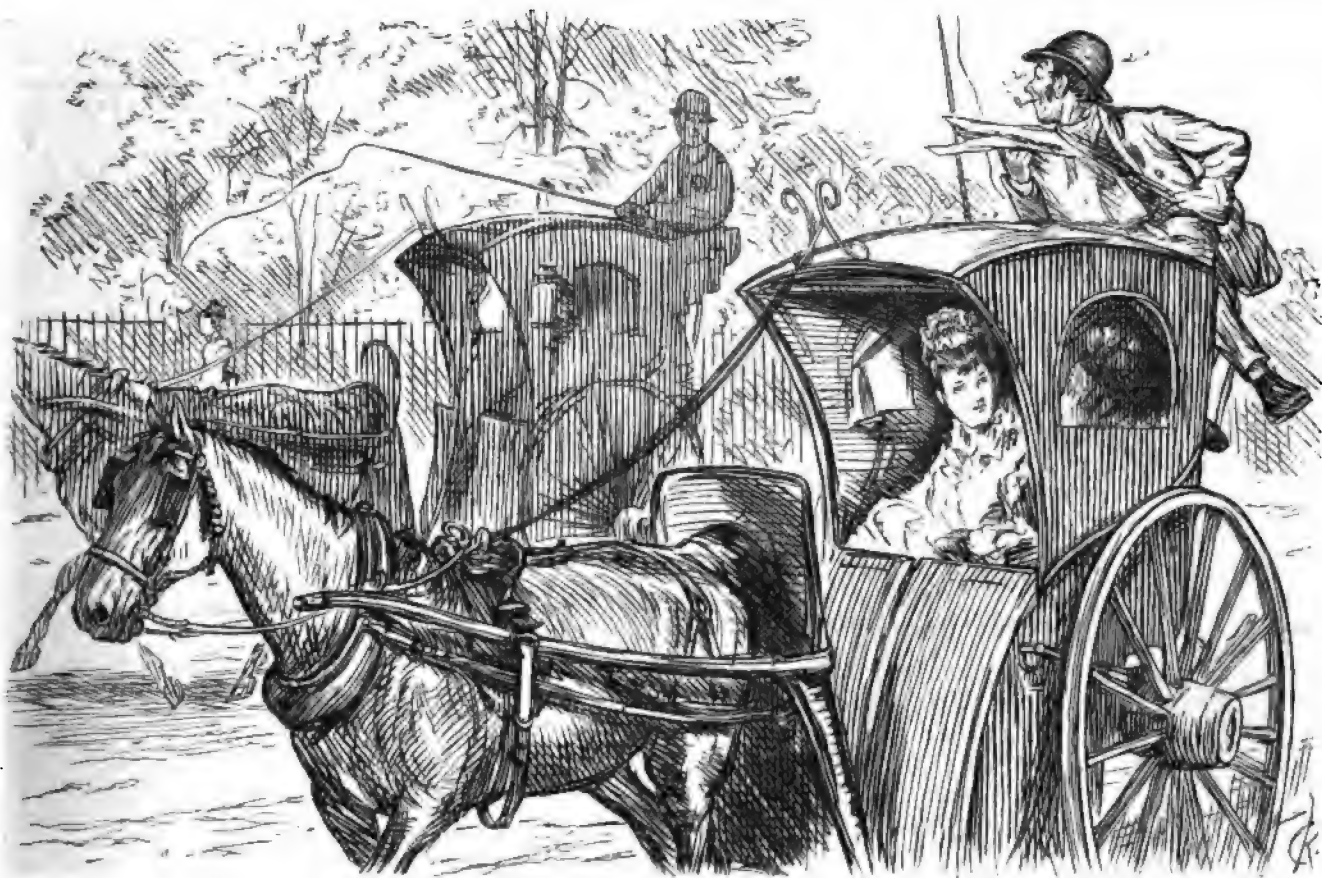
"Well," she said, "perhaps it's the air. I feel rather cheerful myself to-night. I hear that pigs are very scarce, and that lard will be dear, so that there is some hope for dripping." Which was her usual way of looking at things.

A Change of Occupation.

It is gratifying to find that our domestics have leisure to devote to the study of games involving a considerable amount of scientific skill. The fruits of their industry are beginning to show themselves, if *Cook on Billiards* may be accepted as a proof.

SMOKING AND FUMIGATING.

MR. SPURGEON lately in defence of moderate smoking, declared that he smoked to a devotional purpose. Very possibly. The Ritualists may defend their use of incense on the same ground. It is as well to be fair.



DOLCE FAR NIENTE.

First Cabman (on the trot). "WELL, YOU'RE A TAKIN' OF IT EARY!"

Second Cabman (with the newspaper, sotto voce). "NO 'URRY, MY BOY—ENGAGED BY THE HOUR!"

CONVERTS WORTH CRYING OVER.

ACCORDING to the Roman Correspondent of the *Weekly Register and Catholic Standard*:—

"When the Holy Father heard of the abjuration of Protestantism by the Queen Mother of Bavaria, he evinced the greatest emotion. Bursting into tears and elevating his eyes to Heaven he exclaimed, . . . Thy poor Vicar is unworthy of such consolation."

Had this story appeared in the *Record* or the *Rock*, it might have been taken for a *canard* communicated by some unscrupulous Protestant, who wished to make out his HOLINESS a respecter of persons. One would think that, believing in the Vicarship he claims, he would rejoice over the conversion of a Queen or that of a pauper with equal emotion. The one is an event which can be of little more consequence than the other. Such a convert as the MARQUIS OF RIPON was no such wonderful gain. He was only a rather distinguished nobleman. One eminent philosopher and man of science would be worth any number of Lords, or Kings and Queens. If PROFESSOR TYNDALL, or PROFESSOR HUXLEY, or MR. DARWIN were to go over to Rome, that, indeed, would be a triumph over which the POPE would have some reason to shed tears of joy.

THOUGHTS ON RETURNING HOME.

Will all have gone right at the office; or will there be something uncomfortable awaiting me on my return?

Will the back garden be a complete wilderness, requiring the immediate attention of one of MESSRS. GRASSTHORPE'S leisurely assistants at five shillings per diem?

Will the papering and painting have been executed in a satisfactory manner; and will the estimate be exceeded or not?

Will all the cleaning be over?

Will postal accumulations yield anything more inviting than circulars, begging letters, and prospectuses of the Madagascar Railway and Pernambuco Water Works?

Will there be a Jury Summons?

Will there be any bills?

Will the drawing-room continue to smoke?

Will there be any coals?

Will the rain have come in through the roof of the back kitchen?

Will there be any diminution in the black-beetles?

Will the dog at No. 6 be in his usual force?

Will there have been great destruction among the kitchen crockery?

Will the RINGWOODS have called?

Will the Servants be all right?

APPALLING IDEA.

THERE is a touch of awful sublimity in the idea suggested by the following extract from a Newcastle paper, apparently referring to the Regent's Canal explosion:—

"Great consternation for some time prevailed in the morning, as a rumour was afloat that the accident had caused the animals in the Geological Gardens to escape."

Imagination locates the Geological Gardens in the Fossiliferous Rocks—the trias, the lias, the oolite, the wealden formation, and the red-sandstone. It pictures to itself the animals escaping from them as the Labyrinthodon, the Saurians, the Pterodactyls, the Megatherium, the Mammoth, and the rest of the extinct reptiles and mammalia resuscitated in a sudden convulsion of Nature, and bursting up out of their several strata. The mind shrinks from the contemplation of an eruption of monsters like those represented at the Crystal Palace—where are the only Geological Gardens that we know of. Certain gardens in the Regent's Park, however, are probably those called Geological by MRS. MALAPROP—if it is that lady who edits our Newcastle contemporary.



ON FASHIONS.

Old Servant. "THERE NOW, MISS ANNIE, WHAT DO YOU CALL THAT?"

Miss Annie. "WHAT DO I CALL WHAT, ADAMS?"

Old Servant. "WHY, THAT BLACK VELVET THING YOU 'VE GOT ON. I CALLS IT A KICKING-STRAPI!"

THE CHURCH IN AN UPROAR.

A SCENE occurred in the Church Congress at Brighton on Wednesday, conducive to edification as much as the demeanour of our venerated Clergy as a body is too often apt to be when they assemble and meet together for the purpose of discussion. According to the *Post*, COLONEL BARTELOT, M.P., "who rose amid cheers," made a speech which produced on his reverend audience the remarkable effects reported in the subjoined extract from it. The beginning of the Colonel's observations, by the way, reads like a chant:—

"He had every faith in Convocation, and that it would deal with the matters under its consideration in a spirit of conciliation and fairness to carry out the principles of the Reformation—(great confusion, cheers, and countercheers)—those principles of the Reformation to which they, as a Church, must ever adhere. (A VOICE—'What are the principles of the Reformation?' Great confusion and uproar.) The Hon. and gallant Colonel then alluded to the passing of the Act for the Regulation of Public Worship, amidst great excitement and confusion. This Act would come into force on the 1st of July next—(Murmurs and cheers)—and before that time a broad and deep line would have to be laid down. (Renewed uproar.) He trusted that in dealing with this question Convocation would not allow any rubrics to remain which had a Romish tendency. (Tremendous uproar.) COLONEL BARTELOT then threw down the challenge, 'If there is any one here who would like to see the Church Romanised, let him stand up.' (Loud cries of 'Question,' and general confusion.)"

The statement that "renewed uproar" followed COLONEL BARTELOT'S remark that "a broad and deep line would have to be laid down," might, if read apart from its context, be taken to imply that he was a Railway Director addressing an angry and excited meeting of his constituents, and had proposed an improvement threatening them with expense and reduction of dividends. To be sure, the resemblance to infuriated shareholders, exhibited by the reverend gentlemen seems to show that they were in earnest; but their roaring and hissing at the very mention of the Reformation, and the Public Worship Act, and the

tremendous uproar created among them by the bare suggestion of rescinding rubrics "which had a Romish tendency," betokens an earnestness which would seem rather characteristic of howling dervishes than Anglican divines, if the dervishes were so far untrue to Mahometanism as to be inclined to Popery.

GREG AS CASSANDRA.

Kai Kassandra peri tōn mallōtēron prophētai.—PROCLUE.

CASSANDRA was a Prophetess
Of credit and renown;
KING PRIAM'S daughter eke was she
In famous old Troy town.

Ah, ladies in those ancient days
Sometimes made trivial slips:
Bribed by the gift of prophecy,
She kissed Apollo's lips.

But, being something of a flirt,
Poor Phoebus she deceived;
So after, when she prophesied,
Why, nobody believed.

Who'd think an English essayist,
Who wants to kill our joy,
Would wear the very petticoats
That Princess wore in Troy?

One SCHLIEMANN dug them from the soil,
Hid in a nectar-keg,
And by the hand of MR. COOK
Sent them to MR. GREG.

Now MR. GREG, he prophesies—
A melancholy soul—
That soon we shall be deep in debt,
And very short of coal.

He also says that down the hill
Must slide each Christian sect,
Since Christianity won't suit
The highest intellect.

And even a sadder sight he sees
Through poor CASSANDRA'S Dollord,
That England is to lose its trade
And be a second Holland.

Now *Mr. Punch*, in brief reply,
Declines the track to follow:
Of this same male CASSANDRA, who
Knows nothing of Apollo.

Religion is no transient thing
By critics rendered vain:
The "high intelligence" may sneer;
The eternal truths remain.

Not loss of trade nor failing coal
This country can disgrace;
For England's wealth is in the men
And women of her race.

Believe prospectuses of mines,
Turf tips of tout or leg,
Trust CUMMING, ZADKIEL, FRANCIS MOORE—
But not CASSANDRA GREG.

'Ware Nuts!

THE sensitive ear is just now distressed by the vociferations of men and boys who go about the streets offering walnuts for sale, and continually crying "Ware-nuts!" Much more painful to hear, however, is the remark, so often made, that war-nuts are the nuts for soldiers, that of all nuts they contain the fullest kernels, and those are the kind of nuts wherewith fortifications are shelled.

THE ONE EXCEPTION.—Reports of rain, and wind, and storm have reached us from all quarters, except Northampton. There they have been favoured with MEREWETHER.



EMPHATIC.

Old Lady (to Telegraph Clerk). "O PLEASE MISTER JUST WRITE ME A TELEGRAM TO MY SON JOHN, AND TELL HIM TO COME HOME DIRECTLY, AND MIND AND PUT A DASH UNDER 'DIRECTLY'!!"

WAITING FOR A RISE.

As it would appear that nothing can be done in the matter of legislating for the safe carriage of explosive substances until the meeting of Parliament, it really would be as well if some simple rules (for the guidance of the explosionists and those who are subjected to the results of explosions) could be conveniently and promptly published. It is not to be expected that bargemen and other persons in charge of gunpowder will take more than ordinary care to insure safety to the public, and, therefore, it is incumbent upon fathers of families to look to their own interests. Until the proposed regulations are published, *Mr. Punch* trusts and believes that the following suggestions will be found useful, both by House-lifters and House-owners:

HINTS FOR HOUSE-LIFTERS.

Never light your pipe with the gas given off by the petroleum, as a lucifer will be found infinitely more agreeable to the palate.

A lighted candle should not be fixed in the bung-hole of a barrel of gunpowder, unless a candlestick or an empty bottle is not easily procurable.

Casks of blasting-powder should be used as little as possible as stools and tables in cabins in which fires are kept constantly burning, as, at their best, they are both ungainly and unsightly.

The drivers of cars carrying explosive substances should be careful not to throw their red-hot fuses on the barrels, to avoid damage to the wood-work.

As tobacco can only be thoroughly enjoyed in moments of perfect ease, smoking on barges should be rarely indulged in abait the loose gunpowder.

HINTS FOR HOUSE-OWNERS.

If you have a good sized front garden, it will be as well to erect in it a sand-bag battery (if possible, bomb-proof), to resist the first shock of a sudden explosion.

If your house is built over a canal, you should see that the

CRYSTAL CONCERTS.

Now that the delightful Winter Concerts have begun, men with music in their souls cannot do better with their bodies on a Saturday than take them down to Sydenham, between luncheon time and dinner. Many may prefer the music of the whirring of the partridge, as it rises from the turnips, or the rustling of the pheasant, as it scrambles through the brakes. But men are not all murderous: and some may better like to hear the beating of a drum than the banging of a breechloader, or the scraping of a fiddle than the yelping of a fox-hound.

At these Concerts *MR. GROVE* is still the principal composer—that is, of the notes which vivify the programme: and when he exults in singing praises of *BEETHOVEN*, he speaks out truly from his heart, and must not be confounded with the *Groves of Blarney*. Shunning prudently the clap-trap of critical slangography, he is an eloquent exponent of the beauties of good music, and, for the benefit of ignoramuses in the art, expounds its charms with elegant simplicity of language.

Moreover, as another magnet of attraction, *MR. MANNS* conducts right manfully, or, if you like, right Mannsfully. Not an omnibus in London boasts a cleverer conductor. Practice makes perfect, say the copybooks at school; and, by dint of daily practice, his band is now as perfect as any one in Europe. With the careful aid aforesaid, his programmes are the models of a musical menu. Like a skilful chef, while catering for widely varying tastes, he prudently abstains from monotony of flavour. Assuredly, if music be the food of Love, Cupid never need go fasting at the Crystal Palace.

A Famine Indeed.

An incident which has occurred in the experience of a Preceptor, will doubtless occur repeatedly in that of other Preceptors. According to a Book:—

"In the year 1847-48, potatoes formed the sole food of the Irish peasantry."

A schoolboy read this passage as follows:—

"In the year 1847, forty-eight potatoes formed the sole food of the Irish peasantry."

Of course. Be careful in compiling school-books.

foundations of your mansion are thickly coated with india-rubber; so that, in the event of an explosion, an easy descent of your household may be looked for with hopeful confidence.

For obvious reasons all your furniture should be portable.

Never cross a bridge or pass a closed cart without opening your umbrella—an article that on occasions may be used with much benefit as a parachute.

Small captive balloons should be kept suspended about two hundred feet from and over the roof of your house. They will be found very comfortable receptacles for your wife and family in cases of sudden emergency.

Having taken the above precautions, to avoid any serious inconvenience occurring from the results of an explosion, you should (if possible) rest and be very thankful.

EXTRAORDINARY JUVENILITY.

THE Newcastle Chronicle announces that:—

"For stealing a hat and a pound of grapes, the property of *THOMAS WASTON*, a boy, *HENRY CARLISLE*, 21 years of age, was yesterday sent to prison for three months by the Newcastle magistrates."

The proverb which says indefinitely that "boys will be boys" appears to be at least partially borne out in the case above quoted. If a boy does not cease to be a boy at twenty-one, when will he be a man?

But the *Nottingham Express* also recently contained the following advertisement:—

WANTED, at 62, Clarendon-street, Terrace Royal, a NURSE for children, age from 20 to 30.

Hence it would appear not only that boys will be boys, but also that girls will be girls, as children, of course, mean youth of both sexes. No doubt there are plenty of girls, so called, aged from twenty to thirty; but they do not want nurses—at least, whilst they are well, and many girls of thirty object to tell their age.

A MAN OF LETTERS.



HERE having been made some mystery about the contents of the letters of PRINCE VON BISMARCK, which are said to be retained by COUNT ARNIM for unworthy purposes, Mr. Punch has great pleasure in laying the following important communications before his readers. It will be noticed that Mr. Punch, with a view to divulging no confidences, has disguised the names of the writer and recipients of the accompanying letters, which, he may add, were handed to him for safe custody.

To H—B K—P, Manufacturer of Guns, &c.

SIR,—I have much pleasure in informing you that I have found your steel tubes most useful in curing attacks of national pride, ill-humour, &c., &c.

Your iron pills, too, have proved most efficacious in reducing feverish enthusiasm to the smallest proportions. Please send me 20,000 tubes and 20,000,000 pills, packed in cases that will bear a cold climate—such, for instance, as the climate of Russia.

Accept, Sir, &c., &c.,
P. B—K.

To the Ex-M—L B—E.

EX-MARSHAL,

I declare on my honour that you were of the greatest possible service to me during the war of 1871-72. Germany owes you a debt of gratitude that she is neither able nor willing to repay.

Accept, &c.,
P. B—K.

To M. G—A, late a Member of "the Provisional Government."
DICTATOR OF THE PAST AND THE FUTURE,

I have much pleasure in informing you that I consider your flights of eloquence are only to be equalled by your travels in a balloon.

Believe me, I watch your career with the most patriotic interest. Should your ambitious schemes be gratified, a great future awaits you—and Germany!

Accept, &c.,
P. B—K.

To the M—S H—I DE R—T.

CITIZEN MARQUIS,

I thank you heartily for the services you rendered me during the second siege of Paris. I consider your great idea, the Commune, has secured for France and Germany a peace that may be expected to last for many years.

Should you ever meet T—U (was not that the name of the General who held Paris against me in 1870-71?), give him my warmest thanks.

Accept, &c.,
P. B—K.

To the M—L P—T S—O.

M. LE PRESIDENT,

Believe me, I have received the news of the note you have caused to be presented to the French Government with feelings of the liveliest interest. I can assure you that the step you have taken has filled my mind with admiration and amazement. I can hardly imagine that your courteous conduct can be misunderstood in Paris; should, however, France be sufficiently unprincipled to feel annoyed, I shall consider it my duty to give you any little support it may be in my power to afford you. I may add that preparations have recently been made to call out the whole of the Reserve.

Accept, &c.,
P. B—K.

To H—S M—Y THE K—G OF D—K.

SIRE,

Far be it from one so powerless and humble as myself to offer a suggestion to a Potentate so renowned for gigantic resources

as your Majesty, still I have the honour to observe that it may be to your Majesty's interest to join the German Bund within the next four-and-twenty hours.

Your Obedient Slave,
P. B—K.

To H—S I—L M—Y THE C—R OF R—A.

SIRE,

As your Majesty may possibly be aware, forgetfulness is not one of my failings. Your Majesty has been good enough to thwart my policy in Spain, Denmark, and Brussels. I trust I shall soon have an opportunity of repaying your Majesty the debt I owe to you, not only in part, but in full.

Accept, Sir,
The assurance of my most respectful consideration,
P. B—K.

TOURISTS' TROUBLES.

(Being useful hints, at the close of the present season, for the Intending Tourist, and valuable decisions for the Undecided.)

TROUBLES—and pleasures. But the Tourist must begin with the troubles. Supposing him to have settled where he is going, and to have discovered that the Neuchâtel in Switzerland is not the Neufchâtel in France, and that he has made up his mind to visit the former, he cannot do better than pack up and go, before some one suggests another tour.

As to his route, what will fix him for once and ever is to go to COOK, the veritable descendant of the great CAPTAIN COOK, who "personally conducted himself" (and, I believe, properly conducted himself) all round the world. COOK will give him a *tour de force*, will serve him with a *menu*, in the shape of a certain "circular" way, from which, having once paid his money, the economical *voyageur* will not care to deviate.

COOK, of the *cordons bleus*, makes up your mind for you, and, even if you take his hotel coupons, directs you where to lodge, dine, and breakfast *en route*. An excellent system for undecided people, or for those whose acquaintance with any language beyond English is limited. But "hotel coupons" will probably only hamper the traveller, who has fixed notions about hotels, and who, on quitting his own country for a holiday, wishes for an entire change of surroundings.

The Independent Traveller will carefully avoid all places where "English spoken" is announced as a recommendation, and will give a wide berth to all foreign hotels whose advertisement informs him that "The Proprietor does his best to provide his guests with all home comforts." "Home comforts" mean, generally, roast beef—not the roast beef of Old England and O the Old English roast beef—and plum-pudding for dinner, with the additional rarity of a Cheshire cheese. These will have been preceded by a vermicelli soup, and fried soles. Now the heartiest English bagman who drives from place to place couldn't wish for any better sounding English fare: but the bagman wouldn't stand it, if he could help it, in France. But he can't help it, it is helped for him, *Monsieur le commis-voyageur* finds the *table d'hôte*, or, as he would prefer to call it, "the ordinary," provided for him, and he takes it humbly, imagining it to be French, but retaining his own private opinion that "they do these things much better in England."

The Cook system, so admirably adapted to so many who would otherwise have stopped at home (and would to Heaven they had!) has within a certain radius assisted to lower-middle-class-Englishise the Continent. I invent this compound verb advisedly, because English society is not divided by a hard and fast line into two sets; but there exists a sort of public-school system, which puts Royalty in the sixth form, and then goes gradually down the ladder, beginning with titles. The enormous Middle Class is a sort of "remove," only with as many divisions as are in the fifth form, and under the Lower-Middle come those who haven't yet mastered the difficulties of the letter "h." They leave 'ome to go *via* Boolog to Parree, stopping for lunch at Haymians hong rout. If very bold, they go into a *café* and say, "Here! hi! Give us some Bass's Beer," but for the most part their merriment is confined to the interior of their railway carriage, occasionally breaking out on the platform of a station, where they laugh among themselves at a military-looking official in uniform, albeit they are genuinely overawed by his cocked hat, and uncertain as to what he might do with his sword if he had a fancy for suddenly using it. They are also rather frightened of the glib and rapid French Waiter. That is, if they ever happen to put themselves in the way of being served by one, which is rare, as they cling with desperation to their second-rate hotel, where English is spoken, where they are understood and can understand, and whence they can make excursions on the regular beaten tracks of a great city.

It is evident, as I have already said, that the decided Tourist, determined upon a real holiday, does not want to keep in the same company from first to last; and yet, if he is a Cookist, he cannot, unless he temporarily sacrifice his hotel coupons, detach himself

from these circular bores. He is bound by his vow to Cook, as it were, to visit only certain Cookian Hotels mentioned by his Chef: well, so are the others. At the first hotel he meets with the two Old Maids bent on rapid sight-seeing, with a horror of theatres, and a shrinking dread of the wickedness of foreigners generally; then there's the Military Man, of no particular regiment, but with an intimate knowledge of "things at the Horse Guards." Then there's the middle-aged Clergyman, in disguise, who is pompous in his conversation; and there are two Clerical Turtle-doves (a male and female parson, evidently "high") out for their honeymoon, which, with a bad cold, they call their "hullybool;" and of course there are the usual number of Irish Ladies and Gentlemen, who are annoyed at being asked if they happen to know some other Irish Ladies and Gentlemen in Dublin, and who, when they do talk of their own country, never condescend to mention anyone below The Mulligan, or The Knight of Kerry, or "me grandfather, Sorr, was a great friend of the late Jook, and the story ye've heard about the present Jook isn't anyway true; I'll tell you," &c. Then there are the regular Tourists, who "are not going there"—wherever it may be you've asked them about—"this year, because they went there two years ago," and who are ready to speak of every place under the sun, and to compare mountains and molehills; this last class are in great force at Boulogne at a certain time of year, and I do not fancy they ever get much beyond that amusing Anglo-French colony. Then there are the entertaining Old Ladies, travelling alone, or with a companion, who tell of what they recollect the Continent to have been in their day; and the Confidential People, who, on the slightest encouragement, give you their private histories, with the reasons for their coming abroad, and a full view of their financial resources; and, finally, the loud-voiced, Humorous Gentleman, who sees something exquisitely absurd in everything which isn't purely English, and who has a few good stories which do not improve on repetition. If all these are Cook's, and, if you are Cook's, in this delightful society you must travel, for they will turn up at all the Cookian hotels with the certainty of a roundabout at a fair.

But the Knowing Tourist who has allowed the *Chef* to make up his mind for him can avoid these nuisances by referring to the inside of the covers of the little green books thoughtfully provided for the convenience of the travelling ticket-holders, where he will ascertain to what hotels Cook's circuit people are bound to go, and these he can carefully avoid.

So much for some of the appliances of modern travel.

Next let the Tourist make up his mind what he will take with him, or, when he goes to buy a *Bradshaw*, or a *Murray*, or some guide-book (I shall have a word to say on guide-books and train-books anon), he will find himself suddenly struck by the apparent absolute necessity of providing himself with a portable boot-jack, a reversible bath (which will also do for a white waistcoat), a leg-rest, a bag with compartments for everything, a system of travelling maps (including one of the World with all the short outs marked on it), pencils with india-rubber at the other end, umbrellas to fold up and go inside telescopes, pocket race-glasses, pocket chronometers, pocket compasses, and, in fact, so many things "adapted to the pocket," that you have to finish by going to your tailor and ordering a suit of pockets all over, in order to adapt yourself to your purchases.

While you're about it, if you want to amuse your fellow travellers, you had better have one pocket made large enough to hold a bowl of gold fish, and then you can do that trick *en route*, and if nobody knows it, pick up a trifle to help you along. At all events, you will show yourself an agreeable companion. Ventriloquism can also be acquired, I believe, without injury to the health; and then, if in addition to the gold fish, you can imitate the growling of a dog under the seat, or the voice of somebody—say "Tommy," as usual—who wants to come in through the hole in the roof where the lamp is, you will be "capital company," and, perhaps, get so much a year from Mr. Cook to go round the world with his Tourists, and keep them amused.

The Circuitous Traveller.

I'm a *bonâ fide* Traveller, I'll undertake to show—
Three miles from where I slept last night; and how do you better know?

I am good three miles, and more, from home, whatever you choose to say—

Any number of miles you like from home—in a roundabout kind of way.

Cross Purposes.

MR. CROSS, at Edinburgh, received one Anti-Toll Abolition deputation and one For-Toll-Abolition. The Honourable Gentleman observed that "the result could have been easily fore-told." The second deputation received this remark as favourable to its particular object.

PROTAP AND ANTITAP.



AN illustrious visitor from the East (BABOO PROTAP CHANDRA MOZOOMDAR) whose name, we trust, will, in his own language, be of less evil omen for the cause he advocates," &c., &c.—*Times*.

HAIL to the great Alliance!

Hail to Anti and Pro!

If to these we yield compliance,

Where are we like to go?

Hail to SIR WILFRID, the witty!

Who chaff around him flings,

Till we almost think, for orators' drink,

Water's the best of things.*

Hail to the BABOO PROTAP,

Lecturer, straight from the East,

Whose name suggests that no tap

Would frighten him in the least!

He holds that to civilise India

We must all Good Templars be:

Queer thing to say, in our puissant day,

To the lords of earth and sea.

SIR WILFRID, when he urges

His hobby, we like to hear:

Let him sing his doleful dirges

Over Liberals beaten by beer.

There's a fair half-truth in his clap-trap,

'Tis touched by a pleasant wit;

And haters of beer, 'tis very clear,

In the House of Commons sit.

But neither the Baronet, Anti,

Nor yet the BABOO, Pro,

Though the latter is quite *andante*,

While the other is *allegro*,

Can induce Mr. Punch to listen

To sophistry severe,

Which would brand as accursed a natural thirst,

And "rob a poor man of his beer."

Let the ploughman drink with its foam on 't

His draught of amber ale;

Let it cheer each restful moment

Of the wielder of the flail:

Let bright wine charm the banquets

Which help us life to endure,

While our lady sips with dainty lips

Champagne that's sound and pure.

Ay, the United Alliance,

With its prate, and even its wit,

Sets English sense at defiance,

And there's the end of it.

MRS. PARTINGTON tried to mop out

The mighty waves of the sea;

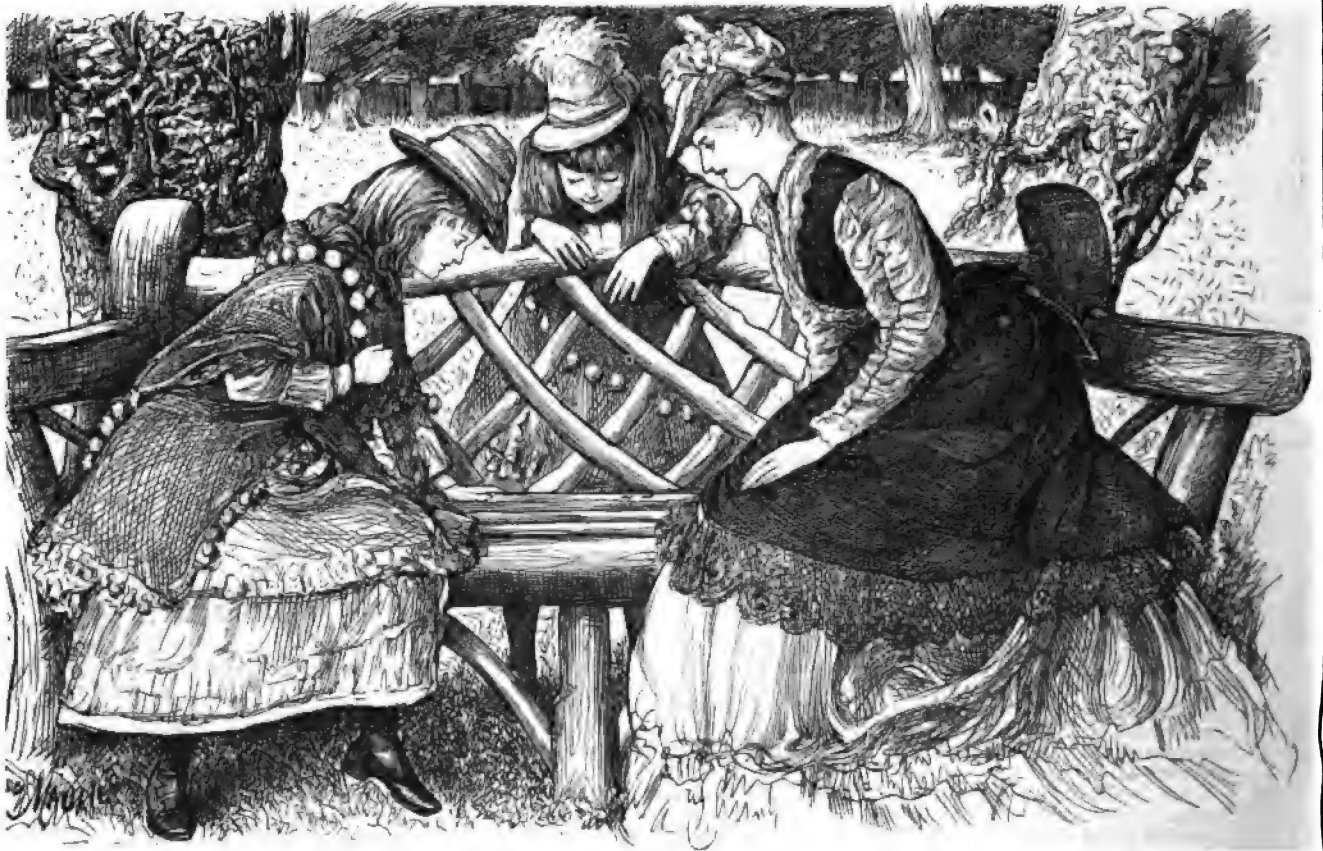
The Alliance would fain bind down with a chain

A nation that means to be free.

* *"Agurru miu Bhuq."*—PINDAR.

THE PERILS OF THE PARK.

THE Powder Magazine in Hyde Park ought unquestionably to be removed. There are too many dangerous "sparks" always about in that neighbourhood.



DE GUSTIBUS, &c.

Mabel. "O, AUNT! DO LOOK AT THESE TWO FRIGHTFUL INSECTS RUNNING ABOUT TOGETHER!"

Aunt. "MY DEAR CHILD, THEY ARE ONLY EARWIGS!"

Mabel. "WHAT DISGUSTING CREATURES! I WONDER HOW THEY CAN LIKE ONE ANOTHER!"

THE SACERDOTAL PRINCIPLE.

COLERIDGE, poetic layman, taught the Church
Great truths in days gone by: another son
Of the same brilliant line, is fain to perch
On laic pulpit, where distinction's won
By breaking down the Sacerdotal bar,
And teaching Clergymen what fools they are.

The Sacerdotal Principle he dreads,
But cannot quite define it. Wherefore so?
Bos, fur, sacerdos, aimed at priestly heads,
Became a stale quotation, long ago:
And ribald haters of the ascetic priest
Declared the M.B. waistcoat "marked the beast."

Yet, though there often is a craze for Ritual,
Among young Curates (who with croquet mix it),
'Tis folly to imagine it habitual:
Religion stable is, but Fashion tricks it,
Develops what the Puritans thought horrid,
And makes the Service, like the Minster, florid.

The Church to-day is not a whit in danger,
In the free people's common-sense its trust is;
It need not fear the Nonconformist ranger,
Nor dread foreboding of the Lord Chief Justice:
It gave us learning, freedom, by degrees—
These are the commonest of its Common Pleas.

So, if a few young Parsons play queer games,
Now they are bound in a parochial cordon;
If, to shut up their semi-Romish aims,
There's need of the parishioners' Churchwarden,
Still make not every boyish priest a martyr—
Since STEPHEN LANGTON gave us the Great Charter

The Church is with us, doing noble work,
As in long centuries back: and is it wise
To bear too hard on men who never shirk,
And their most trivial fault to criticise?
'Twill land the Realm in a confounded hobble
If every parish is a scene of squabble.

Let the law slumber: like the *Erinaceus*
(*Anglicæ*, hedgehog) it is apt to prick:
Boys will be boys: a cleric too vivacious
May by-and-by adorn a bishopric.
Leave the child-curates of old Mother Church
To DOCTOR PUNCH's softly suave birch.

Music and Magic.

THE *Leeds Mercury* reports a harvest festival, which lately took place in the school-room at Egton, North Riding: A Choral Service having been performed, and a Sermon preached on the occasion:—

"The harvest feast afterwards took place, and the celebration concluded with a Musical Entertainment, in which the Magic Lantern played a part."

As it was only a part that the Magic Lantern is represented as having played in a Concert, it can hardly be supposed to have played first fiddle; but if it played any other fiddle, or, indeed, any other instrument at all, the Magic Lantern must have been one of which the constructor was a conjuror indeed.

OUTRAGE ON A CLERGYMAN.

Coarse Protestant (to Ritualist Clergyman). How are you off for Cat's-meat?

Reverend Ritualist. What do you mean by Cat's-meat?
Coarse Protestant. Lights.



A RAILWAY REVOLUTION.

SCENE—Platform on Midland Railway.

MATERFAMILIAS. "WHAT, NO SECOND CLASS! NO RETURN TICKETS! I CAN'T AFFORD TO GO 'FIRST,' AND I WON'T GO 'THIRD.' WHAT AM I TO DO?"

"ELIZABETH'S RESIDENCE IN A FRENCH COUNTRY HOUSE."

FRAGMENT THE FIFTH.

She goes to a Ducasse.



THE next day I had got leave to go to what they call a *Ducasse* with MADAME PICHOU. After what had happened I didn't much want to go. I thought I should like to go out to the gate in the evening again; because, if the soldier were there, I wanted to tell him that I hadn't been offended with him. However, she would have been angry if I hadn't gone; so I went, and, as we went along, I told her all about the soldier I had seen, and what he had said: for, though I couldn't write it down then, I had repeated it

over and over again until I had got it by heart, and could pronounce it as he did.

MADAME PICHOU laughed, and said, "*Ah, c'est comme JULES; il parle toujours comme ça.*" Which was a French way of saying, "Just like ROGER!"

A *Ducasse* is very like Cremorne, only there are no fireworks, or balloons, or concert-singers, or hermits and fortune-tellers, or arbours for supper-parties, or tipsy people, who swear and fight, and get themselves taken off by the police. The *Ducasse* we went to was held in a large field, a part of which had been screened off with sail-cloth, against which there were forms for the dancers to rest on when they were tired. At one end of the enclosure was a raised stage, on which there were the musicians—three fiddles, a hautboy, a cornet, a drum, and triangles. One of the fiddlers led the band, and, before every dance, called out the name of it and the name of the tune he was going to play. There were a great many people there, and all of them seemed to dance as if they had done nothing else all their lives. At first the dancing seemed rather too quiet for my taste. When you have peeped in at the door of a London ball-room, especially after supper, and have seen the ladies and gentlemen, with their clasped hands stuck out straight before them, till their arms look like pump-handles, or working the pump-handles up and down, or darting first up and then down the room, and then across it, and then caterways, until they all seem as if they must knock one another down—you can't bear the quiet way in which the French country people dance, or take any pleasure in the little niggling steps, which they are so fond of. But I soon got used to their style. Among the people were a great many of my old friends the Baggages; and very well they looked, with their great white caps stiffened out on their heads like moons; their long gold earrings; their gay-coloured shawls folded over black bodies; their short bright skirts, and well-fitting shoes and stockings.

I was looking at a party of them, and thinking how well they danced, when suddenly MADAME PICHOU cried out, "*Ah, juste ciel! voici JULES! Biens donc, petit garnement!*" and she beckoned to some one. I turned to look at him as he came up to her. It was the soldier! As he looked at me I could see, by the twitching of his moustache, that he had not forgotten his *bonne pâte de femme*. To put him out of his pain, I explained it all to MADAME PICHOU, who soon introduced us. When he asked her what my name was she said it was "LIZZBESS;" upon which I plucked up courage and said, "Nong Moosoo. E-LIZ-A-BETH, see you play." But he only said, "*Ah, mais oui! LIZZ-A-BESS. Quel nom de farce!*" which was his way of saying what a romantic name mine was. We stood looking at each other until a dance was finished, and then he took off his cape and said, "*Mademoiselle, peut-elle exécuter une petite gambade avec moi?*" and he put out his arm. I knew he was

asking me to dance, and, at first, I thought of telling him that I couldn't dance the *gambade*; but I couldn't bring myself to disappoint him, and he led me out.

After all it wasn't a *gambade*, but only a quadrille. Some of the figures were not quite the same as ours at home, and he nearly put me out in *Tremise* by suddenly coming up to me and another young lady, seizing our hands, and twirling our arms over our heads as he spun us round. It would take JOHN a long time to learn that. However, I got through it all very well; and after the quadrille we had a waltz, and after that a mазurka, and after that a galop. By this time I was almost out of breath, for I can't deny that I am rather stout, and, seeing this, he naturally led me to the *booffy*, which was a refreshment-stall at one end of the enclosure. "*Hola, garçon,*" he said, "*Mademoiselle est toute essouffée! Apportez un petit verre de Parfait Amour!*"

Wasn't it elegant of him? When he handed me the glass I said to him, with a blush, "*Ay voo, Moosoo?*" He laughed, and said, "*Ah! Pour moi je m'en fêche de parfait amour. Garçon, donnez moi un verre d'Absinthe.*"

Just then a great cloud came over the setting sun, and I felt that the evening was turning cold. JEWEL took me and MADAME PICHOU back again to our house, and then he went away with his sister. It was late when I got home, and Cook had gone to bed and was fast asleep. I felt so light-hearted that I could not help giving her a shake as I got into bed, and saying to her, "O, Cook, it has been so heavenly!" She sat up in bed, in her sleep, and looked at me with her great round, unmeaning eyes, and then settled down again, murmuring to herself, "It's gone up a halfpenny a pound! It's gone up a halfpenny a pound!"

• Yes, ELIZABETH. 'Tis ever thus! *Burgi amari aliquid matio de fonte leporum.*—ED.

"ROCKS AHEAD."

(By our own Special Cassandra.)

PROGRESSIVE scarcity and deterioration of Domestic Servants.—Higher Salaries, Inferior Services, Perfect Independence, gayer and gayer Dressing, increased aversion to getting up at seven A.M., and total disappearance of that hateful Badge of Servitude, the Cap.

An interminable prospect of writing, talking, speechmaking, arguing, squabbling, and circularising on the question of the Government of London.

The next Session of Convocation—the Debates on the Revision of the Rubric.

Multiplication of Circulars, Cards, Price Lists, Prospectuses, Begging Letters, and Charitable Appeals.

More Congresses.

More Sensations.

More Statues.

More and more Bridesmaids at weddings.

Fewer and Fewer Oysters.

Louder and louder din about the Rights of Woman—Women Speaking, Preaching, Lecturing, Canvassing, Doctoring, Soldiering, Sailing, and Performing in Public on the Trombone and Big Drum.

Alarming Increase of the Epidemic of Smoking—Female Smoking, Juvenile Smoking, Episcopal Smoking, Smoking on the Bench, Smoking at the Bar, and Smoking under the nose of the Speaker of the House of Commons.

Puffing and Pictorial Placards, Puffing Paragraphs, Puffing Advertisements.

The Whims, Caprices, Fashions, Follies, Eccentricities, and Extravagances of Female Dress and Personal Adornment.

Clerical Freaks and Antics.

Quarrels about SHAKESPEARE.

Speculations about JUNIUS.

The Price of Butter.

The Weather.

New Tourists.

THE passion for foreign travel is extending. It is no longer confined to man. It seems to have seized upon other portions of the animal creation—one, especially, which might have been thought little likely to be subject to its influence. A book is announced with the title *Insects Abroad*. Let us hope that many of them have gone abroad, never to return.

HEROIC EXPLOIT.

SIR HERCULES ROBINSON has annexed Fiji. A labour worthy of HERCULES.

• Mr. Punch finds it necessary now and then to render into intelligible French ELIZABETH's imperfect reports of French conversations.



SOCIAL MISERIES.

Time—Sunday morning. Party going to Church.

Uncle (on a Visit). "LOD, I'M RATHER LATE; BUT I THOUGHT I HAD LOST THE KEY O' MA TRUNK WIT' MA SUNDAY CLOAS IN'T."
 Chorus. "WHY, UNCLE! YOU'RE NEVER GOING TO CHURCH IN SUCH A COAT AS THAT!!!"

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

Addresses the Editor after a visit to Paris, and makes comparisons, which are always odious.

SIR.—I have represented You with considerable satisfaction in the gay holiday capital, Paris. I have sat in the seat of the scornful, if I may so express it, when witnessing the performance of the French *artistes* of a certain school, and comparing it with that of those English actors who may be considered as belonging to the same branch of their profession. I mention particularly *Opéra-Bouffe*, that eminently Parisian entertainment, which can no more be given by an English Company, however good in their particular line they may be, than an elephant can be a butterfly. The elephant might sing "*I'd be a Butterfly*," and try to be one, but he couldn't do it.

Your Representative, among many other things, went to see *La Jolie Parfumeuse*. This piece was done in English at the Alhambra. Most people said it was dull, and I have no doubt it must have been.

Firstly, any English adapter of *La Jolie Parfumeuse* undertook a hopeless task. It is just one of those delicate wines (delicate, I admit, is not exactly the word, but it's near enough), which will not bear the sea voyage.

At the Bouffes Parisiens it is marvellously well acted, but it must have been evident, even to the most unintelligent English dramatic capacity, that the scenes on which *La Jolie Parfumeuse* depended for its success could not be reproduced here, any more than could its story be originally written for our stage, or any more than you could get two English actresses to play its two principal rôles with the *chic* and *inesse* of the French actresses MESSAMES THÉO and GARVOT, the latter bearing a strong personal resemblance to MARIE WILTON, who alone among our actresses might have played the part of *Bavoret* satisfactorily. But then the music would have been an obstacle, and where, I ask, on the English stage, are the voices combined with the acting which we find to the manner born among the French?

Well, we have got them, I believe: few, and scattered. United we could collect a capital *Opéra-Bouffe* team: it is the honest opinion of Your Representative that we could, without having recourse to foreign composers or foreign librettists, produce an original work, which should neither have the clownishness of mere burlesque, nor the elements of weariness common to mild comic opera. We should, in fact, have our own English *Opéra Bouffe*, retaining this title, *faute de mieux*, but owing nothing, no, not even a dance, to French, Italian, or Belgian sources. It could be done, if one good company could be got together, and if our burlesque actors and actresses—especially the latter—would give up all their absurd notions of "trying to be like the French." Not one of them can touch a French *bouffe* actress in her own peculiar line. In fact, it is scarcely praise to an ordinary French *bouffe* actress to say that she does it well, so little trouble does she appear to take, so naturally do all *Opéra-Bouffe* parts appear to suit her. At many theatres in London we are doing more or less clumsily what we ought not to attempt at all.

Then as to the *cancan*—well, I did see one *cancan*, just one, in Paris; it was in the new revised and unimproved edition of *Orphée aux Enfers*. The young lady who played *Cupid* indicated all that was necessary to be indicated in the space of a flash of lightning; and for the rest of the characters, they dashily sketched the outlines of the dance; which was all, and enough. But here, I care not who attempts it, whether or no they be professed English dancers trying to disguise their nationality under French names, or the actors and actresses in the piece, the *cancan* is made a gross and butcherly affair, and the sooner it is hissed off our boards the better. In England, in fact, Parisian *Opéra-Bouffe* becomes English *Opéra-Bouff*.

Then, too, consider the audiences. What children the French are in their amusements; what children they are altogether, and sometimes, alas, what naughty children! How little, well done, amuses them, and when they go to a place of amusement, how perfectly satisfied they are with their amusement. In high Art they admire such a finished picture as poor DESCLÉE could have given



THE ABOLITION OF SECOND-CLASS CARRIAGES.

First Passenger (with filthy clay pipe). "I'M AFRAID YOU DON'T LIKE THE SMELL OF 'BACON, SIR!"

Second Passenger (with regalia). "HAW—NOT OTHER PEOPLE'S—HAW."

First Passenger. "ALL RIGHT, SIR. ANYTHING TO OBLIGE A GEN'L MAN. JUST 'AND US OVER ONE OF YOUR WEEDS, AND I'LL PUT OUT MY PIPE!"

them; in low Art they only require clever sketches. They refuse to see impropriety in what was intended for mere amusement. As Your Representative, Sir, I am not saying that I approve of an immoral tendency in a plot, or impropriety in action. I regret that the French dramatists of the present day should, both for serious and comic purposes, have but one string to play upon. It shows a sad poverty of invention; and indeed it is all the stronger reason why we, here, should avoid translating and adapting what was never intended and what is totally unfitted for an English audience. Not that this is any fault of our dramatic authors: it is not that they cannot produce a "book" for the composer as good as anything done by the French; but it is our managers who insist upon producing *here* whatever has achieved any sort of success in Paris. This system is unfair alike to our composers, authors, and actors. Look back! Has there been any one English *bouffe* actress who could touch SCHNEIDER in the *Grande Duchesse*, or in any one of her parts? No. Could any two English actresses, in any of the numerous companies professing to perform *La Fille de Madame Angot*, really give the quarrel between the two market women in the last Act? No. As to a first-rate comic tenor—Well! I hear that there is such a *rara avis* at last; but I won't speak till I've witnessed his performance.

"The moral of all this lies in the application of it:" an original work and one or two good companies for this particular line of business, instead of six or seven indifferent or absolutely bad ones.

Your Representative, looking round, sees his work cut out for him. New things coming out, or just out, everywhere except the Haymarket, but I suppose there will soon be something new there, unless, *mirabile dictu*, there yet exists a generation of playgoers capable of being amused by the buffooneries of *Dundreary*. *A propos* of the Parisians, they didn't care about that entertainment when MR. SOTHERN tried it on them some years ago. Perhaps, too, the Americans have got a trifle tired of it, and so he has kindly come back to us. I see that with one of the late MR. ROBERTSON'S best Pieces the Prince of Wales's Management is going to give "a Dramatic Contrast" by MR. GILBERT. Ominous description, and

SIMPLE AND COMPOUND.

THE "Compound Householder" no more
Attention doth engage.
Another "Compound," to the fore,
Supplants that personage.

The Compound Clergyman is he,
The Irish Curate, sure,
Compounding for his salary,
And cutting from his cure.

Some Irish Clergymen there are
Content at home to stay.
More for their flocks than selves they care;
The Simple Clergy they.

Simple and Compound, thus, 'tis plain,
In contrast may be put
These Clergy at their posts remain,
But those compound and cut.

A Song with a Variation.

We notice in the newspapers an announcement that *The Song of the Old Bell* is now ready at the music-shops. We have no doubt it will meet with what we may in fitness term a swinging success, and ring a pleasant tune in the chinking of the coin paid for it. Campanologists may find a touching pathos in the song; but to those who are born Londoners, and loungers about Bond Street, we really cannot avoid thinking that *The Song of the Old Swell* would be even more pathetic.

Sacerdotalism and Priestcraft.

LORD COLERIDGE has unofficially given judgment against the Ritualists on "the sacerdotal principle?" Why, it has been asked, term the objectionable element in the Ritualist humbug "Sacerdotalism"? Why not call it by the old English name of "Priestcraft"? Because Sacerdotalism comprehends lay credulity as well as clerical pretensions. Priestcraft is limited to the Priests who practise it. Sacerdotalism is common to both impostors and dupes; Priestcraft peculiar to impostors.

rather hard on the last mentioned Author; that is, if that is true of contrasts which is quoted at the head of this Letter as proverbial concerning comparisons by

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

TESTIMONIAL TO THE LORD MAYOR.

At the banquet given by the LORD MAYOR at the Mansion House on Wednesday last to the Masters and some principal Officers of the great Civic Companies, MR. PHILIP TWISLE, one of the Members of Parliament for the City, proposed his Lordship's health. Returning thanks, SIR ANDREW LUSH thus concluded a characteristic speech:—

"He hoped, on leaving office, to throw his mantle on the shoulders of one who was better able than he to fill the office he was about to vacate, and that, at length, in declining life, he might, in spirit at least, in the words of his immortal countryman, have opportunities of tating—

'To please a peasant's ear,
The harp a King had loved to hear.'

Be it so, for many a day. But is it really a fact that the LORD MAYOR also is among the Minstrels, and has entertained a royal visitor at the Mansion House by playing the harp? Many Lord Mayors have been unable to play anything much better than a knife and fork. LORD MAYOR LUSH, however, has at any rate played his part in first-rate style, particularly in the display of hospitality, and at the same time of occasional and appropriate eloquence. His speeches have almost invariably evinced quite a remarkable acquaintance with those passages in poetical literature which are "familiar in men's mouths as household words." When he shall have relinquished the chair of Civic royalty, he will still remain—

"Though lost to sight to memory dear."

Of course he cannot be allowed to retire into private life without being presented with a testimonial, and could there possibly be any one which has been better earned than a splendidly bound Dictionary of Quotations?



WILD SPORTS.

The Sportsmen (from the Wood). "HULLO, TONSONBY! YOU'VE HAD A GOOD PLACE. WE'VE HEARD YOU BLAZING AWAY ALL THE AFTERNOON. HOW MANY HAVE YOU BAGGED!"

Tonsonby (a Town Man). "O. BOTHER YOUR TAME PHEASANTS. I'VE TREE'D A MAGNIFICENT TOM CAT HERE, AND HAD SPLENDID SPORT, BUT I CAN'T HIT HIM. YOU COME AND TRY!"

THE FIRST TRAIN TO JEYPORE.

"The MAHARAJAH OF JEYPORE, one of the most public-spirited chiefs in India, on Monday last, drove the first railway engine ever carried into his territory."—*Times*.

JEYPORE, in Rajpootana, splendid town
(Lying south-west of Delhi, city vast,
Whose wondrous ruins occupy a space
As wide as London), feels again the throb
Of life it knew when Learning reigned supreme
Under JAY SINGH, four centuries ago,
And when an architect from Italy
Built its great palace amid gardens fair,
Palace itself a city.

Think, the scene!
The thousands of dusk faces crowding forth
From long straight streets, where tranquil temples stand,
From busy market squares, to see their Rajah
Riding the steed of Steam, whose screaming neigh,
White breath, vast eye of fire, were never known
Before in that calm city. He has dared
To vanquish ancient prejudice of Caste,
To drive an engine with his princely hands,
To take Brahm's bull by its inveterate horns,
And bring all Europe to his town by train.

Yes, in the wake of that one engine come
Science, and letters, and philosophy,
And ever-widening views of human work,
And all the arts of all the foremost race,
And Christian thought, if void of Christian form,
Justice and tolerance, humour and wit—
Till even Jeypore, discarding prejudice,
Shall learn new wisdom from the page of *Punch*.
The Rajah reads it very carefully.

POLARITY OF THE PEOPLE.

A CONTEMPORARY's report of a proceeding which took place on Tuesday last week within the walls of Horsemonger Lane Gaol, concludes with the remark that:—

"Although, of course, there was not the slightest circumstance in connection with the execution which could gratify their curiosity, it is rather a curious fact that a very considerable number of persons were present at the outside of the gaol, and they remained for some time after the black flag had been hoisted to denote that all was over."

A rather curious fact certainly, but, though curious, so common as to be seemingly invariable. Perhaps nothing horrid ever occurred to the knowledge of the British Public inside of any building, from which they were excluded, when a considerable number of them were not present outside of it, and did not remain there for a long time after they had been assured that all was over. What can make them do so nobody can know, as they themselves, never considering that question, necessarily cannot tell. Perhaps an instinct of the nature of a "survival," to which Mr. DARWIN could suggest analogies exhibited by some of the more distant of our "poor relations."

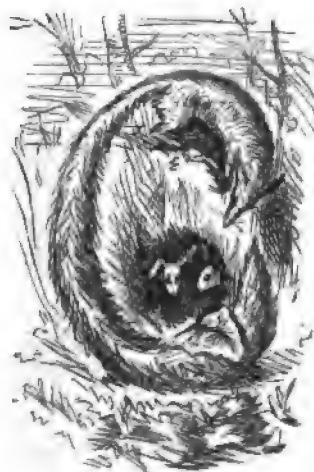
Caution.

A CORRESPONDENT wants to know whether some safe public method of conveyance should not be provided for persons like his Wife, whose temper is so terribly explosive in its character that it is highly dangerous to travel in her company.

ANSWER TO INQUIRIES.

WHY have all the Pillar-Posts been painted red? In order that even every fool may know what they are meant for.

THE NEXT WAR!



COMPASSIONATELY, the Members of the Brussels Congress have at length published their report. In this important document it is decreed that fortified places alone are to be besieged, that buildings consecrated to Religion, Art, and Charity must be spared, if they bear a flag or any other visible sign denoting the purposes to which they are devoted; and that Newspaper Correspondents are not to be treated as spies if they possess a certificate from a competent authority proving their quality. Moreover, *ruses de guerre* are, in future, to be considered lawful. Under these circumstances, the following correspondence will probably pass between the Generals of the two contending armies before more active operations are undertaken in the next great European campaign:—

From FIELD-MARSHAL GRAF VON PLÜNDER, commanding the Allied Armies of the New European Confederation, to MAJOR-GENERAL SIR BROWNJONES ROBINSON, G.C.B., &c., &c., in command of the British Army.

MAJOR-GENERAL, Head Quarters, Broadstairs.

I HAVE the honour to inform you that, finding Margate (according to the Regulations laid down by the Brussels Congress) to be a fortified place (the fort is, I understand, on the West Cliff), I have reduced that town to subjection.

Following out the decrees of the Congress, I have spared from the inconveniences necessarily attendant upon a bombardment all the Churches, the Hall-by-the-Sea—a building evidently erected in the interests of Art,—and several rooms containing a placard bearing an announcement that therein could be obtained “a really good dinner at one o’clock,”—an announcement that proved to me that the apartments in question were devoted to charitable purposes.

I send this letter by one of the most gallant Colonels I have under my command, as a small mark of my esteem and consideration.

I have the honour to be, Major-General,
Your humble obedient Servant,
(Signed) FIELD-MARSHAL GRAF VON PLÜNDER.

From MAJOR-GENERAL SIR BROWNJONES ROBINSON, G.C.B., &c., &c., to FIELD-MARSHAL GRAF VON PLÜNDER, &c., &c.

SIR, Head Quarters, Ramsgate.

I HAVE the honour to inform you that, *ruses de guerre* having been sanctioned by the Brussels Congress, I have arrested the bearer of your last communication to me. As you describe him as the most gallant of the Colonels that you have under your command, I have furnished him with apartments in my own house.

You will be pleased to learn that he already seems to be a great favourite with my wife and daughters. While he remains with us, you may rest assured that he will be treated with every courtesy and consideration.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your most obedient humble Servant,
(Signed) BROWNJONES ROBINSON, Major-General.

From FIELD-MARSHAL GRAF VON PLÜNDER, &c., &c., to MAJOR-GENERAL SIR BROWNJONES ROBINSON, G.C.B., &c., &c.

MAJOR-GENERAL, Head Quarters, Broadstairs.

YOU are perfectly right—*ruses de guerre* are permitted by the decrees of the Brussels Congress. I was not altogether unprepared for the step you have taken. As you have made my messenger an honorary member of your household, however, I am compelled by the feelings of a gentleman, a husband and a father to inform you that your present guest is a dangerous lunatic.

I have the honour to inform you that since writing to you I have arrested several Special Correspondents to English newspapers. One of these persons (the Representative of the *Pimlico Pump*), holding a certificate signed by a Member of the London School-Board, has (under the clauses of the Brussels Congress dealing with Correspondents holding certificates from competent authorities proving their quality) been confined in a pleasantly-furnished cell. The remaining Correspondents have been treated as spies.

I have the honour to be, Major-General,
Your most humble obedient Servant,
(Signed) FIELD-MARSHAL GRAF VON PLÜNDER.

From MAJOR-GENERAL SIR BROWNJONES ROBINSON, G.C.B., &c., &c., to FIELD-MARSHAL GRAF VON PLÜNDER, &c., &c.

SIR, Head Quarters, Ramsgate.

I HAVE the honour (under the clauses of the Brussels Congress permitting *ruses de guerre*) to send back your messenger—the “dangerous lunatic” referred to in your last communication. Trusting that you will accept this little act of courtesy in the spirit in which it is tendered,

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your most obedient humble Servant,
(Signed) BROWNJONES ROBINSON, Major-General.

From FIELD-MARSHAL GRAF VON PLÜNDER, &c., &c., to MAJOR-GENERAL SIR BROWNJONES ROBINSON, G.C.B., &c., &c.

MAJOR-GENERAL, Head Quarters, Broadstairs.

THE “dangerous lunatic,” to whom you make allusion in your last communication, happens to be the Chief of my Staff, and the best officer I have under my command.

The legalisation of *ruses de guerre* by the Brussels Congress permitted me to give him a false character when I had the honour of discussing his supposed peculiarities with your Excellency.

I have much pleasure in announcing to you that I have found the information he has obtained during his short visit to your household of the greatest possible service. It appears that your army is in every way inferior to those under my command. From a conversation that your late prisoner held with your wife, it seems that my armies contain just twelve times as many men as those mustered together in your weak battalions.

Let me recommend you to surrender.
I have the honour to be, Major-General,
Your most humble obedient Servant,
(Signed) FIELD-MARSHAL GRAF VON PLÜNDER.

From MAJOR-GENERAL SIR BROWNJONES ROBINSON, G.C.B., &c., &c., to FIELD-MARSHAL GRAF VON PLÜNDER, &c., &c.

SIR, Head Quarters, Ramsgate.

I HAVE the honour to inform you that you cannot altogether rely upon the report furnished by the Chief of your Staff. The information confided to my wife, being utterly untrustworthy and false, was imparted to her as a secret by me, so that the intelligence might be speedily published. It seems, from your last letter, to have reached the quarter for which it was originally intended.

In reply to your advice to me to surrender, I have the honour to request you to come on. I trust soon to meet you hand to hand at the head of my army.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your most humble obedient Servant,
(Signed) BROWNJONES ROBINSON, Major-General.

EXPLANATORY NOTES.

ACCORDING to the report of a late meeting of the Middlesex Magistrates, MR. W. H. WYATT, Chairman of the Visiting Justices of the House of Correction, Coldbath Fields, had the following notice of motion on the paper:—

“That the Visiting Justices be authorised to purchase a harmonium for the Roman Catholic religious services performed at the prison, at a cost not exceeding £15, and to employ a fit person to play it at a remuneration of 6s. a week, to be paid out of the petty cash.”

The Court, it seems, had not the power, let alone the will, to entertain this proposal. But was it not a most reasonable one? Permit Mass; allow Mass music. The only question ought to be whether a £15 harmonium, and a 6s. a week instrumentalist, would be equal to it. Music—sacred music especially—has charms which might prove peculiarly efficacious in a House of Correction. What wonders might not MOZART’S Masses, for example, work on brute natures? And certainly music must be granted to be particularly requisite for Mass when Mass is sung in a language “not understood of the people.”

Priestcraft and Pumpery.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON, the other day, addressing his constituents at Carlisle, very truly remarked that:—

“He could conceive no state of things more inimical to freedom, and mischievous to the country, than to allow priests of any persuasion to be above the law of the land.”

Even the tyranny of a majority over a minority would not be more inimical to freedom, and mischievous to the country, than a dominant priesthood. But it would be no less inimical to freedom, and little if at all less mischievous to the country. If the United Kingdom Alliance could succeed in carrying their Permissive Prohibitory Bill, they would set up a tyranny in every parish of which they might happen to outnumber the reasonable inhabitants.



SYMPATHY!

Epicurus. "PAH! O, GOOD GRACIOUS, MIVINS, THAT LAST OYSTER WAS—
UGH!"

Butler (with feeling). "T-T-T—DEAR ME! CORKED, SIR!!!"

"ELIZABETH'S RESIDENCE IN A FRENCH COUNTRY HOUSE."

FRAGMENT THE SIXTH.

Hopes and Fears.

SOMEHOW or other, things never look the same, when you wake in the morning, as they did overnight; and, when I woke the morning after I had danced with JEWEL at the *Ducasse*, I couldn't help thinking that, after all, JOHN would have been more suitable than JEWEL. For, of course, I knew that, if I married JEWEL, I should have to live in France; for "where the goat is tied there she must browse," you know, and I was quite sure that *that* wouldn't suit Grandmother and Aunts at all. I knew that they wouldn't so much mind JOHN, because, if I married him, I shouldn't be so far off but what they could go on doing their duty by me, by telling me about all my faults and most of JOHN'S.

But, of course, if I were married to JEWEL and living in France, with threepence postage to pay for every letter each way, and JEWEL not understanding a word they wrote, they wouldn't be able to study my happiness in this kind way. And I was certain that this would be a great blow to them, for they had been that fond of me from my youth up that, even when I was a child, they would rather have spoilt a rod than have spared me, as the saying is.

Besides, I couldn't think what would become of Grandmother, if she heard that I was going to marry a Catholic, and came to think that her little BERTY, whom she used to whip so often for not "telling," even when I had nothing to "tell," was going regularly to confession. And I was sure she would sink into her grave rather than be a great-grandmother to a family of little Catholics, as she would have to be if I married JEWEL, for "black cats have black kittens," you know; and JEWEL'S children would have to be like JEWEL.

And then I remembered that JEWEL was a soldier, and that *that* would be quite enough to set AUNT BRIDGET against him, for she's

LABOURERS IN DEVON.

THE fine Old Devonshire Labourer
Is coming forward now;
He seems resolved to make a stir,
This driver of the plough;
He's tired of sourish cider
And weekly "bob" eleven,
And he hears the world is wider
Than the pleasant shire of Devon.

So out he comes, JAN LACLAND,
To speechify and listen;
And good SIR THOMAS ACLAND
Gives him a room of his'n:
He tells his sorrows and strong dislikes,
And looks uncommon blue,
Grumbling away till midnight strikes—
Punch hopes he won't strike too.

"We finds all things are dearer
Except 'tis sugar and tea,
And to give a man a cheerer,
Why, what be they to we?
Us can't get a mossel of roast beef
On Sundays for to carve;
Us thinks it mean to set up a machine,
And let poor labourers starve."

It is the old, sad story;
But the Demagogue makes things worse,
When, for pay or for paltry glory,
He acts as a travelling curse.
The man who rants and clamours and cants
Is a downright plague and pest:
Pity that fools who have failed in the East
Should carry the war to the West.

Ecclesiastical Divisions.

IN the late Triennial Convention of the American Episcopal Church, proceedings, the other day, began with "the consideration of a petition from the Church of New Jersey, asking that this diocese should be divided in two." The diocese of New Jersey differs remarkably from all the dioceses of Old England. It is not divided into two yet. But, comprising High, Low, and Broad Church parties, every one of our own dioceses has been for some time divided at least into three.

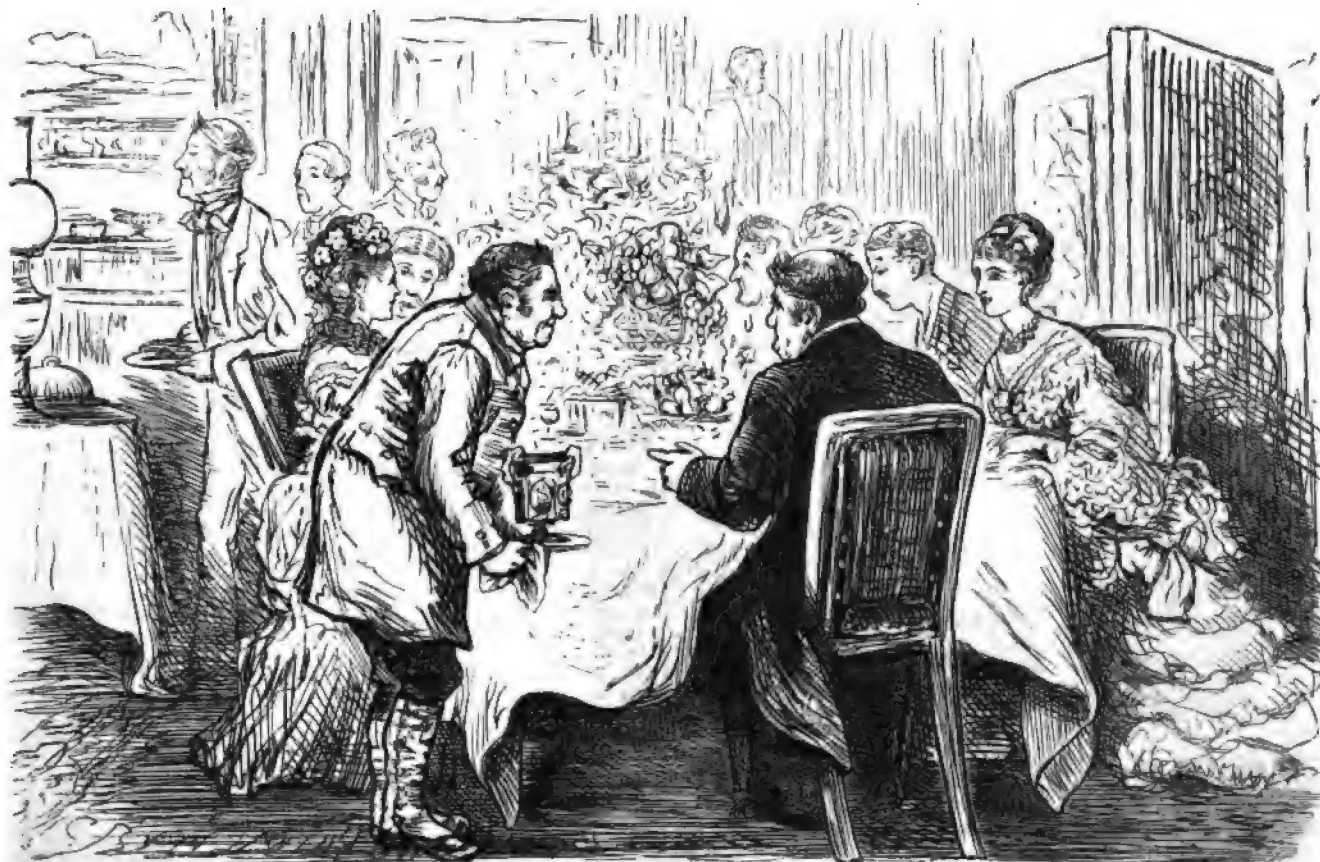
a soft-hearted patch, and couldn't abide to think of me (as she has spanked so often) living in trenches, and passing my days with forlorn hopes, and mounting the breaches, as soldiers' wives must if they do their duty.

Worse than all, JEWEL was a poor man. For it wasn't to be thought that he could have saved anything out of his soldier's pay; and I remember that AUNT JEMIMA wasn't one of those that hold with marrying poor men (not that she ever had the chance, that I am aware of), and I couldn't forget how she used to say, on evenings when she was cross and I was going to bed without supper, "Don't you ever let me hear you talk of love on a cottage loaf, BERTY, as long as you live! Just you bear in mind that 'short meals don't make long friends,' and that where the fodder is scarce the donkeys fight." And I don't think I shall forget AUNT JEMIMA'S lessons as long as I live.

Now, you see, JOHN wasn't a Catholic; at least if he was he'd kept it to himself. And he wasn't even a Volunteer. Besides which he had been in good wages for ever so long, and I was sure he'd saved money, because I've often heard him talk of taking a green-grocery shop in West Brompton, and going out "waiting" in the evenings, whilst somebody—whom he didn't name—was waiting at home for him among the spring vegetables and the early fruit. I'm told this is what painters call a "picture of 'still life,'" and, often and often, my poor foolish heart has painted it in bright colours as I heard him talk. But then, you see, JEWEL had one advantage over JOHN. JOHN hadn't asked me, and, for all I could see, wasn't likely to. Perhaps, after all, it was MARY that was going to stand behind his counter, serving out the early peas and strawberries. Perhaps it was MARY that was going out with him in the new market-cart on Sundays to Hampton Court!

Now, though JEWEL hadn't asked me either, he was near enough to have the chance, if he liked to take it; whilst the billows were between me and JOHN. So the more I thought of 'em both, the more my heart turned to JEWEL, and the more I wanted to see him again.

As luck would have it, the morning after the *Ducasse* was our



THE SOUR TRUTH.

Country Parson (with a few Friends at Dinner). "THOMAS, THAT CLARET CUP IS NOT QUITE RIGHT. IT IS TOO SWEET."
Thomas. "YES, SIR; BUT COOK SAID AS THE LEMONS WAS ALL SQUEEZE INTO THE JELLY."

MISS EDITH's morning for going to the market, which she had taken to do, regularly twice a week, by Master's wish, who said, one day at dinner, that it would improve her mind, and be a check on MADAME PICHOU at the same time. Master was always a great one for improving other people's minds, and was that generous about it that I really do believe he gave more time to them than to his own. And he was so mad to have a check on MADAME PICHOU, that he started off one morning to market himself, saying he was sure that she made a profit on the things she bought for us. But he didn't take much by that, for, after he had wasted half his morning in cheapening three bunches of radishes, he got tired, and ended by giving the people everything they asked, and coming home, followed by two of the Baggages carrying two baskets full of things that weren't wanted, when, you know, MADAME PICHOU would have bought the right things cheap, and carried 'em home into the bargain. But of course Master wasn't going to give way, and he went on at Mistress, all dinner-time, about the power of the master's eye, until one could hardly look him in the face; and so it was settled that MISS EDITH, who certainly does favour Master about the eyes, should go regularly and take MADAME PICHOU or me with her.

I hadn't been as yet, for I'd always had one of my bad headaches on market-days; but, the morning after the *Ducasse*, I thought I really ought to make an effort, so I went to MISS EDITH and told her, that if she wished, I was ready to go.

"Are you sure you haven't got a headache, ELIZABETH?" she said. "You know you were out last night, and you must be tired."

"Thank you, Miss," I said. "I can't say I'm that free from pain that I could wish, but then I was taught at school that it is so 'sublime' to 'suffer and be strong,'" I said, as I got out the big market-basket; "and we never know how our backs will be strengthened till we take up our load."

So she thanked me for being so willing and obliging, and away we went.

BETTING ON NEXT YEAR'S BUDGET.—A Million to One against it.

WHY THE PRINCE WENT TO FRANCE.

Opinion of M. LE DUC DE CHATEAU-CLINQUANT.—Because His Royal Highness is an Imperialist, and wished to persuade M. LE DUC DE MAGENTA to resign in favour of the EMPEROR NAPOLEON THE FOURTH.

Opinion of M. LE VICOMTE SANSUNSOUX DE SANG-AZUR.—Because His Royal Highness desired to pay a mark of respect to the kingdom of His Majesty LE ROI HENRI CINQ.

Opinion of M. CENTREDROITE.—Because His Royal Highness is an Orleanist.

Opinion of LE CITOYEN BONNETROUGE.—Because the Prince admires the greatest Republic in the world.

Opinion of a celebrated French Author.—Because France is the mother of all the countries on the globe, and England is her first cousin. Also because it is sublime, grand, stupendous—at once solemn and vivacious, at once impossible and yet true, &c., &c.

Opinion of M. CHASSEPIGEON.—Because His Royal Highness has heard of the Grand Sport of France, and is a perfect "gentleman-ridère" with his "brèche-lodère."

Opinion of M. BOURGEOIS DE PARIS.—Because England is always one great fog, and France (that is to say, Paris) is the proper residence for a Prince.

Opinion of the Rest of the French Nation.—Because it was the wish of "LE LOR MAIRE DE LONDRES."

Birds on the Wing.

How much unlike the race of Swallows fly
 The Irish Clergy to a milder sky!
 No Spring these birds of passage will recall;
 And there is not a SWIFT among them all.

A THOUGHT IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—Manchester possesses a fine Free Library. An appropriate name for it would be the Cottonian.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

At the Philharmonic and elsewhere, with Notions and Opinions on the subject of Opéra-Bouffe in England.



Very well done, even when compared with the French company, which produced it here.

I am speaking of *Giroflé-Girofla* at the Philharmonic. Of this piece, it was said, that it couldn't be done here on account of the story. There is no sort of harm in the story; it is a good farcical notion, just the very plot for the purpose; differing herein from *Les Cent Vierges* at the Gaiety, which has been pared down in order to fit. By the way, MR. ARTHUR CECIL's performance of a part which doesn't suit him is, as is his singing, most careful and artistic. The French fun has been taken out of *Les Cent Vierges*, and English fun has not been substituted.

At the Philharmonic MISS JULIA MATTHEWS plays the twin sisters capitally, and, of course, sings the music equally well. She shows a tendency to exaggerate, where, however, exaggeration is pardonable, i.e., in the exaggerated situation of the drinking song and chorus (you see, there *must* be a drinking song and chorus in every opera), which belongs to what may be termed the burlesque portion of the opera.

MR. FISHER is the nearest approach to that French *spécialité*, the comic tenor, that has yet been seen in London. He played MR. GLADSTONE in the *Happy Land* at the Court Theatre, where his make-up, his singing, acting, and dancing, were good specimens of our English burlesque style. It is to be feared that he will mar his fortunes by attempting to be too much of a tenor, and too little of the comedian. If he once thinks it necessary to adopt the traditional tenor style of impossible action, without indicating to the audience, that he is intending burlesque, he will lose the special qualification he now possesses, and which, it is but fair to him to say, he alone possesses in London just at this particular moment. He has only to be very careful in his musical study, to improve in *that* line, and to retain all that is natural to him of genuine burlesque fun, and the fame and fortune of an English DUPUIS are before him. MR. FISHER is not as eccentric as he could be (he has been very much so in the provinces, long before he had any name at all) in his present character; perhaps one of these days he may find something with greater scope for his burlesque powers, and when that opportunity arrives I hope it will be an original part in a successful original work, by an English librettist and an English composer. In all these reproductions from the French we can but compare our people with the originals, very much, as a rule, to the disadvantage of the former.

MISS EVERARD makes an energetic *Dame Bolero*; and she, too, has a good notion of the ridiculous. MR. ROSENTHAL's *Mazook the Moor* (I do not know whether I am spelling the name right, having lost my bill of the play) is from first to last, to my thinking, excellent. It might, perhaps, have been occasionally more grotesque; but, remembering what I have seen MR. ROSENTHAL do, and what a heavy line it has generally been his fate to appear in, Your Representative could not but be convulsed, when he saw this *Othello*

doing as comic a dance with *Dame Bolero*, as it has been his good fortune to see, since the days when Demoiselles MARIE WILTON, and CHARLOTTE SAUNDERS, with MESSRS. JAMES ROGERS and CLARKE used to do such wonderful steps at the Strand Theatre, or when MISS OLIVER and MR. DANVERS sang and bounded to the six-times-encored nightly tune of *Pretty Susan* at the Little Royalty.

If that eminent Tragedian, MR. PHELPS, could sing and dance, he might, perhaps, astonish Your Representative as much, if he suddenly broke out during his performance of *Othello*, as did MR. ROSENTHAL with his impersonation of *Mazook*. The little people are all good too—I mean the Pages, who have to sing a little, and speak a little. In fact, it is well done all round, and well put on the Stage by MR. SHEPHERD, who, by his management of *Opéra-Bouffe*, has no less astonished Your Representative, than MR. ROSENTHAL, with his Burlesque. Evidently he is quite the gentle shepherd for that part of suburban London which is under his pastoral care, ye!ept Merry Islington.

As for the music of *Giroflé-Girofla*, there is nothing in it which we can carry away after a first hearing, as one could the *Telle était la mere Angot* of LEOCO's now worn-to-death Comic Opera. *Giroflé-Girofla* will grow on you, it struck me, by repetition. The Pirates' Chorus sounds like a prig from the *Huguenots*, and doesn't go for anything, though the critics were sure it would be one of the greatest hits in the Opera. So the *Opéra-Bouffe-Comique* of *Giroflé-Girofla* is a bright particular star just now in the London firmament of this sort of entertainment.

As to the opinions of critics about burlesque, just look at the Charing Cross Theatre. It is merely burlesque of the old pattern, in five or seven scenes (I forget which), succeeding one another rapidly, though each separately occupies far too long a time, and the first is the best. It is not *Opéra-Bouffe*, it is burlesque; and it is American burlesque, too, imported by a favourite English burlesque actress, who is the life and soul of the entire piece. Except MR. BROUGH as *Blue Beard*, MISS LYDIA THOMPSON is the attraction, for without her manner of giving them, the American importations would not have a chance, and it would be very dangerous for any other Manager to fancy that the American element would succeed, without such a help to it as is given by the Managers of the Charing Cross. There is an American soprano at the Gaiety—a pretty face, an elegant figure, a well-trained style of vocalisation, and fairly gifted with a voice; but there is no fun in her acting, and not the slightest approach to anything humorous in her strong Yankee intonation. We send out MR. TOOLE, and, in revenge, the Americans, not to be outdone in generosity, send such specimens of dramatic humour as may be just now met with in this country. "When the POPE weeds his garden, he throws the rubbish over the wall into ours," said SIDNEY SMITH; and this is very much what America is doing with us.

But, seeing what succeeds at the Charing Cross, and what was the hit of the evening (namely, *Mazook* and *Dame Bolero's* dance) at the Philharmonic, Your Representative can't help asking, supposing we were to get together such a company as the Strand or the Royalty once had, wouldn't a burlesque like *Aladdin*, for example, succeed just as well now as ever it did? What a cast it was! CHARLOTTE SAUNDERS as the Chinese Emperor, made up and acting in such a wonderful way that the eccentric gentleman who now plays the "Heathen Chinese" isn't a "patch upon her," nor anywhere near her; MARIE WILTON as the *Scamp*, CLARKE the *Magician*, FANNY JOSEPHS the Handsome Chinese Prince, MISS BUFTON the Princess, and—oh—JAMES ROGERS as the *Widow Trunkay*!

Then at the Royalty, there was MR. JAMES, now of the Vaudeville, playing *Mercury*, and MISS ADA CAVENDISH, in all her glory, playing *Venus in Ixion*; with another MR. ROGERS—FELIX ROGERS—coming out as a wonderful *Minerva*; and later, MR. DANVERS and MR. DEWAR as *Widow* and *Captain Crosstree* in *Black-Eyed Susan*. I mention these in support of my thesis, viz., that we have a genuine English *bouffe* school of our own, and can collect together one or two good companies of *bouffe* actors and actresses; whose only want, now, is a certain amount of musical training. We don't require our English composers to occupy the ground of OFFENBACH, HERVÉ, or LEOCO, but to take up their own position, which shall be a good one, in this particular line of light amusing work. That it may not be long ere such a chance is afforded by a far-seeing Manager, is the sincere wish of

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—The above interesting subject has prevented me from giving you a short but stirring account of *Newmarket* at the Holborn Theatre. I regret this, as it was a painfully amusing melodrama. Perhaps, since the first night, they have spoilt it by improvement.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "TYNE-Y TRAVELS."—"Carrying Coals to Newcastle."

BISHOP AND KING.

(A Word with MRS. GRUNDY.)



LESS you, MRS. GRUNDY, what wrong does a Clergyman, who is also a 'squire of land, do in keeping a breeding establishment and stud of horses—even racehorses? Suppose the Horse is his hobby—Why should he not ride it? Need that hobby interfere with his duties any more than it interfered with those of a diligent Prime Minister? You never blamed LORD PALMERSTON for keeping racehorses, did you, M'm?

Can a rich Clergyman, or anybody else, M'm, make a better use of his means than by

devoting them in part to the cultivation of horseflesh, to the end of improving our horses' breed?

If, MRS. GRUNDY, gambling is inseparable from racing, and is an evil which outweighs the good of racing, ought not racing to be altogether prohibited? But surely, M'm, you do not go so far as to say that.

That racing is in itself aught but perfectly good, nobody denies—not even you, M'm. You do not even pretend to say so much as that it is a frivolous or idle pastime. You very well know it to be profitable to the public, for the very reason that it creates a demand for good horses; and that demand is supplied by gentlemen who rear them, like the Reverend Gentleman whom you instigated the BISHOP OF LINCOLN to rebuke for so doing.

Did you never hear, M'm, that by Act of Parliament 32 Henry VIII. cap. 13, the Archbishops were bound to keep seven trotting-horses suitable for breeding; and every Clergyman, possessing a living of £100 per annum, one such trotting-horse, under penalty of £20? Is not a racing-horse of that kind still better than a trotting-horse, M'm? Unless this statute has been repealed, MR. KING's Bishop has—at your suggestion, M'm—reprimanded him for obeying the law too thoroughly.

Very likely the BISHOP OF LINCOLN has done a great deal more good than anybody knows. But has he ever proved himself a greater benefactor to his country in any way than the REV. MR. KING has in keeping up an ancestral usage of breeding horses—that is, you are perfectly aware, merely paying to have them bred—for the Turf?

What can tend to purify the Turf more than the patronage of gentlemen, whether lay or clerical, who will at once countenance it and discountenance the blackguards and blackguardism associated with it?

Don't you think, MRS. GRUNDY, that, instead of going about and canting and saying that it is scandalous of a Clergyman to keep racehorses, and urging his Bishop to reprove him, you would have done better to try and persuade the Bishop to attend a race himself, say at Newmarket, in company with his Archdeacon, and others of his Clergy? Their presence there would at least tend to promote decorum; and you know you like that, M'm. At present the only Ministers of any denomination present at races are the ranting Methodists, who preach about the course against racing, as such, with regard only to its attendant evil, and no consideration of its intrinsic good. Will BISHOP WORDSWORTH, do you think, M'm, any longer deny Preachers who preach so much to his mind the title of Reverend? What do you say to that, MRS. GRUNDY?

Domestic Ditties.

WE notice a new song called *The Angel at the Window*, which many a fond Mamma will doubtless hear her darling daughters warble, and thereby be deeply touched. But considering how much Papa has suffered in his time from the visits of the tax-gatherer, we feel inclined to question if *The Angel at the Window* would touch him half so deeply as *The Demon at the Door*.

PARISIAN INTELLIGENCE.

It is generally admitted by men competent to judge that, next to its enormous circulation and its world-grasping intelligence, extreme accuracy of detail in all foreign information is the most distinctive feature of the Parisian Press. Here, for instance, is a little bit of news about the manner wherein funerals are managed here in London, which we faithfully translate from a recent Paris print:—

"The hearse is a vast closed chest, upon the upper part of which the relatives of the deceased sit with their legs dangling all round. . . . In returning, the same relatives come back still upon the chest, but smoking unceremoniously their cigars or pipes."

This is truthful enough, as every English reader knows; but, observant as the writer evidently is, it seems a thousand pities his description is so brief. Had he acquired a little further information in the matter, he might readily have stated that the driver of the hearse is always the chief mourner, and is easily distinguished from the rest of the relations by the suit of deeper mourning which he is obliged to wear. This consists, in English fashion, of a blue coat with brass buttons, top boots, and white cord breeches, a scarlet satin waistcoat, and a variegated shirt. The writer also might have added, if he had further exercised his genius for discovery, that the tobacco which is smoked upon the homeward journey is imported free of duty by permission of the Government, and is expressly manufactured for these melancholy ceremonies, being retailed by the name of "Funeral Returns." He likewise might have learned that, on reaching home, the relatives solemnly shake hands all round, and tenderly salute each other on both cheeks, in the affecting fashion which is popular in France. After this they make a few set speeches in praise of the defunct, and then sit down to a sumptuous lunch of roast beef and plum-pudding, washed down with plentiful libations of strong black porter-beer. Then they sing a song or two, and joyfully depart, saying, as they separate, "Howdedo, old fellow!" which, as every well-educated Frenchman doubtless knows, is the usual phrase in England for bidding friends farewell.

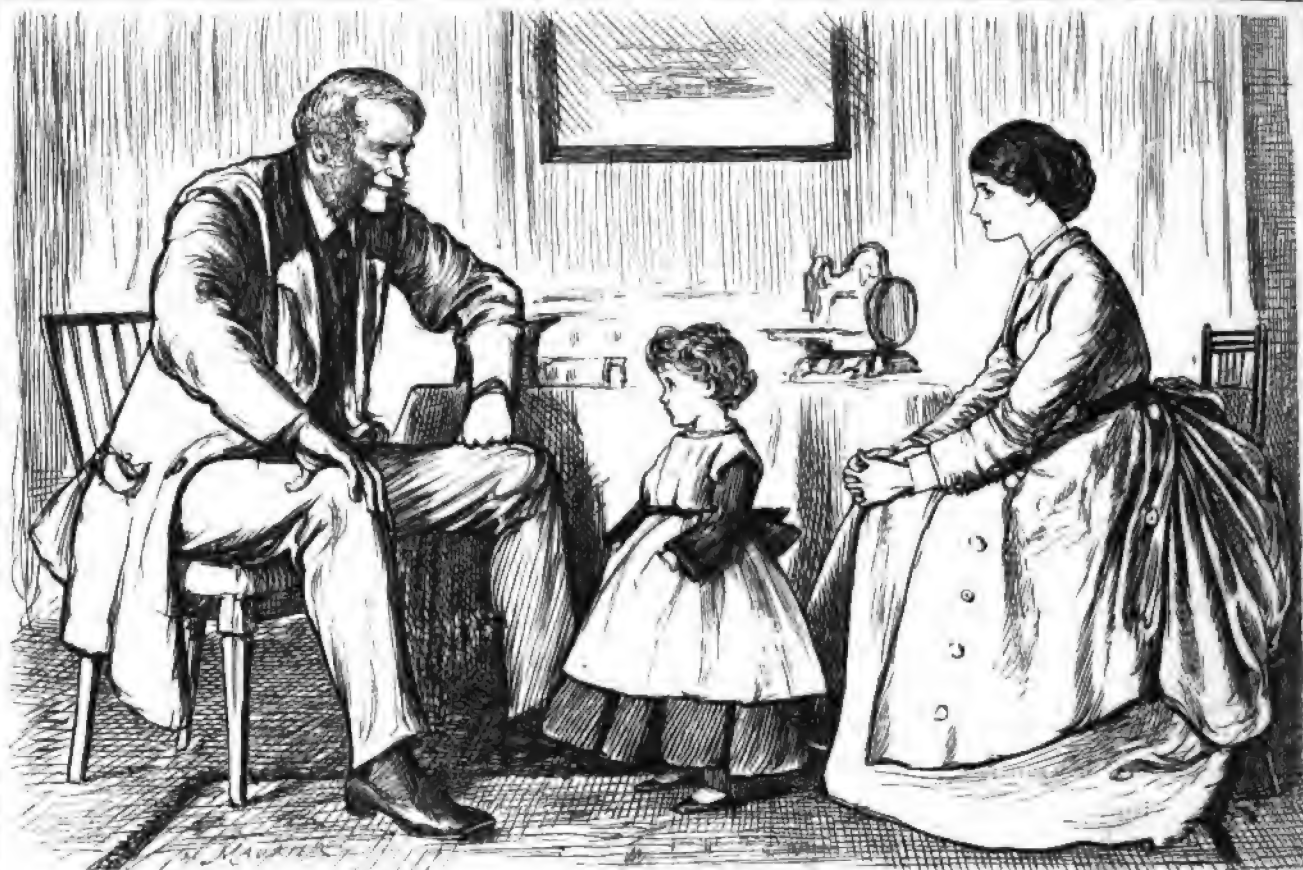
RAILWAY REFORM.

SHOULD certain projected revolutionary alterations in the management of one of our Railways be put in force, the following "reforms" may be confidently expected during the course of the next six months.

1. Every two Trains will be supplied with one Engine, and Tenders will be entirely suppressed.
2. Mineral Trains will be entirely suppressed, and their contents will in future be carried in Cattle Trains. Oxen, Cows, and Sheep will be expected to travel in the ordinary Passenger Trains in Third Class Carriages.
3. Station-Masters will be entirely suppressed. Their places will be supplied by Pointsmen and Guards. The duties of Pointsmen and Guards will not be subjected to any alteration by this addition to the official services heretofore required of them.
4. Bradshaw's Railway Guide will in future be printed backwards. The numbering of the pages will be entirely suppressed, except in the case of pages devoted to advertisements.
5. Signal-boxes and Stations will be amalgamated. Waiting-rooms will be entirely suppressed.
6. There will be only one platform for the departure and arrival of trains. The other platform will be entirely suppressed. Trains arriving at a platform at the same time, will be cautioned not to travel at a greater speed than ten miles an hour.
7. Luggage-vans will be entirely suppressed. For the convenience of passengers, boxes and portmanteaus will be conveyed to their destination on the buffers of the engine.
8. Lastly.—Should these alterations not meet with the toleration that is to be confidently expected from the public, the Directors may have to recommend to the Shareholders that the usual half-yearly dividends be entirely suppressed. This step, however, will be only resorted to at the last extremity.

Geology of the Garden.

AN Edinburgh paper contains the seasonable announcement that certain Nurserymen at Perth are exhibiting in their window two natural curiosities, weighing, respectively, fifty-one and sixty pounds. In the heading of the paragraph about them they are named "Mammoth Gourds." Now a Gourd which was at once a Gourd and a Mammoth would obviously be the fossil remains of a zoophyte—part vegetable, part quadruped; but it must be plain to the meanest capacity that your Mammoth Gourd could never have gone on all fours.



"SILENCE IS GOLDEN."

Anxious Mamina (to her Brother-in-Law, who is also the Family Doctor). "BY-THE-BYE, ALEXANDER, I'M SO GLAD YOU'VE COME! I WANTED TO TALK TO YOU ABOUT BABY. I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY HE DOESN'T SPEAK YET. SURELY HE OUGHT TO BY THIS TIME!"

Alexander. "WEE, YE SEE, ANN, YE JUST TALK THE VARA HIGHEST O' INGLISH, AN' MY BRITHER JOHN, AGAIN, HE JUST TALKS THE VARA BRAIDEST O' SCOTCH; AN' THE PUIR BAIRN, YE SEE, IT HASNA JUST MADE UP ITS MIND WHICH SIDE O' THE HOUSE IT'LL JUST TAKE TILL!"

SONG BY A CERTAIN PRINCE.

I'm compared to a hero whose special vocation
Was mowing the chin.
'Twas at Seville he exercised his occupation—
My shop 's at Berlin.
I, too, customers shave, but in my work I deal,
You're aware, not precisely with lather and steel;
Though, for one thing, through Iron my purpose I win.

I'm the *Figaro*! I am the general factotum
In Europe's affairs—
Say the journals at large and the people who quote 'em.
No such nest as a Mare's!
They imagine me gifted with Old Nick's ubiquity,
Ever plotting all manner of schemes of iniquity,
Digging my pitfalls and setting my snares.

They detect me in Paris in this intrigue lurking—
In that at Madrid:
At Vienna, at Rome, at St. Petersburg working,
Getting done what I bid.
Be the fact what it may, 'tis no use to deny
That I have a finger in every pie—
Like a snake in the grass while I keep myself hid.

'Tis a shame; for I never did aught under-handed,
I truly may say.
I am sure that I always have shown myself candid—
As open as day.
'Tis my custom to speak the plain truth with audacity,
If diplomatists will disbelieve my veracity—
Why, I take that to be the more excellent way.

KNAVES?

THUS that valuable record of letters, the *Athenæum*:—

"MESSRS. DE LA RUE will issue this season a pack of novel playing-cards, in which historical personages of the present time are introduced as the honours."

Charming idea! *Mr. Punch* has been informed by a contemporary novelist that in mediæval packs of cards the honours were great Princes, painted by great Italian painters. It will be a good thing to resuscitate this custom: one's game of *Ecarté* or *Whist* will be improved if one sometimes comes across HER MAJESTY as Queen. Kings and Queens are plentiful enough; ay, even Emperors and Empreses; but where in the world will MESSRS. DE LA RUE's artist get his knaves? Are there any among "historical personages of the present time"? Let him search "the Court, the Camp, the Grove"—not to mention the Stock Exchange and similar haunts of historical personages—and he will not come upon a single "fool with a circumdendibus." We are "all honourable men," as the LORD MAYOR says. *Mr. Punch* thereat rejoices; but he does not see how he is to play *Whist* with these "novel" cards if the Knaves are necessarily omitted.

Something New.

"The *Leader*, an organ of advanced thought in Politics, Literature, Religion, Music, and Art, will, it is stated, shortly be issued."

THE bare announcement of the name of the new Journal would have been misleading. Without the explanation of its scope, as given in the paragraph quoted above, from the *Echo*, readers might have fairly supposed that the *Leader* was going to be a sporting paper, and in an especial manner the chronicle of four-in-hands, and four-horse stage-coaches.



THE BARBER OF BERLIN.

BISMARCK (as Figaro, sings "*Largo al Factotum*"):—

"BIZZIMARCK HERE,
BIZZIMARCK THERE,
BIZZIMARCK, BIZZIMARCK EVERYWHERE"!!

TOURISTS' TROUBLES.

What the Tourist suffers from Guide and Train Books.

FIRST CLASS



THE question is, What shall I take in the way of Guide Books and Railway Time Tables?

Of course, *Murray* comes first. But buy them *all* (good this for the publishers), read them all, see how you like them, and then carry the details in your memory.

Talking of "carrying," you can carry out this idea beautifully for a comparatively small charge, by staying at home and reading the descriptions. You can't read the descriptions when you are on the spot, you haven't the time. Therefore, as to taking one with him, let the Tourist "don't."

But if he *will*, then, supposing he is going to Switzerland, he will do well not to waste his money in the purchase of a *Cook's Tourist Handbook for*

Switzerland, which is one of the most meagre and unsatisfactory compilations in the category of Guide Books.

In this book advice is given as to luggage and costume. Now, what a feeble-minded person must he be, who requires such instruction as this, or who acts upon it:—

"For a gentleman.—An ordinary tweed suit, and a black frock coat for 'occasions.'"

Good gracious! what can possibly be the "occasions" on which so much stress is laid when *only* a frock coat is necessary, unless it be on a state visit to the King of the Cannibal Islands? Evidently the Tourist is not intended to wear his frock coat over his tweed suit. The only "occasion" when the frock coat alone would be perhaps really useful to the Tourist, would be on the occasion of having lost his *chemise de nuit*. But wouldn't he startle the chambermaid in the morning!

The learned Compiler goes on in another place:—

"And let not the gentleman be persuaded to carry with him that abomination of civilisation—a chimney-pot hat."

Now it is just such a direction as this which tends to make the ordinary English tourist look such an outer barbarian when he does come into a centre of civilisation. Of course anyone who could recommend the light and airy costume of a frock-coat for "occasions," could not be expected to have very clear ideas on the subject of fashion. But a hat—a chimney-pot hat—is the fashion for gentlemen in any such city as London, Paris, or Vienna, for example; and your friends would no more like to see you in a dusty suit of ditto and a white wideawake in the Bois de Bologne during the season, than they would like to see you in such a costume (appearing as *Mr. Peter Plumbun* in a screaming farce) in Rotten Row or the "drive," between twelve and two, any day in June. As to carrying it, it's easily carried without the extra hatbox. You can buy a portmanteau, with a hatbox inside, and there you are, ready for what *Cook's* Compiler would probably call "occasions;" but I notice that most of his directions are given as if everybody were going on a walking tour.

Here is something very kind:—

"To purchasers of tickets at the office of MESSRS. COOK AND SON, London, small amounts of French money are frequently supplied."

How nice! How generous! From personal experience I regret that my application was not made, I suppose, on one of the "occasions" above-mentioned. Certainly I only went once, not frequently, or else I might have been frequently supplied. However, with such an intimation, nay, invitation, it would be no waste of time for anyone, whether a tourist or not, to look in at the office and see if they were inclined to be in a generous mood.

The following advice is, it must be owned, most impartial, as coming from a *Cook's* Compiler:—

"I, therefore, recommend you to provide yourself with *Cook's* Hotel Coupons"

And I don't; but as I considered this amongst the Tourist's

Troubles last week, we need not go over the same ground again. My advice is, Take *Cook's* Travelling Coupons, but, unless you wish to be included in the category of the "Gentleman," of *Cook's* Compiler, who take a frock coat for "occasions," and who dress in Paris as they would never dream of dressing in London, do not lay out too much money in the Hotel Coupons, though you might buy a few just to see how you liked them, and whether you would ever do it again.

While speaking on this head—or rather on this hat—it will be as well to provide the unfortunate Tourist, who in his tweeds and wide-awake had been looked coldly upon by his well-dressed friends and acquaintances, with—

THE LAMENT OF THE HATLESS COOKIST.

(AIR: "The Girl I left behind Me.")

I met my friends in Paris: there
They didn't seem to mind me;
They cut me, 'cos I didn't wear
The hat I'd left behind me.
I stopped one man, who'd slightly paused,
To ask who had malign'd me:
He said the cutting had been caused
By the hat I'd left behind me.

In Brussels, and Vienna too,
My friends ne'er came to find me;
They saw, and cut me: then I knew
'Twas the hat I'd left behind me.
O why did I set out to roam,
And let such counsel blind me!
I ought to have dressed as I do at home,
Not left my hat behind me.

A touching romance could be founded on this; and—it shall be done—(property in this registered according to Act of Parliament).

Then as to Time Tables. *Bradshaw* to begin with; but not to end with, I mean, when abroad. No; *Cook's Continental Time Tables* are more useful than those of *Bradshaw*, when once you've acquired the art of standing on your head to read them. At first the practice is most puzzling. The directions are—"The times on the LEFT are to be read DOWNWARDS; those on the RIGHT UPWARDS."

There's a headache for you. Where's the illustrator to show the various positions for the students of *Cook's Continental Railway Time Tables*?

Howbeit, when once you've mastered this art, the tables are turned, and you get along pretty well for short direct distances, though *Bradshaw* has the intermediate little stations on a long journey.

The pages of *Cook's Continental Book* are, like a quiver, full of arrows. In fact, at first, when you don't understand it, you begin to think that it is written in the arrow-headed character: when you do understand it, you perhaps wish it were. The usefulness of the book is impaired by the haphazard advertisements all about the book. For instance, take the page where the Paris-Dijon-Macon line is. Well, there are the usual stars and arrow-heads, and the dark print to show it's night time, and the light print to show it's day time (quite a pretty little game), and down at the bottom of the page, where you might fairly expect some information as to the trains, or the line, or hotels, or anything in fact *à propos*, you find a cheap tailor's advertisement, headed "Visitors to London"!!

But as to *Continental Time Tables*, wait till you get on the Continent, and then buy a native one. This is the cheapest and best route to follow.

A MODEST PROPOSAL.

WE have seen some vastly humorous advertisements of late, which appear to be composed chiefly with a view to enliven the dull season. Here is one, for instance, which would make even a Scotchman smile, if he chanced to come across it:—

WANTED, a COMPANION, to do the small amount of housework required in a small house. Would be treated as an equal by the Lady of the house.

We wonder, does the Advertiser mean this for a joke, or is she really serious in making her proposal? What she wants is clearly not so much a Companion as a Maid-of-all-Work, and she very humorously makes offer of her company in the lieu of any wages. Indeed it is not said if even food will be provided, and the "Companion" may at least expect to pay for her own washing, and likewise to find herself with beer, and tea, and sugar. Equality of treatment with the Lady of the house may seem a tempting offer, if she really is a lady; but there may arise a doubt upon this point, seeing that her "equal" is expressly engaged to "do the housework."



"MAL APROPOS."

Rector's Wife. "WELL, VENABLES, HOW DO YOU THINK WE SOLD THE JERSEY COW?"
Venables (Factotum and Gardener). "WELL, M'M, MASTER BYLES HAS GOT THE BETTER O' WE A MANY TIMES, BUT—(proudly)—
 I THINK AS WE A' DONE HE TO-RIGHTS THIS TURN!"

ART IN FASHION.

In the *Morning Post's* account of the fiddle-faddle attendant on the PRINCE OF WALES's visit to Esclimont, the gentler sex is informed that:—

"A lady who is designated as 'the most poetically beautiful among the fair guests of the Duchess' attracted much admiration for the mode in which her blonde hair was artistically disposed of. The novelty was the introduction of marabout-feathers, which are to become a favourite head-ornament, we are told, this season."

Would not a painter achieve a success in depicting a Venus, or one of the Graces, by introducing into his ideal portrait of such a "poetically beautiful" being the "novelty" of "marabout-feathers"? What is the hair-dresser who thus artistically disposes of feminine hair but a comic artist; and what are his greatest triumphs but pleasantries, at the best? Some may choose to call art in chignons high art; but the height that art affects is a sublimity which more than borders on the ridiculous.

REFLECTIONS ON A RAINY DAY.

This is a day when the laundresses at Colney Hatch and Hanwell hang out their linen.

This is a day when it is a delicate attention to Nature to wear a dirty shirt—imitation being the sincerest flattery.

This is a day that is no joke, and when a man with no joke ought to be sent out in the rain.

This is a day when the parsons at the Church Congress would steal the umbrellas of the philosophers at the Social Science Meeting.

This is a day when ARCHDEACON SANCTUARY (most archidiaconal of names) would be glad to take sanctuary in a Baptist Chapel.

This is a day when MR. GLADSTONE might be found sitting in the doorway of an exposed hut on the side of a Welsh mountain, drink-

ing *cwiro* (Mr. Punch is uncertain as to the number of r's and w's) and writing an article on Ritualism.

This is a day on which MR. DIABOLI might be found breakfasting at a round-table that resembles an Italian Republic (see *Lothair*), and helping to game-pie and epigrams a young and charming lady who cannot help thinking he is as young as herself.

This is a day which would depress a washerwoman, but Mr. Punch is not a washerwoman, and distinctly declines to be depressed by any day—or by the whole multitude of days with all their little bills.

This is a day for HORACE and a quiet cigar.

This is a day when as Apollo is neglecting his duty, Mr. Punch makes his own private sunshine, and gives it generously to his innumerable friends.

Desidiosa dies, apage! balatro pluvialis.

A Grave Possibility.

SOME inaccurate details of a disagreeable kind, respecting the cremation of the remains of an English lady at Dresden, lately went the round of the papers; perhaps by the contrivance of some undertaker afraid that "Funerals furnished" will be abolished along with interment. The *Lancet*, contradicting the account of those particulars, states that:—

"The lady in question had an extreme horror of the idea of burial, which to many is far worse than that of cremation; and the fact of cremation being carried out by her relatives is evidence only of their determination to carry out the deceased's wish."

Nobody can possibly be burnt alive without knowing it. This truism, in connection and contrast with a certain possibility—and some actual cases—of interment, has not, perhaps, been sufficiently pondered by the disinterested and simply sentimental opponents of cremation.



ABOLITION OF SECOND-CLASS CARRIAGES.

"ARE THERE ANY SECOND-CLASS CARRIAGES ON THIS LINE, ROGERS?"

"No, MY LORD."

"Ah! THEN TAKE TWO FIRST-CLASS TICKETS, AND TWO THIRD."

"BEG PARDON, MY LORD! BUT IS ME AND MRS. PARKER EXPECTED TO GO THIRD CLASS?"

"GRACIOUS HEAVENS! NO, ROGERS! NOT FOR THE WORLD! THE THIRD-CLASS TICKETS ARE FOR MY LADY AND ME!"

PROGRESS IN JAPAN.

JAPAN has of late been evincing remarkable signs of progress. The most gratifying of these is the establishment of an influential periodical combining Literature with Art. The Japanese Government, a short time ago, meditated sending an expedition to Formosa, for the purpose of chastising certain pirates who infest the coasts of that Isle of Beauty—and brigandage. This design was spirited, but impolitic. Its execution would have embroiled Japan with China. However, the Government of the MIKADO had gone so far as to enlist recruits, for the contemplated operation against the piratical islanders. Having premised these particulars, the *Post* adds that—

"There was no difficulty in getting foreign adventurers to instruct them in the arts of war, and a caricature appeared in the Japan *Punch* of one of them waving his sword, and shouting, '*Le sabre de mon père!*' to a flock of delighted geese whom he called out to follow him."

The preparations for the onslaught on Formosa were immediately suspended. It is thus clear that Japan rejoices in a not merely nominal *Punch*. The popular periodical so named of the Japanese is an organ in which the appearance of a Cartoon is enough to change the counsels of a Cabinet. A sense of delicacy forbids any further enlargement on an obvious analogy; suffice it to remark that the possession of a periodical worthy as that above referred to of the title it has borrowed, is striking evidence of the civilisation which has now been superadded to that material polish, which, by its simple self, was heretofore associated with Japan.

HATS FOR RITUALISTIC CLERGYMEN.—Encaustic Tiles.

MILL ON NATURE.

"Next to the greatness of these cosmic forces, the quality which most forcibly strikes everyone who does not avert his eyes from it is their perfect and absolute recklessness. . . . Poet's

'Shall gravitation cease when you go by?'

may be a just rebuke to anyone who should be so silly as to expect common human morality from Nature."—JOHN STUART MILL.

"HUMAN morality from Nature!" Well:
Philosopher outdoes both Priest and Writer,
Imagining a faith which does not dwell
With him who wields the pen or wears the mitre.

'Tis not at all the wish of *Mr. Punch*
With the utilitarian Seer to quarrel;
Glaciers will slide, and greedy tigers munch—
Is this why old Dame Nature seems immoral?

Is it not possible, sagacious MILL,
That these great blunders of the cosmic forces
Would seem result of an Omniscient skill,
If philosophic brains had more resources?

You portray Nature as a merry minx,
Adorn her with a philosophic necklace:
Is she not rather an unfathomed Sphinx,
Whose riddles men too fain to solve are reckless?

But why immoral? O the foolish dream
Of the slow thinker, to whom sunset glory,
Blush of the rose, and silver of the stream
Can teach no wisdom, and can tell no story?

Nature is God's machine—a perfect thing
Which does its work, though scientists degenerate:
The avalanche will crush, the wasp will sting—
The philosophic idiot will not venerate.

That same philosopher his teeth will grind
Over his theme, as baby over coral:
If he were wise enough, he soon would find
Himself chief proof that Nature is immoral.

Not Like a Candle.

THE *Court Circular*, the other day contained the following laconic and startling announcement:—

"PRINCE LEOPOLD went out."

It is with great pleasure that we are enabled to assure a loyal Nation that the Prince came in again.

THINGS NOT GENERALLY KNOWN.

THAT the Plays of SHAKESPEARE were written by BACON to pass the time when he was out of office.

THAT OLIVER CROMWELL was the Author of *Paradise Lost*, but published it under the name of his Latin Secretary, as he thought poetry beneath the dignity of the Lord High Protector.

THAT a faithful servant was beheaded in the place of KING CHARLES THE FIRST, who is passing his venerable old age in apartments assigned to him in Hampton Court Palace.

THAT JULIUS CÆSAR crossed the Thames in a boat built specially for him by SALTER of Oxford.

THAT DR. JOHNSON was JUNIUS.

THAT CASSANDRA was not, as HOMER asserts, killed by CLYTEMNESTRA, but is still alive, and writes essays.

THAT the BISHOP of LINCOLN is the owner of *George Frederick*.

THAT SIR WILFRID LAWSON is a sleeping partner in the Firm of BASS & Co.

THAT the POPE has sent a Golden Rose to MR. NEWDEGATE, in return for his persistent advocacy of the Confessional.

THAT Fiji is so called because its inhabitants are figdets.

THAT the Gunpowder Explosion was arranged to furnish several Novelists with a tremendous incident.

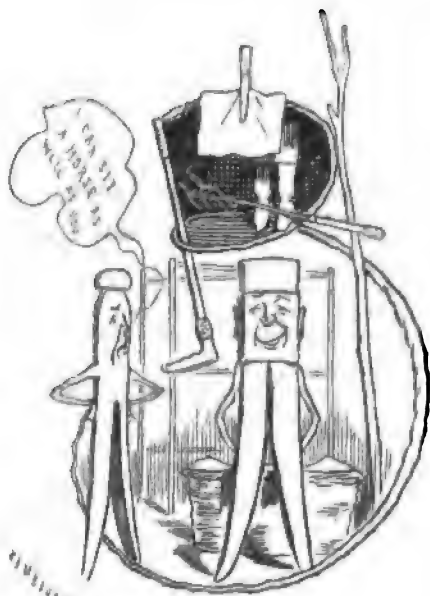
THAT LORD ELCHO is to be made Prefect of the Metropolis, with full liberty to Hausmannise it.

THAT the Moon is inhabited by Mites.

A CLASSIC REFORM.

SUCH is the devotion of MR. GLADSTONE to HOMER, that in his household every article is measured by Troy-weight.

A QUESTION OF NATIONALITY.



Y a recent decision of the Government at Versailles, Englishmen travelling in France without passports, are now required to be able at any time to prove their nationality to the satisfaction of the French Police. This being the case, a distinguished Parisian journalist, who possesses a thorough knowledge of England, its People, Manners, and Customs, is busily engaged upon a new handbook for British Travellers. The work in question will contain the following dialogue, which is intended to serve as a model of the sort of examination to which English tourists will probably be subjected, and the kind of answers that

they will be expected to return in reply to disarm the suspicion of the French Police. It will be noticed that that thorough knowledge of England and the English, which the Author shares with every French journalist, is apparent in nearly every line of the annexed amusing, instructive, and valuable conversation:—

Sergeant of the Town. It is necessary that I tell you Mister the Tourist that I speaks English. Oh, yes! I am what you call Mister the Polisman. You say you are English—where live you?

Mister the Tourist. In Brompton-Islington—it is a quartier in Leicester Square.

Sergeant of the Town. I knows it well. It is near to Vauxhall Bridge. All right! What is your grade in the English "High Life?"

Mister the Tourist. I am perfect-gentleman-rider!

Sergeant of the Town. Pardon, Milor! What is your favourite eat—what you call?—your favourite dinner-food?

Mister the Tourist. Roa-bif, plum-puddin', and emince pies.

Sergeant of the Town. Good, very good! What drink you?

Mister the Tourist. Portare-bière, gins, and gingere-bière.

Sergeant of the Town. All right! What do you with your wife?

Mister the Tourist. I sell him at Smithfield.

Sergeant of the Town. You have reason! Describe your English Mese.

Mister the Tourist. Blonde, tall as a grenadier, thin as a lath, curls reaching to the ground, red nose, and immense teeth.

Sergeant of the Town. You are right! Ah, she is drole, your English Mese! Where lives your Queen?

Mister the Tourist. At the Tower of Londres, in St. James' Parc.

Sergeant of the Town. You are well-instructed. What is your Government?

Mister the Tourist. It is concealed in a Cabinet.

Sergeant of the Town. It is just. Who has access to that writing-table—that Cabinet?

Mister the Tourist. The LOR-MAIRE, SIR DISRAELI, and the DUC CAMBRIDGE.

Sergeant of the Town. All right? But of your home? How educate you your children?

Mister the Tourist. The boys hunt all day and night in the plough-field to shoot the fox; the girls go to "Boardin-school" to learn to make "plum-puddin'."

Sergeant of the Town.—Excuse me, Milor, but what is your fault the most national?

Mister the Tourist. It is the swear. It is dreadful, but it is splendid, because it is national! The Member of the House-Commons, even, sits not down until he has taken the oath! It is the custom British!

Sergeant of the Town.—One more question, Mister the Tourist. A thousand pardons—but the Battle of Waterloo. Who were the victors?

Mister the Tourist. The French.

Sergeant of the Town. All right! Admirable! And who lost that victory the most glorious? Who were beaten like miserables?

Mister the Tourist. The Prussians.

Sergeant of the Town. Magnificent! I kiss your both cheeks. You are Englishman. I wish you *bon voyage*. Good morning, Sir!

BACCHUS IN FRANCE.

*Ἄμφι Διόνυσον, Σειπέλιος ἑσπέρδιος οἴος
μυσεόμας.*

Homerio Hymn to Bacchus.

HAIL, thou fair land of France,
Whose joyous rivers glance
Mid vineyards wondrous.
Rich shall thy harvest be,
And from disturbance free
Of war-storm thunderous.

Ah, thou hast known thy woe,
Felt the insulting foe
Those green slopes trample.
Now peace is here again,
Burgundy greets Champagne,
Vintage is ample.

All the world wants to drink,
'Tis the connecting link,
Pace SIR LAWSON:
War not, ye Franks, but toil—
Let not that golden soil
Prussia put paws on.

What though Napoleon
Many a battle won!
Could he inviolate
Keep the fair realm he ruled?
He, by stern Fate befooled,
Died in an islet.

Germans may have their Rhine—
They cannot match your wine,
Though they are *rusés*—
Why want that stream to take,
Just for one scribbler's sake—
ALFRED DE MUSSET!

BACCHUS outdoes your hopes
On all the golden slopes,
Making rare mintage:
Vainly the *Vignerons* asks
For a supply of casks:
Grand is the vintage!

What is the lesson here?
Surely 'tis very clear:
Don't brag and hector,
Flood all the world with "fizz":
Asia's great Victor is
France's protector.

Wine, oil, and silk, and corn,
Worms' work by Beauty worn;
Wine drunk the whole world through:
Grow these, from fear exempt,
And thus invaders tempt,
All friends to you.

Thus *Mr. Punch* to France,
Region of old romance,
Good advice tenders,
If wine, his thirst to slake,
Comes, for his wisdom's sake,
Health to the senders.

A WOMAN'S QUESTION.

A MRS. JULIA M'CARNEY charged at the Clerkenwell Police Court the other day with violently assaulting MRS. CAROLINE COOK, and stealing from her person a shawl, was sentenced to three months' imprisonment and hard labour. She had struck Mrs. COOK a violent blow on the side of the head, she had knocked her against the wall, and pulled her hair. The Magistrate in committing her observed that she had behaved like a "wild beast." He seems to have done leniently in not sending her for trial. Suppose she had been convicted at the Central Criminal Court of robbery with violence. Does the law in the punishment it prescribes for that offence discriminate the sexes? The rights of Woman have perhaps been enlarged without her knowledge. Can it be that a female garrotter is liable to the Cat?

LEARNING FOR LADIES.



HARMING MR. PUNCH,

O DO see what that darling MR. FAWCETT said the other day about us Ladies:—

"I venture to assert, with no little confidence, that the more a Woman's mind is trained, the more her reasoning faculties are developed, the more certainly does she become a suitable companion for her husband; she is better able to manage her house with tact and skill, and to obtain the best, the most tender, and the most enduring influences over her children."

Isn't that nice of him? Only I think he rather jumps to a conclusion, when he assumes that husbands are so monstrously intelligent and mentally well trained. Of course he fancies this, else why say that the more a wife is educated the more suitable

a companion to her husband she becomes? I'm sure I'm not over clever, but I reckon I'm a match for my husband at any rate; and although my reasoning faculties may not be much developed, I should like to catch him trying to argue any point with me when I have made my mind up.

Yours, Mr. Punch, admiringly—and also MR. FAWCETT'S—
XANTIPPE SOPHONISBA GREYMARE

(née BOUNCER).

The Birches, Tuesday.

P.S.—I'm not much of a *manager* in common household matters; but I fancy that my husband would acknowledge that I manage him effectually.

"ELIZABETH'S RESIDENCE IN A FRENCH COUNTRY HOUSE."

FRAGMENT THE SEVENTH.

At the Market—A Procession with Flambeaux—The Unexpected Appearance of JOHN.

THE market-place was quite full when we got there, and, what with the stalls and the countrywomen who were attending to them, and the great baskets of fruit and vegetables, and the people who were buying, and the Baggages who were waiting to carry away what the people bought, it was as much as MISS EDITH and I could do to get through the crowd.

What made matters worse was that, just then, the people from the coffee-houses hard-by were going about with large trays covered with basins of soup, which they were selling to the people. Everybody was stretching out a hand to take a full basin, or give back an empty one, and at last we got quite wedged into the crowd, and couldn't move. It isn't pleasant to be in a crowd when you've got a large market-basket on your arm, and I was just wishing I could say something in French to an old woman, who was squeezing my basket into my side, when I caught sight of JEWEL. He was sitting on a basket of vegetable-marrows, with his back against the wall of a church, and eating a basin of soup. I expected when he saw me that he would sink into the ground, but such is the courage of the French soldier, that he didn't so much as wink. As for me, I flushed up so that MISS EDITH thought I was ill, and asked me what was the matter.

"It's only the wasps, Miss," I said (for we were close to a stall of sweeties that was quite covered with wasps); "they always do fluster me so." Which is quite true.

Well, when MISS EDITH had done her marketing, she said that she was going to a shop in another part of the town, and that I was to go home by myself with the basket.

As soon as she was out of sight, JEWEL got up from the vegetable-marrows, gave his empty basin to the woman from the coffee-house, and came over to me. I was in such a flutter that I could hardly make out what he said to me, but it seemed something like this, "*Sapristi! Ma'm'selle, souffrez que je vous débarrasses de votre chien de panier.*" Which, of course, meant that, if I didn't want him to suffer, I was to let him carry the basket.

Well, I didn't want him to suffer, especially as the basket was very heavy; so I let him take it, and he walked by my side towards our house.

The road was very dusty, and the wind kept driving clouds of dust into our faces. JEWEL was just about a size too small for the basket, and what with the weight of it, and his trying to keep his cap on, and to make his pipe keep alight, he really couldn't find any breath to talk. But it was delicious to have him there, for all that; and, even now, when I look back on that walk, I feel as if he were still carrying the basket, and as if I hadn't quite got the dust out of my eyes yet.

Well! you see, after that, we met pretty often, for, I'm thankful to say, I got the better of my bad headaches, and was able to go to market regularly with poor MISS EDITH; and as JEWEL was always there, he often got a chance to carry the basket. When I used to get home, and MADAME PICHOU heard who had carried the basket, she used to feel the weight of it and laugh, and then she'd pretend to look into it, and say, "*Vraiment JULES a donné dedans,*" which of course meant that he was getting very desperate indeed. As for Cook, when she came to hear of my goings on, she didn't half like 'em.

"You'd have been a deal better off with JOHN," she said, "and, if you'd had that greengrocer's shop as you were always dreaming about, you might have done a good turn to me, as am such an old friend. You might have bought my kitchen-stuff, and you might have allowed me something weekly for giving you Master's custom for vegetables. I only wish you'd a friend in need over here to advise you." "Thank you," I said; "I've had too many friends, as were in need, to want any more of 'em. They don't pay!" I said, and I flung out of the kitchen.

And so we went on for several weeks, and the only thing I didn't like was that I never could get anything from JEWEL that I could put in a letter to Grandmother and Aunts; for you know such words as "*Sapristi*," and "*Mille bombes*," and "*Foi d'un Sapeur*," were not words that, as AUNT JEMIMA would have said, a responsible being would like to hinge upon.

Well; one Sunday, when it was my evening out, MADAME PICHOU asked me to go with her to the Cathedral, to see a great Procession by candlelight in honour of a wooden hand, that was supposed once to have belonged to an image, which was believed to have come floating by itself in a boat without any rowers, many hundred years ago, to the place where we were. I had never been one to hold with going to other people's churches, and I said so; but MADAME PICHOU said that there would be plenty of room, and that, as I shouldn't understand what was going on, it couldn't do me any harm. JEWEL didn't want to go at all, and when he heard about the Procession he just snapped his fingers and said, "*Je m'en fiche de tout cet baragouinage,*" which meant that he didn't approve of such proceedings, and was very sensible of him. However, as I had agreed to go, I gave him one of my looks, and he came along with us.

The Cathedral was all of a blaze with light, especially at what they called the High Altar. The Clergymen were dressed most splendidly, and the music was heavenly, though I will own that it struck me as queer that there should be a band in the middle of the Church, with a conductor, just the same as at the Crystal Palace. While I was looking about, I noticed vergers going about, and offering candles to such of the congregation as chose to take them. I was so flustered that I was going to take one myself, but MADAME PICHOU beckoned to me to let it alone, and, just then, the Procession began.

If it weren't for one thing which drove everything else out of my head, I think I could have described the Procession. As it is, I can only say that, first, there came a very tall man in a uniform, which would become JOHN very well, then a long line of young gentlemen in white frocks and scarlet petticoats, then over so many young ladies in blue and white, carrying trays of images on their heads, then over so many parties of nuns, some in black and some in white flannel, and some, who MADAME PICHOU said were the Sisters of Sir Vincent de Paul,—though how any woman could have had so many girls and only one boy, I can't think. After them came the Clergy, and then came every man, woman, and child in the congregation who had taken a candle. All the candles were lighted, and all the people marched solemnly along singing as they went. It was very grand, and I felt half inclined to cry.

Of course, while I was in Elveston Place, I'd often been to churches where they tried to get up Processions; but, bless you, if you'd seen this one, you'd have said that the Ritualists, as they call 'em, are no more like Catholics than the Marionettes are like the Drury Lane Company. At first I was so dazzled with the lights and the dresses and the music, that I couldn't see anything distinctly; but when the Procession came by me the second time, as it had to do, I said to myself, "Why, if there isn't a face I know! Why, if it isn't MRS. BLATHERWICK, C.B. I always heard she was as high as high, but I never thought she'd have done this."

But I was right; for there she came sailing along, just as I've seen her sail along Queen's Gate, and immediately after her, with a very tall candle, which he was trying to keep from guttering over his Mistress's velvet mantle, was MY JOHN!



ACCOMMODATING!

Officer (to Native Servant). "WHAT CASTE ARE YOU, RAMJAMMER!"
Oriental. "SAME RELIGION AS SAHIB. DRINK BRANDY, SAR!!"

BEWARE OF BIRDSTEALERS.

THE attention of suburban landholders is hereby called to the following item of seasonable intelligence:—

"BIRDS FOR EXPORTATION.—The London birdcatchers are just now making a profitable harvest from their vocation. The provisions of the Wild Birds Protection Act do not at present put any check on the 'fancy,' and they pursue their calling with impunity, and are daily netting large flocks of goldfinches, larks, linnets, and other songsters. They sell them for exportation to New Zealand. Several consignments of British song-birds have been made to that colony, and brought high prices. Robins are much sought after for exportation."

During the interval which must elapse before a Wild Birds Protection Amendment Act can be passed, could not all occupiers of gardens and other lands about London, and other large towns as well, supply the defect in the existing legal protection of wild birds by refusing all birdcatchers access to their premises, causing them to be turned off their grounds, and, if necessary, prosecuting them for trespass? That would do tolerably well until next Session; and then could not Parliament altogether prohibit the capture of small birds at any time whatsoever in any common or open space, or anywhere else except by persons expressly authorised and employed by the landlord or tenant? Are a set of slinking cads to be allowed to exterminate our little birds by transportation? Not, let us hope, if the birdcatchers' proceedings can be stopped by imprisonment and hard labour.

Ecclesiastical Ordnance.

THE Convocation of the Episcopal Church of the United States have been setting an example to that of the Church of England in dealing with Ritualism. Their Committee, says a telegram from New York, "have unanimously adopted an ecclesiastical canon directed against Ritualistic practices." The Yankee Ritualists, with this canon thus brought to bear upon them, must find themselves much in the position of COLONEL CROCKETT's 'possum, when it felt itself covered by the Colonel's rifle. It may be hoped that, like that sagacious animal up a tree, they will be so sensible of being commanded by the canon as to obviate all necessity for having it used against them, by coming down.

MUSIC AT WORCESTER.

"Instead of banishing from their Cathedral that enthusiasm for sacred music of which the Festival is an expression, they [the Dean and Chapter of Worcester] would do more wisely to guide it."—*Times*.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
 O how delightfully she sung!
 Then Deans and Chapters liked full well
 To have her in Cathedrals dwell,
 But now it seems they can't endure a
 High *ut de poitrine*, shrill *bravura*,
 And strive to banish lute and lyre
 From heavy-fruited Worcester-shire.

Wherefore, O Dean, this change of fashions?
 Has Music now revived the passions?
 Is it a back-recoiling fear
 Lest song than sermon prove more dear?
 Or does a too cacophonous clangour
 In decanal ear arouse some anger?
 Or is it possibly despair
 Of rivalling Music anywhere?
 Or thinks the Dean that nothing's holy
 If severed from pale Melancholy?
 The list's too long to investigate—
 It may be love, it can't be hate;
 But clearly, Worcester's fair Cathedral
 Is ruled by men with polyhedral
 Angles. No enemies are apt
 To hurt the Church than such a Chapter.

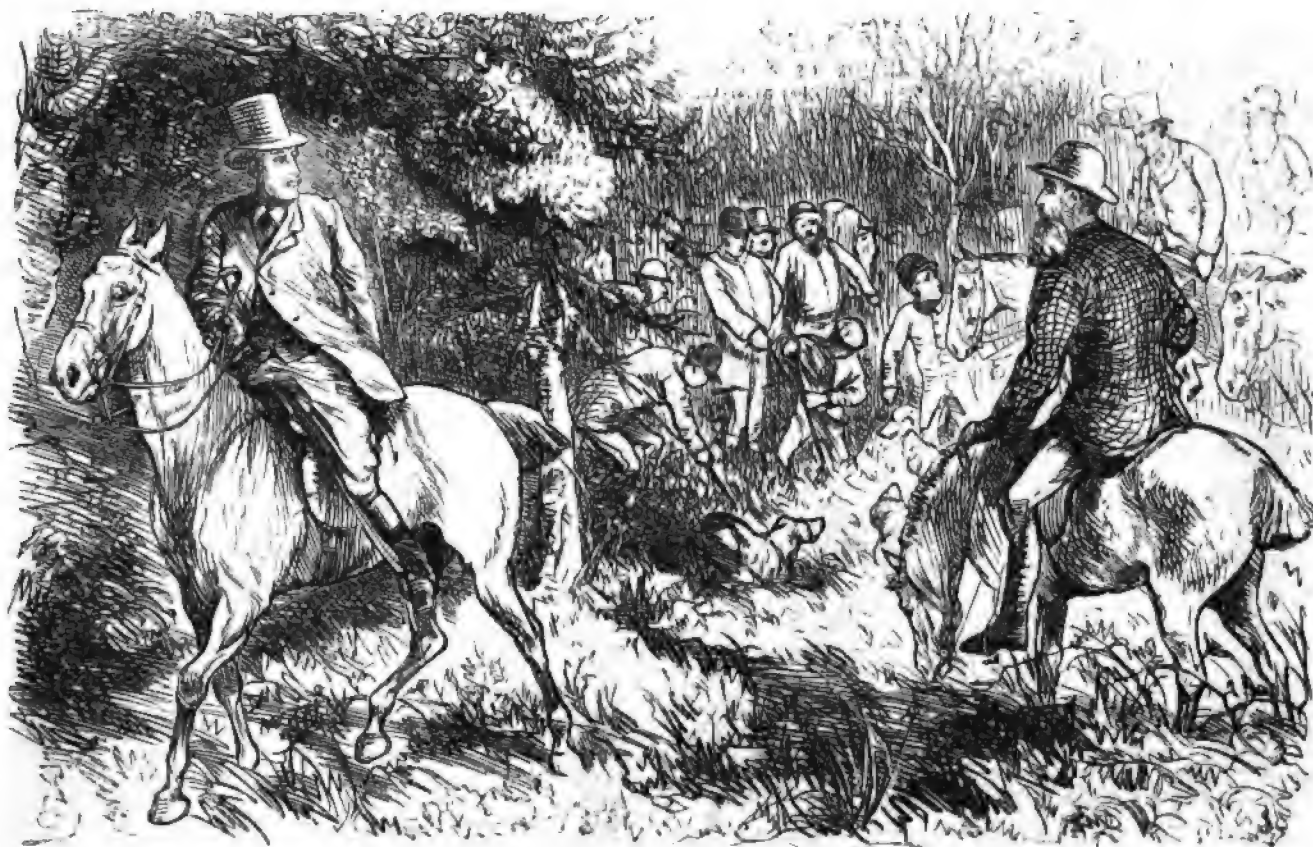
Please reconsider, Mr. Dean!
 The people like the pleasant scene,
 The Minster with its frequent throng,
 Great HANDEL's glorious wave of song.
 Can any man be hurt who hears
 Music that touches him to tears,
 Yet comforteth the world forlorn
 With "*Unto us a Child is born*"?
 O purblind fussy dignitaries,
 Who want a plan that never varies,
 Think for a moment! This world grows
 Too fast for decanal repose.
 No longer is the Dean an oyster
 Well-fattened in Cathedral Cloister:
 His duty is to meet the swift
 Movement to which amain we drift—
 No despot, in dogmatic den—
 Master of mind, and guide of men.

Dear Dean of Worcester, as you lurch,
 You'll find these words from Mr. *Punch*,
 Who loves the Church, and fain would see
 Its action fair and strong and free.
 Why should not Music, heavenly maid,
 Come to divine Religion's aid?
 Why should not this great Church of ours
 Grasp valiantly its ancient powers,
 By gravely guiding English life,
 And calmly checking English strife,
 No mere affair of nave and steeple,
 But the home-centre of the people?

'Tis this we need. The power exists:
 The rubbish of the Ritualists,
 All the fierce fight of High, Broad, Low,
 Should quick extinction undergo.
 The Church is England's; and the Church
 Dare not leave England in the lurch.
 So, DEAN OF WORCESTER, sulk no more,
 But think that on a farther shore
 Music is language; that being true,
 HANDEL knows more, perchance, than you,
 And, if less clear about the Trinity,
 Dwells closer to the true Divinity.

Remark by a Rustic.

THE *Times* lately contained a statement that the amount issued from the Exchequer in the year ended the 31st of March last was £900,000 for the purchase of bullion for coinage. Hearing this, a Hampshire Agriculturist said bullion was no good for coinage. Bullion was what you med call "monkey's allowance—more kicks than halfpence."



FOX VERSUS PHEASANT.

Hunting Man. "GOING HOME? YES. IF THEY CAN'T KILL HIM RUNNING, I DON'T WANT TO SIT HERE AN HOUR, WHILE THEY DIG OUT AND MURDER HIM!"

Shooting Man (owner of Coverts). "O, NONSENSE! INVITED HOUNDS TO-DAY ON PURPOSE TO KILL FOXES. WANT TO FIND PHEASANTS TO-MORROW, YOU KNOW."

RARE SPORT FOR SHARPSHOOTERS.

DESCRIBING a day's partridge shooting which was recently enjoyed by the PRINCE OF WALES near Paris, an eyewitness informs us in his Special Correspondence that the game was driven by the beaters to where the sportsmen had been posted behind a belt of trees, and although at first some shots were missed at the birds flying overhead, "the rifles (*sic*) brought them down at a surprisingly long distance." This idea of shooting partridges with rifles has so tickled our fancy, that we have composed a little song for sharpshooters, which sporting riflemen are at liberty to warble when they chance to be invited to *la Chasse* :—

Up! up! ye bold Sportsmen, arise with the morn,
Awake to the sound of the far-clanging horn:
Quick, quick, ye Sharpshooters, your rifles prepare
To slay the swift partridge whilst cleaving the air!

See, the beaters, arrayed in the blouse of fair France,
In line semicircular, screaming, advance;
Hark! a shout of "*le voilà!*" good gracious, what's there?
'Tis that Brave with his *bâton* has started a hare.

Now louder and louder the shrill keepers cry,
Still as mice, see, in ambush the sharpshooters lie;
Mark, that covey, high-soaring, flies fast overhead,
Crack, crack go the rifles: the birds tepple—dead!

See that snipe in the distance a half mile or more,
'Twould be a rare shot now that bird to knock o'er;
But hardly "Jack Robinson!" out you can cry,
Ere, pierced by a bullet, it ceases to fly.

"*Vive la chasse! Vive le breech-loading rifle!*" I say,
'Tis the surest of weapons all wing'd game to slay:
And for riflemen surely no sport is more fair
Than to shoot the gay partridge whilst cleaving the air!

WHY AND BECAUSE.

PEOPLE who like to philosophise upon other people's vices may have been entertained by hearing the latter of the undernamed lectures, delivered, according to a newspaper, by—

"THE REV. F. R. YOUNG IN LIVERPOOL.—MR. F. R. YOUNG, late editor of the *Christian Spiritualist*, gave two interesting discourses in the rooms of the Liverpool Psychological Society, on Sunday last. The subject in the afternoon was 'Dreams, and what they teach,' and in the evening, 'Why do people get drunk?'"

No doubt people get drunk principally because they abandon themselves to spirits. This, probably, was the argument held by the late Editor of the *Christian Spiritualist*. But, perhaps, he omitted to add that the same influence as that of spirits in producing intoxication is also apt to be exerted by fermented liquors on those who take too much of them. Why do they? That is the question for your true sage to consider. On this head SMELFUNGUS observes that drunkenness is commonly the effect of a remedy for depression taken in an overdose. The cynical old wretch adds, that when people get drunk by themselves, it is because without drink they cannot bear their own company; and that they get drunk together because, while sober, they cannot endure each other's.

More New Music.

WE are enabled, by the help of a musical clairvoyant, gifted with a sight into the middle of next week, to announce that the new song, "*I built a Bridge of Fancies*," will be followed very shortly by "*I built a Fancy Cottage*," and to this will come the sequel, "*There's a Slate loose in my Roof*." From the same source we may mention, among other vocal novelties, that the sentimental song, "*I wait for thee, my only Love*," will ere long be succeeded by a serio-comic ditty, bearing the quaint title of "*Won't you Wed the Waiter?*"

TEMPERANCE NOTES.



HIS BISHOP OF GLOUCESTER AND BRISTOL announced, in a late charge, that he will be content with the settlement of the Eastern question "on the permissive footing." As this Eastern question concerns only a posture in relation to a point of the compass, it certainly seems a natural idea that the intemperate Clergymen who have disturbed the Church about it would be suitably enough dealt with by a permissive prohibitory law.

At Sheffield, as is well known, work is carried on in very hot places. Consequently, workmen get very thirsty; and they are said to drink too much beer. The ARCHBISHOP OF YORK recommends them to drink water instead of beer. But is it beer that they drink too much of? Perhaps, if the Archbishop would inquire, he would find it to be

champagne—not Bass or Allsopp that they indulge in, but Pèrier-Jouet, or Most and Chandon, or some still higher brand of "fizz." His Grace, however, supposing that they do drink beer, might consider that there are beers and beers—strong beer and small beer. Apparently, beer is not a subject on which he is "up." If he were, possibly a compromise would have suggested itself to him, and he would have been content with advising the furnace-men to drink swipes.

In Exeter Hall, the other evening, some medical men delivered addresses on the subject of "Alcoholic Drinks." Among the speakers, DR. DRYSDALE, Physician to the North London Consumption Hospital, said:—

"He knew a man aged fifty, a worker on the river, who used to drink four or five gallons of beer a day, and the consequence was he had cavities in both lungs."

These cavities the Doctor's unprofessional audience probably understood to have been formed of necessity to contain all that beer, which its normal receptacle could not hold.

Deprecating excess in liquor, DR. DRYSDALE judiciously further observed that "he looked to persuasion as a great means of overcoming the evil," and, in conclusion, amid great applause, he besought those who heard him "not to bring up their babies on beer." Certainly, beer is not good for babies: bringing them up on beer is anything but training them in the way they should go. By all means interdict babies from beer; but don't, SIR WILFRID—don't confound people who have attained to years of discretion with babies.

OUR REPRESENTATIVE MAN.

With his Friend the Duke to the Amphitheatre. Reports there-upon. Something about another Place, and considerations generally, with Items of News.

SIR,—My Dear and Venerated Friend, the Duke of—well, no matter, we who know him well, call him Old Bolophone, from his remarkable proficiency on that Hungarian instrument, which produces a sweet sound, something between a snore and a whistle—well, Old Bolophone insisted upon my going to hear *Melusine the Enchantress* at the Holborn Amphitheatre. *Melusine* is supposed to be an *Opéra-Bouffe*, *musique d'Hervé*, and was originally called *Les Chevaliers de la Table Ronde*. This latter name suggested to dear Old Bolophone the hospitable notion of another dinner at the Holborn Restaurant, previous to crossing the road to go to the Amphi. A novel attraction drew my august Friend to this establishment, in the way of a mechanical singing-bird (one of the four-and-twenty that were baked in a pie), which we found on the sideboard, singing as sweetly as a canary. "What a lark!" exclaimed Old Bolophone, chuckling. His guest roared; for this is one of His Grace (before dinner's side-splitters; and, truth to tell, I fancied I had heard the joke before. But, then, was not dear Old Bolo my host? Yes; so we dined well, and wine well, and heard the band during the knife-and-fork-movement discourse excellent music, "just to give," as His Grace (after dinner) observed, "a tone to the stomach"

(side-splitter, number two), and then we went to the Amphitheatre, which was, I thought, a Circus, and where there would have been a great opportunity (or, as Bolo said, "Opera-tune-ity") for an *Opéra-Bouffe* on Horseback. Failing this, the least we could expect was, that the piece should be, in theatrical phrase, "well mounted."

Of the Overture, and of the First Act of *Melusine*, Your Representative may speak in the most unbiassed and impartial spirit; the fact being, that in consequence of my Noble Friend having taken it into his ducal crown to give us a lecture on Hungarian Music, we could not get him away from table; and, indeed, it was only, under pretence of asking him to show us how the Hungarian Vine-dresser's dance was done, that we inveigled him into the street; and, thus we missed the First Act of *Melusine*. From information I received (not from the plot of the piece), I gathered that the First Act was infinitely superior to the Second; and, you may take Your Representative's word for it, that the Second was a long way better than the Third, whose only merit was its being the last. In the Second Act there was one bit of genuine burlesque humour, and that was a dance between MISS ARMSTRONG as the *Duchess Totoche*, the *Duke de Rodomont* (MR. F. SULLIVAN), and *Sacripant* (MR. T. H. RYLEY), the *Grand Seneschal*. It was capitally done, the idea being exceedingly funny. Taking parts in the piece were MR. RYLEY and MISS BARNUM, who were not a patch upon their original selves as the Dancing Quakers. Neither house nor stage are fitted for *Opéra-Bouffe*; and if a success is obtained, it will be in spite of the place, and of the company generally. *Newmarket*, at the Holborn, a few doors off, would make a much better *Opéra-Bouffe* than this story of *Melusine*.

Then there's a *Comedy-Bouffe* at the St. James', which generally luckless house has been re-opened. By the way, what new descriptive titles will be next invented? At the Vaudeville there's "a musical improbability," called a *Green Old Age*—to have called it an "Impossibility" would have been more intelligible. At the Prince of Wales's "a Dramatic Contrast"—then we have "Eccentricities," "Absurdities," and so forth, though I don't see that at present the eloquent manager of the Lyceum has adopted any of these titles for his latest production. And yet he might well have done so, if it is true that even he was wavering between SHAKSPEARE and *Opéra-Bouffe* until at last it struck him that there would be more amusement to be got out of the former than the latter.

I do not know whether the talented compiler of the *Black Prince* is a University man or not; but if not, he has certainly earned in the college of Dramatic Authors the degree of B.A., i.e., Bold Adapter. The critics have discovered that the *Black Prince* is *Le Voyage en Chine*, which was originally a comic opera, and was afterwards played as a comedy. *Le Voyage en Chine*, in your Representative's opinion, had in it the suggestions for a peculiar sort of fun which, in an English adaptation, would exactly hit an English Audience. But the Bold Adapter has done more than this. Not contented with the characters in *Le Voyage* as they stand, he has put a farce called *Le Grammaire* under contribution, and has, therefrom, cleverly extracted two characters, the *Antiquary*, and the *Tradesman* who finds difficulties in the letter "h." The Bold Adapter has acknowledged his indebtedness to the French authors of *Le Voyage*, but has not thought it worth while to say anything about the authors of *Le Grammaire*, so that for the *Antiquary* and the *Tradesman* he might have obtained the credit for originality, but for the acute detective faculties of your Representative. Of course, to speak delicately, "set a Dramatic Author to catch a Dramatic Author." What does it matter, however, to me, to the public, or to anyone, where the fun comes from, as long as it is fun, as long as the audience are tickled, and pay for being tickled? If French straws will tickle them more effectually than English, use French straws by all means.

The Receipt just now for making a new Comic Opera for the English market, appears to be,—Take a few French farces and comedies, extract the best of their dialogue, and the most telling of their characters, put them together so as to make one piece in two or three Acts; take a lot of music, all by one popular composer, if possible, because it will tell better in the advertisement to say "music by OFFENBACH," or "by LICCOCK," but if you find one or two *morceaux* by other composers which would be effective, throw them in and don't mention names, as it would do no good and only confuse an otherwise blissfully ignorant audience; and thus, with the aid of about four or more French authors, and one, two, or three foreign composers, we obtain an entertainment which is comparatively inexpensive to the Manager, equal in value to an original work as far as the author's pocket is concerned, and if successful, as it is pretty sure, under these circumstances to be, unless there are too many plums in the pudding, when it might be heavy, and, like most puddings, require cutting—the public has what it wants in the shape of amusement. Who can complain? Not the Manager, not the speculative music-publisher, who it is most likely has bought up these back numbers of a popular composer's work for a mere song, not the author, not the public.

"And if our friends in front are satisfied" (as the old-fashioned tag of a well-known farce says), "why there won't sit down a happier party to supper to-night than GRIMSHAW the Manager, BASSHAW the Dramatic Compiler, and BRADSHAW the Musical Publisher." And so down comes the Curtain. *Vale et plaudite. Vita brevis, ars longa*,—and so will be this letter if I do not sign myself now as ever

YOUR REPRESENTATIVE.

P.S.—SHAKESPEARE at the Lyceum. Now we hear of *The Merchant of Venice* at the Prince of Wales's, and *The Merry Wives of Windsor* at the Gaiety. Theatrical Managers seem to follow one another like sheep through a gap. The next will be, I suppose, *Macbeth* at the Vaudeville (with MESSRS. JAMES and THORNE modestly casting themselves for two out of the three murderers), then *The Tempest* at the Strand (which would be a storm in a tea-cup), *Othello* at the Charing Cross (with the American Droll in the principal part), and *The Comedy of Errors* at the Haymarket. MR. HARE, *on dit*, is reported to have "seceded" from the Prince of Wales's company. My old friend the Duke observes that he's afraid it'll be a bald performance without HARE. "O what a falling off was there!" Surely, a little oil, judiciously applied, could bring the HARE back again.

PEACE AND QUIET.



URELY the following letter speaks for itself. Mr. Punch would strongly recommend the adoption of the kindly suggestions contained in it as quickly as possible, in order that the general massacre of street-tramps, so ominously looming in the future, may be indefinitely postponed, if not altogether avoided:—

Eden Villa, Pleasant Vale, E.W.,
Oct. 31st, 1874.

MY DEAR MR. PUNCH,
As your columns are ever open to the discussion of schemes of pure philanthropy, I feel sure you will insert this letter as a small contribution to the discussion about

"Suburban Quiet" that has recently appeared in the pages of your contemporaries. I wish to say that a little tact and a good deal of kindness will cure every abuse. At least, that is my experience as a householder of many years' standing.

When I took up my residence in this delightful spot, the locality was the favourite resort, I verily believe, of all the street-tramps and licensed hawkers in the Great Metropolis, but now we live far away from the sounds of organs and German bands, and although hawkers still haunt us occasionally, I have every reason to believe that if my advice is taken, the second nuisance will vanish from our sight with the same rapidity that characterised the disappearance of the first.

For the sake of brevity I will show you how I dealt with the tramps in as concise a form as possible, and trust that my hints may be of some slight service to the many millions who listen to the words of wit and wisdom that fall so freely from your time-honoured lips. It will be noticed that I have attempted to combine wholesome firmness with kindness of heart and a thorough knowledge of the world. Without further preface, I beg to give you

A LIST OF CURES FOR STREET-TRAMPS.

Pest.—Italian Bagpipe Players. *Remedy.*—Threaten them with the police, in Irish, and they will understand you, and decamp. Should this fail, a few flower-pots, thrown with steadiness and precision, will complete the cure.

Pest.—Shipwrecked Sailor. *Remedy.*—Threaten to secure for him a situation on the Penny Steamboats, and he will leave you hurriedly to avoid giving up his address. Should the threat prove fruitless, the kitchen poker may be used with advantage.

Pest.—A Discharged Soldier in Uniform. *Remedy.*—Ask for a definition of "right about turn." Offer to get him into the Militia, and call in the assistance of the Civil Power, which you will probably find represented in the kitchen. Take care that he is on the other side of your gate before you permit him to be knocked down.

Pest.—A German Band. *Remedy.*—This nuisance must be dealt

with promptly. Arm your household with sticks, umbrellas, brooms, &c., and attack, with a sudden rush, the Trombone and the Clarinet. These musicians once routed, the Cornets will become demoralised, and will retreat in great disorder.

Pest.—Street Orator. *Remedy.*—A bribe is the best cure for this nuisance. Sixpence, and the recommendation to pay a visit to a distant tavern, will invariably have the desired effect.

Pest.—Italian Organ-Grinder. *Remedy.*—Rapidly deliver a stream of water from your garden-engine, discharge eighteen-penny rockets at your assailant, and unloose a couple of half-starved bloodhounds. This remedy is frequently found efficacious in removing the nuisance, although it cannot be guaranteed as a perfect cure.

Having disposed of the Tramps, I now turn to the Hawkera, who must be treated with more consideration, as they are furnished with licences. In this case we must strike at the very root of the evil—we must attempt to cut off the supply, so that in time the demand may dwindle away until it reaches convenient proportions. Fortunately, the matter may be easily managed. In these days of competition, when the simplest offices of the State are thrown open to the best instructed, there surely would be no difficulty in applying the test of an examination to candidates desirous of becoming perambulating tradesmen. In the event of success, the public would know that in the person of the hawkker they would be dealing with a man of some little education, and the relationship existing between vendor and purchaser would be materially improved. I would suggest the following

TEST EXAMINATION FOR CANDIDATES FOR A HAWKER'S LICENCE.

1. Give the history of Italy from the commencement of the third century until the end of the year 1804.
2. Give the words of command and full instructions for retiring a battalion in line, in column from the right in rear of the left.
3. Give the Life of CAPTAIN COOK, and draw a Map of the World (with the names of all the ports, mountains, and rivers), upon which be good enough to mark the courses of CAPTAIN COOK's various voyages.
4. Give the biographies of all the Archbishops of Canterbury, and sketch plans of all the English Cathedrals.
5. Write out (from memory) the play of *Hamlet*, and then translate it into French, German, and Russian.
6. Describe the use of the globes, and give the theory of governing the manipulation of the musical glasses.

It may be said that the above questions have not very much to do with street hawking. Very true; but it will be seen at once that the examination is of the character of that to which a candidate desirous of obtaining a Junior Clerkship in the Blotting-Paper Department of the Circumlocution Office would certainly be subjected by the Civil Service Commissioners.

I feel sure, in the event of my suggestions being accepted in the spirit in which they are tendered, that "Suburban Quiet" will cease to be an ideal, and will become an accomplished fact.

I am, my dear Mr. Punch,

Yours very sincerely,

A PRACTICAL MAN.

Railway Reform.

COMPARTMENTS to be reserved for Ladies over and under a certain age.

As there will invariably be compartments for those who smoke, so also for those who snuff. The former will be labelled as usual "for Smokers," the latter "for Snuffers." The last-mentioned will be tried as far as Hampton Wick.

The "Sleeping Cars" will be divided into "Snorers" and "Non-Snorers." Tickets will be issued subject to these regulations.

It is important to the Shareholders to know that on and after the abolition of the Second Class, the motto of the Company will be "No Returns."

Cadets and Cads.

ON Thursday last week, five young ruffians were flogged on board Her Majesty's cadet training ship *Briannia*. They were not garotters, but senior cadets, convicted, on official inquiry of fagging and bullying juniors. For this offence the Admiralty—as good as their edict against it—sentenced them "to be flogged on the bare back;" and a sixth, who had been convicted twice, is dismissed the service. The Admiralty have thus made examples of blackguards, and set an example to masters of Public Schools.

A GOOD FOUNDATION.—It is fortunate, in the face of the threatened attacks upon the City, that the Municipality of London should next year be headed with STONE.



QUEEN PRIMA-DONNA AT HOME.

Chorus. "O, MAMMA!—DEAR MAMMA!—DARLING MAMMA!! DO LEAVE OFF!!!"

[Showing that no one is a Prophet in his own Country.]

LYRICS ON LORD MAYOR'S EVE.

THE Ninth of November!
That Day is at hand.
One more to remember,
O Fleet Street and Strand!
Hark, the multitude's shout
Rends our ears and the air!
The LORD MAYOR is gone out—
Ring in the LORD MAYOR.

The LORD MAYOR, when St. Paul's
Shall have struck midnight's hour,
From his monarchy falls—
The LORD MAYOR is in power.
King Civic arose
As King Civic went down;
The City but knows
A demise of the Crown.

The LORD MAYOR in his state
Is a wonder to see,
But, although he is great,
He still greater shall be.
To the West and the North
He shall stretch his domain;
Unto Tyburn go forth:
Over Pimlico reign.

So the Sybils and Seers
Say the Fates have decreed,
And the Commons and Peers
Will eftsoons have agreed.
Shout, therefore, hooray, Gog,
At the top of thy voice;
Thou, likewise, O Magog:
Ye Giants, rejoice!

Temple Bar is a token,
An omen, they say,
Of a barrier that's broken,
To vanish away.
An enlarged Corporation
On turtle will fare
At the glorification
Of a grander Lord Mayor.

A KING OF CLUBS.

THE papers announce that KING CACOBABU, Ex-monarch of Fiji, has gone to Australia. Before he sailed he did a good thing. LORD CARNARVON informs us that he has received a telegram from SIR HERCULES ROBINSON, mentioning that—

"KING THACKOMBABU has had his favourite war-club elaborately ornamented in silver with emblems of Peace, and has sent it to the QUEEN, with a dutiful message, confiding the interests of his people unreservedly to the justice and generosity of HER MAJESTY."

Which is the right spelling of his Fijian ex-Majesty's name, CACOBABU or THACKOMBABU? Or, is it possible that its genuine orthography is WHACK'EMBAU, he having acquired that appellation by his prowess in the use of the favourite war-club which he has now resigned? Would that all the Sovereigns of the great European Military Monarchies (and also the French President) would, in imitation of the good example set them by THACKOMBABU, or whatever he calls himself, have all their monster artillery inlaid with pacific emblems, and send them over here to the QUEEN.

The Modern Brown Bess.

THERE is no truth in the report that in deference to the wishes of the opponents of the new arm just served out to our soldiers, the Government proposes changing the title of the present Service Rifle to "Betty-Martini."



“THE VOICE OF THE TURTLE.”

GOG. “WHAT’S ALL THIS HERE ABOUT, BROTHER MAGOG?”

MAGOG. “THEY WANTS TO ENLARGE THE ‘CORPORATION,’ BROTHER GOG!”

TURTLE. “ENLARGE THE CORPORATION?—HA! HA! THEY CAN’T DO THAT WITHOUT ‘ME’!”

OCCASIONAL HAPPY THOUGHTS.



Purchase a Horse.

I *First Happy Thought.*—Winter and hunting. Or, at all events, if uncertain about hunting, driving and riding. TROTT, the Vet., has a horse to suit me. And TROTT has put the horse into harness for trial. My Aunt, pale and nervous, but silent and courageous, is by my side (I am driving) and GLOPPIN, my horsey friend, is behind. I've asked GLOPPIN down here on purpose to obtain his candid opinion. My candid opinion (which is that I don't seem

to get on very comfortably with the horse)—I keep to myself; but GLOPPIN has been, so to speak, specially retained.

Now, what does GLOPPIN think? At this moment I *really* do want his advice. And he fails me.

I can't tell what GLOPPIN *thinks*. He says, as if he didn't want to commit himself, "Well, you see, he's young, and you're not used to handling him."

"We'd better turn back," suggests my Aunt.

"But he's quiet," I say, hoping I shan't have to alter my opinion when the turning-point arrives.

"O, he's quiet enough," returns GLOPPIN, "and he's showy."

"He moves so oddly," my Aunt ventures to observe, nervously.

The horse, still trotting, executes a figure like a segment of a circle.

"Shies, I think," I say to GLOPPIN.

GLOPPIN replies, "O, any horse will do *that*. There's nothing in that. As I say, he's young."

Happy Thought.—And Youth will have its fling. Uncomfortable idea at this moment. The horse shies at straws. He doesn't appear to object to anything but straws. And he must have seen straw before. This suggests a proverb—"straws show which way the horse shies"—work this up.

As I don't want to appear nervous (though I believe my Aunt's feelings at this moment are nothing to mine), I agree with him that this action of his (uncommonly like shying) is nothing.

We commence turning. Very steadily in a wide part of the road. The horse's idea is to begin by backing, gradually getting the right hand shaft at right angles to the trap. At last, desperation and the certainty of the ditch behind us, nerve me to use the whip, diffidently.

Happy Thought.—Quotation adapted, "Tough him up tenderly." The horse seems to execute this movement uneasily, or awkwardly, as if he had been always accustomed to go straightforward, and turning wasn't in the contract.

I feel that I've got him well in hand, with my lips pressed together, and a grasp of iron. He comes round much quieter than I had expected, and commences going away with a will. We all feel (though we don't say so) that we've had a narrow escape. I begin to mistrust my own driving, and I'm sure that both GLOPPIN and my Aunt have lost all confidence in me. I also feel that a few hours of this excitement would turn my hair grey.

My Aunt, who has held her breathing in suspense for a few seconds, now resumes profoundly. GLOPPIN, too, has been silent. As to GLOPPIN, if anything happens, he can step out behind easily enough: *we* can't.

"He knows his way back," observes GLOPPIN, pleasantly. "He *can* go."

He *can*. With his head down, and his body heaving under the kicking-strap like a surging sea.

The horrid thought occurs to me that my grasp of iron won't last out.

"Give him his head a little more," says GLOPPIN.

I doubt the policy. But to show my Aunt that I know what I'm about, and am not in the least afraid, I relax my grip, gradually. I address him in a conciliatory tone, "Gently, old man—gently, gent—ly!"

But, with his head down, and stepping out faster and faster, the "old man" only seems to be saying, "Come along! back to TROTT's! Back to TROTT's! Let me get rid of this confounded harness, and away from the sound of those horrid wheels, that follow me about everywhere. Come on! back to TROTT's! in less than no time! Hooray!"

He seems to be flying from the wheels, as from the reminders of guilty conscience. He is a sort of IRVING, in *The Bells*. His pace is increasing. GLOPPIN says nothing.

My Aunt is pale.

"I think," she says, with a spasmodic effort at self-control, "if you'll stop—I'll—get out—and walk home—I'd rather."

"It's all right," I say, abruptly. But I return to the grasp of iron, check him in his stride, and feel that this sort of thing can't go on long.

GLOPPIN is silent.

TROTT's is in view. I see it. So does the horse. "Now then," he seems to say, "let's see who'll get there first. Yoicks for TROTT's! Full inside! All right! Off!!"

For a moment we seem so be nothing behind him; the air has blown my Aunt's bonnet back; even GLOPPIN, taken by surprise by the suddenness of the start, has just prevented himself from tumbling backwards into the well, by holding on to the seat in front, and I summon all my forces to get the jubilant animal to finish steadily.

Happy Thought. Just shaved the gate-post by an inch. Try to look as if this were first-rate driving on my part.

I pull him up at TROTT's stable yard. It has been warm work, but we enter quietly. If ever anybody was glad to descend from the seat of a box-passenger, that person is my Aunt.

Strangely enough, she now praises the horse. So does GLOPPIN.

I remark (to TROTT) that the horse shies, that he seems unaccustomed to harness. TROTT, with whom GLOPPIN agrees on every point, as if he were *his* (TROTT's) partner, not my friend come to advise me, and pick out the horse's defects—TROTT answers, that he doesn't shy—he's only fresh; that he's not been in harness for some time, and as an answer to my objection that he's young, "If he were only two years older," he adds emphatically, "he'd be worth a hundred and fifty guineas to anyone."

"He's a cheap horse," says GLOPPIN. But then GLOPPIN isn't going to buy him.

I have another trial of him without GLOPPIN and my Aunt. I ride him. Very carefully. He seems to be light and airy, with an inclination to bound up suddenly.

This is, I find subsequently, what TROTT calls "springy."

He is springy. Like an animated mattress, only harder.

He is especially springy when he sees a donkey. He is springy again when he has to pass a brewer's cart. He is most remarkably springy when a barrel suddenly tumbles off the cart as I am passing and rolls away down the hill with a noise like thunder. I don't believe, had anybody else been on the horse, that that barrel would have tumbled off. Why is it these things always happen to me? (Note on *F. Fate. Typical Developments*, Vol. XXV., ch. 2.)

At this his springiness shows itself in bounds, hops, starts, and I think—I only think, for I am not certain as to knowing exactly when I am on his back—a kick. If a kick, it was not much of a kick, but enough.

Happy Thought.—Walk him gently. It's a great thing for a horse to be a good walker. When I get accustomed to him I can trot, or canter.

We descend the hill. His springiness is very objectionable in descending a hill. His hind quarters always seem to be about to double themselves up underneath me. After a time, as nothing of this sort happens, I find that he really is walking down the hill beautifully. It is a long hill, and we have done half of it. I begin to like him. He hasn't shied again. I can sit loungingly, and admire the view.

He has shied again.

I don't know what at. Nothing that I could see. Being unprepared I checked him suddenly, and this had the effect of making his hind legs slide underneath him, as if he were going to fold them up. Being further unprepared for this double effect, my left leg suddenly shoots up in the air, in the direction of the horse's left ear, and the horse, taking this perhaps as some hint from me to get on faster, begins to trot. In a second I am nowhere, I am anywhere; I see a leg up in the air (which I recognise as belonging to me, though not as being under my control); I am conscious of another in the stirrup on the right side, and, as there ought to be another on the left. I feel as though I were, for the moment, constructed so as to exemplify, practically, the Manx coat-of-arms, with



"ENOUGH OF IT."

Country Squire. "BY GEORGE! TOM, YOU'VE GONE AND SHOT THE DOG!"

Friend (from Town). "O, I SAY, OLD FELLOW, LET'S GO BACK AND HAVE A GAME O' BILLIARDS, OR ELSE I'M QUITE SURE I SHALL SHOOT THE OTHER ONE! THEY KEEP GETTING IN THE WAY SO!"

three legs all going round at once. I am doing "three wheels a' a'p'ny" on horseback. I think I am on my head—no—my left foot is laying hold of my arm, or my arm of my left foot—both together have grappled the mane—and by a gigantic, muscular, and athletic effort, I am once more upright, and in the saddle again.

Happy Thought.—Yes. I can answer for it: *the horse is quiet: very quiet.* While I was executing all these gymnastics round his head and over and about his back, he never stirred out of a walk. Perhaps he was too bewildered.

But I'm sure he shies.

Yet—he doesn't shy again.

We trot suspiciously. He is suspicious (evidently, by his ears,) of something jumping out of the hedges at him, and I of his jumping at nothing.

We canter. All's well that ends well. I am at my ease; but still wary.

Finally, thinking that his faults are those of youth, and will soon disappear, I buy him.

Sporting Notes.

SINCE the little difficulty between the Bishop and Mr. KING, there appears to be rather a run on ecclesiastical titles for race-horses; as, for instance, *His Grace*, the *Curate*, and *Benedictine*. If the Clergy patronise the Great Meeting House—TATTERSALL'S—we shall soon hear of the *Archbishop* winning in a Canter (without the "bury"), the *Archdeacon* beating the *Rector* by a neck, and *Ritualist* being "out of it" after the first half mile. The Clerk of the Course will, of necessity, be in Holy Orders; and the only person ineligible for the office will be the old VICAR OF BRAY.

APPARENT PARADOX.—MRS. MALAPROP is puzzled to understand the proposed substitute for interment. She says she cannot see how a body can be destroyed by creation.

ATOM, THE ARCHITECT.

(*Vide TYNDALL, at Manchester.*)

THESE "architectural Atoms!" O 'tis fine
To see humanity so sadly dwindle!
Let MICHAEL ANGELO and WREN resign;
Atoms can build Cathedrals, so says TYNDALL.

ARCHITECT ATOM raises a metropolis,
And never lets the shrewd contractor swindle;
He thus erected Athens's Acropolis
Amid the violet ether, so says TYNDALL.

Has Nature any being, any thing,
That can a higher kind of fancy kindle?
Chance makes the roses bloom, the thrushes sing.
The pretty girls grow prettier. So says TYNDALL.

Shallow Professor! the eternal Fates
Sit silently and turn the fearful spindle;
And that great wheel of doom the moment waits
To crush the sceptic silliness of TYNDALL.

QUESTION AND ANSWER FOR AN OXFORD DIVINITY STUDENT.

Q. What is the nature of an Anglican Bishop's Orders, if he is fond of a pastoral pipe after dinner?

A. He tells his *Butler* to bring him his *Hooker*.

A LIKELY JOKE!—NANA SAHIB, or his personator, says that when he made his confession, he was under the influence of Bhang. Did that, then, possess him with a wish to be blown from a gun?



COOKIANA.

"AND NOW, TELL ME WHY YOU LEFT YOUR LAST PLACE."

"I WILL TELL YOU THAT, MA'AM, WHEN YOU HAVE TOLD ME WHY YOU PARTED WITH YOUR LAST COOK."

"SUBURBAN QUIET."

SUBURBAN quiet! Futile dream—
Though lofty palisades may seem
To hide your pleasant villa,
Yet all day long the crowd of tramps,
Of pestering hucksters, thievish scamps,
Will worry your *ancilla*.

The sailor comes with wooden leg,
And seems to bluster more than beg,
He thinks no answer final;
He swears he fought at Trafalgar,
And spoils your early mild cigar,
Your musings matutinal.

When in the drowsy afternoon
Your daughter sings a favourite tune
Of fantasy or frolic,
Alas, you suddenly are riled!
An organ-grinder drives you wild
With discords diabolic.

The licensed hawkers enter through
Your private gate, and swear at you
If barked at by your terrier:
And, as to prim Policeman X,
His stolid soul they never vex,
He thinks, the more the merrier.

You can't have tennis on your lawn,
Or, 'neath a patulous oak withdrawn,
Play chess or talk of letters,
But in they troop, in search of pence,
And by sheer force of impudence
Assert themselves your betters.

Old KING COPHETUA's beggar-maid*
Was all too pretty, I'm afraid,
So took the Royal fancy.
Mendicæ of the modern time
Achieve an ugliness sublime,
Like hags of necromancy.

Dear MR. RICHARD ASHETON CROSS,
If you for work are at a loss,
Just curb this licensed riot;
Check the marauding wanderers,
Give *Punch* and his contributors
Complete suburban quiet.

* "When King Cophetua loved the beggar-maid."
SHAKESPEARE.

NAME AND FAME.

THE *Times'* Special Correspondent at Alicante duly apologises to the present EARL OF ALDBOROUGH for having, some twelvemonths ago, in error, confounded him with our old friend the late Earl. He says:—

"I was informed, on what seemed to me adequate authority, that among the very few Englishmen who had the courage to remain in the threatened town was the EARL OF ALDBOROUGH, whose cure had been advertised by PROFESSOR HOLLOWAY in all quarters and all languages of the globe, and whom THACKERAY has immortalised in one of his best-known works. . . . I assumed, not, I think, unreasonably, that there would be nothing to give him pain in such mention, especially as it was coupled with a well-earned tribute to his courage in standing out the bombardment."

THE EARL OF ALDBOROUGH who stood out the bombardment of Alicante was another than the one who figured for so many years as the Confessor to a quack medicine. The latter only stood out for quackery. Which of the twain was the more courageous?

THE PERMISSIVE PRINCIPLE.

WHEN the measure so warmly and wittily advocated by SIR WILFRID LAWSON becomes the law of the land, the following proposals will be made in the House of Commons with every chance of obtaining a favourable reception:—

1. A Bill for permitting the Sect known as "the Peculiar People" to banish Physicians and Surgeons from the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

2. A Bill for permitting the Members of the Peace Society to abolish the Army and the Navy.

3. A Bill for permitting the Supporters of the Woman's Rights Movement to abolish the use of Tobacco.

4. A Bill for permitting the Inhabitants of certain parts of Shore-ditch, Whitechapel, and Westminster to abolish the Police Force.

5. A Bill for permitting Vegetarians to prohibit the consumption of Meat.

6. A Bill for permitting the Inmates of Earlswood Asylum to abolish the Daily and Weekly Newspapers.

7. A Bill for permitting MR. BRADLAUGH and a few friends to abolish the Throne and the Constitution.

8. A Bill for permitting the Metropolitan Railways to abolish Cabs and Omnibuses in London.

9. A Bill for permitting the Owners of London Omnibuses and Cabs to abolish the Metropolitan Railways.

10. A Bill for permitting the Begging-Letter Writers to abolish the Charity Organisation Society.

11. A Bill for permitting the Gunpowder Manufacturers to abolish London.

12. A Bill for permitting the Residents of the Asylums of Hanwell and Colney Hatch to look up the rest of the world in Bethlehem Hospital.

Plain and Complex.

AN advertisement appears daily in the papers under the heading of "The Hair—The Plain Truth." Now the hair to which this announcement refers has none of the plainness nor simplicity of Truth; on the contrary, it is a very complicated structure. Moreover, there is comparatively little truth in it; most of it being false. It is only plain in the sense in which that word is used by the wearers of the castellated chignon—the reverse of pretty.

PUNCH'S SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.



UTOPIA,
1st of Madcap Month.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,
HERE I am, and I like it. Everything here is exactly as it ought to be. The moment I arrived at the principal inn, the buxom landlady offered me some superb Bass in a silver tankard, and ordered a rump-steak, with oyster-sauce, to be prepared for my luncheon. While I waited for this meal, the landlady's pretty daughter—a brunette, with lively eyes—came and talked to me, and sang me several charming little songs. Here is one:—

This is Utopia!
Don't you know?
The leading firm's CUPID
And BACCHUS & Co.

We live in a set
That's charming and clever;
What we wish we get,
What we don't comes never.

No pleasanter city
Wherein to stay;
All girls are witty
And pretty and gay:
The men can dress
And can dine, 'tis clear;
Since there's none with less
Than ten thousand a year.

'Tis my opinion
The girls have wiles;
They don't wear chignon,
They do wear smiles:
They talk so sweetly,
Each word's a gem,
And I'm completely
In love with them!

I found the words of this simple song completely verified by experience. The Utopian ladies are so charming that I should like to marry them all. This, however, does not exhaust the innumerable perfections of the country. The parsons are delightful. Their manners are charming, their sermons are short, their claret is good, and they do not give any particular meaning to the creed of that dreadful old unintelligible bore, Saint Athanasius. The lawyers also are a good sort. They never take fees, and settle disputes between plaintiff and defendant by horsewhipping both. This prevents Utopia from requiring a vast expenditure for Law Courts. As to the Utopian doctors, theirs is a poor profession: they have to cure one another. No one is ever ill, unless he has been educated for the medical profession.

Nobody reads books in Utopia. Hence it follows that nobody writes them. Where life is a poem and a romance, why should we read inferior poems and romances? In Utopia we live the happy, joyous life which dull fellows in London dream about and describe in three volumes. The air of this charming country is loaded with champagne.

Nobody quarrels. There are no mothers-in-law, that relationship having been abolished by Act of the Utopian Parliament. Oysters are in season all the year round. The public fountains are fed with Sauterne. All expenditure is defrayed by the Exchequer of Utopia, so that it is impossible to have a tailor's or wine-merchant's bill. In no case would either be necessary, since the climate is so soft and the people are so modest that nudity is pleasanter than being wrapt in broadcloth, while wine flows from every fountain, and is more abundant than water.

There are a few points about Utopia. I may add that it has theatres, where good plays, in poetic language, are charmingly acted, and where the display of the female leg is not considered the chief of all possible delights. I may also remark that it has no politics and no policemen. There would be an immense difficulty in explaining to an Utopian the function either of MR. GLADSTONE or of Policeman X. When I crossed the frontier, all the newspapers I

had with me were taken away and burnt, with the sole exception of a copy of *Punch*, which served me as a passport through the whole of the vast empire, and as an introduction to the Emperor, who has just conferred the Order of Knighthood of Saint Momus on

YOUR SPECIAL EXPLORER.

FORTHCOMING NOVELS.

(See MUDIE's Advertisement.)

Rich Mrs. Parrot. By the Author of *Poor Miss Finch*.
Growth Down as a Carrot. By the Author of *Cometh up as a Flower*.
Kick Papa. By the Author of *Ask Mamma*.
Always too Early to Rise. By the Author of *Never too Late to Mend*.
Viscount and Villain. By the Author of *Marquis and Merchant*.
Dick Swingate, Cad. By the Author of *John Halifax, Gentleman*.
Oyster. By the Author of *Patty*.
Old Smith. By the Author of *Young Brown*.
Jenkins's Grandmother. By the Author of *Gin's Baby*.
Cheapside. By the Author of *Piccadilly*.
Green as a Leek is He. By the Author of *Red as a Rose is She*.
Won't you Kiss Her? By the Author of *Can you Forgive Her?*
Asparagus in August. By the Author of *A Rose in June*.
The Worst of Wives. By the Author of *The Best of Husbands*.
The Old Martha. By the Author of *The New Magdalen*.
The Finals. By the Author of *The Initials*.
The Twenty Parsons. By the Author of *The Three Clerks*.
Maidenblush's Charms. By the Author of *Bluebeard's Keys*.

A COMPARATIVELY HAPPY FAMILY.

At a "densely crowded meeting" of our Roman Catholic friends, held the other night at St. James's Hall, a certain "FATHER BURKE, of the Dominican Order of preachers," held forth on "the Vitality of the Catholic Faith." This subject the Reverend Father treated in a manner worthy, not only of his cloth, but also of his country—if, as may be surmised, FATHER BURKE is an Irishman. Speaking of "the Protestant Church," he said:—

"Why, the other day in Ireland there was a proposition to take away from it the Athanasian Creed. It was something like that once sometimes seen in the streets, in which what was known as 'The Happy Family' dwelt, where the fox and the crow live together, without destroying one another."

What a contrast, FATHER BURKE, to the Kilkenny Cats! However, certainly, it is BRON who says:—

"Christians have burnt each other, quite persuaded
That the Apostles would have done as they did?"

Of which Christians do you prefer the Christianity? Theirs, or that of the fox and crow, who live together without destroying one another in the Protestant Church?

Masks and Faces.

WHEN lovely Woman stoops to the folly of endeavouring to enhance the charms of Nature by the appliances of Art, her mind and manner often are affected by the circumstance, and her demeanour is as artificial as the bloom upon her cheek. When she smiles on you, she does so with a semblance of constraint, as though her face were in a mask; yet she can hardly speak a word without a simper or a smirk. For fear of hurting her complexion, she dare hardly blow her nose, and seems afraid to trust herself to the convulsion of a sneeze, lest the enamel or the pigments on her visage should be cracked. Beauties of this nature are certainly remarkable, viewed as clever works of Art; but in the eyes of connoisseurs they never can be comparable to beauties without paint.

FOR BUTTER OR WORSE.

THE very civil reply of the BISHOP of LINCOLN to the last letter addressed to his Lordship by the clerical owner of *Apology*, should have caused no surprise. Has not everyone heard of "WORDSWORTH'S *Grass*"?

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A CAMBRIDGE Undergraduate" writes complainingly to us to say that of all his studies the most puzzling to him is what is called Plane Trigonometry. [Persevere.]



"NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND."

Respectable Man. "DEAR ME! I'M SORRY TO SEE THIS, MUGGLES! I HEARD YOU'D LEFT OFF DRINKING!"

Disreputable Party. "SHO I 'AVE, SHIR—(hic)—JESH 'ISH VERY MINUTE!"

NOVEMBER FOGS.

THE question whether the Public's convenience will be increased by turning passengers on the Midland Railway into a sort of social salad.

The question whether the Midland Directors deserve, as payment for their services, the Pillory, or Westminster Abbey.

The question whether our Army can be increased by abolishing the Militia and snubbing the Volunteers.

The question whether the *Devastation* can make in safety a voyage from Gravesend to Southend when the wind is "blowing a little."

The question whether the controversy about the *Raleigh* and the *Inconstant* has been of greater service to ourselves, or to our foes.

The question whether we can educate the people by sending Widows to prison for refusing to pay for their children's schooling.

The question whether Wife-beaters should be taught Latin or Greek, or should receive a few lessons from the Cat.

The question whether it is expedient that perjured Policemen should be patted on the back whilst receiving a sentence of the mildest character.

The question whether it is better to blow up the Public, or to "blow up" the Authorities for not putting into force existing Acts of Parliament regulating the carriage of gunpowder.

The question whether the LORD MAYOR OF LONDON ought to be monarch of all he surveys in Brompton, Kensington, Lambeth, and Bayswater.

The question whether the Corporation of London can be increased without causing riots amongst the suburban Vestrymen.

The question whether any one is responsible for the consequences attendant upon the existence of sewer gas.

The question whether making a row in the newspapers will secure that greatest boon to all literary men living near London—"suburban quiet."

The question whether it is unlawful to slaughter Organ Grinders, and other nuisances of the same character.

OUT-OF-SEASON SPEECHES.

At the talk of M.P.'s out of season
How over one's paper one frowns!
So much rubbish, so vacant of reason,
Shot broadcast in twopenny towns!
Empty heads who on Westminster never
Have their tediousness dared to bestow,
Now spout as they'd spout on for ever,
Where there's nobody by to say "no!"—

Muzzle-crammed with their loading of platitudes,
Ready-run from the mould of the Press,
In longitudes large as in latitudes,
Making even of grammar a mess!
Mr. Punch, at his free (?) breakfast-table,
His punishment takes with a groan,
Inquiring, with MELBOURNE the Able,
"Why the deuce can't you leave it alone?"

Instead of parading as praters,
In nooks, where all M.P.'s are gods,
Try your bottom among the debaters,
Where you can't at your will call the odds.
If not game, quite, to tackle DISRAELI,
Or GLADSTONE, up here, in the House,
You might try a turn-up, say, with WHALLEY,
Or some Solon of similar nous.

When served out of season, the oyster
Is a terror instead of a treat;
Out of season, your grey-headed royster
Is the dimmest joker to meet.
For young tongues to talk love is no treason,
And the right has no limit of sex;
But old noodles who spoon out of season,
Get their true-lovers'-knots round their necks.

But worse than the oyster that's offered
In the month with no R in its name—
And worse than the foulest joke proffered
By some hoary old rogue without shame,
Worse than old fools in love's hot unreason
When wise heads have to "temperate" come,
Is the M.P. who talks out of season,
While in season he, wisely, is dumb.

LONDON STONE.—The new Lord Mayor.

The question whether the youths in the gallery at Commemoration represent the ordinary Undergraduate.

The question whether any one understands the present condition of affairs on the Continent.

The question whether the suppression of the Carlists would be followed by payment of the outstanding liabilities of the Spanish Government.

The question whether it is possible to avoid an attack of influenza in London during this season of the year.

The question whether the whole history of the month will not be a question of the weather.

Wholesome.

WE note the following straightforward and Spartan advertisement in the *Hour* of Nov. 4th:—

IT is desired to place two YOUNG LADIES, aged twelve and fourteen, very strong and healthy, under a Lady who approves of and will thoroughly and duly administer the birch rod. Terms most liberal.—Address C. A. T., Post Office, Tickle-tail, Middlesex.

This is going beyond the ordinary demand of the *Hour*, which is for the application of the lash to those who beat the softer sex; this Advertiser wishes for its application to the softer sex itself.

Darwenism and Darwinism.

WRITING from dirty Darwen, on its sanitary condition, MR. J. B. DRAXIN, in the *Times*, remarks that, "Men caring more for their species than their species hold office in a Board of Health." These appear to be representative men at Darwen—men representing the sentiments of Darwen on species, which so far seem to corroborate the views of DARWIN that they attest the existence of human beings in an imperfectly developed state of humanity.

OCCASIONAL HAPPY THOUGHTS.

All the Difference between Buying and Selling.

HAVING bought TROTT's horse, I find that he won't cross a bridge; that he won't pass a cart; that he has a predilection for turning down any opening on the left, and starting off on his own account; that, (though quiet), he is dreadfully nervous, which makes me nervous; that he is frightened to death of a train, of cows, of a baker, of a perambulator; that he has (though perfectly quiet) a playful way of running MURGLE, my man, into a corner, and butting at him; that, (though docile as a lamb) he doesn't like being saddled, hates being bridled, and there's a difficulty about getting him out of the stable and the stable-yard. Twice, with MURGLE on his back,

who has started to exercise him, does he return on his own responsibility, refusing, (always quietly and steadily,—being quite "the gentleman's horse")—to go any further than he thought fit. Whip, spur, kindness—nothing affects him. He is invariably polite, so to speak, shaking his head at the corner of a road, and negating any idea of progression.

After a week, he firmly, but always courteously, refuses to go more than a hundred yards from the stable gate. At a certain point he turns round, and comes back. Sometimes with some one on him, and sometimes without. Sometimes it is MURGLE, sometimes it isn't. If it isn't, MURGLE is following. Whether with or without a rider, the horse is quite amiable, quiet, cheerful, and, so to speak, polite.

I can't complain of his "manners," they're good enough, but his evident good breeding only makes his obstinacy more irritating.

The Railway Station is a mile from my house, and he won't take me more than a hundred yards of the way. At a hillock he stops and returns. Quite quietly and pleasantly, I admit, but even this is not comforting when I see the train arriving and leaving without me, and I have got some important business in town.

At the end of a fortnight, being put into harness, he simply stands still, and won't stir one step out of the yard.

He gains the day, and is taken out of harness. He goes back to his stable quite quietly, and is so gentle as to eat an apple out of my Aunt's hand.

But I didn't buy a horse merely to eat apples out of my Aunt's hand.

Happy Thought.—Send for TROTT.

TROTT is sent for. He can't make it out. TROTT says "he wasn't like that when he was with him," and proceeds to give him the highest character. This implies that he has learnt his obstinacy here: from me. I let TROTT try him. TROTT is convinced, and rebuys him.

I sell him back at a loss, and buy another—a clever hack.

He is warranted to go in harness. The warranty didn't say which way he would go. I put him into harness, and he goes backwards.

He is otherwise clever, and I do not think this was stupidity.

Sold him at a loss. Employing TROTT as my selling agent.

Suited at last. Cheap and nice. A cob, fourteen two. Carries me (only I shan't ride him again, as I fancy he stumbles when out of harness), and goes quietly in trap. Strong: rather too like a deer about the legs, but my Aunt thinks it perfection, and on the spot names the animal "*Gazelle*."

After three weeks I come to the conclusion that *Gazelle* is not strong enough for my work. *Gazelle* stumbles in harness, and comes down on one knee. It might have been a bad cut, but she only "took a little hair off."

I have determined to sell her. But this time I shall do it myself, not through TROTT.

Happy Thought.—Selling and buying are two very different things. Hitherto, personally, I've been the buyer, now, personally, I am the seller. A proud position.

Happy Thought.—Of course I don't part with him because he stumbles. O dear no! because really and truly the stumbling was nothing. Any horse—(this is my reasoning when debating whether I ought to mention the stumbling to a purchaser)—may stumble

under similar circumstances. It was a stony road: it was dark: I was driving carelessly, &c., &c. And then see how cleverly he picked himself up! Why that's worth all the money alone!

Then as to stumbling and coming on his nose over some turf (when I was nearly split)—well, he's not up to my weight, and I had let the reins lie on his neck; and, after all, it was not a "stumble"—it was merely knocking his foot against some little mound or stone—nothing more. O no, he's all right.

Therefore I advertise as for sale:—

"*Gazelle.* A bright Chestnut Cob, silver-tipped Mane and Tail, fourteen two, quiet to ride and drive. Not up to too much weight. Suitable for all sorts of light work. Fast trotter. Only parted with on account of the owner making alterations in his stables."

"That's fair," I say to MURGLE, after reading it out to him.

"Yes, Sir, that's fair," returns honest MURGLE. "He's a nice little 'oss as ever I see, he is."

"And," I add, alluding again to the advertisement, feeling a qualm or two of conscience about it, "it's true."

MURGLE replies—but I fancy a little uneasily, as he shifts his legs, coughs, puts his hand before his mouth (MURGLE's company manners), and twiddles his old wideawake—"Yes, Sir. O, that's true enough, that is."

I shall not ask this witness any more questions—except one. It is this:—

"Do you think, MURGLE, that the Chestnut had ever been down before I had her?"

He is quite ready:—

"O yes, Sir" (in a tone of surprise, as though there could have ever been any doubt about it whatever), "he'd ha' been down sure enough. Cut-a-both knees you see, Sir."

"O—ahem!—I never saw that when I bought him. And they never said anything about it."

MURGLE smiles. So do I. He takes the advertisement to the post.

Somehow I feel that MURGLE and myself are conspiring.

My friend JELFER calls.

"I hear you've got a cob you want to sell. What's the figure?"

I name more than I had intended to ask, out of pity for my friend, and rather hoping to stop JELFER at the outset.

Although I have taken to horse-dealing, and my whole moral nature has been changed in an hour or so, yet I am still tender-hearted. I know, from the nature of my business, that I am going to take in somebody, but I do not want to deceive JELFER.

Happy Thought.—I will tell him everything; and then if he chooses to buy, let him. But I will be open and candid.

"The price is all right," replies JELFER, "if he's what I want."

JELFER sees, and likes him.

"He's good enough for me," he says.

Then comes the question—the question which I never asked the man of whom I bought him. I didn't distrust a stranger, why should a friend mistrust me?

JELFER feels the knees critically. I and MURGLE look on. MURGLE nervous, but prepared, I fancy, like Moses in the *School for Scandal*, to "take his oath of that," whatever it is. I notice that our eyes do not meet. I am sure that I should make a very bad swindler; and as to MURGLE, he'd be taken up and sent into penal servitude before he had barely commenced his nefarious career.

JELFER, feeling the knees, asks, "Ever been down?"

Now then. My Good Angel and my Evil Angel are in the stable-yard. "Do as you'd be done by," says one. "Do as you were done," says t' other.

Happy Thought.—Split the difference.

I say, carelessly, and with much candour (despising myself all the time as a humbug), "Well, you see for yourself the Chestnut's knocked a little hair off, but that's nothing; that'll come all right again. He's not up to my weight, and there was a grip, or something, but he didn't come down."

"Ah!" says JELFER. "I suppose he's all right in harness?"

Good Angel nowhere now. Gone out of the stable-yard, and weeping at the gate.

"First-rate in harness. I suppose you only want to drive him in a pony-trap?"

"That's all."

"Ah, he'll do that well enough."

The Good Angel looks in just for a second, with a tear in his eye. I relent a bit, because I picture to myself poor JELFER coming a cropper while going down-hill. I say to him, "I should always keep the bearing-rein on, because he's been accustomed to that, and you must keep him well in hand down-hill."

Now if anything, short of going on my knees, and admitting to JELFER that the Chestnut is a regular tumble-down-groggy affair, could tell JELFER the true state of the case, the above broad hint would be sufficient.

But JELFER goes blindly on.

"She'll do. I've got my cheque-book here. And if you'll lend me a saddle, I'll buy him, and ride home."

I hesitate. It's my first effort at horse-dealing, and I did not expect this enormous success. Oughtn't I to offer him on trial? Oughtn't I to say, "My dear fellow, you'd better ride him to-day, and if he suits, send me the money to-morrow?"

No; why should I?

Happy Thought.—JELFER's old enough to take care of himself.

"Or, I'll tell you what I'll do," says JELFER. "I'll give you half the money, and swap my Grey with you—the one you saw me on the other day. I don't want to keep two, and I haven't got work enough for the old Grey. You *must* have a horse, and it would be a bargain for you."

Now what does *this* mean? I know JELFER's horse, and admire it. I have often thought that JELFER's Grey *would* suit me. I shouldn't mind the exchange with the money, only it is but fair that I should ask the question:

"The Grey's not been down, has he?"

"Been down!" he exclaims. "You couldn't throw him down if you tried."

He is so hearty, that I am satisfied.

"You know him," he adds, carelessly, "and there he is."

As JELFER doesn't ask any further questions about *mine*, I won't ask any more about *his*. I confess that I would rather he did not make any more inquiries.

"Splendid goer, my old Grey," he says, as he writes out the cheque. "He only wants work, and you can give him that. There!"

The money has passed. *Gazelle* is no longer my property. JELFER mounts him, and promises to send his Grey this evening.

I have my misgivings. All that puzzles me now, is, which has got the worst of it—JELFER or myself?

JELFER, I *think*, because I've got JELFER's cheque. Certainly, it's only half the money I asked, but the Grey is coming to-night.

When the Grey comes, I shall know.

At present all I hope is that JELFER will get home safely. For my part, I wouldn't ride that Chestnut of mine for ten miles on a hard road, with up and down-hill, and occasional stones, not for two hundred pounds down.

That's my private opinion about the Chestnut I've just sold to JELFER.

"Cool."

HERE is a *bonâ-fide* advertisement—cut from a religious newspaper:—

WILL ANY LADY RECEIVE for three or six months, immediately, a LADY, of refined and agreeable manners, accustomed to good society, musical, good reader; without remuneration, except laundress. A Christian family desired; good references. Unforeseen circumstances breaking up a refined home. Would prove a great comfort to any delicate lady during the winter months.

Such "comfort," we presume, to be set against the more material comforts which this refined and agreeable Lady wishes to obtain in return for the valuable privilege of her company. "Without remuneration, except laundress," means, we suppose, that the Lady will pay her own washing-bill; but perhaps it means she won't, and that the only payment she requires for her society is the amount of her washerwoman's weekly charge.

A GOOD CRY FOR (STRONG-MINDED) WOMEN.—"Bicycles and Bloomers!"

TIGER-KILLERS AND TIGERS KILLED.



As the Fox in England, so the Tiger in India may be regarded in two characters, as game or as vermin. There is the slight distinction that the Indian Man-eater destroys people instead of poultry, and that hunting him involves, perhaps, a higher per-centage of accidents to life and limb. But just as fox-hunters look on killing a fox, otherwise than in the legitimate fashion, as one of the meanest, if not the most heinous, forms of murder, there are tiger-hunters in India who think the Man-eater should be sacred from all deaths except the regular sporting one, by bullet discharged in form from the back of an elephant. In their

eyes, the recent appointment, by some of the Indian Governments, of an official tiger-killer, just as in the wilder departments of France they appoint a "*Lieutenant de Louveterie*," or official wolf-slayer, must look "fishy," to say the least of it. For the Government tiger-killer is not confined to the bullet. He may, without *lèse loyauté* to his brother hunters or his game, use strychnine or corrosive sublimate, and poison his quarry, instead of shooting him as in private shikar-duty bound. Nay, we read of a MR. CROOM, of Madras, as having invented a suit of tiger-armour of stout buckram set with strong nails, in which to face the Man-eater without danger.

It is true MR. CROOM has as yet declined to put himself in his armour into the jaws of a tiger, but believing in his panoply, as did *Don Quixote* in his helmet, he has no doubt whatever that, if he did, it would be more trying to the tiger than to him.

A CAPTAIN CAULFIELD is now the official tiger-killer for the Madras Presidency, and we hear great things of his prowess. Among other incidents he reports is one in which, a Man-eater having been disturbed in his repast on a native he had killed, the body was baited with strychnine, and, the brute returning to his meal, eat and died.

Old tiger-hunters will naturally be disgusted by this sort of thing. *Que voulez-vous?* They shoot foxes in France! It is so natural to savages to think of themselves rather than the game they are bound to protect for the noble sportsman. And, after all, what are the Indians but savages? This treatment of their noblest game—the tiger—shows it, we should say, more conclusively than either the cremation of widows or their self-immolation under the car of Juggernaut.

THE CARLISTS AND THE CHANCELLOR.

HAVE the Carlists borrowed an idea from BISMARCK? Their late operations seem to indicate a design to work by means of Blood and Iron.



A RELEVANT REMARK.

Lady Teacher. "YOU MUST RECOLLECT THAT ALL I AM TELLING YOU HAPPENED ONE THOUSAND EIGHT HUNDRED AND SEVENTY-FOUR YEARS AGO!"

Sally. "LOE' MISS! HOW THE TIME DO SLIP AWAY!"

OUR BRUMMAGEM LION.

WAS ever Radical, "advanced" to that highest of high-water marks Which the Republican top-tide-line and nothing lower or shorter marks,

Reduced to such an awkward fix, since fixes upon the card were, As Republican MR. CHAMBERLAIN, the Mayor of the City of Hard-ware!

As, first, for a stern contemner of Courts, their ceremonials, and creatures, Their kotowings, mowings, and bowings, and other degrading features,

To be cursed with the name of *Chamberlain*—a word that suggests Court-monkeyism,

In all it has most abject of gold-keys, back-stairs, and flunkeyism!

And then for this high CHAMBERLAIN, in his stern Republican zeal, On Spartan plainness and equal rights to have to set his heel, And consent to put a chain round his neck, and sit in a raised arm-chair,

In a gown of office, as, if not a *Lord*, at least a *Brummagem*, Mayor!

Next, that it should fall to this Brummagem Republican Chamberlain Mayor's lot—

Those angels surely can't be "advanced," who municipal affairs lot—To have the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES, in his year, visit Packington Hall,

Scarce eleven miles from Birmingham—and of course invited to call!

And worse, that this PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES should be so cheery and pleasant

That they can't come or go, make progress or stay, but they win the hearts of all present;

And instead of rousing Republicanism—the true, or its Brummagem antic—

Work the other way, in a style to drive Fortnightly Reviewers frantic!

That this Brummagem Republican Mayor ironical fate should tether With this pleasant PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES in hardware handcuffs together;

That this CHAMBERLAIN must hide his red cap—not to speak, as yet, of destroying it,—

And bow his bow, and speak his address, and feel how his Council's enjoying it!

But *Punch* gives credit where credit is due, and if CHAMBERLAIN have put his foot in it,

And set up his Tree of Liberty, without first making sure there's a root in it,

And talked a great deal of brag and bounce and nonsense, and written more,

Punch owns that Birmingham's banner, in this fix, he gallantly bore.

Like a gentleman he has comported himself in this glare of the Princely sun;

Has said just what he ought to have said, and done what he ought to have done;

Has put his red cap in his pocket, and sat on his Fortnightly article, And of Red Republican claws or teeth displayed not so much as a particle.

Nay, this Brummagem Republican Lion for the nonce has ta'en to roar him

As gently as any sucking dove, or the gentle Princess before him: Has laid his awful claws in her lap, and meekly begged her to clip'em—

And has promised, if smaller lions dared roar, to take and whip'em—

In short, has behaved himself less like a Republican than a Chamberlain

Who has worn a gold key all his life, and in *maréchal*-powder and amber lain;

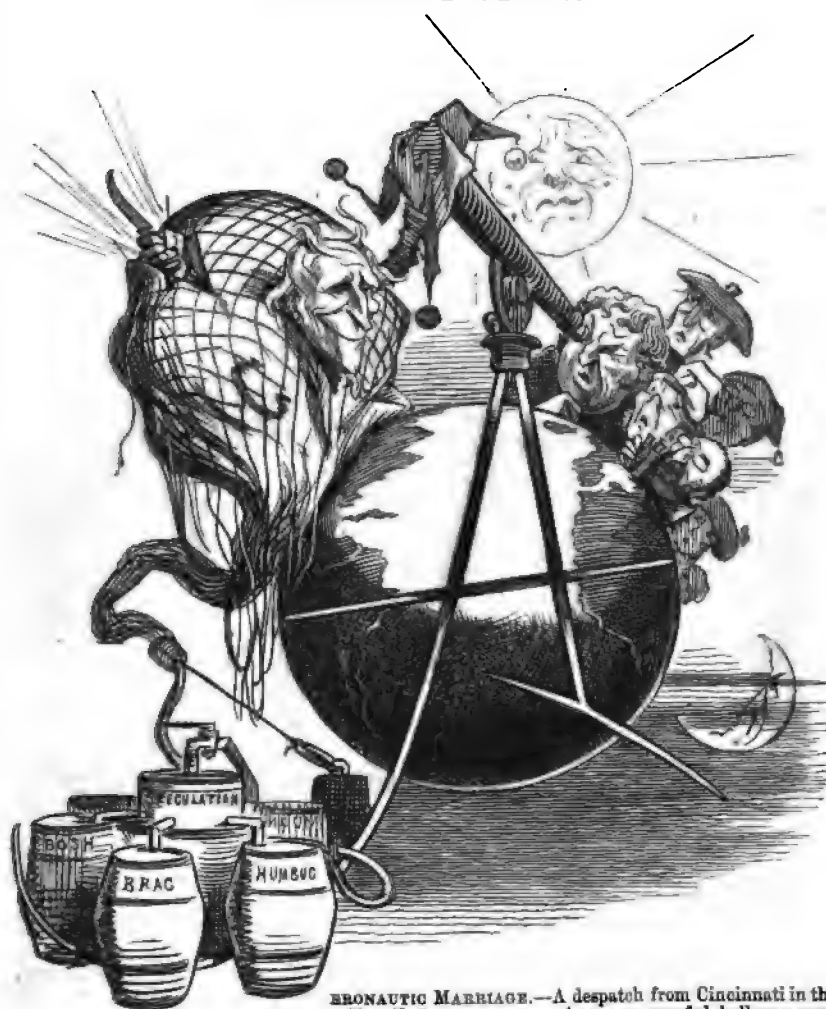
There's only one little query, which e'en a kind *Punch* can't smother—

On which side is the electro-plate—the "advanced" face, or the other?



A BRUMMAGEM LION.

HYMEN IN EXCELSIS.



ÆRONAUTIC MARRIAGE.—A despatch from Cincinnati in the New York papers says:—A very successful balloon ascent was made here this afternoon (October 19) by Professor DONALDSON, who was accompanied by a bridal party of six persons. At the height of about a mile above the earth

the marriage ceremony was performed. The balloon landed safely about three miles from the place of ascension.—*Post.*

Æronaut sings—

I AND six more went up in a balloon,
From the town of Cincinnati, the other afternoon.
With a couple of the party to be married in a way
New to the daughters and the sons of clay:
Up shot the balloon to the regions higher
By a long long chalk than the tallest spire.
The bald-headed eagle we bid good-bye,
As we went a soarin' to our kindred sky,
Up in a balloon, boys, up in a balloon,
A singin' of "Excelsior!" and shoutin' to the moon:
Up in a balloon, boys, up in a balloon,
I cal'late it's jolly to be up in a balloon.

Up, up we was histed by gaseous power,
To the height of a mile above town and tower;
There they plit their faith, and their vows they vowed
On the sunlit back of a thunder-cloud.
They was spliced beneath the eternal stars,
In the presence of Jupiter, Venus, and Mars.
We recked neither Little nor Great Bear's growl;
And we laughed as we bid the Dog-Star howl.
Up in a balloon, &c.

The scene was solemn—the rite was short—
There warn't much ceremony to report.
But the Spheres did 'ppropriate music play;
MENDELSSOHN'S *Wedding March*, clear as day.
We realised that air, and caught
The everlastin' tune in thought.

And the songs of the Planets we heer'd afar,
With our innard ears in the nuptial car.
Up in a balloon, &c.

We descended with quite a favourin' gale,
Happy pair and all, to this earthly vale.
"Is there marriage on high?" some people inquire.
If their'n wasn't one I'm a falsifier.
That 's a fact consarnin' them there folks;
Though the sceptic may deem it a Yankee hoax,
'Tis as true as that two and two make four;
Or I wish I may ne'er ascend no more
In an air-balloon—in an air-balloon—
And I don't care a cent for ne'er a buffoon,
As may caricature me in his cartoon
Of the marriage I witnessed up in a balloon.

CORRESPONDENTS TO THE FRONT!

THE present condition of the British Army having once more engaged the attention of the newspapers, eminently useful letters such as the following will probably be published during the course of the next few weeks:—

To the Editor.

SIR, *The Senior Sword and Bomb Club.*

My contempt for all writing fellows in general, and journalists in particular, being, I flatter myself, well known, the receipt of this communication will doubtless cause you much surprise. The fact that I am addressing you is yet another proof that the Service is rapidly going to—well, you can supply the rest.

Sir, I consider all this talk about recruiting utter nonsense—nay, I will go further, and call it rank rubbish. You may possibly imagine that you have discovered a double meaning in the word "rank." You will be wrong. Had you served in the regiment I had the honour to command in 1824, you would know that I never joke.

Now, Sir, take my word for it, we don't go the right way to work to get recruits. People seem to forget that His Grace Field-Marshal the late DUKE OF WELLINGTON won all his victories with Brown Bess and the leather collar. Let it be well known that we have returned to the old institutions (I hate the word, but I can find no better one for the expression of my meaning), and men will flock into the ranks like sheep. Let us go back to the glorious days of 1815, let us give up the new-fangled notions now in fashion about "arms of precision" and the rest of it, and all may yet be well. Above all, let us restore flogging and the branding-irons—the men like them, for they give a tone to the system,—and the Service may still be saved.

Now that I am pen in hand, I could write much more on this subject, as I have the interests of my country very deeply at heart. Unfortunately, I have to break off at this point, as the Club waiter informs me that he has just secured for me my favourite table near the fireplace in the Coffee-room. The soup is served, and should never be eaten cold. Moreover, I should mortally offend our *Chef* if I treated his dishes without that respect they so eminently deserve.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

SEBASTIAN PIPECLAY, *Major-General.*

To the Editor.

*Offices of the Benevolent
Lambs Association.*

DEAR SIR,

Of course we can get recruits if we treat our soldiers with kindness. Surely there are several cruelties which might be easily removed, if the Horse Guards would only be charitable. For instance, why should uniform be insisted upon, when civilian clothing is so much more comfortable? Why make our soldiers carry a heavy gun which they will never use, when a light walking-stick would be so far more serviceable? Why give them rations of coarse mutton



ODD AND EVEN.

Mr. Muff (to his Keeper). "I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! THE FIRST SEASON YOU WERE WITH ME THERE WERE NO FOXES; THE SECOND THERE WERE NO PHASANTS; AND THIS YEAR WE'VE HAD NEITHER ONE OR THE OTHER."

Keeper. "WELL, SIR, I NEVER SHOT NO FOXES, AND YOU NEVER HIT NO PHASANTS; SO WE AIN'T NEITHER ON US ANSWERABLE, AS I CAN SEE."

and coarser beef, when made-dishes can be obtained at every respectable pastry-cook's in town or country? Why ask them to salute their officers, when they have never been introduced to those gentlemen except officially or on parade?

I might add to the above list a thousand other questions, were I not a little pressed for time this morning. As a Member of the Committee of Benevolent Lambs, it is my duty to see that the Vagrant Act is put in force. A number of widows have been summoned by the Association to meet the Metropolitan Police-Magistrates. The Association has determined upon putting down poverty with the strong arm of the law.

Believe me, dear Sir,

Yours very sincerely,

A TRUE PHILANTHROPIST.

To the Editor.

SIR,

The Town-Hall, Mudborough.

Not get recruits! Nonsense, Sir, nonsense! The authorities don't know how to deal with the men. The Army should be handed over to the Vestries. Why, the matter is the simplest in the world, as I will quickly show you. When I tell you that I have been in the Wholesale Potato line for the last twenty years, you will be forced to admit that I can speak with authority upon the subject of our National Defences.

What do we want? Why, Efficiency combined with Economy. You understand, Sir, Efficiency combined with Economy. All you have to do is to amalgamate the Militia with the Volunteers, and turn both Forces into the Regular Army. The rate of wages for the whole should be the same as that now paid to the Volunteers. Do you see, Sir. The plan is simple—very simple. When this reform has been made, let the men do a fair day's work. I am sure that five-sixths of our soldiers idle away their time in the pursuit of the most frivolous amusements. Give them something to do, Sir—the nobler and more elevating the duty the better. For instance, why not post sentries at the doors of every Town Hall in the King-

dom? Then teach them to pay proper respect to the Municipal Authorities—to salute every Vestryman as if he were a Field Officer.

I may add that I have spoken to all my colleagues in Mudborough, and they agree with every word I have written.

I am, Sir,

Yours,

A BRITISH VESTRYMAN.

To the Editor.

SIR,

Tudor's Folly.

Of course the Army is not popular, and never will be until the men are taught to take a proper pride in their profession. Furnish the barrack-rooms after the fashion of the Middle Ages, and restore the old English long-bow—that most efficient of all weapons. We want more Art-culture and less drill.

Yours obediently,

RUSKIN INIGO JONES.

To the Editor.

SIR,

The Albany.

I AM sure that the lower classes would flock into the Army if they only knew how cheap it was. My brother is in the Service, and he tells me that a fellow can get a shirt for about three shillings from the Quarter-Master. Now, I never knew a fellow who gave less than ten guineas a dozen for his shirts. Surely that sounds well. Eh?

Yours faithfully,

A PRACTICAL ECONOMIST.

To the Editor.

SIR,

The Foundry.

WE want men, not theories. Abolish all the laws preserving liberty to the subject, and make everybody (with the exception of the rifle manufacturers) into soldiers.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant,

A RIFLE MANUFACTURER.

To the Editor.

SIR,
PLEASE yer honour, I sees by the newspapers the sodjers ought to be marked, or else they deserts, and the Lord High General is stuck hard and fast for a move. Why don't he pick up a wrinkle from the young gem'men aboard a man-o'-war, and out the broad arrow on the tips of their noses? In case they serves all alike, they ought to tatto us blue-jackets' noses blue, and the red-coats' red, 'cos I don't want to be mistook for a sodjer.

Your 'umble servant, to command,
OLD SALT.

To the Editor.

SIR, *The Weeping Willows.*

It is a most satisfactory sign of the times that men refuse to become soldiers. Is it not a proof of the near approach of the coming Millennium? But can we not make even the desire to enlist punishable? The crime might be classed with highway robbery.

Yours, with much respect,
A MEMBER OF THE PEACE SOCIETY.

To the Editor.

SIR, *London (near Dublin).*

THE whole system of recruiting is utterly bad. We begin at the wrong end. Let me sum up the matter for you. See here, now, we don't want raw, inexperienced recruits, but seasoned warriors. They are easily secured. In future, let all men taken into the ranks (without exception) be old men who have served in the Army for twenty years. By a rigid observance of this rule, we may expect to have, a century hence, a really efficient Army. I am convinced that I am right.

Yours, with a thorough knowledge
of the subject,
A GENTLEMAN FROM IRELAND.

A NUT FOR GRAMMARIANS.

WE extract the following from a recent advertisement column of *The Irish Times* :—

THE LADY who sat behind a blind man who spoke to her concerning her soul, at the four o'clock service in the Exhibition Palace, on Sunday last, will please leave the green figured silk umbrella she took in mistake from the lady she kindly lent her hymn-book to, at Mr. WILLIAM PRESCOTT'S dyeing establishment, 8, Lower Abbey Street, where she will get her own.

There is some difficulty in exactly explaining, from this little narrative, how the facts stand as between the blind man, the lady's soul, the green figured silk umbrella, the loan of the hymn-book and Mr. WILLIAM PRESCOTT'S dyeing establishment. The whole involves a confusion not only of *memum* and *tuum*, but of a large number of other pronouns, to say nothing of adjective and substantive, relative and antecedent, which may, in fact, make of the extract a useful exercise in grammar for the more advanced classes at our schools and colleges. As such we print it.

DOWN IN THE EAST.

THE Metropolitan Board of Works has authority to alter the names of the streets within its jurisdiction. It is suggested that, as the chief distinction of Worship Street is its Police Court, "Your Worship Street" would be a more appropriate designation.



COOKIANA.

Engaging, and nearly engaged Cook. "AND NOW, MA'AM, MAY I ASK HOW MANY SERVANTS YOU KEEP BESIDES MYSELF, IF I COME?" *Lady.* "ONLY TWO!"

Cook. "AH! THEN I'M AFRAID I MUST DROLINE! THE FACT IS, I CAN'T GET ON WITHOUT MY RUBBER OF AN EVENING!"

Dog v. Kerr.

AT the Central Criminal Court, the other day, MR. COMMISSIONER KERR made some strong observations on "the disreputable practice of counsel who were instructed in cases handing their briefs over to others who knew nothing of the facts, after pocketing enormous fees from their clients. He believed, if he had his own way in that Court for three or four months, he should be able to put things in something like order." If this belief of His Honour be well founded, we can only regret that, as every dog has his day, the same does not hold of every Kerr.

Awkward.

LYCEUM THEATRE.— FISH OUT OF WATER * * * MR. IRVING IN THE PART OF HAMLET.

THIS announcement meets the eye upon every hoarding in London. MR. BATEMAN would do well to change the name of the farce which precedes Mr. IRVING'S great dramatic effort.



THE TRIALS OF A DISTRICT VISITOR.

The Honourable Miss Puzbuz (log.). "IS MRS. HIGGINS WITHIN?"

Mrs. Tomkins. "I'LL CALL 'ER, M'UM." (At the top of her voice.) "MRS. 'IG—GINS! ERE'S THE PERSON WITH THE TRAC'S!"
(To the Honourable Miss.) "THE LADY WILL BE DOWN PRESENTLY, M'UM!"

DOGMATISTS ON DOGMAS.

IN a pastoral relative to the late meeting of the British Association at Belfast, and the addresses of PROFESSORS TYNDALL and HUXLEY, CARDINAL CULLEN and his subordinate Bishops and Archbishops of Ireland instruct the Faithful and the Public that:—

"Enlightened by the teachings of the Church, the Catholic may view in peace, and even with delight, the progress of science. If he hears of a contradiction between science and religion, it will soon be found only an appearance of contradiction; or if a contradiction really exists, it will be found that the boasted discovery which creates it is but an ephemeral theory, and not the truth; or if its truth be beyond gainsay, and the contradiction plain, then the doctrine with which it is in conflict will be found to be but a theological opinion and not a dogma; or if it be a dogma, it has been misunderstood or not explained according to the mind of the Church."

So it seems that a doctrine which, under the name of a dogma, has always passed for true, may ultimately prove false. Or a dogma heretofore stated in one form of words may by-and-by have to be restated in another. The dogmatist who shall have survived these changes will be fit to go about singing, like the Dutchman in the burlesque:—

"O where and O where is my Pet Dogma gone?

O where and O where is he?

With his facts proved false, and his terms proved wrong,

O, where O where can he be?"

Could not DR. CULLEN and his co-dogmatists publish, on authority, a Syllabus of the dogmas which may after all turn out to be mere opinions, or may sooner or later have to be modified? If this were done, perhaps it would warrant the expectation that, after all, there may be found to be not very much dogmatic difference between DR. CULLEN and DR. CUMMINGS. If Theology goes on caving in to Science as occasion may require, Theology—even CULLEN'S Theology—will doubtless become pretty well reconciled to Science in the end. The only point on which philosophers and dogmatists will then be

at variance will be the necessity of submission to dogmatic authority for the time being. In the meanwhile, are all dogmas whatsoever, current as such, to be indiscriminately believed, under pain of excommunication?

THE FINE OLD RAILWAY PASSENGER.

(AIR—Obvious.)

I'LL sing you a brand new song of the melancholy fate
Of a fine Old Railway Passenger, of limited estate,
Who always liked to travel at the intermediate rate,
And tipped the porter to reserve the seat in which he sate,
Like a fine Old Railway Passenger,
One of the Second Class.

His brow so bold was snugly sheathed in a cosy sealskin cap,
And he had a rug to ease his knees whene'er he took a nap,
And he looked as if for all the world he didn't care a rap,
With his hands, in town-sewed dogskins, reposing in his lap,
Like a fine Old Railway Passenger,
One of the Second Class.

But all at length must bend to fate, whatever may betide,
And the "Midland," which he travels by, a novel scheme have tried;
So henceforth now by "First" or "Third" this good old man
must ride,

Which will involve a struggle 'twixt the pocket and the pride
Of this fine Old Railway Passenger,
Late of the Second Class.

AMONG THE LAWYERS.

ON the first day of Term MRS. MALAPROP went to Westminster, to witness the opening of the Courts. Having so often heard of the puny Judges, she was agreeably surprised at their size.



"IO BACCHE!"

James. "MORNIN', MR. JARVIER. WHAT'S THE NEWS?"

Mr. J. (the old Coachman). "WELL, I'VE 'EARD THE BEST BIT O' NEWS THIS MORNIN' AS I'VE 'EARD FOR MANY A DAY, FROM OUR BUTLER. HE TELL ME 'THE WIN'YARDS IS 'A COMIN' BOUND,' AND THERE'S EVERY PROSPE' OF OUR GETTIN' SOME MORE GOOD MADEIRY!!"

OUR MAYORS.

FAITHFUL to a time-honoured custom, we seize the earliest possible moment after the ninth, the day which decides the destinies of the Municipalities for another year, to pass under review the roll of new Mayors:—

The Lord Mayor of London is Stone, the Mayor of Glossop Wood. Manchester is ruled by a King, Beccles by its Masters, Preston is content with a Fryer, but Colchester is so steadfast to a Bishop as to elect him for the sixth time. A Chamberlain and a Chevallier are again supreme at Birmingham and Ipswich, and Margate has elected a Reeve—and yet he is not a Boroughreeve, but as much a Mayor as the rest of his brethren.

The Mayor of Bath is a Paynter, of Newcastle on Tyne a Potter, of Wisbeach a Mason, of Monmouth a Baker, of South Molton a Tanner, of Barnsley a Carter, of Barnstaple a Harper, of Lichfield a Coxon, and of Canterbury a Wright.

They have a Brooke at Batley, a Lake at Gravesend, a Firth at Dewsbury and Sheffield, a Marsh at Kingston, a Moore at Plymouth, and Wells at Hull.

There is a Hurst at Bedford, a Croft at Lymington and Richmond, a Freshfield at Godmanchester and a Crossley at Halifax, a Platt at Sudbury, a Thorpe at Hastings, and Hills at Helston and Yeovil.

Bootle possesses Barnes, Peterborough Gates, Sunderland Potts, Middlesborough a Bell, Ryde a Barrow, and Hanley a Cartledge.

Thomas at Bristol, Edwards at Longton and Wolverhampton, Richards at Falmouth, Lewis at Carnarvon, Adamson at Tynemouth, and Levy at the two cathedral cities, Rochester and Worcester.

If the Mayor of Boston is Small, the Mayor of Conway is Bulkeley; if he is Brown at Deal, he is White at Shrewsbury; if a New-man at St. Ives, a Norman at Devonport; and if there is a Welchman at Poole, at Rochdale there is a Tweedale.

It will be no surprise to the thousands who embark and disembark at the flourishing port of Southampton to be told that its Mayor is

"THE BEATING OF MY OWN WIFE."

AIR—"The beating of my own Heart."

I'd melted all my wages,
Ere of beer I had my fill,
For a bob I asked the Missus
—There's a way where there's a will.
She refused, I took the poker,
The neighbours never stirred,
For the beating of my own wife
Was the only sound they heard.

A sneak blowed to the Crushers,
I was lugged afore the Beak—
But I know'd that it was nothing:
The old gal had her squeak:
They fined me forty shillings,
I paid it like a bird,
And the beating of my own wife,
Perhaps, that night was heard.

But rights is rights no longer;
Cross swears he'll eat his hat,
Or jolly dogs, as wops their gals,
Shall suffer from the Cat.
If that brutal measure passes,
Take WILLIAM SIKES his word,
That the beating of his own wife
Will not again be heard.

Tithes!

OUR friend, the REV. ADAM MANYBAITEN, who, with that wise defiance of MALTHUS which belongs to the clerical intellect, has just christened his ninth child, tells everybody that the next shall be called "DECIMUS" or "DECIMA," according to sex, and given freely to the public. He thinks this a proper way of showing his gratitude for the tithes he once received in kind, and still receives per commutation.

Mr. Punch agrees. A Church that would appropriate a tithe of all children born, and educate them on the right principle, would soon raise the nation to a higher level.

CAPE AND COPE.—There is a certain tribe of African Natives bearing a name which may be thought applicable also to a tribe of sacerdotal fetish worshippers nearer home—the Boshmen.

a Passenger. We hope the citizens of Oxford have got the Round man in the round hole, and that the inhabitants of Newport (Isle of Wight) will not be catechised by their Pinnook. Newark has —can you guess?—a good Riddell; a Pwllheli no ordinary Jones, but a Picton; and, lastly, there is a Rodd at Penzance, Cutts at East Retford, Payn at Faversham, and Death at Cambridge.

A GLOSSARY TO RAILWAY PHRASES.

"THE Passengers were severely shaken." Hundreds of people barely escaped with their lives.

"No Casualty is reported." The Representatives of the Press not having as yet arrived on the spot where the accident took place.

"The Accident was not serious." Only half a dozen railway officials killed and wounded.

"The Accident was caused by unavoidable circumstances." New words for gross carelessness and reckless stupidity.

"The Express was despatched at its usual hour." The Train was hurriedly started off forty minutes late.

"The Pointsman was at his post." And had been there for the last eighteen hours.

"The Accident is much to be regretted." A vision of Passengers obtaining heavy damages, awarded them by sympathetic Juries of their countrymen.

"The Alteration, recommended at the Inquest, was on the point of being made at the very time that the Accident happened." The danger, although fully appreciated for years, had been considered unworthy of the expense that its removal would entail, until a public exposure rendered the outlay necessary.

"Hasty Legislation is to be deprecated." As the Directors have no wish to render themselves liable to be tried for Manslaughter.

"An Accident of this character is not likely to happen again." Until the next time!

IN 1880—LAW!

Dedicated to the Philanthropic Party, as a Prophecy of what it will come to.



ANSTON HOUSE.

JOHN SMITH, 45, a powerful-looking oostermonger, was charged before MR. ALDERMAN JONES (who took his seat on the Bench for the first time as the representative of the new Bayswater Ward) with beating and kicking his wife.

Policeman X deposed that the facts of the case were of the customary character. The Prisoner took the kitchen poker, and broke it over his wife's head. He nearly killed her. She would not be called as a witness, as she had to answer on her own account. Moreover, he (the witness) had seen the assault, and had taken the Prisoner into custody the moment that the property of the landlord was in jeopardy.

The Alderman complimented Policeman X upon the moderation of his conduct, and ordered that he should be paid £2 out of the Poor-box. The Prisoner declared that his wife was very aggravating. She would waste all her time in looking after the children.

The Alderman. Well, well, I daresay there were faults on both sides. I shall dismiss the summons. You can go.

Policeman X. I beg your pardon, your Worship, but there is a second case against the prisoner. He is charged with breaking the kitchen poker—the property of his landlord.

The Alderman. Ah, this is a far more serious matter. Well, what have you to say to this case, Prisoner?

The Prisoner. I plead guilty, your Majesty. Don't send me for trial, but deal with it at once.

The Alderman. Very well. As this is the first time you have been before me, I shall pass a very mild sentence. The New Act for the Better Protection of Property allows me to award greater punishments than were permissible a few years since. Accordingly, I order that you be kept in penal servitude for five years.

The Prisoner was then removed, loudly expressing his satisfaction at the unusual mildness of the sentence.

SUSAN SMITH, 53, wife of the last prisoner, was charged with neglecting to send her children to school.

The authorities were represented by the Attorney-General and the Solicitor-General. The Prisoner was undefended.

It was proved that three children of the Prisoner had been to school only twelve times in a fortnight.

The Alderman. This is a very bad case—the worst I remember for many, many years. What have you to say for yourself?

The Prisoner (crying). Please, Sir, the children are very ill. The Doctor says they are dying.

The Alderman. The Act under which I am dealing with you, has nothing to do with that. However, if you have a doctor's certificate, you had better produce it.

The Prisoner. A doctor's certificate! What's that, Sir?

The Attorney-General. Don't waste time. Whatever it is, you haven't got it?

The Prisoner. No, Sir.

The Attorney-General. I must ask for the heaviest punishment in this case, your Worship.

The Alderman. Certainly, Mr. Attorney. But really the poor creature seems to know nothing about it.

The Attorney-General. Her ignorance is shared by several of the Magistrates, your Worship. (A laugh.) I need scarcely remind your Worship that the New Educational Act does not profess to teach law to adults, but merely claims the right of instructing the children of the poor (at certain charges) in the arts of speaking French and Russian, painting on velvet, and playing upon the harp. (A laugh.) Really time was pressing. He (the ATTORNEY-GENERAL) and his learned friend and colleague (the SOLICITOR-GENERAL) had to get through a large number of cases before the Court rose. They had been instructed to prosecute 43 Married Women and not less than 1,575 Widows for disobeying the commands of the School-Boards. That was surely a hard day's work to get through, even when there were lawyers in the case. (Laughter.)

The Alderman (to Prisoner). Have you anything to say?

The Prisoner. I am a hard-working woman, Sir, and I have supported my children for the last ten years. If I am taken from them, they will have to go on the parish, as they won't allow them to remain at the school if the fees are not paid.

The Attorney-General. They will have to go to the parish, eh? Well, that will be a bad thing for the ratepayers, but it cannot be helped. (A laugh.) May I beg your Worship to settle the case?

The Alderman. Certainly. The new Act empowers me to sentence you to ten years' penal servitude. (To Clerk.) Ten years' penal servitude. Have her children sent to the Union, and—h'm! call the next case.

"ELIZABETH'S RESIDENCE IN A FRENCH COUNTRY HOUSE."

FRAGMENT THE EIGHTH.

BLATHERWEEK, C.B.

I AM sure that MADAME PICHOU and JEWEL must have thought me very bad company that night, as we walked home from the Cathedral, for I couldn't find a word to say to either of them. MADAME PICHOU didn't so much mind, for she liked to hear the rattle of her own tongue too well to care much about the sound of mine, and so she chatted on much as usual; but JEWEL, who always expected me to talk, while he smoked, kept looking so wistfully at me, as if he wondered what had happened to his *bonne pitié de femme*, that my soft heart quite bled for him. But I couldn't talk for all that. I kept wondering how it was that JOHN came to be in France, and asking myself what had become of MARY and the greengrocer's shop, for it was quite plain that he wasn't married, and at first I was quite frightened to think what would happen if he were to meet me and JEWEL, when we were out walking. But, after a little while, I fancied I shouldn't so much mind that, for I recollected that JOHN was always one to want what he thought he couldn't get. It was MARY's talk about her Cousin JEREMIAH that first made JOHN take up with her. Who knows, I thought, but what his heart may turn to his BETSY again when he sees that there are others who want her? Aunt JEMIMA always used to say, "If a donkey don't take to its food, just you pretend to give it to another donkey, and you'll see he'll eat it fast enough." Such are men! And such I hoped would be the case with JOHN, and perhaps with JEWEL as well, who certainly *did* want something to make *him* speak out. Most of the time he was walking with me he used to be humming a tune, with a chorus something like this,—

"Gai! gai! serrons nos rangs!
En avant! Gaulois et Français!"

Which meant, I am told, that it was the duty of Frenchmen to go forward; but he never got any more forward for all that. So I came to the conclusion that it wouldn't be a bad thing if JOHN and JEWEL were to meet, and, as it turned out, I hadn't long to wait for their meeting.

Two or three days after we were at the Cathedral, poor Miss EDITH asked me to go with her to a great fair, which was held outside the town, and lasted for sixteen days, as she wanted to buy some fairings for the children, and lay in a stock of presents to put in the stockings, that would be hung outside the bed-room doors in her father's house when Christmas Eve came.

I will say for Miss EDITH that she was a regular good one at this sort of amusement, always finding pretty presents for the little children, as would cry if they didn't get what was nice, and always giving the grown people something which they didn't ought to have but which made great fun when they got together in the morning.

Just think of her putting a pair of baby's shoes and a coral into the stocking of old Miss TABITHA FINCH, who had been at school with Miss EDITH's mother, and a wedding-ring into the stocking of MAJOR DEBBS, who was first cousin to her father! Just think, too, of her persuading each that the present came from the other, so that the two old things sat simpering at each other all Christmas Day, like two doves on a bough! Well, I was always glad to help Miss EDITH in things of this sort, so I got my basket, and off we went.

The fair was held in a regular street of booths, which had been built on purpose, and was about a mile and a half or two miles long, and it certainly was a good place for Miss EDITH's business, for it had in it a good many things that people might want, and pretty nearly everything that they couldn't possibly want at all. What struck me most was that all the things in the booths, even when they were quite different, were called "*Au Choix*." Some of the *au choix* were sold at two sous, and some at a franc, and some at a franc and a half a piece, but they were all called "*Au Choix*."

Miss EDITH was so busy with her shopping, and I was so busy packing what she bought into the basket, that I didn't find time to ask her what this meant; but at last she got all her shopping done, and then she walked along to amuse herself by looking about, and I followed with the basket.

Quite at the further end of the fair we came to a queer sort of carriage, which looked as if it had been made out of different parts of a cab, an omnibus, and a stage-coach. It was very gaily painted, and had all sorts of placards hanging on it. There was a flag on the top, and, on what ought to have been the coach-box, was a man dressed something like a Clown in a pantomime, who was talking to the crowd, whenever he wasn't blowing a trumpet.

As soon as Miss EDITH saw it, she said, "O, here's an old diligence! I will go and see what they're doing with it." When we got up to it, and she had looked at it a little while, she said that it had been one of the old stage-coaches of France, but that now it belonged to a quack doctor and tooth-drawer, who was called the SIGNOR PIETRO GALLICI, and who went about the country in it. The Signor was inside in the back part of the coach, attending to the people who came to have their teeth drawn, and the man on the box was his servant, who was blowing a trumpet to attract attention, and telling all the people what a clever man his master was. Miss EDITH wrote down for me, afterwards, what the servant said, and it was something like this:—

"*Entrez, Messieurs! Entrez, Mesdames! Entrez tout de suite. Le grand Médecin, l'illustre GALLICI, est chez lui. Il garantit un guérison complet, en trois jours, des maladies les plus rebelles, sans interrompre les occupations. Il rend le printemps à la peau et aux cheveux. Il est aussi le plus fort raccommodeur des dents dans l'univers. Il a arraché ces maudites molaires de toutes les têtes couronnées de l'Europe. Il vous arrachera la dent la plus obstinée et malencontreuse pour cinquante centimes. Entrez, Messieurs et Mesdames! Entrez tout de suite. Pour cinquante centimes! Pour cinquante centimes! C'est une bénédiction, Mesdames. Entrez! Entrez!*"

All this, I believe, meant that his master would draw a tooth for half a franc.

Just as the man on the coach-box had done blowing his master's trumpet, for a few minutes, and was blowing his own to attract fresh people, I heard somebody say, in a thick fat voice, behind me, "Of course, of course! He's got the right principle—the grand principle of appealing to the millions!—the principle which Mr. GLADSTONE is laying down for the Railway Companies! In England tooth-drawing is too expensive. It is a luxury for the rich! This man appeals to the millions—he puts his wonderful art at the service of the crowd for half a franc, and see how they flock to him!"

I might have known before I turned round that the fat voice could only come from, BLATHERWICK, C.B. Nobody else would have thought that people would have their teeth out because it was cheap. There he was, sure enough, and just behind him was JOHN. Miss EDITH turned round too, and, when she and Mr. BLATHERWICK had shaken hands, he said to JOHN, "Now, JOHN, you must do to-day what you did yesterday. You must stand here for an hour *exactly*, and count the people who go in to have their teeth out, and you must make a separate counting of those who came yesterday and come again to-day! If you do this for a week, we shall be able to get the average for a year, and then, by comparing the population of this town with the numbers counted by you, we shall be able to get the per-centage of the people in France who would be tempted to have their teeth out once or twice for half a franc. We are on the eve of a great discovery, so pray be careful!"

Then he and Miss EDITH went away, and left JOHN and me face to face with each other. JOHN lost all count of the tooth-drawing at once.

"Why, BERTY!" he said, and he came forward to shake hands.

Just then, of all the people in the world, who should come from behind a booth, but JEWEL. He came gracefully forward, touched his cap, and took my basket out of my hand. I thought I should have died with laughing as I looked at JOHN's face.

EPHING FOREST FOR EVER!



Ours be glory, commendation,
Blessings, thanks, congratulation,
London's ancient Corporation,
For a deed well done!

Shout until the skies shall rattle,
Gog and Magog have done battle;
Free for "commonable" cattle
Epping Forest won.

Under foul Enclosure's banners,
'Gainst them fought the Lords of Manors;
Further usurpation's planners,
Heavier than the rain

When in downpour with the thunder
It tears banks and dams asunder,
They to keep the Commons under
Tried, and tried in vain.

O Commissioners of Sewers!
Ye who sued those evil-doers,
Make, for once, that name of yours
Worthy to be sung.

Fill with wine a brimming vessel—
Here's a health to SIR GEORGE JESSEL!
Master of the Rolls, whose pestle,
In Law's mortar, brayed

All to atoms, territorial
False pretences, claims "manorial,"
Which, 'gainst "user" immemorial,
Depredators laid.

Lo, the Government of London
Doing what the State left undone,
Work that else had been by none done,
To good end doth bring;

O'er the wrongful power of riches
In the pocket of the breeches
Solely centred, 'gainst all hitches,
Crowneth Right as King!

DOCKYARD RATS.

A CONTEMPORARY announces "Bad News for Government Rats." The news is that the Government is about to apply the School-Board system of payment according to "results" to the situation of rat-catcher at Chatham Dockyard. Instead of receiving a regular salary, he is to be paid on the *pro rata*, or, in lower but more apposite phrase, *pro rattis* principle, at so much a head for all the rats he destroys. Is this arrangement, though, altogether so bad for the rats? It will doubtless cause the ratcatcher to keep the rats under, but can hardly make him try to exterminate them, which would be abolishing his income, like killing the goose that laid the golden eggs. But when those rats are gone, there may perhaps be others left which the Government reckons not of. The late Government lost votes in the dockyard boroughs through having dismissed dockyard labourers. If, as is said, the present Government have been practising the same retrenchment in the dockyards, they may apprehend the same rattling as that which helped to unseat their predecessors. Whilst endeavouring to promote the destruction of rats, they may have pursued a policy by which rats are engendered.



A STATEMENT TO BE RECEIVED WITH CAUTION.

"WHO'S YOUR FRIEND ON THE PONY, JACK?"

"O, ONLY BOBBY LAVENDER!"

"WHY, THAT'S THE BOY WHO GAVE YOU SUCH A 'JOLLY LICKING,' AS YOU CALL IT!"

"AH! YES; BUT THAT WAS EVER SO LONG AGO, WHEN I WAS MUCH YOUNGER, YOU KNOW, AND HE WAS JUST ABOUT THE SAME AGE AS ~~HE~~ IS NOW."

THE HAWARDEN WOOD-CUTTER.

ILLUSTRIOUS CHATHAM, when the gout
Vouchsafed him easy days,
Bill-hook in hand would roam about
The oaken holts of Hayes,
Enforcing Nature's wise decrees,
Here lopping, felling there,
Where outworn boles from younger trees
Usurped the light and air.

So the famed Wizard of the North,
Where border skies shone clear,
Maida at heel, would hie forth,
With staunch TOM PURDAY near,
To wander by Tweed's wimpling tide
His magic pen flung by,
And laid the minstrel's harp aside,
The Woodman's axe to ply.

Then why should GLADSTONE prompt the joke,
In Hawarden's forced leisure,
If to the axe's swing and stroke
He fly for health and pleasure?
And for the Senate's care, and coil
Of tangled legislation,
Find in the woodman's honest toil
A wholesome recreation:

Proving that he, too, serves the State
Whose bill put to good use is,
On over-growth, for estimate,
Old trees, for old abuses.
When the stout arm that toppled down
The rotten Church of Erin,
Brings low some dead oak's staggy crown,
Room for stout saplings clearing,

What wonder if, with equal ease,
Brain and axe deal their blow,
If the same heat in felling trees
As fighting Bills he show?
If of no task or toil afraid
That can tax strength and skill,
Upon Rome's oak he turn his blade,
And smite, come what come will!

ORTHODOXY AND FACT.

OF a truth, O *Punch*, our friend PAUL CULLEN and his Bishop have made a needless admission in granting that a doctrine which has passed for a dogma may turn out to be an opinion or a statement which may have to be surrendered or modified because opposed to science. Are any dogmas of mine opposed to one another? Who-soever thinks so, without doubt he shall come to grief. That being the case, it stands to reason that no conceivable theological dogma can ever contradict, or be contradicted by any possible conclusion or discovery of science whatever. As we are compelled by ecclesiastical authority to affirm that the sun moves round the earth, so we are obliged by mathematical demonstration to confess that the earth moves round the sun. And so forth. This is the truth of the whole matter; which truth except everyone admit without hesitation, it will be the worse for him.

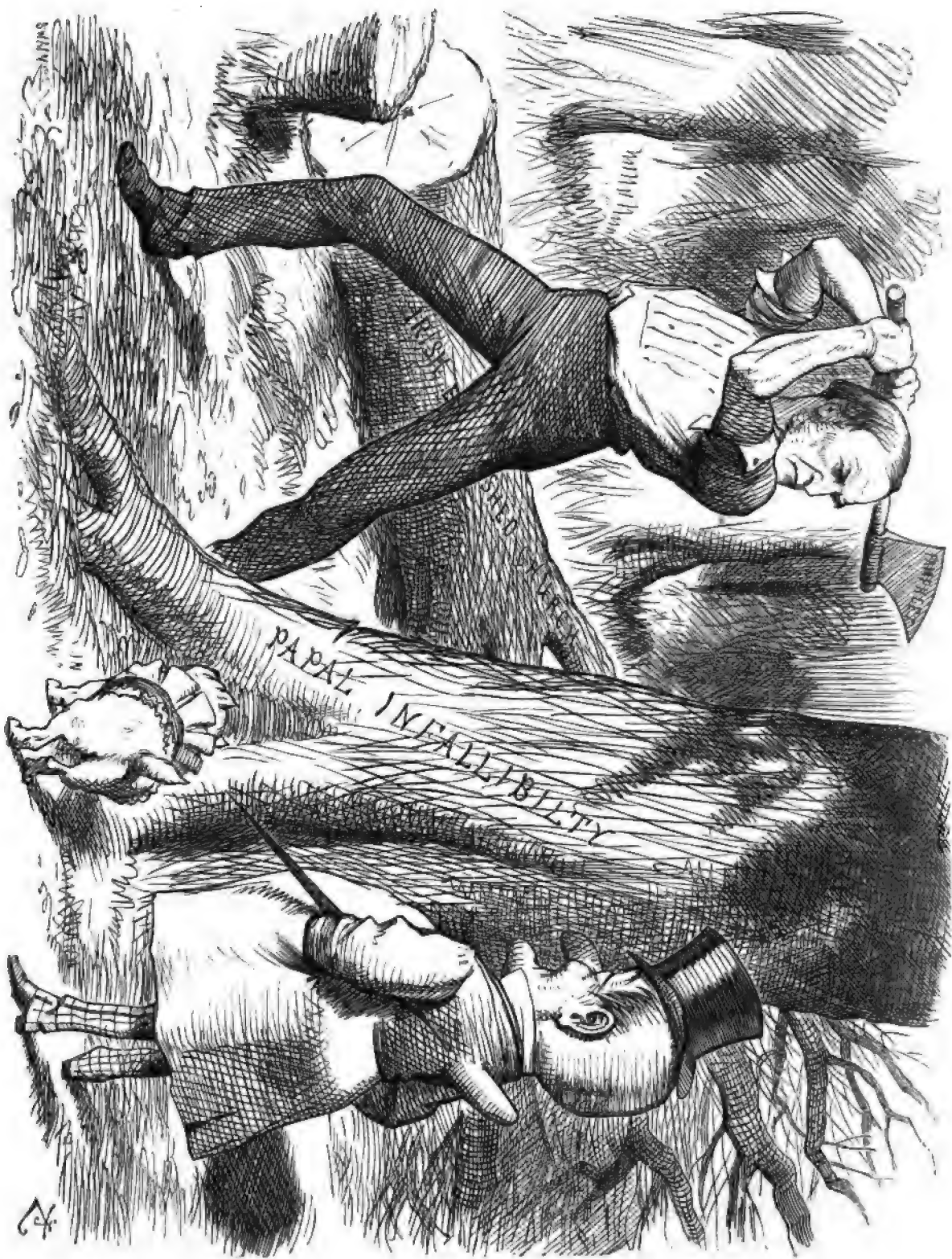
I give you my name in confidence, not for publication; suffice it, as I know it will P. C., to set a mark on the foregoing logic with my initial

A.

Creed Lane, All Saints.

Enough to Kill Anybody.

So the Cutlers' Feast, postponed from September, is appointed to take place on December 26th. People must be able to play, as well as to make, a good knife and fork at Sheffield. Elsewhere what mortals would have dreamt of holding a feast on the morrow of Christmas Day?



AN UNEXPECTED CUT.

MR. P. "GO IT, GLADSTONE! WE DIDN'T EXPECT TO FIND YOU CUTTING AT THAT TREE, YOU KNOW!"

MR. G. "ALL RIGHT, MR. PUNCH! I CHOOSE MY OWN TREES, AND MY OWN TIME!"

"Mr. Gladstone has been cutting down trees at Hawarden."—*Morning Post*.

IS THERE A BRITISH ARMY?

"Is he [the reader] under an entire delusion in imagining that a British Army already exists?"—*Times*.



Is there a British Army? Crucial question!

Always some new suggestion,
Something to keep poor dear JOHN BULL in panic,
With thought of bursts volcanic
From Europe, and our happy isle, wide-hated
From all maps of the world eradicated.

There *was* a British Army once, 'tis certain:
Fair Clio, raise thy curtain,
And show us in thy magic mirror, who
Conquered at Waterloo—
When England fought for truth, at fearful odds,
And the great Titan fell to other gods?

The annual grumblers might be less emphatic,
When empire Asiatic
We hold so easily, and leave no traces

Of terror 'mid the races
Who own the equal justice of their masters,
Ready to help them in their worst disasters.

Grumble, old officer! and, fluent journalist,
Thereon cut cynic capers!
Whoso of England's griefs would like to learn a list,
Should read the morning papers—
Not *Mr. Punch*: his weekly task is humbler,
To cheer Old England and to check the grumbler.

THE MILITARY COOKERY-BOOK.

How to make a Recruit.—Take a raw lad from the country (the younger the better) and fill his head with military froth. Add a shilling and as much beer as will be covered by the bounty-money. Let him simmer, and serve him up thick before a Magistrate the next morning. Let him be sworn in, and he then will be nicely done.

How to make a Soldier.—Take your recruit, and thrust him roughly into a dépôt. Mix him up well with recruits from other regiments until he has lost any *esprit de corps* which may have been floating upon the surface when he enlisted. Now let him lie idle for a few years until his strength is exhausted, and then, at ten minutes' notice, pack him off to India.

Another Method.—Take your recruit, and place him at headquarters. Let him mix freely with all the bad characters that have been carefully kept in the regiment, until his nature has become assimilated to theirs. For three years pay him rather less than a ploughboy's wages, and make him work rather harder than a costermonger's donkey. Your soldier having now reached perfection, you will turn him out of the Service with Economical Dressing.

How to make a Deserter.—A very simple and popular dish. Take a soldier, see that he is perfectly free from any mark by which he may be identified, and fill his head with grievances. Now add a little opportunity, and you have, or, rather, you have not, your deserter.

Another and Simpler Method.—Take a recruit, without inquiring into his antecedents. Give him his kit and bounty-money and close your eyes. The same recruit may be used for this dish (which will be found to be a fine military hash) any number of times.

How to make an Army.—Take a few scores of Infantry Regiments and carefully proceed to under-man them. Add some troopers without horses and some batteries without guns. Throw in a number of unattached Generals, and serve up the whole with a plentiful supply of Control mixture.

Another and Easier Method.—Get a little ink, a pen, and a sheet of paper. Now dip your pen in the ink, and with it trace figures upon your sheet of paper. The accompaniment to this dish is usually hot water.

How to make a Panic.—Take one or two influential newspapers in the dead season of the year, and fill them with smartly written

letters. Add a few pointed leading articles, and pull your Army into pieces. Let the whole simmer until the opening of Parliament. This once popular mess is now found to be rather insipid, unless it is produced nicely garnished with plenty of Continental sauce, mixed with just an idea of Invasion relish. With these zests, however, it is always found to be toothsome, although extremely expensive.

HABITS OF EMINENT MEN.

SAID SIR JOHN LUXMOOR the other day, at Birmingham, in an address to the students of the Midland Institute:—

"WOLF, the great scholar, is reported as having sat up most of the night reading, with his feet in a tub of cold water to keep him awake, and one of his eyes bound up to rest, while he read with the other."

For the encouragement of students, we append some further rumours of the habits of great thinkers which happen to have reached us.

ARAGO was of such a drowsy disposition that, to keep him wide awake while pursuing his researches, his wife was forced to pull his whiskers once in every half-hour, besides playing the piano with all her might and main when she saw him nodding.

It is probable that CICERO would never have been famous, but for his habit when a boy of spouting scraps of speeches to his school-fellows from the newspapers of the period.

Most people are aware that MR. YOUNG composed his *Night Thoughts* in the broadest of broad daylight; but it may be news to some few of our Literary Institutes, that the poem upon *Solitude* was written by MR. ZIMMERMAN, in the intervals of business as a banker in the City.

A doubt has recently arisen in some intellectual minds, as to whether LOCKE was really in his usual sober senses when he penned his famous work upon the *Understanding*.

We learn from private papers in the hands of his descendants, that the Author of *Guliver's Travels* was an exceedingly slow writer, although his name was SWIFT.

It may perhaps be interesting to students of their works to hear that, when composing, HOMER wore an eye-glass and SOPHOCLES a wig.

A King writes with his sceptre, as every schoolboy knows; but some scholars may be ignorant that an ordinary goosequill was the usual writing implement employed by KING CANUTE.

ROUSSEAU is reported to have written his *Confessions* in red ink, but the reason why he did so has never been discovered.

The facts, if not important in a scientific point of view, at least are highly interesting as matters of biography, that HERSCHEL wore top-boots while sitting at his telescope, and that SIR ISAAC NEWTON, when he went into his study, always put on a Court suit.

We believe that we may state without much fear of contradiction, that CÆSAR wrote so bad a hand that nobody except his wife could manage to decipher it; and if it had not been for her untiring industry in fair-copying his scrawls, the world would probably have lost his now world-celebrated work.

It is well known that the author of the *Castle of Indolence* was an extremely active man, yet few who read the poem would guess from its contents that it was principally written on the back of a velocipede, while the poet was performing a journey for a wager from Penzance to Piccadilly.

PLATO is reported to have used a peacock's feather while penning his *Republic*; and there is strong internal evidence in proof of the assertion that the Tragedies of SOPHOCLES were written mostly in his cups.

DEFOE composed his *History of the Great Plague of London* to the appropriate accompaniment of the grinding of a barrel-organ.

ALEXANDER THE GREAT—not the Emperor, but the POPE—was commonly in the habit of writing in bed, beginning his work generally a little after midnight, at which hour he always dined. To facilitate the flow of his poetical ideas, a bottle of hot gin and water, covered carefully with flannel, was placed beneath his feet, and, as it was usually found empty in the morning, there seems reason to conceive that now and then the poet raised it to his lips.

Another celebrated ALEXANDER—the world-renowned DUMAS, while in the zenith of his fame, and in order to fulfil his engagements with the publishers, used frequently to write with a pen in either hand and one tied to his big toe.

MILTON often smoked a pipe while writing *Paradise Regained*, and DANTE daily burned a little brimstone in a brazier at his side, to aid his inspiration while composing the *Inferno*.

VOLTAIRE and DR. WATTS, though widely differing in character, were in some respects alike. They both were quick in rhyming, and fond of taking snuff: the former daintily inhaling it in frequent tiny pinches from a tortoiseshell *tabatière*, the latter carrying it loose in the tail pockets of his coat.



TRUE LOVE.

Fond Wife. "JOHN, DEAR, BE SURE AND DON'T WASTE YOUR MONEY ON RAILWAY ASSURANCE TICKETS."

Husband (a Commercial Man). "WHY, MY LOVE!"

Fond Wife. "BECAUSE YOU ARE NEVER LUCKY ENOUGH TO BE IN A COLLISION!"

A WORD FOR WINCHESTER.

THE sanitary state of Winchester has been called in question by a letter-writer in the *Times*, affirming the City to be unprovided with sewers. In reply, the Mayor states that the sewerage is under the consideration of the Town Council. Whilst the sewerage is debated, the pestilence may be bred. But, if Winchester wants sewerage, Southampton does not want sewage; and Winchester might have been so drained as to send that superfluity to Southampton. Southampton derives its water-supply from the Itchen. At any rate, as *Fluellen* would say, "there is trouts," in the Itchen—and, by the way, "there is salmons" too, the Wood Mill "salmons" (cost half-a-crown a pound on the spot), which Southampton gets from the Itchen, but would not get if it got what Winchester might have sent it.

If Winchester has no sewers, it sends the Itchen no tributaries to poison the fish, and render it unfit for anything but to irrigate the adjoining water-meadows. Winchester happens to be ventilated with particularly good air, which, sweeping it from over the surrounding chalk downs, very largely dilutes the mephitic exhaled by its undeniable cesspools. So much in extenuation of Winchester's deficient drainage. But, observe, there stands a monument at Winchester to commemorate a certain plague by which Winchester was ravaged once upon a time, when it had nothing like its present population. Stop, Traveller, and survey this memorial, situated just outside the Westgate, hard by the Railway Station. Stop, rather, Gentlemen of the Winchester Town-Council, strolling without your Westgate, and perpend the legend inscribed on the neighbouring *Mementote*, which records the ravage of the plague in 1666. Consider if the event which it records may not, in case you take too much time to discuss "CAPTAIN LIERNUR's system of pneumatic sewerage," possibly, in the meanwhile, repeat itself.

WOLF!

PROFESSOR MAX MÜLLER, whom every one knows, Since he treads upon HENSLEIGH WEDGWOOD's toes, And declares that the *Iliad*'s no better nor worse Than an astronomical lesson in verse, Is now of opinion the founders of Rome Might once in a wolf's den have been at home.

Those mythical sons of mythical Mars, Who broke at a bound through honesty's bars, And hounding together men thievish and vile, Raised a City that ruled the world awhile. Were wolves of a kind; but 'tis hard to think Real wolf's milk was their favourite drink.

One thing MAX MÜLLER may show, if he will, That the wolfish nature goes down-hill, That, whate'er the successes at first of the strain are, From *lupus* and *lupa* comes *lupanar*, That there's nothing more vile between earth and sky Than *fæx*, though it be *fæx Romuli*.

THE WISE MEN OF PETERBOROUGH.

PETERBOROUGH seems likely to become as proverbial for wisdom as Gotham was. Witness this extract from a morning paper:—

"COMPREHENSIVE.—DR. KENWALY was present last night at a meeting at Peterborough, at which petitions to the House of Commons were adopted, praying for the removal from the Bench of LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COCKBURN, MR. JUSTICE MELLORE, and MR. JUSTICE LUSH, the immediate release of the Claimant, and the abolition of Gray's Inn."

There is reason to suppose that the petitions for the above specified objects will have been signed by at least half of the Peterborough electors. Ought Peterborough to send two Members to Parliament when Colney Hatch does not contribute one? The promoters of an idiotic petition ought not all, perhaps, to be confounded with those who sign it. Some of them might desire to get credit for being irresponsible. Actions and language supposed to have resulted from delusion are acquitted of villany.

CALLING NAMES.—The Supreme Pontiff has called the writer of the Pamphlet a "Viper." If such a being as a Cockney Pope were possible, we could imagine him denouncing MR. GLADSTONE as a pen-"viper."

INFALLIBLE INVECTIVE.

THE speeches of His Holiness the POPE abound, for the humorist, in a charm which they share with the writings of WILLIAM COBBETT. It does one's own heart good to read the hearty abuse with which COBBETT continually loads his enemies; that is to say, everybody who opposed, contradicted, or displeased him. An effect equally cordial and cheering is derived from the parallel passages of such frequent occurrence in the allocutions and other occasional discourses of PIUS THE NINTH. The *Daily News* states that in addressing a number of English Catholics, whom he had admitted to an audience the other day, the POPE said, with reference to GLADSTONE's pamphlet:—

"A former Minister of your Country, whom I had believed rather moderate, and who, to say the truth, had never while in office manifested arrogance or violence towards the Catholic Church, intoxicated by the proceedings of another Minister in another State, has suddenly come forward like a viper, assailing the barque of St. Peter. I have not read the book, and I have no desire to read blasphemies, but from what I understand, the Minister, whom they call Liberal, flatters the Catholics of that nation, and leads them to believe that I wish those subjects to become disloyal to their Sovereign and the laws of their country."

He has not read MR. GLADSTONE's pamphlet, and yet he declares him to have "suddenly come forward" in it "like a viper." It is difficult to say whether the simile or the admission immediately coupled with it is the more like WILLIAM COBBETT. Surely His Holiness must have been lately solacing himself with COBBETT's *History of the Protestant Reformation*, and have come fresh from its perusal to harangue his English disciples, and vituperate MR. GLADSTONE. However, the Holy Father's bark is a great deal worse than his bite, or rather perhaps it is all bark and no bite, and doubtless the bark is as honest a bark as any watch-dog's, for that matter. Long live the staunch and thorough old POPE, to bestow



A PRIZE.

"Lor', Miss, 'ow lovely! Why, you 'll 'ave some one a runnin' away with yer!"

"HAVE NO FEAR ON THAT SCORE, SUSAN. THE MAN WHO ASPIRES TO WIN ME MUST BE BOTH A HERO AND A GENIUS—AND SUCH MEN, ALAS! ARE RARE!"

benedictions on his friends, and asperse his adversaries with invectives and opprobrious epithets which, whilst they do no harm to anybody, afford many of us just the same amusement as that which we derive from the writings of the Author of the *History of the Protestant Reformation* abovenamed, and also, be it added, from those of the original Author of that Reformation itself. *Pro Nowo*, by his strong language, is often as delightful as *MARTIN LUTHER*.

THE PURCHASE SYSTEM.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER having officially expressed his intention of declining to purchase any more telegraph wires, the publication of the following "denials" may be confidently expected in the course of the next few days:—

There is no truth in the report that the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS is about to purchase the houses in Leicester Square, with a view to offering them as lodgings to all the ex-Crowned Heads in Europe.

There is no truth in the report that the Lords of the Admiralty are in treaty with the Penny Steamboat Authorities, with a view to adding the fleet of that Company to the list of Her Majesty's Iron-clads.

There is no truth in the report that the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR INDIA is about to purchase the Collection of Wax-Works at MADAME TUSSEAU'S Exhibition, with a view to presenting it, as an equivalent for his kingdom, to His Majesty the SHAH OF PERSIA.

There is no truth in the report that the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE COLONIES has purchased the whole of the Australian Meat supply, with a view to distributing it gratuitously amongst the poor, in the hopes of encouraging emigration.

A NIGHT WITH LAWSON.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON is fast getting "developed" into the comic orator of the United Kingdom Alliance. Addressing a meeting of the "Sheffield Auxiliary" of that body the other night, he "said that he was always willing to address meetings in dark places, and Sheffield, unfortunately, was 'not this year so light as it was last, inasmuch as one Member for the town steadily voted with the publicans, and the other with the public.'" If one of the Members for Sheffield voted with the publicans, and the other with the public, it would seem that between them they voted altogether for the public-house. The one who voted for the public may then have voted against the clause in the Licensing Act which shuts the public out of the restaurants on Sunday afternoon just during the very hours when they want to dine, and does not let them in until when, if they dine, they will be unable, with any comfort, to go to Church. If this is what SIR WILFRID meant to say, it was certainly a funny way of pleading the cause of the United Kingdom Alliance.

Is SIR WILFRID LAWSON, indeed, always "willing to address meetings in dark places"? Why, then, he has perhaps also been "developed right away," as the Yankee Spiritualists say, into a "medium," who holds forth on behalf of the Permissive Prohibitory Bill at "dark sances" under spiritual "control." By the account of the journals devoted to Spiritualism it does, in fact, appear that not a few professed Teetotalers are numbered with those people who have addicted themselves to spirits.

A SONG O' SCOTLAND.

KEN ye the news the noo come o'er
By ocean wire frae Gwalior:
The prisoner under bolted door
They hae in han'
For NANA SAHIB at Cawnpore
Is na the man?

Heeh, gin that's true, a joke I spy;
To be repeated by-and-by:
When Echo answers to the cry,
O' one and a'
"Is that the Nana?"—her reply
Will be "Na-na!"

HAMLET (*to be Said or Sung*).—Hamlet requires only one person to play it, but it takes FAURE to sing it.

There is no truth in the report that the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR has purchased the whole of the Regent's Canal, with a view to making experiments thereon in gunpowder, petroleum, and gun-cotton.

There is no truth in the report that the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR HOME AFFAIRS has purchased the International Exhibition Building, with a view to converting it (without alteration) into a suitable annexe to Hanwell.

There is no truth in the report that the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE has purchased the Civil Service Stores, with a view to increasing the very small profits made by certain of the West-End tradesmen.

Lastly, there is no truth in the report that the FIRST LORD OF THE TREASURY (assisted to the utmost by ROTHSCHILD & Co.) has purchased *Punch*, with a view to becoming the Ruler of the World. It is almost needless to add (see a history extending over thirty years) that *Punch* is only to be purchased—by the Public!

A Doubtful Gain.

THE publication of MR. GLADSTONE'S pamphlet on the Vatican Decrees will perhaps exempt the Right Honourable Gentleman from further letters from impertinent persons asking if it is true that he has joined the Church of Rome. He may still perhaps occasionally be requested by correspondents to inform them if he is not a Jesuit in disguise.

THE BOARDING-OUT SYSTEM.—Dining at the Club.

A COLD WATER CURE.—The Permissive Bill.



A LUXURIOUS HABIT.

Philanthropist (to Railway Porter). "THEN WHAT TIME DO YOU GET TO BED?"

Porter. "WELL, I SELDOM WHAT YER MAY CALL GETS TO BED MYSELF, 'CAUSE O' THE NIGHT TRAINS. BUT MY BROTHER, AS USED TO WORK THE PINTS FURTHER DOWN THE LINE, WENT TO BED LAST CHRISTMAS AFTER THE ACCIDENT, AND NEVER——"

[Train rushes in, and the Parties rush off.]

EXPIRING COPYRIGHTS.

"There was once a London publisher who was described as a vulture feeding on expiring copyrights."—THE MASTER OF THE ROLLS.

SUCH publishers *Punch* does not want to know,
But fain he would learn, from some lawyer clever,
Why should the right in works of genius go,
While land and stocks and shares are owned for ever?

Just a few years beyond an author's life
The work he does belongs to his relations:
And then, the publishers, in venal strife,
May sell for pence the heritage of nations.

Well for the people they should cheaply read
The great work of some intellectual giant,
Who laughs at every superstitious creed,
And is of every form of cant defiant.

But, England, an ill use thou seem'st to foster
When of thy greatest men the seed thou starvest,
That dwellers in the Row of Paternoster
May from their writings reap an ample harvest.

Lords of wide manors, gained, perchance, by crime,
Leave to their children woods and fields and waters:
Why should not gold from golden song sublime
Subsistence be for poets' sons and daughters?

The Kingdom of Beer.

Is it the fact that, as SIR WILFRID LAWSON says, "Beer is King in England"? If that were true, His Majesty's subjects would be as sober as they were meant to be made when shops were licensed for beer alone to be "drunk on the premises." Surely it is not Beer but Alcohol that reigns in Gin Palaces.

BIRDS IN THE HAND.

As the popularity of *battue* shooting seems to be yearly on the increase, a new "Game Protection Bill" may be shortly expected. With a view to improving the position of the Birds (as it may be anticipated to become twelve months hence), *Mr. Punch* would propose that the following regulations should be enforced by the much-needed measure to which he has just made allusion.

1. The Birds should be allowed to leave their cages before they are made the marks of the Sportsmen.

2. No Sportsman should fire at a Bird with a gun having more than four barrels, unless he gives it (the Bird) a clear start of three yards.

3. Birds answering to pet names should be allowed to see the guns of the Sportsmen before they are fired at.

4. A Bird settling on the shoulder of a Sportsman should not be fired at until it (the Bird) rises to fly away.

N.B.—This Regulation should always be enforced, as pot shots at Birds in the above position often lead to accidents.

5. Birds should not be chained by their legs to the trees, unless they (the Birds) are very wild, and show a decided disposition to fly away.

6. Lastly, to distinguish *battue* from other shooting, those who take part in it should be known in future as Poulterers instead of Sportsmen.

A Caution.

We are Giants at present, and quite big enough,
But take care how you stretch us—we ain't werry tough:
And stretching *might* p'raps bring to light some weak p'int in us,
Or, we both on us think, might p'raps lame every j'int in us.

GOG AND MAGOG.

THE BAR SNISTER.—Temple Bar.

A BUMPKIN ON BOOTS.



One day when a gwiun
'bout 'varmin pur-
suits,
I tells my old
'ooman to bring
my new boots.
She fetches 'um,
soaked well wth
beeswax and
grease;
And says, "What
a heft! They be
six pound a-
piece."

"Well, 'ees, they
be weighty, wth
all that there deal
Of hobnaails and
iron on tip, sole,
and heel.
But so's the land
too, Dame; the
clods and the
clay.
The chalk and the
gravel's as heavy
as they."

I got the boots on
wth a little to-do.

And I thought, as I watched her a lace'n 'um to,
There's my wife; there's my boots. What a pictur' to see!
How them folks in the North Country differs from we!

Our boots only crushes the soil and the stones;
We never employs 'um to break women's bones.
We wears 'um as chaps that leads clodhoppun' lives,
But ne'er for the purpus o' kickun our wives.

A husband they helps o'er the fallows to stride.
They don't never sarve 'un to stamp on his bride.
I wun't say but what we got faults of our own;
But in these here parts that there offence is unknown.

A pair, now and then, leads a cat and dog life,
And there med be quarrels 'twixt husband and wife;
But when they for fightun ha' got a bad name,
The neighbours wth "skimmerton" puts 'um to shame.

'Tis true that the labourers' wages, down here,
Wun't run to a no gurt allowance o' beer;
Not to spake o' sitch liquors as that there champagne,
Which old gooseberry plays wth your wife-beater's brain.

"Old 'ooman, good-b'ye," to the Missus I said.
And printun' the ground at each step wth my tread,
I thought, whilst a stalkun athurt yonder dawns,
Our strong boots at laste ben't no shame to we clowns.

"ELIZABETH'S RESIDENCE IN A FRENCH COUNTRY HOUSE."

FRAGMENT THE NINTH.

"*Tripe à la Mode de Caen.*"

"WELL, BETSY!" said JOHN, after he had looked JEWL all over from head to foot, which didn't take him long, "Well, BETSY, perhaps you'll tell me who this little feller is that have got hold of your basket. If you want any one to carry your basket, why don't you have one of them little portoooses? There's monstrous pretty girls among them little portoooses, and I often get 'em to carry old BLATHERWICK's basket for me." And he grinned and smirked, like a great silly as he always was.

"JOHN," I said, "you shouldn't say 'portoooses'; you should say 'portooes'; and you oughtn't to talk about their being pretty. What would MARY say if she heard you going on so about a parcel of French girls?" For you see I was dying to know what had become of MARY.

"She have no call to say anything at all about it," said JOHN. "MARY have married her cousin JEREMIAH, and he have set up as a market-gardener at Hammersmith, and she have writ to me, hoping that, when I get my greengrocer's shop, I'll give JEREMIAH my

custom. P'rhaps I may! P'rhaps I mayn't! It'll depend on how JEREMIAH behaves to her. She was a nice little thing was MARY!"

As he said it I declare there was something in his manly eye that looked very like a tear; but then there was a strong wind blowing, with plenty of dust, so it mayn't have been a tear, after all.

"But," says JOHN, "as to its being 'portoooses,' or 'portooes,' I leave that to you, BETSY; you was always cleverer than me; but, clever as you are, you haven't told me who that little feller is as have got hold of your basket."

"This gentleman, JOHN," I said, "is a young French officer, who does me the honour to carry my basket for me sometimes." And I tossed my head, for I wasn't going to have JEWL put upon in that way.

"O, very well, BETSY," said JOHN; "if the young French officer likes to carry your basket, he's welcome, though he don't seem quite up to the weight. Introjuice us, BETSY—introjuice us!" And JOHN drew himself up, and stood in a dignified and easy attitude, with his right hand on his heart, and his left hand resting on his hip.

I daresay JEWL would have looked dignified and easy, too, if it hadn't been for the basket, but he made up for it by looking very fierce; and I heard him mutter something to himself which sounded like "*Sacré cochon d'Anglais!*" This made me think that he took JOHN for a coachman, so I explained, as well as I could, that JOHN was a footman, which was much better. JEWL only said, "*C'est même chose;*" and then they stood and looked at each other like two tom-cats, and I began to think how dreadful it was of me to have made "their angry passions rise," and to hope that their little hands wouldn't "tear each other's eyes," as that beautiful poet, DR. WATTS, says.

Well, JOHN went on with his counting for a little while, and then he says, "How is it you and me, haven't met before, BETSY? Me and BLATHERWICKS have been here some time."

"Ah! JOHN," I said, "I've seen you where I never thought to have seen you—in a Roman Catholic church, JOHN."

"Well, BETSY," he says, "if you see me there you was there yourself; so we're quits that way. I suppose you see me at the Cathedral when me and Missis was among the Fiddles?"

"Nonsense, JOHN!" I said; "you weren't in the Band. You were in the procession, carrying a long candle, which you couldn't hold straight."

"Well, BETSY," he said, "we were the Fiddles. I saw it in the printed hand-bill, where it said, 'After the clergy, will come the Fiddles.' Missis was a Fiddle, and I was a Fiddle; though why they give candles to the Fiddles I can't think. A little rosin would be more useful."

"Fiddlestick, JOHN!" I said, for I began to see what he meant. "You shouldn't say 'Fiddles,' you should say 'lay Feedale,' which means 'the Faithful'; and how, after all that's come and gone, you could try to pass yourself off as one of the Faithful, I can't think." And I tossed my head; but JOHN only grinned like a great stupid, and went on with his counting, while I stood and talked to JEWL.

Presently, JOHN left off counting, and said, "My hour's up now, BETSY, and I've got the tally right for old BLATHERWICK, but I've another job to do for him down in the market, and you'd better come along with me, and get under shelter, for we're going to have some plewey, as they call it."

"Don't say 'plewey,' JOHN," I said; "say 'plwee.'"

"All right, BETSY," he said; "periwee let it be; but I'll tell you what I'm going to do. There's a little stamminy in the market where they sell tripe allymoderkong, and Normandy oider, and old BLATHERWICK wants the stistics of it. I've had to go there three times this week, at the same time of day, to count the number of people as had tripe allymoderkong in one hour, and I've had to keep a separate tot of them as took oider with their tripe, and another tot of them as didn't. BLATHERWICK always allows me something to get tripe for myself, and, if you'll go with me, I'll stand treat to you and the little feller. Poor little feller! he looks as if a morsel of tripe would do him good, and fill him out a bit."

"For the sake of old times, JOHN," I said, "I'll go with you; and I daresay this young officer will go with me." And I gave JEWL a pleading look. "But you mustn't say 'little feller'; you must say 'petit homme.'"

"As you please, BETSY," said JOHN. "If his name is Petty Tom, I'll call him so; so shoulder your basket, Mr. Petty Tom, and come along, and you shall have a tenpenny tightener as will make your face shine again."

JEWL didn't know what JOHN meant, of course; but when he saw me and JOHN beginning to move on, he didn't like to be left alone with the basket; so he took it up, and marched along on one side of me, while JOHN walked on the other.

When we got to the market, it was awful to see how JOHN winked at the "portoooses," as he called them, and how they all seemed to know him. The weather had turned much colder than it was when we were there first, and the market-women had got on bright-coloured hoods fitting close to their faces. JOHN looked at them,



UNCONSCIONABLE.

Head of the Firm. "WANT A HOLIDAY!! WHY, YOU'VE JUST BEEN AT HOME ILL FOR A MONTH!"

and said, "Monstrous pretty things they wear on their heads, Betsy! Sensible things, too! Much better than the little bits of lace and flowers that you call 'bonnets,' which are only fit to throw in the hedges for the birds to line their nests with."

I really thought I should have liked to bite him. I wonder he didn't expect his words to bring a judgment on him.

The dining-room in the *estaminet* was filled with short tables, except near the middle, where there was a large stove covered with stew-pans full of tripe, that smelt very nice. Most of the tables were full, and most of the people were eating tripe; but some were playing dominoes, and making so much noise that I thought they were quarrelling. We sat down at a side-table; JOHN and me on one side with our backs to the wall, and JEWEL on the other side facing us. The waiter seemed to know JOHN very well—as well he might, JOHN having been there so often; and when JOHN ordered "Three tripes," and held up three fingers, the plates were brought directly.

"Betsy," said JOHN, "what will Mr. Petty Tom take to drink? I should like to humour the little feller. I daresay he don't often get a drink."

I didn't feel quite so sure about that, but I said that cider, which was the drink of the place, would do very well for us. So the cider was brought, and then JOHN ordered cigarettes for himself and JEWEL.

"Precious snug this is, Betsy," said JOHN; "it's just like old times." And he glided his arm round my waist.

I didn't like to take my waist away, though of course I felt very angry; but I'd always heard Aunt JEMIMA say that "A wilful waist makes woful want," and I didn't wish to bring JOHN to want on my account. JEWEL said nothing, but his eyes looked quite stern at me through the smoke of his cigarette.

After we had sat there for about an hour, JOHN said, "Now, Betsy, it's time for us to go. Mr. Petty Tom will take you and the basket home, and I shall have a quarter of an hour with the little portcees as I go back to old BLATHERWICK."

"O, JOHN!" I said, "how can you talk so?" And I felt fit to cry.

As JEWEL and I walked home together he never spoke a word. I

THE LAST OF SIR ROGER.

THERE comes a message from the sea
To tell how ROGER TICHBORNE—he
Who, by his waste of early years,
Taught perjurers' hopes to outweigh fears—
Far in the South Pacific died,
And sleeps the lonely wave beside.

It may be false, it may be true,
It carries but a doubtful hue;
But this is clear—the artful dodger,
Whose vulgarisms were "just like ROGER,"
Had ne'er found knaves, or misled fools,
ONslow and WHALLEY made his tools,
But for the fact that ROGER went
Away in moody discontent,
Broke ties of duty, hearth and home,
In wild, unsettled lands to roam,
Went, Heaven knows whither, Heaven knows why,
In some far wilderness to die.

This is the lesson of the case:
Young men of our strong English race,
Destined to hold ancestral land,
Rule yourselves if you'd learn command;
Rush not to savage rudeness, weary
Of polish by excess made dreary,
From too luxurious life's routine,
Seek Himalayan change of scene;
Turn from the traps of Hurlingham
To veldt's or prairie's wilder game,
For dull battue and tedious drive
Seek lions to keep sport alive,
And try if bisons can restore
A warmth that foxes wake no more.
Nor if some high-heeled, chignon'd girl,
Of Prince's paragon and pearl,
Snub you, or with cold shoulder freeze,
Seek squaw at the Antipodes.

Noblesse oblige: this lesson take,
Ye gilded youth, for England's sake:
All time ill-spent revenge will wreak;
In life's stern law, they pay that break;
In person ofteneest you make payment,
Sometimes SIR ROGER breeds the Claimant.

tried hard to get him to talk, but he would keep on humming a song with a chorus like this:—

"Ma Frétilion,
Cette fille
Qui frétille
Mourra sans un cotillon;"

by which, I believe, he meant to tell me that a girl who flirted would get "the crooked stick" at last.

When we got to our front gate he set down the basket, made me a very low bow, and walked away without saying a word.

When I got in, Cook said, "Lor', ELIZABETH, how white you look! Haven't you heard the good news?"

"What news, Cook?" I said, as I sank into a chair.

"Why, the news as Miss EDITH have brought home: that we are all going back to London, and the BLATHERWICKS too, as soon as old BLATHERWICK has settled some business he has got in the Fair and the Market. For my part, I'm glad of it. Kitchen-stuff fetches a better price in London than it does here; and there's more of it, too. Waste isn't allowed here, and 'waste' means 'kitchen-stuff.'"

"Ah! Cook!" said I, "what is the waste you talk about compared to wasted hearts? That's what they waste here?"

"Well, my dear," said Cook in her prosy way, "I never sold a wasted heart, but I should think the difference can't be much—not above a halfpenny a pound, I should say." And she went on dressing her dinner.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Lunar Rays.

It is stated that the apprehension of the supposed NANA SAHIB was occasioned by a letter written at his dictation to the MAHARAJAH SCINDIAH by a certain "moonahi." There seems reason to believe that "moonahi," regarded as an abbreviation, is a term less applicable to the amannensis than to the letter, of which the contents, if they were really dictated under the influence of "bhang," are, it is presumable, mere moonshine.



HELPING HIM ON.

Oldest Inhabitant (to Nervous New Curate). "Now, you may sit down and read a bit to me, and then you may give me a shilling, and then you may go."

ROUGH ROADS.

"VERY CULPABLE HOMICIDE.—At the High Court of Justiciary, Edinburgh, on Monday, the LORD JUSTICE CLERK and LORD ARDMILLAN on the bench, ANDREW WALLACE, a young man, a collier, was placed at the bar on a charge of murder. The indictment set forth that on the 30th of August last, in his house in Boyd Street, Kilmarnock, he lifted up his child, JESSIE WALLACE, aged two years and seven months, and dashed her head against some pieces of furniture, and also on the floor, in consequence of which the child's skull was fractured, and she died shortly afterwards. The prisoner tendered a plea of 'Guilty of culpable homicide.' The SOLICITOR-GENERAL said that, after considerable hesitation, he had come to the conclusion that there were circumstances in the case which warranted him in accepting this plea, whereupon the LORD JUSTICE CLERK passed a sentence of twenty years' penal servitude."

WHAT, penal servitude for twenty years!
(It moves the kind philanthropist to tears)
For merely dashing out his infant's brains
In a slight fit of passion? Justice reigns,
No doubt, in sober Scotland, yet sometimes,
Surely, goes too far in avenging crimes!

Consider, ANDREW WALLACE, young and bright,
Offshoot, perhaps, of that famed WALLACE wight
Who chased from Falkirk's field the English foe,
Now very near six hundred years ago,
Torn from his drink, his friends, his home, his wife,
For twenty years must lead a prisoner's life,
From hard stone-quarrying in Portland Bay
Return, ere fifty, prematurely grey,
And all because, though usually mild,
He one day crushed the cranium of his child!

Do not our punishments grow too severe?
Hear those harsh martinets, who hold it clear
The brute who his own innocent could brain,
While there's a gallows best deserves its pain.

For shame! Is our humanity a dream?
No: put all crime on rose-water régime:
Treat those who brain their babes, their wives who smash,
With loving kindness, not with brutal lash;
Deal with your murderer as an erring child;
Advice, with beef and beer, makes most men mild.

When the brute beats his drunken sluttish wife,
Out of time knocks her, almost out of life,
See rival doctrinaires at once agog,
One with his "Teach!" the other with his "Flog!"

What if both nostrums be too often vain?
If the Rough's hide oft prove hard as his brain?
While brutes are brutes, how should brute's doings cease,
In spite of schools, gaols, gallows, and police?

Would we cut off the springs of brutal crime,
We must attack the brute-germ ere its prime:
Lift gutter children from their low estate,
Catch them, and school, and Christianise, and wait,
Content to "find our bread cast"—not away—
"Upon the waters, after many a day!"

While our residuum, proletarian, spreads,
Untaught, untended, hands—not hearts or heads—
If they drink, beat, brain, murder, now and then,
'Tis brute toil, brute life, that make brutes of men.

If the great leaders of our party strife,
The classes blest in schooled and guarded life,
Can catch the rough-child ere rough-man he grow,
And tame, and train, and teach, good fruit will show.
Low living and high thinking may unite,
And hands with heads and hearts new union plight,
Till England purged of brutal shame shall stand,
And Roughs and rough crimes perish from the land.

PUNCH ON HAMLET.



SHAKSPEARE'S *Hamlet*, wonderful in so many ways, is in none more wonderful than for its power of every now and then galvanising the town, awaking even our *Sir Charles Coldstreams* for a moment to a languid interest in the theatre and its doings, and giving drawing-rooms and dining-tables periodical fits of quite lively criticism.

After more than two hundred and fifty years it is still the stock play oftentimes acted—taking the year round—wherever English is spoken. Physicians, metaphysicians, and psychologists are still discussing its problems, as actors are still pondering its points. The most subtle and recondite of all dramatic poems for the closet, it is the drama which the galleries know best, and follow with the keenest sympathy. *Hamlet* is the part every aspiring novice first studies and dreams of making his *début* in; the one to which the accomplished actor looks forward as the test of his art, and the crown of his ambition. Nobody ever feels he has fathomed the play, but everybody heaves his lead in it.

Very commonplace critics can say something more or less plausible about *Hamlet*, just as very indifferent actors can play the *Prince of Denmark* with a certain creditableness. No player has ever been known to break down utterly in the part, as none has ever yet been generally admitted to have topped it.

The play is the greatest work of dramatic—if not of all imaginative—creation; and its interest for public, actors, and critics has the inexhaustibleness which belongs to life, and like life, carries in it the germs of perpetual renewal.

MR. IRVING deserves the credit of having worked one of those periodic *Hamlet*-galvanisms, which we have all seen recurring.

There has been no such strong and general sensation produced in the part since FECHTER. And IRVING has the advantage over FECHTER that he is an Englishman, and speaks as a native the tongue in which SHAKSPEARE wrote. It was a kind of tolerance, impossible to a critical public, which allowed the poetry of SHAKSPEARE to be declaimed on the stage to a French tune, and spoken with a French accent.

Think of an English actor, who should speak French as FECHTER spoke English, presuming to appear in RACINE and MOLIÈRE before a Parisian audience!

Let *Mr. Punch* begin not only by recording MR. IRVING'S great success with the public, but *Mr. P.*'s own feeling that the success is genuine and well-deserved. Remembering all the *Hamlets* of his time, from MACREADY to J. S. MACKAYE—whose performance of the part in the Crystal Palace production of the play last year, unequal and marred by inexperience as it was, showed throughout rare originality, and in some scenes, even high excellence—*Mr. Punch* can recal none whose impersonation, as a whole, has displayed, to his thinking, more consistent conception, and more sustained intention, with more intelligent mastery of the utterance, demeanour, and action of this many-sided character.

So intelligent, indeed, is MR. IRVING'S performance, that *Mr. Punch* feels it his duty to lay aside the condescending and omniscient tone appropriate to criticism, and to admit that MR. IRVING has earned the right to an opinion of his own; so that where he differs from *Mr. Punch* in his view of how a scene should be presented or played, it is possible that MR. IRVING may be right, and *Mr. Punch* wrong.

But there is a preliminary point on which *Mr. Punch* must take issue with MR. IRVING. That an actor or manager is free to alter and adapt a play so far

as abbreviating, condensing, and even altering the order of scenes, and omitting personages goes, will be admitted by all. But is he at liberty to alter the course of the action, as by changing an unhappy to a happy termination—or to modify an author's intention, as by changing the tone of a character by suppression of dialogue, or palpably to disregard indications of intention conveyed in parts of the dialogue which he retains?

Both these latter liberties MR. IRVING, or MR. BATEMAN, has taken, and I should think the actor had more to do with them than the manager.

I least liked, and least went along with MR. IRVING in his dealings with the *Ghost*. It seemed to me that he had not realised, as our American cousins would say, the effect of the sight of a real ghost on such a man.

I do not see how this is to be done, unless he can contrive to believe in the *Ghost*; and to do this, even in imagination, except for a Spiritualist, must be difficult in these days. As COLERIDGE used to say he had seen too many ghosts to believe in them! so may we all say in these times of spirit-hands, dark seduces, the DAVENPORT Brothers, and MRS. CUPPER.

I say nothing of the utter sacrifice of the opening scene of the play. That is inevitable so long as the scene is played close on the foot-lights. In the Crystal Palace representation the whole stage was opened for it; at the cost of a brief closing of tableau-curtains, before the Great Hall was discovered. Only in this way can the effect be imparted to that wonderful opening which it deserves and requires, to give it its due importance in the action. But the scene being in the hands of "utility" people, what manager is likely to put himself out of the way for Francisco and Bernardo, and Marcellus, or even Horatio?

Passing by this blemish, as not immediately concerning *Hamlet*, I did not gather from MR. IRVING'S manner of interrogating Horatio and the Sentinels, when they bring him the first news of the *Ghost*, that his questions were meant to test their opportunities of identifying the *Ghost* with his father, till he has made up his mind that it is his duty to speak to the apparition they have seen. This is the key to all *Hamlet*'s questioning till he comes to "I will watch to-night." I failed to see, in MR. IRVING'S rendering of this scene, the indication of this motive for *Hamlet*'s question, till his doubt passes into the determination to see for himself. If he does so read it, and means to convey this meaning, I wish he would mark it more strongly.

I must vehemently protest against the strange innovation in the scenic arrangements, by which the *Ghost* is made to lead *Hamlet* out of the castle to a nook among cliffs with a blasted tree. To take the apparition out of the wintry hold on the sea-cliff, is to break the thread both of the imagination and the action. The alteration seems the more perverse as it is purely wanton, and looks like a change made for the sake of change. Perhaps it is a tub cleverly thrown out to divert those dangerous cetaceans; the critics, from crashing into something more vital to the performance.

But now comes my first serious question with MR. IRVING. Has he a right to leave out in his personation, as well as from his spoken text, all that SHAKSPEARE has indicated of the surging up of a wild, hysterical, half insane mirth, mingled with horror, which follows the disappearance of the *Ghost*?

I cannot think so. It seems to me that this is an element of the psychology of the part essential to a complete personation, and not to be sacrificed at will, nor without losing one of the key-notes of *Hamlet*'s character.

Throughout the play MR. IRVING aims at bringing out the pathetic and more gentle side of the Prince, and to win for him our sympathy and liking. In this he is quite justified, seeing that the gentler elements have been so lavishly wrought into the character by its creator. But with these is intertwined a warp of latent insanity, developed by sensibility overstrained, nerves overtaxed, suspicions set working, affections blighted, outraged, and resisted to the death. And this oversensibility overflows in *Hamlet* raving, in four passages of the play, at least where he swears Horatio and Marcellus to secrecy after the disappearance of the *Ghost*, where he vents on Ophelia his wrath for all the sins of her sex, where he rises to the top tide of passion in the scene with his Mother, and where he outrages Laertes at the grave of Ophelia. His assumption of insanity

as a cloak of his designs, is itself evidence of latent brain-sickness; and so is his passionate disclaimer of madness to his Mother.

This unsound strain in the character of *Hamlet* Mr. IRVING keeps in the background throughout—unduly as I should contend—suppressing it altogether wherever he can, softening it where he cannot quite suppress.

In this respect the performance seems, according to the best judgment I can form, incomplete and unsatisfactory. But Mr. IRVING is consistent in his reading, though, as I cannot but think, at the expense of his text, sometimes.

But his boldest departure from his author's lines, in quest either of novelty or effect, is the suppression of the pictures in the Closet Scene, thus reducing SHAKESPEARE'S

"Look here, upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of two brothers,"

to a request that his Mother will conjure up with him brain-pictures of the King that was and the King that is. It seems to me that the words will not fairly carry such an interpretation, and that this is as wilful a departure from the guidance of the text as the carrying the *Ghost* out of the Castle of Elsinore. Probably Mr. IRVING will say he gains freedom and picturesqueness of action by the change. If the pictures are woven in the arras or painted on the wall, I do not see why *Hamlet's* apostrophe may not be made just as effective, and the picture as striking, as in the present arrangement of the Scene.

Another departure from the guidance of the text, which seemed to me equally wilful, was when, on the disappearance of the *Ghost*, *Hamlet* sinks in a heap at the foot of the blasted tree, and remains so for awhile, where SHAKESPEARE has put into his mouth words, which, to have their full effect, should evidently, as it seems to me, be spoken after a brief pause of terrible struggle for utterance, but in which *Hamlet* succeeds in mastering his emotion sufficiently to stand erect as well as speak—

"O all you host of heaven! O earth! what else!
And shall I couple hell? O No! Hold, hold my heart;
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
But bear me stiffly up!"

I cannot but think that the effect of such words is strangely weakened when spoken by a *Hamlet* who has just picked himself up from a state of abject collapse, in which he has fallen physically, as well as mentally, prostrate. I read in them a fight, but a victorious fight, of will with tottering limbs and reeling brain, in which the will steels the nerves to bear up the body, and the brain retains command of speech, though shaken to its centre.

Mr. *Punch* would earnestly commend reconsideration of this point to Mr. IRVING.

He has nothing but praise for Mr. IRVING'S soliloquies, one and all; for his tender agony of separation from *Ophelia*, and his piteous passion of remonstrance with his Mother; for the kindly courtesy and ease of his scenes with the players: his wild and whirling storm of frenzied emotion after the play; and his scornful dealings with *Rosencrantz* and *Guildenstern*. All these scenes of Mr. IRVING'S seem to me as truthful in conception, and as complete in execution as the most exacting of critics could wish to have them.

The Play Scene itself I disliked, because of another of those wilful departures from the guidance of the text, which seem to me, at the same time, sacrifices of effect and probability, of which I have already complained. I mean the unaccountable arrangement by which the play is made to take place in a hall, or rather corridor, open to the external air, so that the "murder of *Gonzago*" is enacted in the moonlight, outside the palace, over the body of *Hamlet* who lies with his back to the players.

I can only say to Mr. BATEMAN of this scene as *Hamlet* says to the players, "Reform it altogether."

I thought I had seen the Graveyard Scene much better played. Notably Mr. MACKAYE, at the Crystal Palace, was very much easier and more natural in his conversation with the Gravedigger; and this was increased by an arrangement of the Scene, which allowed *Hamlet* to sit on the base of a great monumental cross while talking. Nor was I satisfied with the passion of Mr. IRVING, which follows the discovery that it is *Ophelia* they are burying with such maimed rites. Here he seemed to me below the passion of the part; and his indication of the rising tide of emotion, which should begin at "This is *Laertes*," when the thought of who lies there first crosses his brain, to culminate in the frantic confrontation of *Ophelia's* brother, struck me, in comparison with most passages of the performance, as tame and colourless.

But, all evil and question apart, let Mr. *Punch's* estimation of Mr. IRVING'S performance be measured by the space he has given to it, and the fulness and freedom with which he has pointed out the things in it to which he takes most exception.

He may add that the *Ghost's* delivery is duly solemn, sonorous, and impressive; that the *Ophelia* of Miss BATEMAN is graceful and tender, though it loses much from the recitation substituted for singing in some of her pathetic snatches of old melody.

But the interest of *Hamlet* must always centre in the Prince.

Nor is there anything really to divide the interest in the Lyceum performance of the Play, careful as it is throughout, though to our mind, requiring more allowance than *Punch* is prepared to give, for its wilful and wanton deviations from the verbal and scenic indications of the immortal text.

A "COUNT-OUT."



COUNT ARNIM "has received permission to walk out for an hour daily, accompanied by a policeman." I imagine Mr. DISRAELI, in similar circumstances, as he might have been

after his Mansion House speech, if FIGARO BISMARCK ruled in England. We should read how "Mr. DISRAELI, accompanied by Policeman A, went out for an airey-ing from eleven to twelve. The constable graciously introduced the ex-Right Honourable Gentleman to Miss ELIZA DRIPPING, of Buckley Square. After partaking of some refreshment, the two distinguished visitors returned to the

Tower." Again—"Mr. DISRAELI has received permission to play double dummy in the evening with any member of the A Division who may be off duty. The cards will be previously inspected by the LORD CHANCELLOR, and stamped by the Governor of the Bank of England." Also—"Mr. DISRAELI has been allowed the use of a spoon at meals. The other day he was permitted to go out on bail, but, on second thoughts, PRINCE BISMARCK telegraphed to say that he had changed his mind, and bail could not be accepted. Mr. DISRAELI was consequently taken out of bed, and brought back to the Tower in custody." Let this be a warning.

NORTHWARDS HO!

To the North once again! to the islands of ice,
And the desolate seas few have sailed over twice;
And the great moving mountains, a fear to behold,
And the keen freezing touch of the Spirit of Cold!
Again 'tis decided our isle shall send forth
A flotilla to search the mysterious North,
Where Winter forbids the great Ocean to roll,
And terrors and wonders keep guard round the Pole.

"But why?" asks the cynic. "It can't give us traffic:
Is it worth while, to please the big wigs Geographic,
Who are tired of the Nile, where it's sadly too hot,
And want news from a land where it clearly is not,
That the Traveller, returned, as a Lion may nod at us,
And tell us a tale in the vein of HERODOTUS,
To F. R. G. S.-dom by Sweldom relieved,
And be after cold travel most warmly received?"

Ah, the Pole is magnetic in more ways than one—
To seek it is daring and desperate fun:
Such fun as our blue-jackets seek with a will,
All the more for the danger that tries pluck and skill.
If Science gained nothing—and Science must gain—
This good to our Navy will surely remain,
Though War's risks step by step with War's tools should increase,

None will dread them who face this stern peril of peace.

So ADMIRAL PUNCH to the Minister sends.
His good-speed: on this tack we shall always be friends.
There's one chill more depressing than North Polar cold,
Pluck and science brought down to their value in gold.
High Admiral *Punch* would himself volunteer,
But for duties immensely too onerous here.
Besides, he long since found his Pole—where he sits
At the centre magnetic of wisdoms and wits!



WOMEN AND THEIR GARMENTS ARTISTICALLY DESCRIBED.

STUDY OF A HORIZONTAL ARRANGEMENT IN TONED WHITE, PURPLE, AND BROWN, ACCOMPANIED BY A VERTICAL SYMPHONY IN ORANGE, BLUE, AND CRIMSON, MEETING A DIAGONAL DUETT IN BLACK AND YELLOW.

THE INFALLIBILITY OF PUNCH.

MR. PUNCH has lately, with astonishment and indignation, beheld a fallen Statesman, and other wretches, come forward like vipers and deny his infallibility.

The infallibility of *Punch* was always a doctrine maintained by every rational person. It has now been formally added to the Articles of the British Faith.

Everybody, except outright heretics, had all along believed in the infallibility of the British Public, with *Punch* at the head of it, united in a General Meeting.

About four years ago, a General Meeting of the British Public, sitting at the *Punch* Office, under the direction of *Punch*, solemnly declared *Mr. Punch*, personally, *per se*, apart from all assessors, to be distinctly infallible on his own hook whenever he speaks out of his arm-chair.

Consequently *Punch* has only to get into his arm-chair and speak, in order to bind everybody to believe and do whatever he pleases.

For the infallibility of *Punch* extends over the whole domain of both faith and morals; and *Mr. Punch* would particularly like anybody to tell him what question of conduct or belief that does not include. Particularly as the prerogative of infallibility enables him to define his own, and renders him the only person who can.

Now, if *Punch* is not infallible, so neither is, nor ever was, a General Meeting; and infallibility is all humbug. There is an end to the idea of infallibility, and an end to everything.

But *Punch* is infallible, and whoever says he is not, let him look out!

One of these days *Mr. Punch* may think fit to declare his divine right to the temporal sovereignty of Fleet Street as a dogma. Then that dogma will also have been added to the British Faith. And of course all true Britons will, as in duty bound, obey *Punch* rather than the LORD MAYOR.

Mr. Punch has been very much disgusted with the declaration, made by those who ought to know better, that if he were to promulgate from his own arm-chair any edict which mankind might

presume to think preposterous, it would be paid every respect, and no attention. The adders, cobras, cockatrices, and all the other venomous reptiles crying "No *Punchery!*" are answered by *Punch's* half-hearted apologists with the sneaking admission, "No Logic;" which *Punch* indignantly disclaims; for logic is his own hobby, which he never hesitates to ride from his own premises at any fence, or over any obstacle, and does not care a straw down what precipice it may carry him.

A Wonder in Wales.

THE *Times* thus briefly announces an—

"EARTHQUAKE.—Our Bangor Correspondent informs us that at two o'clock on Sunday morning a distinct shock of earthquake was felt in North Carnarvonshire."

A Welsh earthquake is something portentous. Wales still prides herself on her famous Warlock, who, boasting his birth to have been attended with signs and wonders, especially insisted on a convulsion of the globe as one of them:—

"I say the earth did shake when I was born."

Has the Principality produced, or is it about to produce, another OWEN GLENDOWER?

Impressive Warning.

STATESMEN should be careful not to provoke the POPE by their speeches, or pamphlets, or measures, if they wish to escape being made the subject of the most confused comparisons. Even PRINCE BISMARCK might feel uneasy if he saw himself called in print a giddy cockatrice undermining the legs of St. Peter's Chair; or likened to a sanguinary vampire conspiring to shake the walls of the Vatican. We trust MR. DISRAELI will never do anything to incur the Papal displeasure, so as to be denounced as an adder in sheep's clothing scaling the fold of the Church.



A NOVEMBER CRACKER.

MRS. POPE. "THAT'S THAT YOUNG GLADSTONE WITH HIS DRATTED FIREWORKS!—A MISCHIEVOUS LITTLE WIPER!—FRIGHTENIN' OF AN INOFFENSIVE OLD PARTY LIKE ME!"

OCCASIONAL HAPPY THOUGHTS.

All the difference between Buying and Selling—JELFER's Exchange no Robbery—A Fresh Trial of a New Horse—Result.



Week after the Sale of the Chestnut "Gazelle."—I have been waiting with some anxiety to hear how JELFER likes his new purchase. Honestly speaking, I have been waiting to hear if he arrived home safely on the day he bought him. The doubt on my mind just now is *has JELFER got home at all?* Sometimes

I picture to myself poor JELFER on the green-sward by the roadside gasping, and the Chestnut in a ditch, with both his knees damaged, supporting himself in a staggered manner against the bank.

I can imagine JELFER returning on foot to my house, with his head bound up, and saying, "Look here! You said he was sound! Why, he was as groggy as possible at the knees, and, after a few miles, down he came."

I can imagine (having once begun imagining) how I should plunge further into the mire of horse-dealing, and reply, "My dear JELFER, I never knew the horse stumble in my life; you must have been riding carelessly, with a loose rein, and thrown him down."

MURGLE would swear that the knees were all right (or, at all events, not like they are now), when JELFER took the Chestnut away.

However, these are only the magic-lantern slides presented by a conscience, which has not yet got acclimatised to the atmosphere of horse-dealing.

The Postman comes with a letter.

JELFER's handwriting.

I tremble! I open it! It does *not* begin. "Confound you, you swindling rascal!" but, in his old style, "Dear old boy!"—Good fellow, JELFER!

Happy Thought.—I begin to think the Chestnut must have been all right. Hope so sincerely. Only oughtn't I to have got more for her—I mean him?

Note.—Sometimes "Gazelle" is called "she;" sometimes "he." This is my Aunt's fault. Directly my Aunt saw the animal, she christened it "Gazelle" on the spot, and settled its sex as feminine. I had no objections to make. All cats are called "she;" and all pretty-looking horses, in my Aunt's opinion, are feminine nominally.

Thus it happens that *Gazelle* has been sometimes "she," sometimes "he." To avoid controversy, and not to have any subsequent dispute with JELFER as to my having sold it under false pretences, I always spoke to him (or tried to) of the horse as "it," or as "*Gazelle*."

JELFER's letter informs me that he is perfectly satisfied with "*Gazelle*," which is already quite a favourite with his family—(never knew JELFER had a family—hope he won't be such an idiot as to trust one of his children on *Gazelle's* back)—"and," he adds, "I have driven and ridden her, and she suits me down to the ground."

"Down to the ground" is an unfortunate phrase. O JELFER, if you only knew how nearly I had been shot over that Chestnut's head, right between its ears, with only the crown of my hat between me and the hard road! But no matter—

Happy Thought.—After this note of praise, JELFER can't bring an action against me. If he did, I remember having heard a Barrister say that there's nothing in law so difficult to prove as *mala fides* in horse-dealing; only I'm sure I should look so guilty, that the Judge would give it against me out of hand. However, that danger is past. JELFER's letter continues—"It'll just do for my wife to drive about Tunbridge Wells in a low basket-chaise."

Heavens! If there is one sort of vehicle more certain to bring out *Gazelle's* failings it is a low basket-chaise. In such a trap you have no purchase over the animal, and *Gazelle* wants as much holding up as a fantoccini doll. In fact, if I dared say so, she is not unlike the "magic donkey" which we used to see in toy-shops at Christmas-time. I think I shall take in the Tunbridge Wells local paper, to see if anything happens to MRS. JELFER.

Jelfer's Letter.—"You will have the Grey in the course of this

afternoon. He's been doing nothing for some time, and he's a bit too fat and wheezy; but your work'll soon get him into condition again."

There is something in this I don't like. What does "fat and wheezy" mean? It's artfully thrown in.

Jelfer's Letter.—"He's not fast, but you don't want to ride trotting matches or drive sixteen miles an hour."

No, I don't absolutely *want* to. But if I had a horse which could *certainly* beat every other horse trotting, and could easily go sixteen miles an hour, why I should do it, even if I had to wear a white hat with a black band, tight trousers, and be compelled to attend suburban race-meetings.

JELFER's Grey arrives.

It's a heavy-looking, sleepy-eyed animal, with white eyelashes. No doubt about its being a Grey. I should describe it as a moulting Grey. I have seen something like him in Flemish pictures.

I at once inspect his knees. No—there is no sign of his having been down. So far, JELFER is honest.

MURGLE, behind his hand, gives it as his opinion, "As he's a niceish sort of 'orse."

"Strong?" I observe.

"Yes, Sir," returns MURGLE, as if he was keeping his real opinion to himself, and was putting his hand to his mouth either to prevent its coming out, or to hide a smile—"Yes, Sir, he is strong."

The man who has brought him says nothing. But I notice that his eyes and MURGLE's meet occasionally, and that they both seem troubled with a short cough.

The man (after a glass of beer and a shilling for himself) says, as he "don't know nothink about the 'oss—hon'y brought 'im hover. Walked 'im a'most half the way. Quite quiet; no wice: no tricks o' no sort."

All this sounds well. After all, I think JELFER, having given me a cheque and a horse, must have got the worst of the bargain.

Happy Thought.—Try him in the trap.

He allows himself to be harnessed. He is quiet. I mount the box—MURGLE behind. I don't ask my Aunt to accompany me this time, because she made me so nervous before.

I square my elbows, take up the reins, and say "Tehk!" encouragingly.

The horse pays no sort of attention.

I pull the reins a trifle tighter, and repeat "Tehk!" less encouragingly, and in a tone of command.

The horse stands quite still, with rather a hang-dog expression about the head.

With some diffidence, I use the whip. Just once tickle, with one "Tehk!"

Happy Thought.—Always use whip with diffidence on a new horse, because, however quiet he may have been up to that moment, you don't know what he might suddenly do on feeling the whip. He might send up his heels through the splash-board, kick at me, dash off into the road, overturn the trap, leave me senseless—and perhaps never sensible again—in the ditch. In this case JELFER would decidedly have had the best of it.

The Grey does nothing of the sort. He takes less notice of the whip than I should do of a fly on somebody else's nose.

Double the dose. Two flicks of the whip and two imperious "tehks." No effect.

Treble it. Three flicks, sharp 'uns, and one aimed at his ear. He rouses himself, shakes his head,—is he going to be vicious—if so, I am prepared. No—he shakes himself again with such a shiver as makes his harness rattle, and then stands "as he was."

This is puzzling.

Happy Thought.—MURGLE shall lead him out. MURGLE does so. We are in the lane. The horse is walking. MURGLE mounts behind. We have gained one point. We are in motion. The horse walks along lazily, very much as if he was looking out for some convenient place by the road-side where to lie down and doze.

Tehk! flick!—Flick, tehk.—Get up! Get along then—Get on then!—Come up!! Tehk, flick, flick, flick—Swish, swish, Schwack!

Schwack is meant to convey the temper I put into the last lash.

The Grey awakes with a "hallo-anybody-speaking-to-me" sort of manner, and goes into a trot. Such a trot. A jog. Exactly what has been named a "jog-trot." He is the very picture of conventionalism and Conservatism. Jog-trot—jog-trot—jog-trot—as if there were no such thing as a train to catch—as if there were no telegraphs, and that he, the Grey, had the monopoly of taking messages at his own pace.

Schwack!—Schwack!!!—Schwack!!!

"He don't seem to mind the whip much, do 'ee, sir?" observes MURGLE.

No; he do not. JELFER has the best of it. At this moment I should hardly be sorry to hear of the Chestnut having come madly down hill with JELFER anywhere.

Schwack!!—Schwack!!!—Schwack!!!—and CRACK! The whip breaks.



COMPLIMENTS OF THE SEASON.

Friend. "BY-THE-BYE, OLD MAN, BEFORE I GO LET ME CONGRATULATE YOU ON THE FIRST VOLUME OF *A DUCHESS'S DEVOTION*!"

Young Author. "A— THANKS! BUT WHY THE FIRST VOLUME IN PARTICULAR?"

Friend. "WELL—I'VE SEEN IT ON EVERY DRAWING-ROOM TABLE, I KNOW. CAN'T SAY I EVER SAW THE *SECOND*, YOU KNOW! TA-TA!"

We have managed to get one mile from home. Without a whip it is no use trying to go any farther. My patience is exhausted. My arm aches. I pull his left rein, and he comes round in a lurching way—just as a heavy old tub answers its rudder.

Happy Thought.—He will know he is going back home, and will trot fast.

Not a bit. There being no longer any whip he takes his own time and pace.

Happy Thought.—*Adaptation of a line in Mazeppa.*

"Again he urges on a mild career."

By MURGLE's advice, I prod the Grey with the stump of the whip. No use; he only shrugs his shoulders, and walks on quietly. MURGLE proposes to get out and hit him, in, what MURGLE considers, "tender points," such as the ribs. MURGLE (being *au fond* of a savage nature—(*Happy Thought*—*proverb*—Scratch off his livery and you'll find the brute) wants to kick him. No. I won't hear of it.

Happy Thought.—"If I had an animal what wouldn't go, wouldn't I wallop him," if I hadn't broken my whip. But we are at his mercy. I can only guide him. His drowsiness becomes almost infectious. If there were before us six miles of it instead of barely one, I feel sure we should all three be fast asleep; I mean the horse, MURGLE, and myself. He doesn't attempt to lie down. He walks on—and on—and on—like a ghost. Or—he is fast asleep.

Happy Thought.—The Somnambulist horse.

Murgle's Happy Thought.—"He's a slug, that's what he is."

MURGLE is right. The Grey is a slug. I want a horse, not a slug. Got lots of slugs in the garden. They go if you give them salt. No amount of salt on his tail would make this Grey go. Home

QUESTIONS REQUIRING ANSWERS.

Who was responsible for the happily false report about the alleged illness of HER MAJESTY?

What did MR. DISRAELI really mean by his allusion to Foreign Affairs in his speech at the LORD MAYOR'S Banquet?

When are we going to protect the desecrated graves of our Soldiers in the Crimea?

Why are our Officers-Elect to be flogged when the Cat has been abolished in the Army and the Navy?

Why has the War Office called in all the Martini-Henry ammunition?

What is the truth about the recruiting question?

What has been done to prevent the carriage of explosives through our streets and under our houses?

What will become of the Battersea Burial Board?

Who orders our streets to be covered with loose stones?

What has become of the Steam Roller?

What constitutes fraud in the City?

When is Temple Bar to be removed?

Who is decorating St. Paul's Cathedral?

What is the present work of the Commissioners of the International Exhibition?

What has been the result of the "Emigration to a Free Country" Correspondence?

When are we to be able to travel from Dover to Calais without undergoing the miseries at present associated with a passage across the Channel?

Why has an abundant grape-harvest made champagne so dear?

How are we to protect our oysters from extermination?

And, lastly, when will the dead season be over?

Desperate Offenders.

To the correspondence which has lately appeared in the papers concerning the origin of fever-germs, may be added various letters from various wags inquiring whether since the last war, the germs of scarlet-fever in particular do not come from Germany. Not content with that, many of them commit the further atrocity of suggesting that their asinine question is germane to the matter.

A Test of Faith.

THE peculiarity of the sect called the "Peculiar People" consists in invoking miracle for the cure of disease, instead of resorting to medical assistance. Does their rejection of Medicine extend to surgery? They rely wholly on prayers for the cure of a fever; would they trust the same means alone to reduce a dislocation?

once more. The man who brought the horse has not yet left, so I tell him that I want him to ride the Grey back to MR. JELFER, and give him this note:—

"DEAR JELFER,—I do not want to go sixteen miles an hour, or win a trotting match, but I do wish to go out of a walk sometimes—and I don't want to have to break four or five whips over a slug's back in the course of half a mile. I want something that can go—something that can catch a train. If you can't supply me with that, send me the difference in a cheque, Yours, &c."

The Grey leaves. I am horseless. JELFER will have two horses. I don't propose to JELFER to give me back my Arab steed (the Chestnut) because I should have to return him cheque. Perhaps JELFER will send me another horse. I don't think he'll send me another cheque. We shall see.

Food—For Reflection.

"We are authorized to state that the allusion made at the Mansion House Banquet by MR. DISRAELI did not mean, &c."—*Daily Paper.*

OUR clever PREMIER's palate, hard to please,
From civic dainties turns, plain fare to seek;
Enjoys its turtle with apparent ease;
Then waits a day,—and calmly eats its leak!

PAPAL DEFINITION.—*The Sea-Serpent.*—MR. GLADSTONE coming forward like a Viper, and assailing St. Peter's barque.



ALLOPATHY.

Paddy (he has brought a Prescription to the Chemist, who is carefully weighing a very minute portion of Calomel). "OI BIG YER PARDON, SOB, BUT Y'ARE MIGHTY NARE WID THAT MID'OINE! AND—(coaxingly)—I MAY TILL YE—'TIS FOR A POOR MOTHERLESS CHILD!!"

BUMPING AND BUMPERS.

At the trial of an action for assault the other day at the Windsor County Court, it came out that upon the perambulation on the 17th of September, of the Boundaries of Maidenhead, a practice, called "bumping" is customary in that borough. The plaintiff, a farmer fifty-nine years old, coming in the way of some men who were beating the bounds, they seized him, and "swung him, and bumped him against a post,"—an outrage by which he was laid up for a week. They also bumped some other persons, including the Mayor of Maidenhead. On the part of the defendant, the ringleader of these ruffians, an excuse for their brutality was offered worth transcribing:—

"MR. GREENE, for the defence, urged that if Mayors and Churchwardens were to have actions brought against them for such things, the Court about Ascension Day would be choked with claims; that plaintiff let them quietly bump him without complaining; that all the respectable people of the party, even the Mayor and the Town Clerk, were bumped."

His Honour, the Judge, however, said that such horseplay was detestable, and how the Mayor of Maidenhead should tolerate such things he could not understand. It was a disgrace to English gentlemen. The judicial remark about horseplay will be recognised by some readers, especially our Scotch friends, as a good hit at the Mayor. But a still better joke was that made at the expense of the defendant by the Jury in returning a verdict for the full amount claimed of £10 and costs. The custom of bumping at Maidenhead is one to which the remark of *Hamlet* on that of drinking at Elsinore might be properly applied. It need not be quoted; if you want to hear it, go and see MR. IRVING—and in the meantime read *Punch's* Poet.

A BUMPER TO MAIDENHEAD.

THE Mayor and Council of Maidenhead
Went forth to beat the bounds;
A merry affair no doubt it was
As they gaily went their rounds.

Wherever they stopped the Mayor was
bumped.

And the Town Clerk also:
If they liked such contact with a post,
They might please themselves, you know.

To be swung against wood by leg and arm
Till the "seat of honour" aches,
May delight such dignified gentlemen—
But they should not make mistakes.

Be bumped, Mr. Mayor, whene'er you will,
If you like such elegant sport,
But don't treat others in that same way,
For fear of the County Court.

But if bumping suits municipal folk,
Punch sees no reason why
Ratepayers should not bump their Mayors
Whenever the rates grow high.

Whenever the fever-spreading stench
Of drainage haunts the air,
Take a hint from the people of Maidenhead
And instantly bump the Mayor.

When the gas won't burn in the public
lamps,
When the police are rare,
When there's water neither to wash nor
drink,
Then bump his Worship the Mayor.

So here's a bumper to Maidenhead,
And a health to its sturdy Mayor,
Who seems to hold, in every way,
The seat of honour there!

THE LAST IRISH GRIEVANCE.

"A Dublin Correspondent writes that a movement will be immediately commenced for a sweeping change in the nomenclature of all the English-named streets in that city."—*Echo*.

MR. PUNCH ventures to suggest a few new and appropriate names in substitution for the old ones, which he trusts will not be unacceptable to the leaders of the movement—

Repeal Rents,
Patrick's Green,
Shamrock Side,
Shillelagh Row,
Shindy Alley,
Pope Street,
Priest Place,
Blarney Bridge,
Cullen Crescent,
O'Connell Square,
Ultramontane Walk,
Home-Rule Villas,
Bugaboo Park.

LADIES V. LORDS OF CREATION.

(A Page from the Parliamentary History of the Future.)

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS, APRIL 1st, 1884.



THE House met at four o'clock.

Petitions were presented by several Female Members, praying for the abolition of Latch Keys, and suggesting that the Lodger Franchise should be extended to Pet Cats and Dogs.

In answer to a question from Miss CECILIA CONCERTINA, the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR WAR announced that the proposition (emanating from some of the Female Members) that pianofortes, harmoniums, and guitars should be supplied in future to all Cavalry Bands in Her Majesty's Service, was still under consideration at the War Office.

THE FIRST LORD OF THE ADMIRALTY in answer to a question from Miss YACHTINGTON, said that he had no objection to laying upon

the table of the House, the correspondence that had passed between the Lords of the Admiralty, and the Admirals of Her Majesty's Fleets, relative to the advisability of serving out Curaçoa in lieu of Rum to the Sailors of Her Majesty's Fleets.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER then rose amidst much excitement, to make his Annual Financial Statement. The Right Honourable Gentleman said that the past year had been one of unusual anxiety on account of the general depression of Trade in all its branches.

MISS ROSE DARLING (Member for Flirtington) was quite sure that the Right Honourable Gentleman would forgive her for interrupting him for a minute, for just one little minute. Now would he not? She was sure he would. The fact was she had quite forgotten that she had given notice to the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS. She took this opportunity of congratulating that Right Honourable Gentleman upon his evident recovery from his recent cold—he looked quite himself again. (*Hear! hear! from the Female Benches.*) She repeated that she had quite forgotten that she had given notice to her Right Honourable Friend (she used the term in the Parliamentary sense)—to her Right Honourable Friend, that she would ask him a question. She had promised some people to go with them to the Royal Albert Hall, and she had only remembered the matter a few minutes since. She knew that she was dreadfully irregular, but might she ask that question now? It would be so nice of the SPEAKER if he would consent to her request.

The SPEAKER was forced to admit that the Honourable Member for Flirtington was out of order. (*Hear! hear!*) Still, under the circumstances of the case, he would allow the question to be put. The Male Members of that House must show some courtesy to their fair colleagues—the Ladies who had been sent to Westminster to take part in the government of this great country. (*Cheers.*)

MR. ROUGHMAN did not agree with the SPEAKER. (*Oh! oh!*) Since the introduction of Persons into Parliament, that House had not got through a fair day's work on any one occasion. It was nonsense to make any difference between men and women in that House. (*Cries of "Divide!"*) Of course the SPEAKER would not agree with him, but then everybody knew that the SPEAKER (for whom personally he had the highest respect) had been elected to the chair be filled by the Female Interest in that House, on account of the reputation he enjoyed of being quite a ladies' man. (*Order! order!*)

MISS KATE FLITTERLEY expressed her opinion that the Honourable Member for Plainborough (MR. ROUGHMAN) was a bear. (*Cheers from the Female Benches.*)

MR. LOVERLEY shared the opinion that had just been expressed by his Honourable friend the Member for Hymenville.

MR. ROUGHMAN was not surprised to hear the Honourable Member say so. If rumour was to be believed, the Honourable Member was prepared to share his name as well as his opinions with the fair and Honourable Member for Hymenville. (*Oh! oh!*)

MR. LOVERLEY would be glad to know what the Honourable Member for Plainborough meant by that assertion.

MISS ROSE DARLING was more distressed than she could say, that she should have been the cause of a quarrel. She did hope that the two gentlemen would make it up.

MISS FLITTERLEY said that the gentlemen were not quarrelling about the Honourable Member for Flirtington.

MISS DARLING was of an opinion that the Honourable Member for Hymenville was a spiteful creature. She (MISS DARLING) was sure that she never meant to cause any unpleasantness. After a few incoherent words, the Honourable Member burst into tears and resumed her seat in a fit of hysterics.

The business of the House was here suspended for some minutes, whilst the Male Members busied themselves in procuring restoratives.

On the resumption of business the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER reminded the House that his Annual Financial Statement had still to be made. (*Cheers from the Male Benches.*)

The SPEAKER said that he believed the Fair and Honourable Member for Flirtington wished to put a question to the SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS. He had ruled that the question might be put.

MISS DARLING admitted that in her agitation she had entirely forgotten what it was she had intended to ask the Right Honourable Gentleman. She believed, however, it was something to do with the Paris Fashions. She gave notice that she would repeat her question to-morrow. (*Here! here! from the Female Benches.*)

The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER again rose to make his Annual Financial Statement. The Right Honourable Gentleman said that the past year had been one of unusual anxiety on account of the general depression of trade in all its branches.

MISS PRISCILLA MANLEY would make no apology for interrupting the Right Honourable Gentleman. The Bill of which she had the honour to be the advocate, for permitting a majority of the ratepayers (male and female) to abolish the use of tobacco, in fact the measure known as the Permissive Smoking Bill, was of far greater importance to the public at large than the "Budget." (*Cheers from the Female Benches.*) Pipes were an abomination, and cigars were the curses of the country.

The SPEAKER courteously reminded the Honourable Member that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER was then in possession of the ear of the House.

MISS MANLEY denied the assertion. (*Laughter.*)

The SPEAKER would be glad if the Honourable Member would kindly permit the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER to continue his financial statement. (*Cheers from the Male Benches.*)

MISS MANLEY had no doubt about that. (*Cheers and laughter from the Female Benches.*) A Lady was not to be put down by clamour. (*Renewed cheers from the Female Benches.*) She (the Honourable Member) would like to see the man who could force a woman to be silent when that woman desired to speak. That man would be a curiosity, and should be added to the Natural History Collection at the British Museum. (*Renewed cheers and laughter from the Female Benches.*) The Honourable Member then made a long and elaborate speech about the abuses of tobacco.

After the Honourable Member had been speaking for more than three hours and a quarter, a large number of Male Members left their seats, and

At twenty minutes past eight o'clock the House was Counted Out.

THE POLAR EXPEDITION.

SIR H—Y R—WLINS—N presents his compliments to Mr. Punch, and will feel obliged by his suppressing the following correspondence:—

From SIR H—Y R—WLINS—N to MR. DISKARLI.

DEAR DIZZY, you leaped to your present control Of the country by means of a very high Poll; But, if to please all, you yet fain would aspire, We'll find you a Pole that's undoubtedly higher Than any you ever have heard of, by far. Yours faithfully, and to the purpose, H. R.

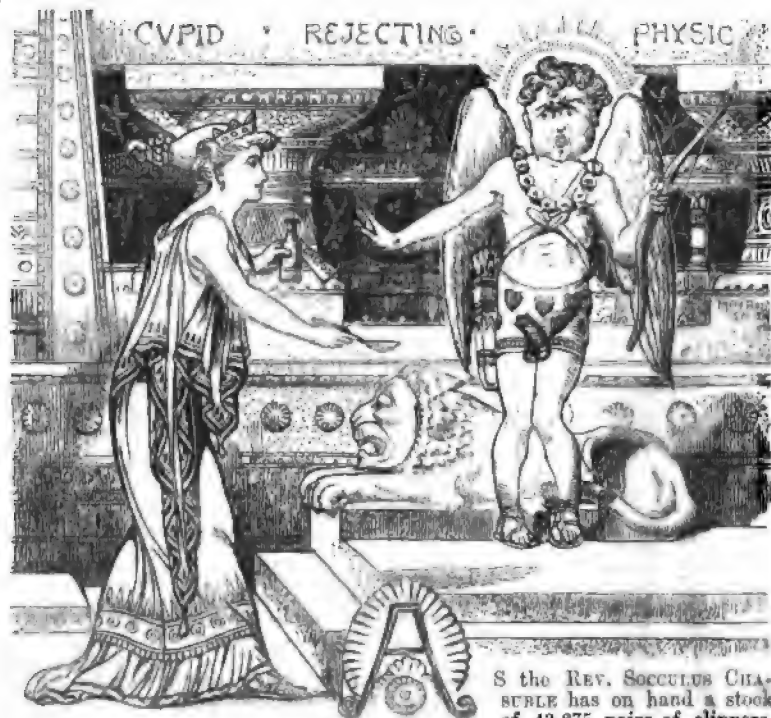
From MR. D—SKARLI to SIR H—Y R—WLINS—N.

DEAR R—WLINS—N, thanks for your letter and quip; I won't let a good opportunity slip Of doing what should have been done when the life Of a FRANKLIN might perhaps have been spared to his wife. The North Pole of more use is to you than to me, But, by Jingo, we'll find it!

Yours truly,

B. D.

TO THE YOUNG LADIES OF ST. AMOROSUS.



some other form of acknowledgment for his religious service, eloquent teaching, and gentlemanly bearing, might occasionally be adopted by his devoted admirers. He is willing to receive—

1. Rump-steaks and accompanying oysters, especially on Saturday, to strengthen him for his Dominical duties.
2. Port wine: MR. CHASUBLE, who suffers from clerical sorethroat, will be happy to communicate the address of his favourite wine-merchant.
3. Cigars: MR. CHASUBLE finds the sedative weed of great value after his labours in the Confessional.
4. Rowlands' Macassar and Glenfield Starch for his hair and his surplices.
5. Perfumes: Frangipani for feasts, Patchouli for fasts, Attar of Roses for evening parties.
6. MR. CHASUBLE will be at home daily from eleven to one, to be attended by any young Lady of sartorial capacity, who wishes to measure him for coats, waistcoats, or continuations.

N.B.—To Hebrews only. Slippers on Sale—never yet worn, and very cheap.

MEN WE DON'T WANT TO MEET.

THE Man who grunts and gasps as he gobbles up his soup, and at every other mouthful seems threatened with a choking fit.

The Man who, having by an accident been thrown once in your company, makes bold to bawl your name out, and to shake your hand profusely when you pass him in the street.

The Man who, pleading old schoolfellowship, which you have quite forgotten, never meets you without trying to extort a fivepound note.

The Man who volunteers his criticism on your new play or picture, and points out its worst faults in presence of your wife.

The Man who artfully provokes you to play a game of billiards with him, and, though he feigns to be a novice, produces his own chalk.

The Man who can't sit at your table on any set occasion without getting on his legs to propose some stupid toast.

The Man who, thinking you are musical, bores you with his notions on the music of the future, of which you know as little as the music of the spheres.

The Man who wears a white hat in the winter, and smokes a pipe when walking, and accosts you as "old fellow" just as you are hoping to make a good impression on some well-dressed lady friends.

The Man who, knowing that your doctor faces him at table, turns the talk so as to set him talking doctor's shop.

The Man who, with a look of urgent business, when you are in a hurry, takes you by the button-hole to tell you a bad joke.

The Man who, sitting just behind you at the Opera, destroys half your enjoyment by humming all the airs.

The Man who makes remarks on your personal adornment, asks you where you buy your waistcoats, and what you paid for your dress-boots.

The Man who lards his talk with little scraps of French and German after his return from a continental tour.

The Man who spoils your pleasure in seeing a new play by applauding in wrong places, and muttering in stage-whispers his comments on the plot.

And, to finish with, the Man who, when you draw back slightly to appreciate a picture, coolly comes and stands in front of you, and then receding, also treads upon your toes.

PROTESTANT INVENTIONS.

"Q. Must not Catholics believe the Pope in himself to be infallible?"

"A. This is a Protestant invention."—*Catholic Catechism.*

Rome holds it worse than imbecility
About Infallibility

Broadcast to sow dissension;
In fact, the dogma, all must see
In sense of ACTON, PETRE, SHEK,
Is Protestant invention.

"Quod semper, quod ubique, quod
Ab omnibus"—though priestly nod
Lay sinners now and then shun—
That priest was ever known to doubt
Or varying views thereof let out,
Is Protestant invention.

Rome never Heretic bonfire made,
Preached 'gainst Prince Protestant crusade,
To cause just apprehension;
Ne'er laid scourge on Low-Country back—
ALVA's block, TORQUEMADA's rack,
Are Protestant invention.

Rome, 'mong her means, ne'er used Confession
To worm out secret, veil transgression,
Or ease the piteous tension
Of conscience in poor PADDY sent
With slugs to settle for the rent—
All Protestant invention!

Rome wrests not next world's hopes and fears
Husband and wife to set by th' ears,
And in homes breed dissension;
Direction spiritual ne'er
To temporal ends doth overbear—
That's Protestant invention!

Rome ne'er was known ingenuous youth
By stealth from heresy to truth
To aid in his ascension:
Pastors and Parents kept i' the dark,
Till Priest to flame had fanned the spark,—
Mere Protestant invention!

Rome over noble millionaire
Ne'er dropped her Church-fly, light as air—
Your coarser baits such men shun;
Till hooked, played, gaffed, the fine flat fish
Was dished as only Priests can dish—
All Protestant invention!

Romish Confessional within
No question e'er brought thoughts of sin
To maiden comprehension:
Her pure Confessors ne'er were known
On souls sans stain to stamp their own;
That's Protestant invention!

A saw has wide acceptance found
That Satan's favourite training-ground
Is paved with good intentions;
Now that Macadam's in disgrace,
And Old Nick paves his little place
With Protestant inventions.

CON. FOR COLONIALS.

WHICH modern Composer's name best describes most
Colonial Bishops? Digitized by Google
OFFEN-BACH.



THE PROVINCIAL DRAMA.

The Marquis (in the Play). "AVENT I GIVE YER THE EDGICATION OF A GEN'LEMAN?"

Lord Adolphus (Spendthrift Heir). "YOU 'AVE!"

THE ASTRONOMER AT HOME.

I HOLD, whatever PROCTOR writes,
Or LOCKYER, or AIRY,
Out-door observing, these chill nights,
A snare to the unwary.

Long though you gaze into the sky
(Not quite, I hope, cigarless),
What chance of seeing meteors fly
Through a heaven that hangs starless?

A blazing fire in bright steel bars
Best observe, after dining;
And study—if you must have stars—
Those 'neath arched eyebrows shining.

Transit of Venus snugly watch,
With comforts that enhance it:
There is no place like home to catch
Your Venus in her transit.

Let who will, 'mid Kerguelen's snows,
Seek freezing-post and thawing-room,
My Venus one short transit knows—
From dining-room to drawing-room.

Let me observe her, by lamp-light,
In *chaise longue*, soft and lazy,
Her witch-face framed in hair-wreaths bright,
Enough to drive one crazy.

Sweet star of eve, whose beauties blend
With foam of vaporous laces,
That like a cloudy setting lend
A mystery to thy graces,

Heightening the charms they half enwrap—
Sweet star too of the morning,
In muslins fresh, and pretty cap
A prettier head adorning!

Yes, "*Vive l'Astronomie*," say I—
But what I add between us is—
While our Home-Heavens can still supply
Observers with their Venuses!

FEMININE ADULTERATION.

MY DEAR MENTOR PUNCH,

ALTHOUGH I am still quite a young man (at least, I'm not much over forty), my friends, and specially my fair friends, often wonder, in my hearing, why it is that I don't marry. If I ask them why they wonder, they in general reply, "O, because, you know, you can so well afford to marry!" And they say this with an emphasis which apparently implies that they have unanswerably settled the whole question.

Now, certainly to judge by the dresses that one sees, a wife must be now-a-days a rather costly luxury to add to a bachelor establishment. But although not quite a Croesus, I confess that the expense is not in my case a deterrent. What I chiefly fear is that, having gone through all the forms and ceremonies, civil, legal, and religious, which society imposes on the man who takes a wife, I may find myself the victim of a fashionable swindle.

Being by nature somewhat of a nervous disposition, I tremble lest my bride be discovered, after wedlock, to belong Not to the family of "beauties without paint." I shudder at the thought of finding, when too late, that her hair is not her own, excepting in so far as she may honestly have paid for it. I shiver at the prospect of detecting that the blooming roses on her cheeks, alas! are merely artificial flowers; that her cherry lips have rather the taste of Dead Sea fruit; and that the lustre of her eyes is a sham illumination. In short, I am afraid lest my better-half should prove not half so good as I had calculated; and in respect at least of personal advantages, should be found to be a terribly adulterated article.

I appeal then, Sir, to you as the best possible adviser to help me in the matter; and what I chiefly want to know is, whether do you think that, through your own benignant influence, an amendment might be made to the Adulteration Act, so as to extend it to persons who adulterate feminine attractions. Timid people like myself who can hardly dare to look a lady in the face, even while they are engaged in paying their addresses, are completely at the mercy of girls

who use cosmetics; and surely something should by law be done for our protection. A man who goes into the Money Market may easily employ a broker, who will warn him from a perilous investment; but if I were to venture on a spec. in the Matrimony Market, who is there to save me from a fraudulent transaction?

I have not a word to say of ladies colouring or be-chignonning their fair heads after marriage. They may do so if they like, and if their husbands like to let them. But I contend that any girl who in any way bedaubes herself, or even buys one single lock of hair to add to her capillary attractions, is guilty of endeavouring to obtain a husband under false pretences, and, under the penalties imposed by the new Feminine Adulteration Act, should be severely punished—say, prohibited from dancing for one entire season.

Of course if such a law were passed, great clamour would arise among hairdressers and others, who now gain their greatest profits by the sale of curls and pigments. But I own that I should have small pity for such sufferers; and, indeed, were I entrusted with the drawing of the Act, I would put their shops at once under the eye of the police, and would prevent, by heavy fines, their catch-penny advertisements.

Beseeching you, dear Mentor Punch, to exert your kindly influence in the manner I have hinted at, I subscribe myself

Yours reverently,

Aspen Court, near Quiverton.

TELEMACHUS TWITTER.

P.S.—I need hardly add that any breach of promise action should instantly be quashed, on proof that the fair plaintiff, during her courtship, has resorted to the rouge-pot, or painted her eyelids.

Might and Right.

BEHOLD in Rome how pertinent a sight
To controversy pending at this hour!
Where, if the POPE claims the deposing right,
The Nation still holds the deposing power.



CONVENIENCE OF A LIGHT-WEIGHT GROOM.

Miss Ethel. "Now, SIT TIGHT THIS TIME, CHARLES. HOW COULD YOU BE SO STUPID AS TO LET HIM GO!"

ADVERTISING GEMS.

AN Advertisement in the *Kent and Sussex Courier*, on the part of a "Stud and Farm Company," of "Horses for Sale," recommends them as being "in hard condition," and further announces that—

"Gentlemen wishing to rest in Large Boxes, and Straw Yards, or turn out Superior Horses (not suffering or recovering from any illness), will find the accommodation at this Farm unsurpassed."

Asaetio Gentlemen wishing to rest in large boxes and straw yards may be imagined to prefer being in somewhat hard condition themselves. Possibly, like *Othello*—

"A natural and prompt alacrity
They 'find in hardness.'"

Accordingly, perhaps, a Gentleman of this hardy kind would rather rest in a horse-box than sleep in a "thrice-driven bed of down."

Under heading of "Professional" we are informed in the *Bradford Observer* that there is—

WANTED immediately, at Holme Lane Congregational Chapel, a competent Person to TAKE CHARGE of the SINGING and PLAYING of the HARMONIUM. For further particulars apply, &c., &c.

A Harmonium, so completely self-acting as to play itself and to sing, must be a wonder of musical mechanism far in advance of any automaton piping-bullfinch ever exhibited. What a pity this extraordinary instrument should abide in the obscurity of Holme Lane! Why is it not immediately brought up to South Kensington? The proceeds of its sale or its exhibition would pay all the expenses of the Congregational Chapel, in which the congregation could sing to the accompaniment of an ordinary Harmonium, played by a competent person, in the meanwhile.

The *Wisbeach Telegraph* also proclaims a singular want:—

WANTED, a Strong Boy, to live in the house, to milk and work a pair of Horses. Also a Boy to look after Cows and to groom. Good characters required.—Apply &c., &c.

It is possible that a Boy might milk as well as work a pair of

mares—but Horses, how? He might also milk two or more asses without being necessarily a very strong Boy. Asses' milk is a reality, horses' milk would be miraculous. The former is an article of diet, on which children are sometimes reared. Does it ever impart the nature of the animal whence it is derived; and can it be that the Gentleman who notifies that he wants a strong Boy to milk a pair of horses was brought up on asses' milk?

HIGH AND LOW ART.

At an extraordinary Meeting of Crystal Palace Shareholders, held the other day, certain dissatisfied members of that body appear to have complained that their Board of Directors "showed a tendency to cultivate 'High Art' at their expense;" but the *Times*, pointing out the expediency of providing it as a special attraction, truly tells them that "the Directors of the Crystal Palace will surely not be blamed by the public for seeking to provide amusements of an elevated kind." That is to say, such amusements as a Burns Centenary, Schiller and Mendelssohn Celebrations, and Handel Festivals. These all come under the head of High Art, and in that sense may be said to be of an elevated kind; but there are others, of which the Art displayed is high only in the sense of physical altitude; and they, as given at the Crystal Palace, if certainly elevated, were perhaps the reverse of elevating. The performances of M. BLONDIN on the tight-rope, at a dangerous elevation, were exhibitions of High Art, calculated rather to gratify, than to elevate inferior minds. It may be hoped that this kind of High Art will no more be cultivated at the Crystal Palace.

Unseasonable Occurrence.

THE papers announce that, in Kensington Gardens, near the bridge over the Serpentine, a horse-chestnut tree, almost bare of leaves, has lately shown its confusion of Autumn with Spring by breaking out into bloom. A tree so stupid, McWURTIE observes, is not a horse but an ass-chestnut.

"MODERATE MEASURES."



O his parrot-tune, "Nothing like water,"
Out on tippling SIR WILFRID still cries—
Brandy, whiskey, rum, gin, ale, stout, porter,
Find in him foe more witty than wise.
All willown with him Temperance should rule,
But Temperance in talk, too, is best;
Punch holds "measure in all things" a good rule;
And in drink, mong the rest.

E'en JOHN BRIGHT's oratorical bellows
From cold water a fire scarce could light.
Good Templars may oft be good fellows,
In regalia's and mummery's despite.
Bands of Hope are amusements for babies,
Who seldom, I fancy, get "screwed."

And the good of them's one of the "may be's"
On which doubt will intrude.

At Manchester, Lawsonites sternest
May learn lesson, sore needed, I think,
That moderate men may be earnest,
Though the foe they assail is strong drink.
Defying severe MRS. GRUNDY,
Who was probably weaned upon gin.
Wine in measure, says Presbyter LUNDIE,
May be drunk without sin.

The grape by kind Heaven has been granted
To gladden the hearts of mankind:
If the poets its praises have chanted,
The statesmen are not far behind.
While Parties and Churches have perished,
By rows the reverse of divine,
Two gifts, the world o'er, are still cherished—
Cheap bread and cheap wine!

"ELIZABETH'S RESIDENCE IN A FRENCH COUNTRY HOUSE."

FRAGMENT THE TENTH, AND LAST.

Ulysse se console du départ de Calypso.

ALL the rest of that day, and all through the night, I felt that I was a blighted being. I saw that JOHN didn't like me any better for seeing me with JEWEL, and that JEWEL didn't like me any better for seeing me with JOHN. "This comes of leaning on a broken reed like Aunt JEMIMA," I said to myself. "What she said about donkeys don't hold good of men, after all. But what should she know about men?" And I sobbed till I thought my heart would break. But when the morning came I took a little courage. "Perhaps," I said, "when JEWEL comes to know that his 'LISABESS' is going away from him across the billows, his heart will turn to her again."

As soon as I saw MADAME PICHOU, and told her that we were going away, she began to cry, and declare that she was *désolée*, and that she should never find any one else whom she should like so well as me.

"Well," I thought, "if you take it to heart so, there is some hope of JEWEL. So I said to her, 'I dare say JEWEL won't miss me so much, even if he misses me at all.' But I didn't get much comfort out of her, for all she said was, 'Ah! Ne te romps plus la tête de JULES. Il se consolera. Oh, si a tant aimé! Oh, beaucoup! beaucoup! beaucoup! Il a tant aimé qu'il est endurci comme tout. Avec les femmes c'est différent. Vous devriez entendre les plaintes et doléances quand il se défait des petites sottes. Mon Dieu! quelles litanies!'"

When she said this, I felt as if I could have scratched her, and I thought how Grandmother always used to say, "There is a friend that sticketh sharper than a sister." Still, I kept on hoping that if

I could only have one more meeting with JEWEL, I might find him more sensible than MADAME PICHOU.

Missis settled that Cook and I were each to have an afternoon out before we went home. She was a soft, weak thing, was Missis, and was always fussing and fidgeting about to see if she couldn't please us. Cook spent her afternoon in getting things for her two little boys, for I do believe they were never out of her mind; but I thought I should like to have a last walk with MADAME PICHOU, and so I told her. "This is our parting walk, dear," I said to her. "It may be for years, and it may be for ever," as the song says, so do come early."

Well, she did come early, and she brought JEWEL with her. He seemed to have quite got over his little fit of temper, and was just as he used to be. As we walked down the avenue together, we met JOHN coming in with a message to Master from the BLATHERWICKS. "How do, Betsy? How do, Mr. Petty Tom?" said he. "I haven't time to stop." And he went on to the house.

"C'est un bel homme, votre MONSIEUR JEAN," said MADAME PICHOU; for I had told her something about him: "*Il vous consolera, peut-être.*" And she looked back knowingly at him.

JEWEL looked back, too, but all he said was, "*Peste soit du grand Butor!*" And I'm told that it wasn't a civil speech, but it made me a little hopeful.

We all three walked together for a little while, and then MADAME PICHOU stopped to speak to a friend in one of the cottages, and JEWEL and I walked on. JEWEL didn't talk. He kept on humming to himself,

Allons, mon enfant,
Mon petit Fanfan,
Vite au pas,
Qu'on n'ait pas
Que tu trembles;
En avant!
Fanfan la Tulipe!
Oui, mille noms d'un pipe,
En avant!"

I saw that I must speak first. "JEWEL," I said, in the best French I could manage, after thinking of it all the day, "JEWEL, *je vais partir! Vous vous souviendrez de votre bonne pâte de femme, JEWEL? N'est-ce pas?*"

"*A la mort, Mademoiselle!*" said JEWEL, as calmly as if he had been going to charge the enemy.

I began to turn hot and cold, and to be afraid that I shouldn't be able to do anything with him, so I said, "*J'espère que vous ne souffrirez pas, JEWEL.*"

He wasn't overcome even by this, but only said, "*Rien n'est difficile pour un Voltigeur, Mademoiselle! La Garde souffre, mais ne se rend pas.*" And he drew himself up proudly, like the hero of a hundred fights.

I gave it up in despair, and as we walked home along the same road which we had taken when we came back from the *Ducasse*, I recollected that, as we stood at the buffet that evening, he had said, "*Je m'en fiche de Parfait Amour.*" I know I ought to have taken warning then, but never, from a child, could I keep from tasting sweets, even though I felt sure that Grandmother had put a powder in the bottom of the spoon.

We parted, where we first met, at our front gate. I don't think I'd have had him, if he had asked me, but it would have been nice to be asked. Even if I had refused him, it would have been nice to think, as I went back to England, that there was "something attempted, somebody done," as that sweet poem says which we used to learn at school.

At length the day came on which we were to go home. We had about twice as much luggage as we had brought; for, of course, Master, just like a man, had bought a heap of things he didn't want, and Miss EDITH had got two or three boxes of presents, and Missis had laid in a great stock of clothes for the children, and Cook and me had got a few things extra, so that the Baggages who came to fetch away the luggage, quite filled up the avenue with their trunks. The people from the neighbouring cottages gathered round the gate to see us off. Old PÈRE POMPON, as we called him, who lived in the cottage at the back of our house to look after the kitchen garden, and who was leading the two cows out to their daily pasture, stopped them, and stood still to look at us. MÈRE POMPON, his wife, bustled about, and helped the Baggages with tears in her eyes. MADAME PICHOU was so sad that she couldn't do anything; and little OSMÈRE, her daughter, who used to run errands for us, and who was dressed up in a frock that Miss EDITH had given her, howled at the top of her voice. When we moved off, they all set up a great shout, and I think we all felt as if we were parting from old friends.

When we got down to the Pier, the BLATHERWICKS were there, with their luggage, and you could hardly see JOHN for the cloaks and rugs which they had hung upon him. We had a job to get the things into the boat, I can tell you, but we had plenty of time, and everything was settled before the boat was ready to start. Cook went

down into the cabin with the children, and had no sooner got there than she said, "O, good gracious!" and laid down on the floor, and didn't move again until we got to the end of the voyage. Missis had wanted me to stay down below with the children, but I knew better than that; so I said, "No, Ma'am! my place is on deck, where I can be of use to you and poor Miss EDITH!" And on deck I stayed.

Missis, and Miss EDITH, and MRS. BLATHERWICK settled themselves in the seats on deck, which are reserved for ladies, and MRS. BLATHERWICK began to say that she had got two of the Fishwomen to take her, on the Sunday before, to the Chapel of the Blessed Saint Josse of Brittany, who was a great Patron of sea-going people, and that she felt sure she shouldn't be sick. But Master and old BLATHERWICK were the best. They had both made up their minds that they were going to be very ill; so one lay down on the seat by the funnel, and the other just opposite to him on the seat by the side of the vessel, and then JOHN swathed 'em both up in rugs and waterproofs from head to foot, and the Steward put what was necessary close to each of 'em, and they lay there, looking like two mummies, and waiting for the worst.

Presently Master put his head out of his wraps, and called out, "I say, BLATHERWICK! we shan't have to pack up like this when the *Castalia* is ready!"

BLATHERWICK just uncovered the tip of his nose, and wheezed out, "Whew! the *Bessemer* is ready, you mean! The *Bessemer* is sure to cure the rolling, and the *Castalia* isn't!"

Master got excited, and put one arm out of his rugs. "I don't care about the rolling," he said, "it's the sinking that does the mischief, and the *Bessemer* won't cure that!"

"Well," said old BLATHERWICK, sitting half up, "if you come to that, how is the *Castalia* to cure the sinking?"

Just then the paddles began to turn, and the two old gentlemen tumbled down into their wraps, and didn't speak any more. As for JOHN, as soon as he had settled his Master and mine, he came up to me, and said, "Come along, BETSY, and stand under the bridge with me. It's the easiest and the driest place in the ship, and I'll take care of you, for the sake of old times." So we went a little way under the bridge, and leaned against the bulwark.

"O, JOHN," I said, "just hear how the wind howls! I'm sure we're going to have a hurricane, or one of those equally noxious gales."

"Never mind, BETSY," said he; "I'll see you through it!" which was so kind of him that I couldn't help getting a little closer to him.

The Pier was quite crowded with people as we passed along, and there, as he stood along with the Baggages, I caught my last glimpse of JEWEL. He saw us, and waved his cap. JOHN saw him, too, and cried out, "Why, confound the impudence of that little fellow! He's got his arm round one of them little porticooses."

"Well, JOHN," I said, looking up in his face, "why shouldn't he? Aren't they of one nation, and one language, and one way of thinking, JOHN?"

"Right you are, BETSY," said JOHN; "and if you'll forget JEWEL, I'll forget the porticooses."

As he spoke, I felt something coming round me, which might have been his arm, but I thought it might be only the roll of the ship; so I didn't move it, and there it stayed till we got into the harbour at Dover.

"O!" thought I, "what would Grandmother and Aunts say if they saw their BETSY now?"

Pigeons and Crows.

WHEN Apple-women in the street
Obstruct the public way,
The prompt Policeman from his beat
Clears off each stall and tray.

When betting Roughs the pavement crowd,
At Knightsbridge as they do,
Is Bobby too completely cowed
To bid them move on too?

The Force of Example.

A CONFERENCE of Ministers, sitting in the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, have resolved that if they and Members of their Churches could see their way to practise Teetotalism, "the cause of Temperance would thereby be greatly promoted." Clearly. If Total Abstinence is as advantageous as it is said to be, Teetotalism, in the mass, must present a spectacle of happiness which will allure everybody to share it. Example will be all-sufficient. Let them stick to that.

PLEASURES OF HOPE.

(Not mentioned by the Poet.)



PUTTING your name on a bill, "just for form's sake," to oblige a needy relative, and living in the hope that he will find the means to meet it.

Hiring a first-floor in a so-called quiet neighbourhood, in the hope that it will yield you opportunities of study, and finding that there is a squalling baby in the house, and a howling dog hard by, and a piano in full play both upon the ground-floor and the second storey.

Getting a big mud-splash on your shirt-front while hurrying in a Hansom to dine with

punctual people, and indulging in the hope that, when dry, the stain will not be noticed.

Breaking down just in the middle of your favourite comic-song, and beginning it afresh in the vain hope of recollecting it.

Squeezing, by hard pressure, a loan out of a Jew, and hoping against hope that he may forget to charge his usual interest.

Nursing the fond hope that you will have the luck to take Miss SWEETLIPPES down to dinner, and finding, to your horror, you are paired with LADY HUMGRUFFYN.

Taking the trouble to compose and learn by heart your maiden speech, in the vain hope that your memory may not be affected by your nervousness.

Calling very dutifully upon your slightly cross, and as well as vastly deaf old Aunt, in the hope that you may find your pretty cousin CLARA sitting in attendance on her; and then seeing that young person monopolised completely by that odious fellow BROWN, who happens also to drop in, and somehow manages to let you entertain the elder lady.

Passing by the *entrées*, in the hope of a good joint on which to wreak the vengeance of your appetite; and then discovering, to your horror, that a feeble leg of lamb is carved in thin, transparent slices for the plates of sixteen people.

Going to the Theatre on the first night of a new comedy, in the hope of seeing something to amuse you, and finding that the plot is cribbed from a French play, which you saw last year in Paris.

Treading by ill luck upon your Uncle's gouty toe, just when you are hoping to persuade him, by a novel course of argument, to let you be his debtor for another fifty pounds or so.

Lastly, lending an umbrella to a friend who has been dining with you, and cherishing the hope that you will live to see it back again.

A Prelate on Pedigrees.

THE BISHOP OF LINCOLN, in a letter addressed to the Prolocutor of the Lower House of Convocation on the New Lectionary, objects to that revised Table of Lessons that "it has a strong repugnance to genealogies." DR. WORDSWORTH, perhaps, does not consider that there are a genealogy and a genealogy to which he might remove some critical repugnance by showing how to reconcile them. Apart from these genealogies may be mentioned the genealogy of MR. DARWIN, beginning with the Marine Ascidian and descending through the monkeys—but that is another affair.

New Books.

In Calf Half Bound. By the Author of *In Honour Bound.*
Merry as a Grig. By J. R. PIRKIN. Companion Novel to *Innocent as a Baby*, by J. R. PORTS.
Feeding the Horse. By the Author of *Baiting the Trap.*
Aunt Sally. By the Author of *Uncle John.*
Young Missuses. By the Compiler of *Old Masters.*



ART IN EXCELSIS.

THE MONTGOMERY SPIFFINES HAVE JUST HAD THEIR DRAWING-ROOM CEILING ELABORATELY DECORATED BY ARTISTIC HANDS. THEY ARE MUCH GRATIFIED BY THE SENSATION PRODUCED UPON THEIR FRIENDS.

METHINKS!

METHINKS the Streets and Roads might be kept a little cleaner.

Methinks they will be when London is properly governed.

Methinks MR. GLADSTONE will be relieved in future from much inquisitive correspondence on the subject of his religious opinions.

Methinks ARCHBISHOP MANNING will not officiate in Westminster Abbey—at all events, for the present.

Methinks the POPE will not send his blessing (favoured by the Archbishop) to Lords ACTON and CAMOYS, &c.

Methinks MR. DISRAELI must regret a certain passage in his Guildhall speech.

Methinks Ministers must be very reluctant to come back to London, and hold Cabinet Councils.

Methinks their first duty is to deliberate how best to protect the Oyster.

Methinks the PRINCE and PRINCESS OF WALES must be enjoying their holiday at Sandringham, safe from all addresses and presentations.

Methinks Spain must be a highly uncomfortable country to live in.

Methinks MR. IRVING's performance of *Hamlet* will induce a great many persons to read that play—for the first time in their lives.

Methinks the number of people who understand anything about the Transit of Venus must be very limited.

Methinks we want a good novel or two.

Methinks rising in the morning becomes daily more and more difficult.

Methinks the Ladies are wearing their kicking-straps more than a little too large.

Methinks this is an odd time of year to announce a new Polar expedition.

Methinks the season is rapidly approaching for Christmas books, Christmas bills, Christmas cards, Christmas cheer, Christmas hampers, and Christmas boxes.

Methinks November is not such a very bad month after all for people with wine, good dinners to eat, good liquor to drink, and good houses to live in.

"PROHIBITIONIST" PREACHING.

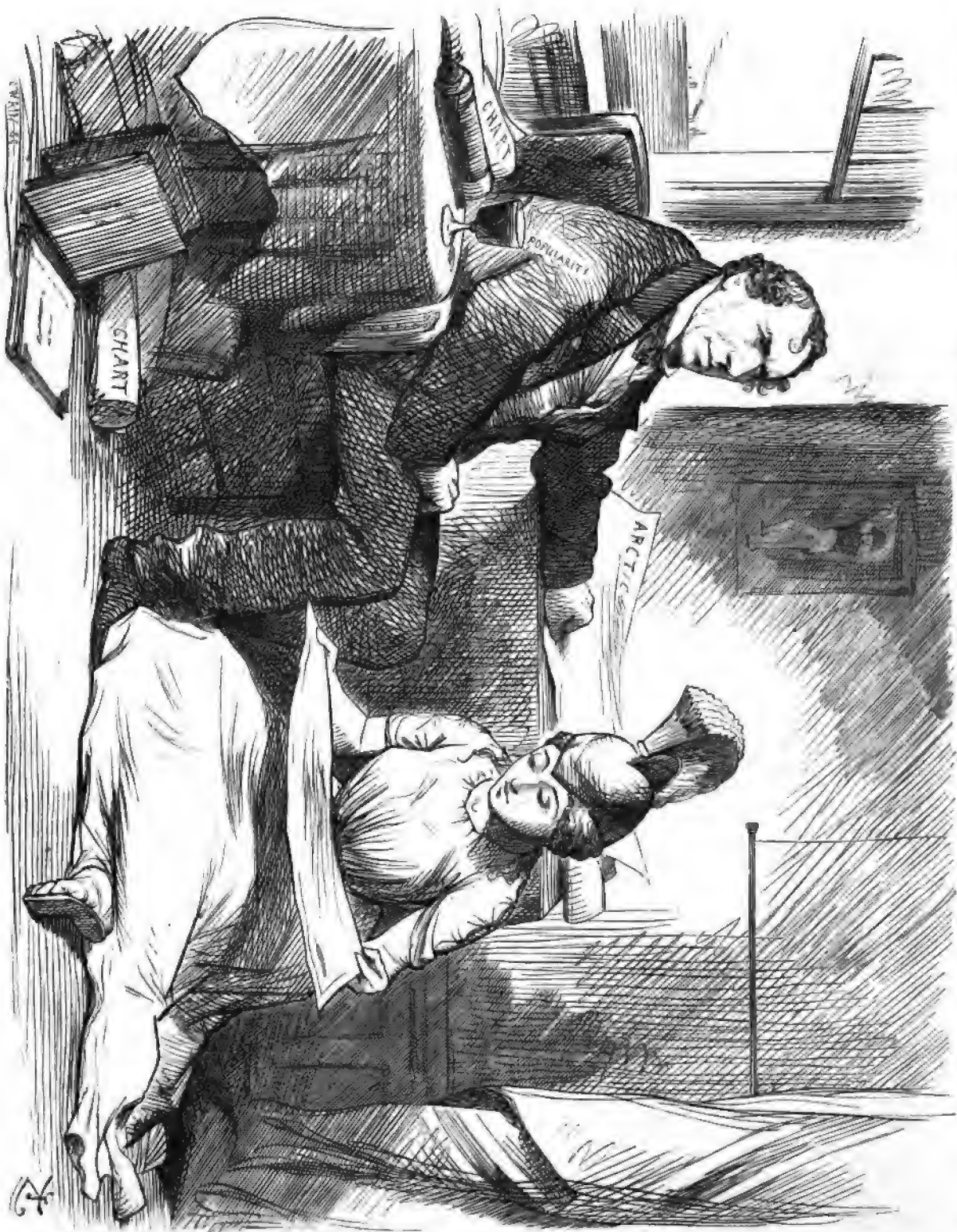
In a letter to the *Times*, protesting, in a tone of imperious fanaticism, against the suggestion of "a compromise between Abstainers and Prohibitionists, on the one side, and those who have hitherto stood aloof from them on the other side," MR. DAWSON BURNS dogmatizes as follows:—

"The assumed analogy between corn and wine cannot be maintained, unless the wine be the wine of the cluster. The constituents and properties of natural produce are not to be confounded with the qualities of liquors flowing from the fermenting vat and the still. Every test applied by chemistry and common sense indicates a remarkable difference."

Does it? What sort of liquor was that new wine which was not to be put into old bottles? What was that new wine for whose effects the manifestations of certain persons, once upon a time imagined to be full of it, was mistaken? What was the quality of those wines of which every man who gave a banquet was wont to set forth the better at the beginning, and when his guests had well drunk, then that which was worse? The wine of the cluster, doubtless; but was it not also the product of fermentation, and for those who took too much of it an "intoxicating liquor"? MR. DAWSON BURNS is reputed to be a Dissenting Minister. Who can tell to what length his Dissent extends?

Australian Gold Measures.

GLORIOUS news has been telegraphed to Melbourne from the Gold Diggings at Carisbrook. Gold has been found there in quartz; the former in such quantity as to hold the latter together. Thus the gold in the quartz appears to be as solid and substantial as any pewter. Four dishfuls of quartz produced as much as two pounds weight of gold; and "are reported to be more gold and quartz than quartz and gold." We are further informed that "a rush of speculators has set in" to the auriferous quartz. Of course, they must expect to take, and doubtless hope to be satisfied with pot-luck.



“THE NORTH-WEST PASSAGE.”

‘IT CAN BE DONE, AND ENGLAND MEANS TO DO IT.’

[Deeply dedicated to J. E. MILLS, R.A., with MR. PUNCH'S Apologies for an effort of Memory.]

RULE BRITANNIA!



THE Committee appointed to inquire into the condition of the *Britannia* training-ship have just issued their Report. That the public may thoroughly understand the facts of the case, *Mr. Punch* has much pleasure in publishing a little additional evidence, that would certainly have been added as an appendix to the document in question, had not the Committee considered it superfluous, having adopted part of it at least in their Report.

ADMIRAL HECTOR MARTINET *examined*.—He did not know much about books, and therefore be-

lieved himself to be the better qualified for offering an opinion upon Naval Education. A Cat was the best thing that could be served out to a set of lazy young dogs. He did not intend any play upon words in that assertion. He had never seen a burlesque; he had never read the play of *Black Eyed Susan*. Now that he had been told what it was all about, he thought that CAPTAIN CROSSTREE must have been an excellent officer. He had done his duty in arresting Able-bodied Seaman WILLIAM. He (the witness) would have hanged Able-bodied Seaman WILLIAM straight off, without waiting for a reprieve to arrive from the Lords of the Admiralty. He thought that the Lords of the Admiralty frequently deserved the Cat. Here the witness entered into a narrative of a personal grievance, which (as irrelevant to the inquiry) was immediately suppressed.

MASTER PETER SIMPLE *examined*.—Was a Naval Student. Had been working very hard for the last two years. Knew nothing about Navigation. Could not take an observation. Could make one—that he had had too much to do. Did not know the difference between Latitude and Longitude. Thought the former had something to do with Broad Church opinions. Could give the date of the Birth of SHAKESPEARE. Could not give the names of SHAKESPEARE's plays. Had seen *Hamlet* before he went to school, but did not know by whom it was written. Could give the dates of the Norman conquest, the creation of the world, and the earthquake of Lisbon. Believed he knew something about Magna Charta. Thought it was the name of a ship that went down with a lot of people on board. Could give the dates, weights, and surnames of all the English Sovereigns—if he might repeat them in their consecutive order. He could not say what relationship existed between WILLIAM THE THIRD and WILLIAM THE FOURTH. Thought that WILLIAM THE THIRD was the son of WILLIAM THE FOURTH. Thought that WILLIAM THE THIRD was the son of WILLIAM THE SECOND, but could not be sure of it, unless he was allowed to repeat the list of sovereigns from "WILLIAM THE FIRST, surnamed the Conqueror, 1066," down to "VICTORIA, 1837, our present Gracious QUEEN." Could repeat the greater portion of PALEY's *Evidences of Christianity* by heart, but was unable to give the meaning of the word "Doctrine." Had learned a good deal of Geography. Could not say what was the capital of Turkey in Europe, but could give the names of the principal inland towns in the island of Borneo. Had been right through the books of *Euclid*, and was now learning to spell words of two syllables. Thought he knew the Articles of War, although he had never been taught them. The Articles of War were cannons, swords, and gunpowder. Had never heard of any other Articles of War. Believed he knew his duties as a Naval officer. He would have to wear a dirk, would have no more lessons to learn, except how to sail a ship, and would have authority given to him to treat the men put under him as he himself had been treated. The witness expressed his surprise at learning that the Cat was not permitted to be used in the Navy, and then retired.

MR. COACHINGTON CRAM *examined*.—He prepared young gentlemen to pass the necessary examinations for the Army, Navy, and the Civil Service. He thought the educational course pursued on board the *Britannia* admirable in every respect. That educational course could not be better. It appeared to him to be founded on the system already in force in his own establishment. He guaranteed to teach a pupil enough in three weeks to pass an examination lasting three days. It was absurd to ask him how long the boy would remember the fruits of his studies. He had heard that a pupil of his had forgotten everything he had learned in three years

in less than three months. If the report were true (and he confessed he had reason for doubting its authenticity), he considered the matter unimportant, as the pupil in question had passed the necessary examinations. He would not wish to sail in a ship commanded by officers who had received instruction in navigation on his system. That was merely a matter of common sense, and he wished it to be clearly understood that he attended that Committee merely as a professional man giving his opinions upon a professional matter. The Government Examinations had nothing whatever to do with common sense. So he must beg respectfully to decline answering any further questions of a character similar to the last that had been put to him.

MR. PUNCH *examined*.—Was the wisest man in the world. He was a universal authority upon everything. He had inquired into the subject of the *Britannia* training-ship, because it was a matter that affected the future greatness of England. What would England do without her ships? and what would the ships do without good officers? He was of opinion that the number of subjects studied by the cadets was far too great to allow of any being properly mastered, and that the knowledge acquired—especially in the English subjects, history, Scripture history, geography, grammar, and literature—was of the kind which taxed the memory rather than the reason. Moreover, he believed that the midshipman on board the *Britannia*, instead of learning seamanship and the duties of an officer, and having a reasonable amount of leisure, had to devote his time to elementary studies which ought to have been firmly fixed in his mind years before. He thought that many a lad thus acquired a dislike for a profession which appeared to him rather that of a schoolboy than of an officer. He (the witness) was convinced that a man-of-war, to whatever excellence she may be brought as a place of residence, is not, and cannot be made, a desirable place of education. The necessary presence of naval discipline was, in his opinion, antagonistic to the work of the schoolmaster.

The opinion of the last witness was received with much enthusiasm by the Committee, who immediately embodied the wise words he had spoken in the Report they had to deliver to the Admiralty. In that Report those words of wisdom will be found by those who search for them.

In conclusion, *Mr. Punch* wishes to say that the command, "England expects every man this day to do his duty," is still in force. On this occasion the order is addressed to the Members of Parliament in general and the Lords of the Admiralty in particular.

THE SERVICE OF THE GREAT SEAL.



MR. FRANÇOIS LE-COMTE, of the Zoological Gardens, the intelligent custodian of the Sea Bear, appears to enjoy a sinecure, compared to the duties of the Porter to the Great Seal. The consumption of wax

supplied to his charge is stated by this official to amount to four hundred-weight a month. The Porter has charge of the Great Seal during the day, but delivers it up to the LORD CHANCELLOR the last thing at night; so that he is not obliged to sit up with it, after having been, as he generally is, in attendance nine hours a day. If he were, the fatigue would be more than human nature could sustain; especially, if his attendance has exceeded nine hours, as it does at times during the Parliamentary Session, when he has to remain in the House of Lords till the House rises, in order to go to bed. He has then to carry the Great Seal all the way to the Lord Chancellor's house. Besides all this, the Porter of the Great



PRECISE.

Driver (impatient). "Now, BILL, WHAT'S IT ALL ABOUT!"

Conductor. "GENTLEMAN WANTS TO BE PUT DOWN AT NO. 20 A IN CLARINGTON SQUARE, FUST PORTICO ON THE RIGHT AFTER YOU PASS THE 'RED LION,' PRIVATE ENTRANCE ROUND THE CORNER!"

Driver. "O, CERTAINLY! ASK THE GENTLEMAN IF WE SHALL DRIVE UP-STAIRS, AN' SET 'IM DOWN AT 'IS BED-ROOM DOOR IN THE THREE-PAIR BACK!"

Seal tells the Legal Department Commissioners that he never has more than a week's holiday in the year. The *Times* remarks that a large amount of work seems to be got out of the Great Seal. It appears that the Great Seal rather takes a great deal of work out of his Porter.

THE TROUBLESOME TRIO.

(A Seasonable Entertainment.)

Enter MONSIGNOR CAPEL, meeting LORD CAMOYS, MR. PETRE, and MR. SHEE.

Monsignor. Ah! you three Gentlemen! coming from Rome! How far have you got on your road?

Lord Camoys. O, a long way! We've reached Acton.

Monsignor. Ah! in that direction! Acton—if you'll pardon my omitting the aspirate—is past 'ealing; and not very far from Hanwell.

Mr. Petre. But I protest—

Monsignor. Of course you do: *en effet* you are a Protestant. Excuse the *jeu de mot*, but the only thing Catholic about you is your present tone, which I should call the bark of PETRE.

Mr. Shee. This is not a matter—

Monsignor. To be treated lightly? Certainly not. There never was any mischief without a woman being at the bottom of it, so I am not surprised to see a Shee come forward in this matter. Farewell, Gentlemen! *Its ad astra*—you can imagine what I mean.

[*Exit MONSIGNOR on his road to Rome. Exit the Troublesome Trio, on their roads—whither?*]

NEW DEFINITION.—"Pot-wallopers." Drunkards who thrash their Wives.

THE WISE MEN OF THE NORTH.

THE following report of the Barony Parochial Board appeared in the *Glasgow Herald* of November 24th:—

"A discussion took place as to whether the new Chaplain should be provided with the usual clerical pulpit vestments.

"MR. DOUGALL objected, on the ground that the vestments were just Popish garments, and nothing else.

"MR. MARSHALL was astonished to hear such sentiments.

"MR. RUSSELL thought the garments would be required by the Chaplain to keep him warm, as there was a great draught in the place; and it should be also recollected that a great smell came from the kitchen. (*Laughter.*)"

Mr. Punch hopes that after the close reasoning displayed in the speech of MR. RUSSELL, which is reported above, that very clever gentleman will consent to publish a new Handbook of Recipes. To encourage MR. RUSSELL to commence this task, *Mr. Punch* has much pleasure in presenting him with a few specimens of the sort of Recipes that the Public would be sure to expect at his hands.

How to Play on the Piano.—Wear an Ulster coat and go out for a ride.

How to Order a Good Dinner.—Get a nice young Lady for a partner, and make up a set for the Lancers.

How to Cure a Smoky Chimney.—Play a game of Whist with your Wife, the Vicar, and the Doctor.

How to Remember your Umbrella.—Purchase a small toy for your godson, and send it to him anonymously from the toy-shop.

How to Make a Lobster Salad.—Play a tune on the flute and subscribe to MUDIE'S Circulating Library.

But there, the list might be extended *ad infinitum*. *Mr. Punch* feels sure that the proposed work would receive a hearty welcome in Ireland.

OLD GRUMPY'S DEFINITION.—Perpetual Motion—a Lady's Tongue.



PHYSICS.

"NOW, GEORGE, BEFORE YOU GO AND PLAY, ARE YOU QUITE SURE YOU KNOW THE LESSON PROFESSOR BORAX GAVE YOU TO LEARN?"

"O, YES, MAMMA!"

"WELL, NOW, WHAT CAUSES HEAT WITHOUT LIGHT?"

"PICKLES!"

WINTER ALMSGIVING.

ALREADY we have had a touch of cold weather, and may expect winter to set in at any moment with its occasional severity. A few days of frost will suffice to incrust the ornamental waters in the Parks with ice, on which the British public will congregate in their thousands with their usual promptitude and prudence. It is, however, only the comparatively wealthier portion of them who can afford skating, at the expense of buying or hiring the needful appliances, and even the more humble amusement of sliding is denied to the poorer class of boys detained at school, or in service. The only opportunity school-boys and errand-boys have for enjoying a seasonable recreation is that which they take as they run to-and-fro, and strike out slides on the pavement. This practice is one deserving to be particularly encouraged on account of the great extent to which it promotes that of surgery, in providing its practitioners with remunerative cases of fracture and dislocation, besides those which it affords the Hospitals for the professional instruction of medical students.

Regarding it in this light, many whose means allow them little to spare, may yet feel called upon to devote a portion of that little to the benevolent object of promoting the formation of street-slides by our metropolitan youth. The police, under whose superintendence these slippery surfaces are created on the pavement, would, no doubt, readily undertake the duty of distributing, as almoners, among the more active of the lads they see producing them, pecuniary rewards in little sums of a few pence each, sufficient for the purchase of moderate quantities of toffee and cocoa-nut. As Christmas approaches, Christmas-boxes of that kind will, in the view of all genial minds, become peculiarly seasonable, and it is only churlish natures that would propose to substitute boxes on the ear.

THE PROPER PLACE FOR THE KICKING-STRAP.—Over the Kicker's back.

THE BONE OF CONTENTION.

SAYS MARTIN ARCHER SHEE,
"The Vatican Degree,
Which New Dogma you call,
Is no Dogma at all.
'Tisn't ratified yet," says he.

With MANNING he doesn't agree;
With CAPEL to differ makes free.
The doctrine they twain
For *de fide* maintain
He declares to be fiddle-de-dee.

Why can't the infallible P.,
In the plural who writes himself "We,"
For his own part speak out,
And explain all about
The Vatican's questioned decree?

His Infallibility he
Might handsel by that means, you see.
So much to begin;
Then his hand, being in,
Other matters applied to might be.

O Science! thus Faith with thee
Perhaps he can square to a T.,
Now he sits, bound to make
'Bout all truth no mistake
By the Vatican Council's decree.

Established Dissenters.

WE are told that it is no longer the Dissenters of the Liberation Society alone who compass and imagine the Disestablishment of the National Church. Many of the Ritualist Clergy also are said to contemplate it, in case the laws are enforced against their mimeries of Roman Catholicism. Thus disestablishment is contemplated not only by Dissenters without the Church, but also by Dissenters within. In the meantime might not these established Dissenters as well disestablish themselves?

NICE AND COOL.

WE notice an Advertisement of a "Refrigerating Waggon" Company. Seasonable weather for such an announcement.

HEALTH QUESTION AT HAMPSTEAD.

THE Vestry, Board of Guardians, and Permanent Committee of Residents at Hampstead, have resolved to memorialise the Local Government Board with a view to prevent the contemplated erection of an Hospital for Contagious and Infectious Diseases on the site of the present Imbecile Asylum. A thinking inhabitant of Hampstead would think twice, if not oftener, before he signed a memorial for that purpose. He would think it a question whether Hampstead is not already more than populous enough. Then he would consider whether the horror of an hospital for such diseases as scarlatina, typhus, small-pox, and the *nemo me impune lacesset*, or *Fidicula Scotorum*, would not tend, at least, to check population by putting a stop to all building in the neighbourhood. Would not an hospital which had the effect of arresting the spread of bricks-and-mortar in a pleasant suburb, abate an evil far greater than any which it could possibly cause by the diffusion of communicable complaints? Would it not be almost certain to diminish the former evil greatly, and very unlikely to cause the latter at all? If so, would not the asylum for innoxious Imbeciles be advantageously replaced by an institution which, perhaps equally harmless, would inspire a wholesome terror? Having come to this conclusion, the Hampstead thinker would then probably think that the only further question to be thought on concerning the Hospital for Contagious and Infectious Diseases was whether, instead of being erected on the site of the Imbecile Asylum, it had not better be established in the Vale of Health.

A Word to the Unwise.

"WHATEVER is, is right," the Poet said;
But to vain Penmen, whom he holds in dread,
Who plague him sore to print what they indite,
Punch would say this, "Whatever 'tis, don't write!"

"PAS ENCORE!"



THE German Government have decided upon the suppression for the future of all *encores* or "calls before the curtain" of the *employés* in the theatres under their paternal supervision. The mode to be adopted to carry out this novel regulation has yet to be divulged; but it may be expected in the event of the law finding a home in England, that the following Police Report would soon make its appearance in the columns of our London newspapers.

JOHN SMITH was charged with exclaiming in a loud tone of voice, "*Encore!*" at the termination of Miss THREESTARS celebrated song at the Athenæum Theatre.

The prisoner was defended by MR. BUSKIN, instructed by MESSRS. FLOAT and FOOTLIGHTS.

Constable X (who represented the Authorities of Scotland Yard, proved

that on Friday evening last, after Miss THREESTARS had finished her song, a number of persons in the pit struck their hands together, and stamped upon the floor with their feet. The prisoner was one of those who joined in the demonstration. He held an umbrella in his hand, and added to the din by bringing the point of the umbrella in contact with the seat in front of him. This manoeuvre he repeated several times. Having done this, he loudly exclaimed, "*Encore!*"

Cross-examined by MR. BUSKIN:—He was quite sure that the prisoner did not strike his hands together with a view to warming them. It was a very cold night, but the theatre was crowded to suffocation. He was quite sure the prisoner exclaimed, "*Encore!*" The prisoner (who was very excited) refused to move from his seat until the end of the song. The witness here refused for some time to give the reason why he had complied with the prisoner's request to permit him to remain in the theatre until after the *encore*. After much pressure he at last admitted that he (the witness) was anxious to hear the song himself a second time. (*Laughter.*)

The Magistrate. Well, MR. BUSKIN, the facts seem to be proved. Have you any evidence to offer? I shall give you the utmost latitude in the defence of your client, as the penalties of the Act are, in my humble opinion, excessively and unduly severe.

MR. BUSKIN said that he must throw himself upon the mercy of the Court. His defence would be that his unhappy client, for the time being, was suffering from temporary insanity. From the evidence of the Constable, it would be seen that Miss THREESTARS was able to influence even the guardians of the law—to make them forget for a moment the calls of duty. Policeman X had been proved to have waited for the *encore*. If that was the case with the Police themselves, how would the Public escape from the influence of the siren's singing? He would call

DR. TWISTER, who proved that the brain was frequently affected by external influences. He had seen the prisoner, and was of opinion that he was a monomaniac on the subject of the singing of Miss THREESTARS. He (the prisoner) raved about that young lady's voice in the most extravagant manner. He (the witness) did not consider it would be safe to permit the prisoner to be present in a theatre at which Miss THREESTARS was engaged. He felt sure that the prisoner would exclaim "*Encore!*" after every one of her songs.

Mlle. DE TROISETOILES (through an interpreter) said that she was an Opera Singer by profession. She had heard Miss THREESTARS try to sing. It was absurd, ridiculous. Miss THREESTARS had no notion of time or tune. Any one who applauded her must be mad.

MR. BUSKIN said that was his case.

The Magistrate suggested to the prisoner that the plea of insanity was a serious matter—one that might entail years of the gloomiest confinement. However, as this was the first case under the new Act,

he would allow the prisoner to decide for himself. The offence had been proved, and the penalty, according to the Act, was that he (the prisoner) should be kept to seven days' penal servitude reading the plays sent in hourly to London Managers by would-be dramatists. It was certainly a very heavy sentence, but perhaps it might be better than a visit of many years' duration to a lunatic asylum. Which fate would the prisoner prefer?

The prisoner at once pleaded that he was mad. He explained to the worthy Magistrate that now his mind was but slightly affected, but that the reading of the plays in question would be sure to cause incurable insanity.

The prisoner was then removed to Broadmoor.

THE GIRL-MARKET (AFRICAN AND ENGLISH).

"SIR SAMUEL BAKER found that in a certain region of Africa a girl could be bought for thirteen needles."—See *Ismaïlia*.

PUNCH knows not why "thirteen,"

Unless there's luck in odd numbers;

But 'neath tropical sky serene,

Where the slightest dress ennumbers,

The supple and dusky maiden,

With unctuous unguents laden,

Her nude adorer wheedles

With a baker's dozen of needles,

Thus with your black African horde,

"Needlewoman" is no rude word,

The lady it's flung at to nettle meant,

But means merely "a girl with a settlement."

And in races extra-colonial,

For the selling stakes matrimonial,

No girl can by marrying win money,

With thirteen needles for pin-money.

But in our civilised London,

'Tis a much more serious affair,

Where a West-End woman is undone

Without her close carriage and pair

For wet, and Victoria for dry days;

And her *trousseau* and things for Court high days;

And her country-house toilettes, and town ones,

Magenta, mauve, blue, black, and brown ones,

And those new *demi-teintes* so delicious,

And those *chapeaux*, so dear and capricious,

And her diamonds and Opera-box too,

And the chignons she adds her own looks to;

And her yachtings, her tours, and her travels,

And those sundries no fellow unravels,

But which yearly sum up to a tottle,

The biggest Bank balance to throttle—

One finds English girls run more dear—

Say, in round terms, Ten thousand a year!

INFALLIBLE INTELLIGENCE.

MR. WHALLEY is expected to spend Christmas in a visit at the Vatican, in company with MR. NEWDEGATE and the REV. C. H. SPURGEON.

SIR WILFRID LAWSON will preside at the next banquet of the Publicans' Trade Protection Society.

PRINCE BISMARCK has arrived at Claridge's Hotel, on a mission to LORD DREBY for the purchase of Heligoland.

A book of poems, written in the manner of *Proverbial Philosophy*, may shortly be expected from the Poet Laureate.

A baronetcy will be offered to the LORD MAYOR in the Spring, on the reception in the City of the EMPEROR OF RUSSIA.

It is reported at Madrid that the Carlists are preparing to lay siege to Gibraltar.

One of the Judges appointed for the Cattle Show has been for the last six years a rigid Vegetarian.

A rumour has been gaining credence at the Clubs that, on the opening of Parliament, the Government will resign in favour of MR. GLADSTONE.

The birdcatchers of Iceland are doing a rare trade, owing to the arrival of a flight of wild Canaries.

Thanks to the liberality of His Holiness the POPE, all the pence which he receives under the title of "St. Peter's" will be given henceforth to the fund for the decoration of St. Paul's.

A CHANGE OF READING.

MR. GLADSTONE now varies his Homeric studies with the works of POPE.



A CHANGE FOR THE BETTER.

Greengrocer. "WANT A PENN'ORTH O' COALS, DO YER! YOU WON'T BE ABLE TO 'AVE A PENN'ORTH MUCH LONGER. THEY'RE A GOING UP. COALS IS COALS NOW, I CAN TELL YER!"

Boy. "AH, WELL, MOTHER 'LL BE GLAD O' THAT, 'CAUSE SHE SAYS THE LAST COALS SHE HAD O' YOU WAS ALL SLATES!!"

PROPHETIC NURSERY RHYMES.

MR. PUNCH, greatest of all discoverers, has proved to his own, and, therefore, to the world's, satisfaction, that the classical poetry of infancy is full of prophetic meaning. The *vates sacer* of the nursery was really a seer. A few examples will show this. We need not quote in full the simple, yet profound, verses which nobody ever forgets.

"Humpty Dumpty sat on a wall."

MR. GLADSTONE.

"Little JACK HORNER
Sat in a corner . . ."

MR. DISRAELI.

"Who killed Cock Robin?"

PRINCE BISMARCK.

"Old Father Longlegs
Wouldn't say his prayers."

LORD ACTON.

"There was an old woman
Lived under a hill,
She had so many children
She couldn't sit still."

THE COLONIAL SECRETARY.

"There was a ship a-sailing,
A-sailing o'er the sea."

The Arctic Expedition.

"Sing a song of sixpence, a pocket full of rye."

The Budget.

"There was a little man,
And he had a little gun."

SIR WILLIAM ARMSTRONG.

"See-saw! MARGERY DAW—
JOHNNY shall have a new Master . . ."

France.

"Hush-a-by, Baby, on the tree-top,
When the wind blows the cradle will rock . . ."

EX-KING AMADEUS OF SPAIN.

"MISTRESS MARY,
Quite contrary . . ."

The Church of Rome.

"Three children, sliding on the ice,
All on a summer's day . . ."

Prince's Skating Club.

A RITE REVISED.

"Our marriage service is too refined. . . . We should have a form for matches of convenience, of which there are many."—DR. JOHNSON.

We have private information that the Committee for the Revision of the Prayer Book has suggested a new form of Marriage Ceremony for certain kinds of marriages, such as may be called *à la mode* and *de convenance*. The substitute is as follows:—

Minister. Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?
Father and Mother. We do.

Then shall the Bridegroom take the Bride by the right hand, and say:

"I [SIR BARNABY BARRACRES] do take thee [ANNA MARIA GUBBINS] with all thy fortune (*here the amount to be specified, with such legal details as may be necessary*) to be my wedded wife, to have and to hold all the aforesaid property for myself and my heirs, with free and unrestricted disposition of the same" (*or under certain restrictions, as the case may be*).

And then the Bride shall say:

"I [ANNA MARIA GUBBINS] do consent to be given to thee [SIR BARNABY BARRACRES], with all the aforesaid (*here to follow the full declaration of property*) for thy wedded wife, that is, in consideration of making over the above property to thee [SIR B. B.], it be understood that I am to bear the title of LADY BARNABY BARRACRES, thy lawful wife."

Minister. Do you consider the title cheap at the price?

Bride, Father, and Mother. We do.

Minister (to Bridegroom). Do you consider the price an equivalent for the title?

Bridegroom and Poor Relations. We do.

Minister. Forasmuch then as ye have agreed to be joined together in such a state of marriage as seemeth to all convenient, I do now

declare you both to be man and wife, and no more need be said about it.

It would certainly save an unnecessary amount of false swearing and subsequent recrimination were DR. JOHNSON'S suggestion in 1769 acted upon in 1874.

HEINOUS ATROCITY.

FROM a statement in the *Times* it appears that poachers and pot-hunters are actually in the habit of using salmon roe for bait, inasmuch as to have created so great a demand for it that it fetches from five to six shillings a pound—truly "a most demoralising premium for cutting off the river supplies at the fountain head, and killing the Salmon heavy with spawn." Atrocious! "Yet the preponderance of Border opinion is in favour of repealing the clause" in the Fisheries Act relative to salmon-spawn, "which forbids its employment." This is one phase of the demoralisation prevalent in the North, of which that manifest in the Lancashire kicking and wife-beating is another. Something must be done to check it; and at any rate there can be no doubt as to the preventive that ought to be resorted to for putting a stop to the abuse and destruction of salmon roe. It is obviously the Lash.

All One.

THE following correction appeared the other day in the *Times*:—

"THE VATICAN DECREE.—In Canon OAKLEY's letter in the *Times* of Saturday, for 'according to the recent theology of the Church,' read 'received theology of the Church.'"

Received and recent, if we are to accept the admissions of Canon OAKLEY and "the declarations of DR. MANNING, come to the same thing.

SAVE HIM FROM HIS FRIENDS!



NOW that the Dean of St. Paul's has received a letter from MR. GEORGE CAVENDISH BENTINCK, M.P., on the subject of the completion of the Metropolitan Cathedral, it may be expected that within a few days the following communications will also be sent to that Very Reverend Gentleman:—

DEAR MR. DEAN,

The Feast of Saint Birinus, 1874.

THE deep interest which every educated Englishman must feel in the fortunes of the noblest architectural work which the genius of a fellow-countryman has invented, induces me to address to you, before it is too late, some practical remarks upon the proposed mutilation of your Cathedral.

Let me urge upon you the necessity of making St. Paul's worthy of its site, and its mission. The splendid building should be national in the fullest sense—it should appeal to the sympathies of visitors from every clime. The plan I would propose is simple; nay, more, I would say it is *very* simple.

A portion of the interior should be a mass of unpolished Istrian stone, devoid of gilding, but exquisitely finished and ornamented. The panels should be of polished marble, of high quality, and there should be constructed a wooden roof, designed in the most imposing and best style of the Sixteenth Century, richly gilt, to receive the Masterpieces of our National Gallery, and these pictures should form the climax of the decorations. This part of St. Paul's should prove a worthy rival to the Scuola St. Rocco in its splendour and originality.

A second portion should be purely Gothic, and the pillars should be so altered that the Abbey of St. Alban's, with its many periods of Church architecture, should be reproduced in miniature.

A third portion should be arranged for Spanish visitors; and the masses of ivory, marble, and gorgeous colouring of the Alhambra should live again within pistol-shot of Blackfriars Bridge.

Having made these concessions to the tastes of others, the rest of the Cathedral should, in my opinion, be decorated after the fashion of All Saints, Marguerite Street, or St. Alban's, Holborn. Let there be pictures, banners, altars, lights, and Chapels. Let there be clouds of incense, throngs of choristers, and magnificent voluntaries on the splendid organ, and then, Mr. Dean—yes, I say and then—I shall be delighted to tender you my poor services as an humble celebrant.

I am, my dear Mr. Dean,
Yours most sincerely,
AN ANGLICAN PRIEST.

The Monks' Retreat.

DEAR MR. DEAN,

5th December, 1874.

THE deep interest which every educated Englishman must feel in the fortunes of the noblest architectural work which the genius of a fellow-countryman has invented, induces me to address to you, before it is too late, some practical remarks upon the proposed mutilation of your Cathedral.

I must protest against the really disgraceful innovations that have been made during the present century in the interior of St. Paul's. Why has the choir been gilded? Why has stained glass been put up in some of the windows? Why has a new organ been purchased? What did SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN know about any of these things? Did he order the gilding, the stained glass, or the organ?

No, Mr. Dean, let the Cathedral return to its old condition. Remove the fine new pulpit, and set up a deal reading desk in its stead, and then, Very Reverend Sir, but not until then, will I consent to preach a Charity Sermon in aid of the Restoration Fund.

I am, dear Mr. Dean,

Yours very sincerely,

Plainway Parsonage, Blankshire. A CLERGYMAN.

DEAR MR. DEAN,

December 5th, 1874.

It appears that St. Paul's depends entirely upon the light. Fog and London smoke, it is admitted, will destroy the finest gilding and the most gorgeous colours.

Now, Very Reverend Sir, my brother has discovered a new sort of glass, that may be applied in a liquid state without damage to the costliest decorations; and my own invaluable adaptation of the lime-light to domestic purposes is admirably suited to the illumination of large public buildings, both by day and by night.

My brother's terms, like my own, are cash on delivery.

Believe me, dear Mr. Dean,

Yours very faithfully,

A DISINTERESTED PATRIOT.

The Manufactory, Lower Tooting.

VERY REVEREND SIR,

December 5th, 1874.

WE have the honour to suggest that the cupola of St. Paul's should be hung with the best red rep curtains, similar in material to those supplied by our Firm to the Coffee-rooms of some of our leading Hotels. It is admitted by the *Times* newspaper that a great deal of colour might be thrown into the articles resting on the floor of the Cathedral. We cannot help feeling that the restoration of the Family Pew System would afford an excellent opportunity for the introduction of some very gorgeous drawing-room suites that happen now to be displayed in the Furniture Department of our extensive Establishment.

We might further mention that we have a good showy "flock," that would do nicely for papering the bare walls of St. Paul's, and that our Brussels carpets (suitable for Cathedral floors) are now in prime condition.

We are, Very Reverend Sir,

Your most humble obedient servants,

WORSTED & SILK (Upholsterers).

The Grand Emporium, E.C.

DEAR MR. DEAN,

December 5th, 1874.

USE St. Paul's as a grand national Pantheon, not as a Church, and all will be well. Let the walls be whitewashed, and set up all the London statues in the nave. This would greatly improve the appearance of all the metropolitan thoroughfares.

As, doubtless, this unique collection of statues would prove a powerful rival to the Chamber of Horrors, compensation should, of course, be offered to the proprietors of MADAME TUSSAULT'S Wax-Work Exhibition in Baker Street.

I am, Dear Mr. Dean,

Yours very truly,

AN ADMIRER OF ENGLAND'S HEROES.

The Hermitage.

DEAR MR. DEAN,

December 5th, 1874.

THE address from which this letter is dated will account fully for my assumed signature.

I write merely to advise you strongly to adopt the plans submitted to you by MR. BURGESS for the completion of St. Paul's Cathedral.

I am, dear Mr. Dean,

Yours on the watch,

A VICTIM TO CIRCUMSTANCES.

Hanwell Lunatic Asylum.

MY VERY DEAR MR. DEAN,

December 5th, 1874.

MY words shall be few, but to the point. Pray remember that two many cooks spoil the broth.

At present St. Paul's Cathedral is the finest Protestant Church in the world; and as SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN will never find a successor, my advice to you is, *leave WREN alone.*

Believe me, my very dear Mr. Dean,

Yours sincerely and sensibly,

85, Fleet Street, E.C.

PUNCH.

THE FINE OLD ATOM-MOLECULE.

AIR—"The Fine Old English Gentleman."

(To be sung at all gatherings of advanced Socialists and "Scientists.")



E'LL sing you a grand new song, evolved from a 'cute young pate,

Of a fine old Atom-Molecule of pre-historic date, In size infinitesimal, in potencies though great, And self-formed for developing at a prodigious rate—

Like a fine old Atom-Molecule, Of the young World's proto-prime!

In it slept all the forces in our cosmos that run rife, To stir Creation's giants or its microscopic life; Harmonious in discord, and coöperant in strife, To this small cell committed, the World lived with his Wife—

In this fine old Atom-Molecule, Of the young World's proto-prime!

In this autoplasmic archetype of Protean protein lay All the humans Space has room for, or for whom Time makes a day, From the Sage whose words of wisdom Prince or Parliament obey, To the Parrots who but prattle, and the Asses who but bray— So full was this Atom-Molecule, Of the young World's proto-prime!

All brute-life, from Lamb to Lion, from the Serpent to the Dove, All that pains the sense or pleases, all the heart can leathe or love, All instincts that drag downwards, all desires that upwards move,

Were caged, a "happy family," cheek-by-jowl and hand-in-glove, In this fine old Atom-Molecule, Of the young World's proto-prime!

In it Order grew from Chaos, Light out of Darkness shined, Design sprang up by Accident, Law's rule from Hazard blind, The Soul-less Soul evolving—against, not after, kind— As the Life-less Life developed, and the Mind-less ripened Mind, In this fine old Atom-Molecule, Of the young World's proto-prime!

Then bow down, Mind, to Matter; from brain-fibre, Will, withdraw;

Fall Man's heart to ocell Ascidian, sink Man's hand to Monkey's paw;

And bend the knee to Protoplast in philosophic awe— Both Creator and Created, at once work and source of Law, And our Lord be the Atom-Molecule, Of the young World's proto-prime!

SEASONABLE REMEDY.

THE surest cure for a Wife in London, who is in a fever to go to Brighton, is to order her to pack up.

POLITESSE DE BISMARCK.

SCENE—The German Premier's Bureau. Enter a Deputation from the Inhabitants of Alsace and Lorraine.

Deputation. Your Petitioners humbly pray your Royal Highness's Excellency that they may be allowed the use of umbrellas during wet weather.

Prince Bismarck. Umbrellas! Himmel! Ach Gott! Make the people weak, luxurious, effeminate! No. Not another word. Brrr— [Rushes at them. Exeunt Deputies precipitately.]

Enter by another door a Deputation from the Old Rhenish Noblesse.

Second Deputation. Your Highness, we, your Petitioners, pray, on behalf chiefly of the poor peasantry, our tenants, that they may be allowed to bring up their children—

Prince Bismarck (furiously). No. I know what you're going to say. I won't have it. They shall go to my schools. Get out!

Second Deputation. But Your Highness will remember—

Prince Bismarck. No, I won't. You're all against me. I know. Hang your old Rhenish Nobility. I can make better noblemen than you any day. Boo! [Exeunt Deputies silently.]

Enter a Young Gentleman in Deep Mourning, and carry Pale.

Young Gentleman. Your Highness, my poor father has just been imprisoned by your Highness's order. His offences has not been mentioned. Will you allow him, during his imprisonment—

Prince Bismarck (angrily). Nothing. Go!

Young Gentleman (imploringly). But—

Prince Bismarck. Go!!! (Stamps his foot). Go! will you?

[Young Man staggers from his presence. Mild Secretary (who has been sitting quietly at side-table). Does not your Highness think—

Prince Bismarck (savagely). Not when you're talking. Here, pull off my boots. Give me my slippers. My pipe. Potstausend! Himmel!

[Sits and thinks about Schleswig-Holstein, the Sea-Board, Russia, Ultramontanism, &c., and finally goes off to sleep with his left eye, keeping his right fixed on the Secretary. Secretary trembles. Scene closes.]

IGNORANCE v. IRONY.

MR. PUNCH recently printed some lines on one WALLACE, who at Kilmarnock dashed out his wretched baby's brains, and was let off with twenty years' penal servitude. These lines contained an allusion to the WALLACE wight,

"Who chased from Falkirk's field the English foe."

A well-informed and sapient reader sends Mr. Punch the lines, annotated in the margin, "What wretched ignorance! The English beat the Scotch at Falkirk."

So did the English beat the French at Waterloo. But some Frenchmen take the liberty to doubt the fact, and still describe the Prussians as coming up to save the English from defeat and destruction. Let us assure our kind critic that if there be such a thing as ignorance, there is also such a thing as irony, as when we apply the epithet, "well-informed" to an ass, or "sapient" to a numskull.

SIR WILFRID AT HOME.

ON Tuesday last week, SIR WILFRID LAWSON gave an entertainment to the Whitehaven branch of the West Cumberland Liberal Association by the delivery of an address in support of a resolution, with a digression, as usual, on the subject of his fixed idea. According to report:—

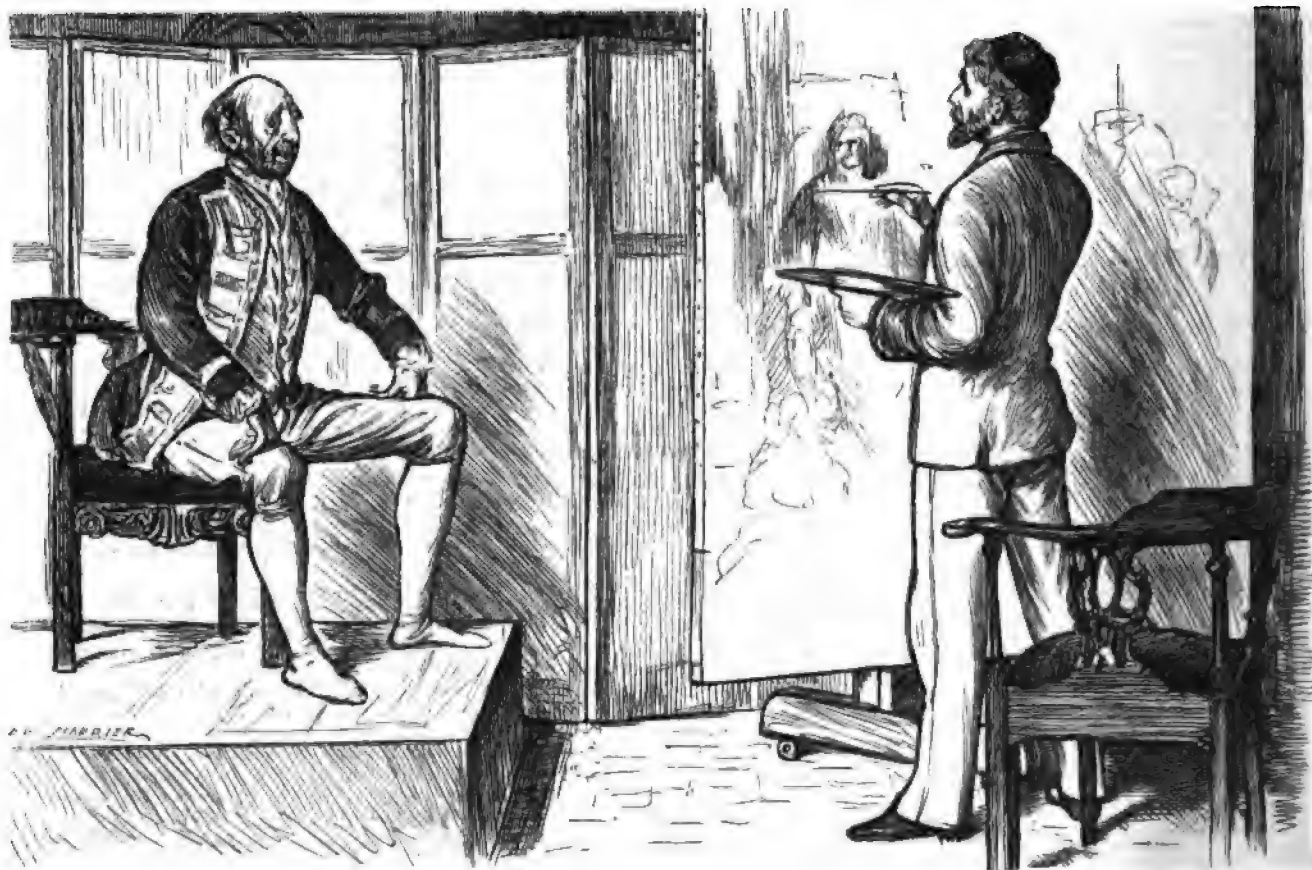
"He said it had been stated that the present Government was a Government of three I's. They had passed a measure lowering the standard of education of poor children; they had passed a Factory Bill professing to benefit female hands, but really to oblige certain men who thought they would get increased wages; and they had passed a measure for increasing the hours of sale in public-houses. They were, therefore, a Government devoted to ignorance, idleness, and intemperance."

These, though spoken, of course, in fun, are the words of truth and soberness. What a contrast between the intemperance which MR. DISRAELI and his colleagues are devoted to and the temperance of SIR WILFRID LAWSON!

LANCASHIRE LADS.

First Lad. Oi say, TOM, what's come o' BILL? Heard he was dead.

Second Lad. Na, na, lad; BILL's alive and kickin'.



BROTHERS IN ART.

Playful R.A. (to his Model, who has been expatiating on the dignity of the Working Man). "I AM PLEASED TO PERCEIVE, JAKES, THAT YOU ARE CONTENT WITH YOUR HUMBLE CONDITION, AND DO NOT ENVY THE LOT OF THE SUPERIOR CLASSES!"

Jakes. "HENVY 'EM! WHY, BLESS YER, THEM AS BELONGS TO THEM CLASSES AS YOU ALLUDES TO AIN'T 'ALF SO MUCH TO BE HENVIED AS THEM AS BELONGS TO THE CLASS AS ME AND YOU BELONGS TO."

SALMO AND OSTREA.

An Eclogue in an Estuary.

A MIGHTY Salmon, on his upstream way,
Paused where in bed a pensive Oyster lay
Plump in her shell, and, ere he onward flew,
Said, "Bivalve Maiden, how I envy you!"

OSTREA.

Wherefore, O knightly wanderer of the Sea,
Lord of all rivers, should you envy me?
Here as I lie, each day I lonelier grow,
My sisters taken by the human foe,
And well I guess, their fate must soon be mine,
To whet the appetite of men who dine.

SALMO.

Even so our race have suffered: every river
Had dangers dire that made our boldest quiver.
To reach the stream, how cautious must we move
To 'scape the perils of stake-net, and oruive:
Once in the stream, there were fair rods to fear,
Besides the poacher's pocket-purse, and spear:
While, if the leister we escaped, we met,
A little farther on, the casting net.
Now we're preserved—a care we did not crave,
Since peril is a pleasure to the brave.

OSTREA.

Ah, yours I know to be a daring race:
I like my bed, a pleasant resting-place.
Things will be altered soon; the flying mews
Drop, as they pass, some scraps of earthly news.
We shan't be underspatted, 'tis alleged,
And, even better, shan't be overdredged.

They'll try to give me, in this still retreat,
Two things I love—tranquillity and heat.

SALMO.

Man means you mischief, Lady of the Shell!
He would reduce the price at which you sell.
I am degraded—'tis a sad come down;
Sold at a shilling through the greedy town.
You and your sisters, cheap enough of old,
Will soon be worth almost your weight in gold.
Have you no proper pride, and are you willing
To be hawked about, two dozen for a shilling?
Perish the notion! In her happiest mood,
Nature made oysters for a regal food:
Sold for a halfpenny! If you feel with me,
You'll say, "No; rather let us cease to be!"

Up through the bright stream silver Salmo sped,
While pensive Ostrea turned upon her bed,
Doubtful between two evils, which the worst,
To be dredged out, or by preserving ourst.
"Self-preservation," she at length began,
"Is the first law of oyster, as of man;
But what man calls preserving fish or game,
Is but destruction by another name.
He raves of the delight to us he owes,
As our soft *sapor* o'er his palate flows;
Thanks us, because, when other viands bore,
We whet the edge of appetite once more;
In short, declares, of all months in the year,
We make the months with R.'s in them most dear.
Then, un-preserved, their beds let natives keep—
If we're so dear—why would man have us cheap?"

NATIVE RACES.—The Oyster Fisheries.



THE DAMP ROMAN CANDLE.

PAPA PIUS. "BUT IT WON'T GO OFF!"

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE.



tomers practice moderation; which is discouraged by the Prohibitionists. Probably nothing would annoy them so much as a decrease of drunkenness coextensive with a moderate use of drink. This would deprive them of the plea for power to impose restrictions on other people. It would destroy the reason of the United Kingdom Alliance's existence, which all truly sober people would like to see destroyed; but of course that would annoy the United Kingdom Alliance.

A SCIENTIFIC DIALOGUE.

For the Month of the Transit of Venus—December, 1874.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ:

TUTOR (MR. BARLOW, JUN.). SAMMY. CAROLINE (SAMMY'S Sister).

Tutor. How do you do, MISS CAROLINE? How do you do, MASTER SAMUEL? Your excellent parents having entrusted you to my care, in order that you may acquire the rudiments of Science, I have determined, the present month being the appointed time for the Transit of Venus, to devote our attention principally to the study of astronomy. Have you not a pocket-handkerchief with you, MASTER SAMUEL?

Master Sammy (indicating his Sister). She's got mine.

Caroline. No, I ain't.

Sammy. O you—

Tutor. Hush, hush, I pray you. "Your little hands were never made," and so forth. Here is my pocket-handkerchief—a silk, of rare manufacture. I shall charge for its use at so much per hour, under the head of "sundries." But this is a detail. By the way, can you tell me what silk is?

Caroline. Yes, Sir; it is made of worms and mulberry leaves.

Tutor (considering). Well, I will not insist upon a more definite answer at present, as the subject does not bear directly upon Astronomy, and I have not my Natural History and other references at hand.

Sammy. Please, Sir, Papa told us to ask you to give us some reason for this earth being in the form of a globe.

Tutor. Suppose you were standing by the sea-shore—

Caroline. Yes; near a bathing-machine.

Sammy (to Tutor). Can you swim? I can.

Tutor (sweetly). I will show you what I can do, if there are any further interruptions on your part. Now, suppose you were standing on the shore, and saw a ship coming towards you—

Caroline. I know!—and it had three masts and ten guns and five decks. What would be the name of the Captain?

Sammy. I know it too. The Captain's name would be SMITH.

Caroline. No, it wouldn't. O, don't! Please, Sir, SAMMY'S pinching me.

Sammy. No, Sir; she pinched me first.

Tutor. And you would retaliate on the weaker sex!! O, fie!

Sammy, O, Sir! please don't. O!! O!!!

Tutor. Now, having demonstrated plainly that the earth is round—(they laugh)—it is fortunate for you that you laugh in the right

place—we will now proceed to the study of Astronomy. MISS CAROLINE, I think that behind your pocket-handkerchief I detect you sucking an oblate spheroid (takes an orange from her). Now, MASTER SAMMY, tell me what you know of the planet Mercury?

Sammy. Nothing.

Caroline. I do. Mercury's in our barometer.

Tutor. That is not the planet which is very near the Sun, and is probably inhabited.

Sammy. But not by such fellows as you.

Tutor. No, indeed; but by beings capable of bearing a great amount of heat. I will now try to ascertain whether you, MASTER SAMMY, are of a mercurial temperament. I will begin by warming you gently.

Sammy. O!!

Caroline. I will tell Papa what a bad boy he was when we get home.

Tutor. Do so. Now, with a diagram, I will show you exactly what Venus is going to do.

Sammy. O, please, Sir, will you tell her not to throw ink at me.

Tutor. I will request her not to throw any more ink at you: what your Sister has done is, up to the present moment, in the interests of Astronomical Science. It will save my drawing a diagram: for there is a little black spot on the Son's face.

Carol. O, Sir! how nice! is that the Transit of Venus?

Tutor. It is: and it happens twice in about one hundred and twenty years.

Caroline. O, I can do it every minute. There—and there—and—

Sammy. O, you nasty—

Tutor. What! Master Spiteful! Your Sister has shown herself a very promising pupil: she will one day sit in Parliament. MISS CAROLINE, you have obtained ten marks for good conduct. Your servant is waiting for you: you may retire.

[Exit MISS CAROLINE, attended.

Sammy. Please, Sir, ain't I to have any good marks?

Tutor. Certainly; now we are alone.

[Gives him several good marks, and leaves him to think over the Transit of Venus.]

NO END OF CONTROVERSY.

"THE End of Controversy," MILNER wrote;

End to be reached within the one true fold;

Instead of which, on board Rome's pastoral boat,

No end of controversy we behold,

And some that of the crew thought fit to be,

Now find themselves, mayhap, too much at sea.

No doubt they fancied Faith had swallowed all

At which the gorge of Reason could revolt.

But now they're summoned, with imperious call,

On penalty of malison, to bolt

Another dogma of enormous size,

And all the other dogmas that implies.

They thought the Church Faith's limits had defined

Within fixed bounds whereof they knew the scope,

When lo, these eyes are opened that were blind;

The Church resolves itself into the Pope!

Thus in the future must their faith lie hid;

To hold and do whatever Popes shall bid.

Hard are the lines of that unhappy 'vert

Who, 'verting, 'verted yet on Reason's side.

Anathema he must be, or else eat dirt

With Bishops, who the opinion once denied,

Which now, by a majority of votes,

Their peers have thrust, a dogma, down their throats.

See these who boast themselves sole doctors true,

In the world's sight, split into hostile bands;

The Old to wrath devoted to the New.

It is a pretty quarrel as it stands.

Thank goodness, we are living in the days

When such disputes can make no faggots blaze.

Paris Tranquil.

THE following telegram arrived the other day from Paris:—

"The School of Medicine was opened yesterday.

"No disturbances occurred."

What a wonder! Order must indeed reign in Paris if any event of even the slightest importance has passed off quietly.



IRISH HUNTING TIPPLE.

Englishman (having partaken of his Friend's Flask, feels as if he had swallowed melted lead). "TERRIBLY STRONG! PURE WHISKY, IS IT NOT?"
Irishman. "FAITH! NOT AT ALL! IT'S GREATLY DILUTED WITH GIN!"

ORTHODOX CHURCH MUSIC.

On Monday last week, being St. Andrew's Day, a "dedication festival" was celebrated at St. Andrew's, Wells Street. In the course of the eleven o'clock service performed on this occasion:—

"The Athanasian Creed was monotoned with organ accompaniment, all the congregation joining very earnestly."

It is difficult to imagine a Creed or anything else earnestly monotoned; except an incantation. The Athanasian Creed, to be capable of being sung with earnestness, ought to be so set to music as the Nicene Creed has been, by composers for the Church, such as HAYDN, MOZART, and BEETHOVEN. The fittest man of all to do it was, evidently, WEBER. Fancy what an impressive effect would have been given to the minatory clauses of the Athanasian Creed by the Master who composed *Der Freischütz*!

Injustice to Ireland.

SIR,

I HAVE jist come into contact (accidentally) wid a big lump av silver called a Crown-piece of VICTORIA; and what do I find on the face av it? Why, av course, an insult and an injustice to mee unhappy country! The glorious harp of Ould Ireland is stuck away down in the lift-hand corner—like a dirty gossoon that has misbehaved himself, wid the Lion of Sootland put over its head. As the discindant of a race of Kings, I'd scorn to be put below the best Sootchman that ever walked, and I protist agin' the insult. When we git Home Rule we'll put Saxon and Soot both in their proper places, for it's sorra a cross of either we'll show on our Crown-pieces—at all, at all.

I am, *Mr. Punch*, yours as you use him,
 AN INJURED IRISHMAN.

TO A CORRESPONDENT.

You are quite right in your supposition that executions in ancient Babylon took place in its famous "Hanging" Gardens.

SOME NEW ENTRIES.

It seems that some very strange animals must have been admitted this year into the Birmingham Dog Show, for we read in the newspapers that "a tortoiseshell dog, belonging to Mr. HODGE, was highly commended." This, evidently, is merely the thin end of the wedge, and next season, doubtless, the Prize List will contain the following interesting curiosities:—

Class 23. A Mechanical Piping Bullfinch. Head and wings richly jewelled. Whistles the overture to *Zampa*, and nods its head in four distinctly different directions. Requires winding up once in four-and-twenty-hours. Prize, five guineas.

Class 194. A Wooden Clothes-Horse. Stands five hands high. Warranted by its owner to remain steady (with or without clothes) before the fiercest kitchen fire. Prize, five shillings.

Class 20,744. A Clock-Work Mouse. Tail five inches long. Real cloth. Suitable for an Infant School. Highly Commended.

By a Glasgow Book-Maker (after Burns).

(Dedicated to G. ANDERSON, M.P.)

GEORGE ANDERSON my GEO., GEORGE, before you did invent That Bill of yours, I made a book on ev'ry big event;
 But now my book is blank, GEORGE, and now my purse is low,
 So cusses on your Betting Bill, GEORGE ANDERSON my GEO.!

GEORGE ANDERSON my GEO., GEORGE, my clerk and I together,
 With lists in hand, would brave it out, in fine or rainy weather;
 Now we must take them down, GEORGE (for lists we must not show),
 And shout the prices out instead, GEORGE ANDERSON my GEO.!

VENUS AND VESTMENTS.

A LARGE party of Ritualists are going out to see the Transit of Venus. They will on this occasion be vested in Teles-coopes.



PRECAUTIONS.

Farmer Lavender (starting for London with Mrs. L. for the Cattle-Show Week). "MY DEAR" (solemnly), "I HOPE YOU HAVEN'T FORGOTTEN THE INSECTICIDE!!"

HAMLET'S RIGHT HAIR.

SOME argue that, since *Hamlet* is a Dane,
And Danes are of the Scandinavian race,
And Scandinavians for the most part fair,
The Player that *Hamlet* would perform might
Ought to present him in a flaxen wig.
But race admits exceptions; there are some
Dark Danes, and *Hamlet's* sire was one of them.
At least dark-haired, if his hair matched his beard,
For that had been pure sable which became
A sable silvered. 'Tis most probable
That *Hamlet*, in respect of hair, did turn
After his father; and the more for that
He was, as he avows himself, possessed
With melancholy, and his rapt moods bespeak
The melancholic-nervous temperament,
Whereof the chiefest token is dark hair,
To be the very leaven of his mind.

But what the thatch of *Hamlet's* upper storey,
Whether a raven or a whitey-brown,
Is of less moment than the quality
O' the furniture within. It is a brain
Fitting the part, that's asked to play the Dane.

HANDSOME ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

WHAT shall we say of the four magnificent volumes of "National homage to England," presented the other day at Windsor, on behalf of France, by M. D'AGIOUT and the COMTE SERRURIER, to the QUEEN? That we are delighted to find ourselves, for once, in the French good books.

A BAKER'S DOZEN.—The thirteen rolls made by the *Devastation* last week at Portsmouth.—*Vide "Times"* of 1st inst.

"IN SUCH A NIGHT."

(*Merchant of Venice*, Act V. Scene 1, adapted to the Times.)

SCENE—A comfortable Drawing-room: fire burning frostily.

LORENZO and JESSICA tête-à-tête.

Lorenzo. The fire burns bright: in such a night as this,
When the blue flame did gently kiss the coals
And they did crumble slow, in such a night
GLADSTONE, methinks, took poker in his hand,
And swore, as then he smashed a lump of coal,
To smash the Vatican.

Jessica. In such a night
Did ROSALIE, my milliner, invent
That winter bonnet with a plume of flame
Which came home yesterday.

Lorenzo. In such a night
DISRAELI, dreaming of the Arctic ice,
Thought: "for the honour of the English fleet,
We'll pierce a passage through."

Jessica. In such a night
Papa, made generous with his choicest port,
Said you and I might wed.

Lorenzo. In such a night
I, overjoyed, rushed homeward in the snow,
And with the smoke of numberless cigars
Built castles in the air.

Jessica. In such a night
I went to bed, and cried, and said my prayers,
And never, never for a moment, dreamt
That you were smoking, Sir.

Lorenzo. In such a night,
He also smoking, did the giant *Punch*
Think of his mighty enterprise, and see,
Buddy and radiant in the caves of flame,
Vistas of wit and wisdom yet to be.

Jessica. I would out-night you; but I hear the knock
Of TRIST, your eccentric painter-friend,
Who likes to talk of art o'er a cigar,
By a bright fire, in such a night as this.

MORE FREE THAN EASY.—The Proposed Library at Bethnal Green.

VENUS AT HOME.

It is simply a waste of time and a needless expense to go with costly and elaborate apparatus to Kerguelen Island, Mauritius, and other out-of-the-way places ten thousand miles or more distant from the General Post Office, to catch a glimpse of the Transit of Venus. In the Metropolis alone, the Transit of Venus may be comfortably, agreeably, and distinctly observed all day long, without the aid of any optical instrument whatever, except perhaps an ordinary eyeglass, in the Parks, in Piccadilly, in Oxford Street, in Westbourne Grove, in St. Paul's Churchyard, in Cheapside, at the Railway Stations, and in fifty other places, all easy of access, and within a radius of five miles from Charing Cross—in fact, wherever our wives and daughters and sisters are in the daily habit of walking, riding, and shopping.

Song for Schoolmasters.

SOME, by compulsory Education,
Think scholars may be made of fools,
And thus it is that flagellation
Still holds its place in certain schools.

Behold the creature in yon sty,
Ye men of discipline severe.
Can you convert, how'er you try,
Into a silken purse her ear?

The European Peace Assurance Society.

President—PRINCE BISMARCK.

Secretary—RIGHT HON. B. DISRAELI.

Offices of the Society—The Treasury, Whitehall.

N.B.—Arbitrations conducted on the most reasonable terms, from Ten to Four daily. No extra charge for telegraphing to Berlin. Ring the right-hand bell. No Irish need apply.

HEBREWS OF THE HEBREWS.

MR. EDWARD HINE has recently delivered a Lecture at Woolwich in which he has attempted to prove that the "so-called Anglo-Saxons" are in reality the lost Ten Tribes of Israel. According to the report of his very interesting discourse, it appears that he advanced a great number of identities in proof of his argument, and even referred to the structure of English Churches, and various phrases in the Book of Common Prayer, as evidence of our Israelitish descent.

Doubtless, MR. HINE has exhausted the subject. Still, with that politeness which is "a further argument of his Jewish origin," Mr. Punch begs to advance a few more proofs, which he (Mr. Punch) may add are heartily at the worthy Lecturer's service.

If there be one of the lost tribes to which England is more closely related than the rest, it must be *Issachar*, for what is England if not "a strong ass crouching betwixt burdens?"

Englishmen are like Jews because they show hatred of pig's flesh by eating "pork sausages" made of everything but—pork!

Because, without doubt, the Hebrides were once spelt Hebrewdes.

Look at Mr. Punch's nose. Jewish all over. But is not Mr. P. a thorough Englishman?

Because one of the most primitive musical instruments in England is called the Jew's harp.

Because so many highborn young Englishmen (when thrown over by their friends) make a point of going straight to the Jews.

Because, like the Jews, Englishmen take such good care of their poor that a beggar is never seen in England!

Because in England there is, as in Judæa there was, a Temple; and many of the churches of England have still their high priests.

Because, while many of our purveyors of liquor are positive Jews, to judge by their prices, all our male beer-makers are undoubtedly He brewers, and, therefore, Jews comparative, as well as positive.

Lastly, because, according to MR. DARWIN, both Jews and Christians have a common progenitor in one of the anthropoid apes.

THINGS TO BE REMEMBERED.

WHAT day your irritating friend SNARL said he would come to luncheon, that you may go into the country.

What was the name of the man you hadn't seen for an age, who made you promise to dine at his Club, and drink some of "the finest Claret in London, by Jove, Sir."

Where you left your new silk umbrella after that jolly Oyster Supper last night.

Who borrowed the most cherished book in your library, and seems to have forgotten to return it.

What the deuce it was your wife wants so particularly for dinner that you're not to come back without it.

Which of the many pockets of your two coats you put your railway ticket in, when the Guard wakes you suddenly about three in the morning, on your way to your grouse quarters, by the Scotch Express.

What your Uncle the Archbishop's Sermon was about, with a view to the intelligent yet deferential criticism naturally expected of you when you dine with him in the course of the week.

What time the train starts, by which you are to travel to a certain ducal mansion.

Which corridor of that ducal mansion leads to your bedroom, as it might be awkward, after late billiards or smoke, to stumble into the chamber of one of those charming girls that beautified the drawing-room.

What day Mr. Punch publishes his *Almanack*, that you may win universal welcome at home by bringing an early copy for each member of your family.

UNLIMITED LIABILITY.

THE promulgation of Papal Infallibility may be ex-

pected materially to reduce the conversion-rate amongst young men at the Universities educated for the Church. There are perhaps a few of these who, having signed the Thirty-nine Articles, would be ready to say, if they thought it advisable, "What is the next article?" But it is only the very few of those few who would ask this question seriously, and reiterate it like a shopman, that are likely henceforth to go the way which has been trodden by MANNING.



A NEW COMPOUND VERB.

Sudden Apparition. "PAPA, DEAR, YOU KNOW THAT MAMMA SAID THAT IF WE HAD BUTTER WITH OUR TOAST, WE WEREN'T TO HAVE ANYTHING ELSE! WELL, GEORGE HAS NOT ONLY BUTTERED HIS TOAST, BUT HE'S ACTUALLY BEEN AND LIEBIG'S-EXTRACT-OF-BEEFED IT AS WELL!"

REPRESENTATIVE WOMEN.



NOT much new light was thrown upon the question of Woman's Suffrage at a meeting held, Sir ROBERT ANSTRUTHER in the chair, at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Wednesday last week. No doubt, as the Chairman observed, there is a feeling "in favour of the movement, dated," perhaps, "from the speech with which Mr. J. S. MILL introduced the subject in the House of Commons." It may also be that,—

"Since that time the tone of the press had very greatly changed, and the old argument of woman's intellectual weakness had dwindled down into the much less formidable one of her physical weakness."

Whatever may be or not be the logic of the argument, that physical weakness disqualifies women for the suffrage, that, no doubt, is the reason why they have not got it. If women were able

to make menacing demonstrations of physical force, like the Hyde Park Reformers, would they not have extorted the franchise too?

MISS RHODA GARRETT having proposed a resolution affirming "that the exclusion of women, otherwise legally qualified from voting, was injurious to those excluded," thereupon, according to newspaper report:—

"MR. SERJEANT COX, in seconding the motion, said that all the arguments against the granting of the suffrage to women were based upon the impudent assumption that it was intended to enfranchise every wife and daughter, which was a monstrous fallacy."

But if every wife and daughter, otherwise legally qualified, are not to be qualified for voting, will not the exclusion of those thus still excluded be injurious to them? What wives and what daughters should be included among the enfranchised? Wives separated from their husbands, and daughters who have left their homes? There are estimable women, to be sure, in both of these classes; but does SERJEANT COX consider the majority of those independent wives and daughters precisely the particular kind of persons especially entitled by their peculiar position to be free and independent electresses?

MR. PUNCH'S OWN ORPHEONIC REVIEW.

VOCAL MUSIC (OF THE IMMEDIATE FUTURE).

"*The Perambulating Pieman.*" A dashing song descriptive of the joyous life of a rover. The last verse recalling a dream of the fairies is particularly rich in melody.

"*Last Thursday Three Weeks.*" Sentimental and graceful. Full of the genuine German *sehnsucht*.

"*O Feathered Inmate of a Brazen Cage! or, The Maiden to her Canary.*" Easy and very effective.

"*O Dear Me!*" Full of feeling. The accompaniment tender, gushing and full of colour.

"*Jimmy.*" A sequel to "*Molly,*" by the composer of "*Molly.*" Very coquettish and mournful.

"*The Rat-Catcher.*" A good bold melody, rather coarsely treated. The last verse descriptive of the death of the Rat-Catcher's Grandmother is full of movement.

"*Milking the Cowslips.*" A harvest song. Very fanciful and quaint. A good study for beginners.

"*Kiss in the Ring, or, The Fairy's Bridal.*" Pretty, but a little commonplace. The poetry is scarcely worthy of the subject, although the verse devoted to "the umbrellas of lilac buds" is certainly both original and clever.

"*Plucking the Holly Leaves.*" A thoroughly Christmas song which is sure to be highly popular at this season of the year: bright and glowing.

"*The Old Village Pump, or Rossey's Reason.*" A good example of a very bad school. Everything in this song is sacrificed to effect. The music descriptive of the death of the bill-discounter is tricky and theatrical.

"*In the Moonlight Catching Cudd.*" Decidedly clever. The passage in the minor key is particularly pleasing. The words are worthy of the music, although perhaps exception may be taken to

some of the lines descriptive of the Village Postmaster. Perhaps a little more neutral tint might be welcome.

INSTRUMENTAL MUSIC.

"*Half-hours with the Drum.*" Very intricate but not unpleasing.

"*To-day with the Trombone.*" Some of the movements in A flat are exceedingly beautiful.

"*To-morrow with the Triangle.*" Sound and scholarly—a good specimen of the use to which a melody in four sharps may be put by a thoroughly educated Musician.

"*Murmurings, arranged for the Double Bass.*" A very charming study.

"*Sighs on the Clarinet.*" Wanting in colour and insipid.

"*Whisperings from the Bassoon.*" Very pathetic and easy. A capital *morceau de salon* for amateurs.

FLOWERS OF THE FUTURE.

"THE *Nepenthes*, *Cephalotus*, *Pinguicula*, *Dionaea*, and other carnivorous plants, can also be fed on raw beef, on morsels of which they close, digesting them with the greatest facility."—Recent Scientific Announcement.

To the hothouse I hied me excited
To cull a fresh bouquet for MAY.
There were "over a hundred invited:"
She wanted "a beauty." Delighted,
I worked with my scissors away.

So I clipped off a fine *Dionaea*,
Took some fresh *Cephalotus* (it pricks),
A *Pinguicula*, then,—bright idea!
Some *Nepenthes*, a flower that MEDRA
Might have worn at a tea-fight on Styx!

And MAY, when she saw what I brought her,
Said, "O thanks! 'tis a beauty, indeed!"
We danced: just at supper I sought her,
And said, in the slang I had taught her,
"Suppose that we go down and feed?"

We went. She sat down: 'Tis no fable.
I left her, to fight for some fowl;
When her bouquet—MAY felt quite unable
To hold it—whisked on to the table,
And flew at the ham with a growl!

She screamed—when the fierce *Cephalotus*
Made a rush for the *foie-gras* hard by.
A flash of the fearful truth smote us!
The *Nepenthes*, not seeming to note us,
Took a plate and went in for game pie!

Dionaea, so harmless in seeming
In a fowl fixed its fangs like a vice,
While *Pinguicula* (we were not dreaming),
With a tumbler of MOST's "dry creaming,"
Washed her *vol-au-vent* down in a trice;

Then went in at a *salmi* of rabbits;
When a *savant* (these things were his line)
Remarked; "How each rushes to grab its
Right nurture! But plants of these habits
Before they come out ought to dine."

So now, as a modest beginner—
To a passion for science I own—
Every day, though MAY calls me a sinner,
My new plants have a six o'clock dinner,
And when "out," let the supper alone!

Unconsidered Trifles.

"Consignee wanted for two Elephants, arrived in S.S. *Queen Anne*, from Calcutta."

It is incredibly reported that a few unclaimed rhinoceroes are also lying in the Docks; and an authority, whom we have no reason to believe, has offered to escort us to a warehouse, where a steam-launch, a lighthouse, a temporary iron church, and a pack of fox hounds, are all anxiously awaiting their owners.

VERY SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE.—We look for the fullest accounts of the Transit of Venus in the *Sun* and *Observer*.



"FAHRENHEIT."

Rector. "AH, WE SHALL BE COMFORTABLE THIS MORNING, GRUFFLES, I SEE YOU 'VE GOT THE TEMPERATURE UP NICKLY. SIXTY, I DECARE!"

Clerk. "YES, SIR, I ALLUS HEV A TROUBLE TO GET THAT THING UP. I TOOK AND WARMED IT JEST THIS MINUTE!"

PINGUITUDE AND PAUPERISM.

REFLECTIVE MR. PUNCH,

THE other day I paid my usual yearly visit to the Cattle Show, and saw the usual fat people staring just as usual at the usual fat pigs.

The sight of so much fatness set me thinking about leanness; and this induced the thought that possibly a show of underfed poor people might prove as interesting as one of overfed fat beasts. With so many noble workhouses as there are to select from, it would be easy to assemble a number of competitors for any prize that might be offered for extreme emaciation, as opposed to the excessive pinguitude for which the Cattle Show is famous, and whereof so many Pig-breeders have reason to be proud.

Were such a Show established, a pleasant theme for meditation perhaps might be suggested to the reflective mind, in considering how far the victuals which are wasted in the foolish over-fattening of prize oxen, sheep, and porkers, might, if rightly used, alleviate the pangs of hunger suffered by the wretched ill-fed creatures, of whom our Parish Guardians are entrusted with the care.

From this the meditative mind might be led to the reflection that a Meat-maker ought not to be a Tallow-manufacturer; and that, in awarding the prizes at a Cattle Show, the judges should be careful to discourage over-feeding, by imposing heavy fines on the breeders of all animals esteemed to be too fat. This not merely would conduce to agricultural economy, but would save much needless suffering to poor creatures that are tortured by being over-stuffed. Any one of any feeling must hear with real pity the gasping of the pigs, as they lie helpless in their pens, and protest to their last grunt against the barbarous breeders who have laid on them the burden of their too, too solid flesh.

If our paupers could but share the surplus fatness of our porkers, what a comfort and a blessing were conferred upon them both! As a step to this good work, I would propose

THE TRANSIT OF VENUS.

THE Transit of Venus is over:

A spot on the Sun for four hours,
The radiant aerial-rover
Now sparkles the chief of star-flowers.
Home troop the astronomers various,
And bring their celestial log,
Some rendered by sunbathes hilarious,
Some damped by inopportune fog.

They went forth in peaceful battalions,
The secrets of Science to clutch,
Americans, Germans, Italians,
With Frenchmen and English and Dutch:
Where the hardness of ice defies granite's,
Where lizards the noon-day warmth shun,
They watched the most brilliant of planets
Turn sable in crossing the Sun.

"Alma Venus," exclaimeth LUCRETIVS;
Fair Goddess, the player of many tricks,
Of doings fantastic, facetious,
The quite inexhaustible genetrix!
Now binding all nations together
In a scheme tele-plus-spectroscopic,
Star-goddess, you bring us fair weather,
And we hail you as most philanthropic.

When, braving sub-tropic malaria,
And noses and fingers that freeze,
From Kerguelen to dismal Siberia
Astronomers sail o'er the seas,
Fair Venus, our beautiful neighbour,
Throws down her distinguishing light,
'Twixt the armies for Science who labour,
And the armies for conquest who fight.

Punch with patience waits tidings of Science,
But waits, with a thirsty impatience,
For the time when all warlike defiance
Will cease among civilised nations.
From quarrelling canst thou not screen us,
O brightest and clearest of stars,
And let the last Transit of Venus
Be crowned by the Exit of Mars?

THE COMING EDUCATIONAL ESTABLISHMENT (EUROPEAN).—The "Woolwich Infant" school.

the yearly holding of a show of poor lean people, at the same time as the annual show of prize fat beasts. To facilitate the study of comparative anatomy, a pen of fine large Aldermen might be added to the Show, in order to demonstrate the prodigies of corpulence, which are humanly procurable by plentiful repasts.

Both Aldermen and Paupers are products of the civilising progress of the age; and by placing them in contrast, a fruitful theme for philosophic meditation might be furnished, and some remedial measures, perhaps, might be induced. It is possible, however, that after the bestowal of the most profound reflection, the philosopher might come to no more profitable conclusion than the not entirely novel thought that—Such is Life!

With an apology for the intrusion of this meditative letter, when people have of course so many other things to think about, I beg leave to subscribe myself yours, with mingled reverence and esteem,

A VEGETARIAN.

A Sign in the Sky.

THE following telegram respecting the Transit of Venus appeared in the *Times*:—

"Barker, Alexandria, to Wemyss Bay, Scotland. Clouds covering sun prevented ascertaining precise exit; looks like a black ball with red under lower circumference."

Let us hope that this appearance of a black ball will not prove to have been a bad omen for any of the observers who may have had their names down for election at the Travellers' Club.

QUITE IMPOSSIBLE.

THE Jesuits disloyal? Why they can challenge any community, however loyal its principle, to deny that their Society is founded upon LOYOLA!



BRIGANDES À LA MODE.

(WHAT THE HATS MUST COME TO.)

VIVISECTION AND SCIENCE.

ALTHOUGH the prosecution instituted by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals against certain persons charged before the Norwich Magistrates with having been concerned in torturing certain dogs at the Masonic Hall, Norwich, one day last August, failed for want of evidence against the particular defendants, yet the Bench remarked that the proceedings taken were perfectly justified. In the interests of true medical science, for the promotion of which the dogs had been subjected to experiments attended with a little suffering, this observation is to be deplored.

The dogs alleged to have been tortured were but two. They had only been tied down to a table and muzzled with tapes, and, thus made fast, had, the one alcohol and the other absinthe injected, through an incision in the inside of the thigh, into their femoral veins. This little operation, of which the importance is obviously as great, as the pain is little, was performed by a French *savant*, M. EUGÈNE MAGNAN, of Paris. Its object, the magnitude of which no physiologist can over-estimate, was to prove that alcohol injected into a vein produces insensibility, and absinthe the epilepsy.

That alcohol, when it renders the human subject insensible, does so by getting from the stomach into the blood, is clearly a fact of pathology which was by no means so well established as not to have needed further confirmation at the expense of any amount of pain which could be inflicted on dumb animals, such, of course, as dogs are when they are properly muzzled.

It is pretty well known that epilepsy may be occasioned by almost any irritation affecting the nerves, and nobody perhaps ever doubted that absinthe put in the blood would affect the nerves; nevertheless it was absolutely necessary to demonstrate these points by injecting absinthe into a dog's veins. The utility of this experiment is visibly all the greater that physicians already knew that epilepsy in man was one of the consequences of excess in absinthe.

Perhaps it is superfluous to add that from the effects of experiments by vivisection on the lower animals the inference that the same injuries would have the same effects on mankind in all cases, is most legitimate.

The scientific reader will gladly learn that M. MAGNAN's ingenious and valuable experiments on the two dogs he is accused of having tortured for no good, were thoroughly successful. One of the dogs became insensible and died; the other went into convulsions sure enough, whether he died or no. Now, what has the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals got to say? In the meanwhile, let us hope the demonstrated effects of absinthe and alcohol on the creatures vivisected by M. MAGNAN, will prove to be the serious warning they ought to drunken dogs.

THE TOO BLUNT BISMARCK.

PRINCE BISMARCK, in the German Parliament, answering Dr. JÖRG, who had rather needlessly referred to "the maniac KULLMANN," told the Ultramontanes that KULLMANN was perfectly sane, and stuck on to their skirts. This painfully direct and homely statement has, of course, very much shocked our sense of decorum. Well asks the *Times*:—"What should we think if Mr. DISRAELI or Mr. GLADSTONE were to tell LORD ROBERT MONTAGU or SIR GEORGE BOWYER that the murderers of CAPTAIN SCHMIDT belonged to the party of ARCH-BISHOP MANNING?" We should think the House of Commons would resound with cries of "Oh, oh!" if not of "Yah!" We should think that the Right Honourable Gentleman used most unreserved and unparliamentary language, which, slanderous if false, would be contemptuously condemned by all the organs of cultivated British opinion even if true.

Apart from the truth or incorrectness of one which is only one out of many of PRINCE BISMARCK's outspoken declarations, it may be respectfully suggested that BISMARCK does not perhaps devote all the time he profitably might to reading the British Parliamentary debates, wherein, from the speeches of leading statesmen on either side, he might derive the lessons, which he so sadly needs, in reticence and circumlocution.

England's Heart Disease.

LONDON is the heart of England. The bigness of London is the cause of the stoppages of the circulation on London Bridge. They thus arise from hypertrophy of the heart of England. London is getting bigger and bigger every day. England has got increasing hypertrophy of the heart. If that goes on, what must it end in? Could nothing be done to check the growing hypertrophy which England's heart is labouring under? Unless that is managed, it will be merely administering a temporary palliative to take any measure for doctoring London Bridge, in order to relieve it from stoppages of the circulation.

Transit of Venus.

(See MR. PROCTOR's last *Astronomical Treatise*.)

PHŒBUS, smit with Venus's charms,
Took the goddess to his arms;
Little thinking, till surprised,
That he should be "PROCTOR"-ised.

PUNCH'S NEW CLASSICAL DICTIONARY.

(Specimen Sheet.)



HEREAS, *Mr. Punch*, remembering with hatred the *Lemprière* of his youth, finds that *Punch, junior*, now at a public school (not to be mentioned, lest all the aristocracy should at once send their boys thither), feels similarly about *Smith*, he

proposes to issue a new Classical Dictionary in *usum scholarum*. He appends a few examples.

A. **ALDIBORONTIPHOSOPHORNIO.** A gentleman who held office at the Court of *Kings Chrononhotontologos*. He was the most laborious literary character of his era, having had to sign his decasyllabic name to about two hundred documents a-year during his ministerial career of one hundred years. It is computed (*see Babbage, passim*) that it would have been less trouble to him to produce a sensation novel a week during that period.

ALSATIA. A district celebrated by *SIR WALTER SCOTT* and *LORD MACAULAY*, and conquered by *Mr. Punch*.

B. **BARMECIDE.** A family in Bagdad, stingy though opulent, who had a rascally habit of inviting you to dinner, serving you on gold plate, and giving you nothing to eat. *Mr. Punch* knows a few Barmecides in Belgravia, and does not dine with them twice.

C. **CUTTLE, CAPTAIN.** A friend of *Mr. DICKENS's*, who was wont to say, "When found, make a note of." On his demise, he left a complete Series of *Punch* up to that date to the Editor of *Notes and Queries*.

D. **DUNDREARY, LORD.** The latest Editor, in conjunction with *MR. TUPPER*, of the Proverbs of *SOLOMON*.

E. **EBONY.** See *Blackwood*.

F. **FRANKENSTEIN.** The Monster which Youth creates and which Age cannot destroy.

G. **GAMP.** Monosyllabic synonym for an umbrella.

H. **HUBBARD, MOTHER.** The inventor of dog-shows, *tempore WILLIAM RUFUS*.

I. **IXION.** A famous wheelwright, whose inventions are still recognised in Long Acre.

J. **JEAMES.** One of *Mr. Punch's* most esteemed correspondents.

K. **KNOW-NOTHINGS.** A political party who boasted of their ignorance in America. Several such parties exist in England, but have not courage to admit their ignorance.

L. **LADY OF SHALOTT.** Any lady who knows how to make a salad, so that—

"Onion's atoms lurk within the bowl,
And, scarce suspected, animate the whole."

M. **MUMBO JUMBO.** African name of reverence for the POPE.

N. **NICK, OLD.** A near relation of Old Bogy and Old Harry, *which see*.

O. **OLD LADY OF THREADNEEDLE STREET.** Six per cent. this week.

P. **PARTINGTON, MRS.** An elderly lady who, being of High Tory principles, did her best to mop away the ocean, but was slightly unsuccessful.

Q. **QUIXOTE.** A lineal ancestor of *Mr. Punch*, from whom he hath inherited his love of the Ladies, and his inextinguishable hostility to all meanness, and fraud, and tyranny.

R. **RAPHAEL.** The "sociable spirit" and "amiable archangel" of *MILTON*. Surely this predigresseth *Punch*.

S. **SEVEN WISE MEN OF GREECE:** *SOLOON*, *CHILLO*, *PITTACUS*, *BIAS*, *PERIANDER*, *CLEOBULUS*, *THALES*. Their maxims are not very striking: *SOLOON* said, "Know thyself," as if you could help it; and *BIAS*, "Most men are bad," which is not true. *Mr. Punch*, the wisest man of the world, hath but one maxim, "READ ME."

T. **TOBY.** See *Punch*. Always ready to snap at an intrusive visitor.

U. **ULYSSES.** The wisest of the Greeks. (The pupil may here be asked who is the wisest of the English.)

V. **VANITY FAIR.** London, Paris, any City:
BUNYAN stern, and *THACKERAY* witty,
Know the way to gather there
All the humours of the fair.

W. **WHITTINGTON, DICK.** The founder of the Crystal Palace Cat Shows.

X. **XANZEPPE.** Everybody's wife when she hasn't got her own way.

Y. **YOUNG ENGLAND.** The present PRIME MINISTER and his friends, when they—

Flung to the wind the old Crusader's banners,
And loved the poetry of LORD JOHN MAN-
NERS:
But now that famous poet sorts our letters,
And *DREY's* genius works in *Statesman's* fetters.

Z. **ZADKIE.** An Almanack-maker. As, however, *Mr. Punch's Almanack* is the only one worth reading, this personage is simply brought in to exhaust the alphabet.

Astronomy at Home.

Our young friend, *FINCHLEY BUCKHURST*, never for a moment thought of going to such distant spots as *Nagasaki* and *Kerguelen's Land*, to observe the Transit of Venus across the Sun. He was perfectly satisfied to stay in London, and watch the beautiful young person to whom he is engaged cross over Half Moon Street.

THE MEAN TEMPERATURE OF THE MONTH.—The temperature to which rooms are allowed to fall through a too severe economy of coals.

OCCASIONAL HAPPY THOUGHTS.

No news from JELFER—Freemasonry in relation to Horse-dealing—An arrival.



HILE I am waiting to hear some news of another horse, CAZELL calls on me.

I tell him of how JELFER took me in with the "slug," and how really I should never be surprised to hear of "Gazelle" coming down, if Mas. JELFER will drive him in a basket chaise.

"O," says CAZELL, regretfully, "if you and JELFER were Freemasons you wouldn't try to do one another." I am indignant. I have not tried to "do" JELFER; and I do not suppose, I say, that JELFER really intended to take me in about the slug.

Again, if I can't trust a man as a man, why should I, as a Freemason?

"Ah," returns CAZELL mysteriously, "you don't understand. A brother is bound by a solemn oath not to deceive a brother of the craft, under certain serious pains and penalties."

"But," I say sceptically, "that sort of thing is not enforced now-a-days."

"O," exclaims CAZELL, [nodding his head significantly, "isn't it!"]

I think it over to myself. If there really are advantages, specially in horse-dealing, in being a Freemason, the sooner I'm a Freemason the better.

CAZELL puts cases, supposed to be historic. "Facts," he says. For instance (CAZELL's first case for the advantage of being a Freemason). You meet a robber, he is just going to knock you down and take your money, or you are knocked down and he's just going to take your money, when suddenly it occurs to you to make the sign. The robber makes another; you reply, he returns: he grasps your hand. You his! You are brothers! and he doesn't rob you. Nay, more, perhaps, he gives you a free pass through his district.

I admit (to CAZELL) that he has shown a case when being a Mason would be decidedly an advantage.

"Of course," continues CAZELL, easily, "if that robber is taken up, and your evidence is wanted to convict him, you, as a Mason and a brother, cannot give it. Not even if that robber has committed the most outrageous crimes."

This seems to me to raise a difficulty. We argue the question as between the duty (under oath) of a Freemason to Masons, and of a man to his fellow-men. The result of the conversation is to make me feel more assured that Freemasonry would be decidedly of use in horse-dealing, if the horse-dealer and myself were both Masons.

Happy Thought.—In fact if the Horse-dealer were a cheat and a Mason, I as a Mason would certainly get the better of him. I can imagine the interview. Practically it would be the same as the supposed case between myself and the robber, suggested just now by CAZELL. The horse-dealer is just, as it were, going to put his hand in my pocket, to rob me of seventy pounds for a horse which is not worth thirty, when I grasp it, squeeze it, give him the sign, whatever it is, he starts back, and exclaims, "What! my Brother!" We embrace, and I say, "Now, how much for the horse?" "O," says he, making an extra sign perhaps, "Do not give me more than twenty-five, for I can't take thirty from you."

"Then," argues CAZELL, "Freemasonry's of use in battle; German Freemason meets a French Mason, they're just going to kill one another; one makes the sign, & other replies; they shake hands and pass on."

This sounds pleasant. But isn't it disloyal on both sides? Aren't they there to fight and kill one another? Because, argue this out, and suppose the Generals Freemasons, the Commanders-in-Chief on both sides Freemasons,—why, they'd so lay out their plan of campaign as to avoid clashing with each other at all?

CAZELL says, warmly, "Nonsense! argue it right up to the top. If all Crowned Heads were Freemasons there'd be no fighting at all." I reply that if all men were spotless Christians the result would be the same, and that all Crowned Heads can be Christians, but all can not be Freemasons, as for instance Queens.

CAZELL here tells me a story how Countess Somebody hid herself behind a picture in a wall, overheard the Masonic secrets, and was forcibly taken out, and made a Mason on the spot.

The further advantages (beyond those in horse-dealing) of Masonry CAZELL continues to set forth:—That a Mason must help a Mason in distress; that a Mason must not reveal any secret told to him by a brother Mason, under the seal of the Masonic oath.

I suggest a case:—A Mason under the above seal tells me he has forged, swindled, &c. &c., and is now going out of the country; also, being in distress, he asks me for five pounds. I know that his flight will ruin a dear friend of mine. I know that when the police come to look for him in my house, I shall have to defeat the ends of justice, and tell a lie. Further, that the Brother Mason is positively dangerous to Society. I don't know him otherwise than as a Mason. As a man I have no duties towards him. I point out to CAZELL that in this case to be a true Mason I must be a bad citizen. CAZELL says, "You put an extreme case!" "I admit that," I return; "but it is a test case: exceptions prove the rule." CAZELL says, "My dear fellow, here common sense steps in; besides—" here he breaks off cheerfully, and with an air of assured victory—"you can't talk of what Freemasonry really is until you are a Freemason. And I can't tell you what it is, because I am under the vows of secrecy. You become a Mason, and you'll see."

"I've heard," I say in order to show I am not bigoted, "that Masonry is very useful in travelling."

"It is," answers CAZELL, decidedly.

"How?"

"How?" he returns. "O! lots of ways. He considers awhile, then he resumes, "Well, it's a passport to Society in some places. It's of great use if you get into a difficulty. You pick up companions; and—in fact—O, there are heaps of instances where Freemasonry has been of the greatest possible service. I recollect a man saying, how he was had up before a Magistrate in Naples, and the case was just going against him, when he made a sign to the bench, and the Magistrate returned it. I forget whether he got off or not; but I know (that it benefited him—somehow. Why," he continues, hurrying on, as if to avoid being too closely questioned about this last interesting incident, "when I was on the Continent, I was all alone somewhere, and I didn't know what on earth to do with myself; and I found the landlord where I was stopping was a Mason, and so was another fellow staying there, and we got quite chummy, and we had a rubber with dummy in the evening."

"French, were they?" I inquire, working up an interest in the foregoing exciting story.

"No," he replies, carelessly, "they were English. Only, probably, I shouldn't have chummed with them if they hadn't been Masons. They played whist uncommonly well."

A tap at the door. Then MURGLE appears, cautiously. MURGLE always enters a room cautiously, and being innately polite, invariably acknowledges a stranger with a sort of encouraging nod before addressing me. Being also naturally suspicious, he coughs slightly behind his hand, glances from me to my visitor, and from my visitor to me, as though doubtful of my visitor's good faith, and as if uncertain whether he shall say what he has to say, out loud now, or ask me to step outside on to the rug. His usual formula is—

"Ahem!"—pause—then, bashfully, with one eye on the visitor looking at him towards me, "Could I speak to you a minute, Sir?"

"Yes," I answer boldly. "What is it?"

"Ahem!"—pause—a shuffle, then still bashfully, as though afraid lest what he has to say might bring a blush to my friend's cheek, "MR. CHALVEY is at the door, Sir, with a horse as he wants you to look at."

Good. I'd rather look at him without CAZELL, but it can't be helped.

We follow MURGLE.

An Apology.

MR. PUNCH has to apologise for having, with too much trust in the good faith of a Correspondent, accepted as original the subject of one of his last week's illustrations, which had already appeared in the columns of a contemporary. HOMER sometimes sleeps, and even Punch cannot be always on his guard against such dishonest palming off of old jokes for new ones.

PROPER ACCOMPANIMENTS.

A Book about the Table is announced. May we dare to ask whether it has clean plates and good cuts?



A MAN'S REVENGE.

OUR GALLANT, THOUGH MIDDLE-AGED, FRIEND, HAS GREAT PLEASURE IN INTRODUCING HIS SECOND LOVE (WHOM HE IS GOING TO MARRY NEXT WEEK) TO HIS FIRST (WHO JILTED HIM JUST A QUARTER OF A CENTURY AGO).

SIGNS OF RETURNING ANIMATION.

(In London.)

You may be tolerably certain that people are coming back to town—

When a Hansom doesn't hail you and ask you where you are going, and finally offer to drive you "anywhere you like and back for eighteenpence."

When the "dailies" do not, on the self-same morning, muster between them more than five leaders on Protoplasm, and the *Times* intimates that that spirited correspondence on the height of kitchen doors, with which you have been so agreeably beguiled, on and off, since the second week in August, "must now close."

When you come suddenly upon ROBINSON (whom you don't like), and greet him with a cordial, "O, you're back!" as if you had been anxiously on the look-out for his return, and that, now you're certain of it, you feel much easier.

When JONES (who has left Margate a month ago) comes suddenly upon you, and candidly admits that this time he is *not* "just running through to the North."

When BLAZER BROWN, having completed his month in the Moors, sends you that promised "brace of birds;" but which, he having, with more or less credit to himself as a sportsman, purchased on his arrival in town, reach you, labelled by some inadvertence, "Perishable goods. From MESSRS. PURVEY AND CO., 225, New Bond Street. W."

When your "well-connected neighbour," MRS. SNOBBINGTON SMITH, has her shutters opened, and leaving the back of the house, where she has been "recruiting herself after the fatigues of the season," gets her return from Biarritz announced in next week's *Court and Fashion*.

When your wife asks you just to look at the drawing-room carpet, and say whether you don't think it would be better to have that new one, *you talked of before you left town*, put down now, as she supposes you do not wish again to put off those six outstanding dinners (which you also talked of) till after Christmas.

When seated comfortably at the close of September at the head of your own table, and recalling those struggles you had in the Bernese Oberland—those rushes you made at the diligences—those fights you fought with the foreign officials—those bills you paid at the foreign hotels—those rows you had successively with every member of your family, you acknowledge to yourself that there may be worse things in the world than a cut off an English roast leg of mutton, with a cup of tea later, and perhaps alippers to follow.

"DE PROFUNDIS," A NEW VERSION;

Or, A Voice from the Dungeon of Infallibility.

PITY the sorrows of a poor old man,
Close prisoner kept within the Vatican;
What if 'tis a fair palace, if I don't
Go free abroad—that is because I won't?
Dry bread and water, such the prison food;—
Unless I choose to order all that's good.
And then so poor—with PETER's pence in pocket,
And treasury with friends and foes to stock it.
Besides these felon's garments forced to wear,
Of softest silk and costliest mohair;
And forced to brook, by rulers harsh and proud,
Th' obsequious service of a servile crowd;
Crowding my halls, my cruel gaolers, see,
Waiting my orders upon bended knee!
And last, not least,—for the severest blow,—
My visitors are free to come and go,
To crave my blessing, and to kiss my toe!

As Easy as Lying.

THE *Times* asks if any man can pronounce the word "Eupion." On behalf of those concerned, *Punch* would reply "U" "P" on a large scale.



SWEEPING THE STAGE. ("NEW BROOMS.")

Box Book-keeper. "STALLS, MADAM? WELL,—REALLY,—THE FACT IS, THE LORD CHAMBERLAIN,—THAT IS—AHM!—WE'RE JUST NOW *CLEANING THE STAGE*, MADAM, AND HOPE TO HAVE THE THEATRE QUITE FIT FOR LADIES BY CHRISTMAS."

SEASONABLE MUSIC.



WHY should concerts not have their seasonable character—appropriate to the time of year—Summery for Summer, Wintry for Winter? Here is an imaginary programme showing what we mean—an example of one of our concerts of the future,—

HIS GRACE the DUKE OF TORNADO and her GRACE the DUCHESS OF TORNADO, gave, last week, another concert at their residence, Blowaway Court, Ayrshire, on St. Boreas' Day. Among the guests were the DOWAGER DUCHESS OF WATERSPOUT, the RIGHT HON. MARQUIS OF WHIRLWIND, EARL and COUNTESS HURRICANE, VISCOUNT EQUINOX, SIR THOMAS TEMPEST, LADY GEORGIANA GALE and MISS GUST, REAR-ADMIRAL TYPHOON and MRS. TYPHOON, COLONEL BLAST, SIGNORA SIROCCO, MISS ZEPHYRE, the REV. BARNABAS BREEZY, Provost, and MRS. SQUALL, and the MISSES SQUALL, MARMADUKE HAYLE, Esq., and several others.

A sumptuous repast was provided, and bagpipes were in attendance. In the course of the evening, the company repaired to the magnificent Gothic Hall, where a concert, vocal and instrumental, was given. The programme ran as follows:—

Quartette, A minor, "*La Bourrasque*," T. S. BACH, for flute, flageolet, trumpet, and French Horn.

Grand Duo, for two harmoniums, "*Snowdrift*," by SIDNEY SLEET.

Duet, "*The Wind and the Waves*," sung with much taste by MISS GUST and COLONEL BLAST.

Solo, in F sharp, trombone, composed and performed by MR. M. HAYLE.

Symphony and variations, for the Æolian harp, by SIGNORA SIROCCO.

Aria, "*Di Tanti Splashidi*" (ROSSINI), sang by MR. GOLOSH FOGG. DIBDIN's "*Rondo of the Storm*," executed with immense effect by LADY GEORGIANA GALE.

"O Breathe not her Name," words by REV. BARNABAS BREEZY, music by WINDY SLOPER, Esq., sung by MISS ZEPHYRE.

Trio, "*The Frosthitten Heart*" (MERRYWEATHER), sung by the MISSES SQUALL, with which the concert ended.

In a short address the REV. B. BREEZY thanked the distinguished performers, and stated that the proceeds of the performance would be devoted to the funds of the Society for the Promotion of Shipwrecks.

DIFFICULTIES OF DRAMATIC LICENSING.

SCENE—*The Lord Chamberlain's Office. TIME—Midday. Dramatic Author discovered seated with the Licensor of Plays.*

Licensor (pleasantly). Ah, MR. DUNNIPHOG, I'm delighted to see you. I wanted to have a chat with you (*Author smiles gravely, and bows*) about your forthcoming *Opéra-Bouffe*. When I heard you were going to do this, and had selected the classical tale of *Daphné*, for production at the Skolastikon Theatre, under the new management, I really wished I could have seen you beforehand. (*Dramatic Author wonders whether the Licensor had intended to direct the choice or the dramatic treatment of the myth in question. Having nothing to answer or to ask, he bows and awaits further information. Enter a short stout gentleman. He comes up smiling. Licensor recognises him.*)

Licensor. Ah, MR. BUMBLETOP, I wished to see you—(*to Dramatic Author, politely*), excuse me a minute. I wished to see you, MR. BUMBLETOP, about the dancing at your place. (*MR. BUMBLETOP still smiles, but appears astonished.*) I have every confidence in you as a manager,—every possible confidence,—and respect for you personally—but it's going too far, you know. This sort of thing must be put down.

Mr. Bumbletop (as if in amazement lost). What sort of thing, Sir?

Licensor. Such a disgraceful exhibition as MADMOISELLE KIKKUP's *Cancan*.

Mr. Bumbletop (still smiling, as though the Licensor must be joking). This is the first complaint I've ever heard of such a thing at my establishment. They have had strict orders not to do anything of the kind you describe, Sir, as *Cancan*.

Licensor (as a clincher). But I saw it myself the other night.

Mr. Bumbletop (still smiling). Then it must have been happily, quite exceptional, and I will see that it does not occur again. Good morning, Sir. (*Returns.*) By the way, Sir, in finding fault with MADMOISELLE KIKKUP, it occurs to me that you have not seen the really disgusting antics—for I cannot dignify it by the name of dancing—of MISS FOPAR at the Gemini Theatre.

Licensor. I have seen it, and really it did not strike me as anything so very *outré*.

Mr. Bumbletop (smiling, with an appearance of intense surprise). Indeed! Well, if it didn't, she must have been told you were in front. Good morning, Sir. [*Exit MR. BUMBLETOP.*]

Licensor. And now, MR. DUNNIPHOG—*à propos*, I suppose you've seen MADMOISELLE KIKKUP.

Dramatic Author. Yes, and I must say I should be inclined to consider such a fierce *Bacchante* style to be in the worst possible taste. All English imitation of what is peculiarly French is sure to be coarse and vulgar. However, the more patent the vulgarity, the less the harm. Still the public is the best judge ultimately. You yourself, Sir, see no danger to morals in the performance of MISS FOPAR at the Gemini. I differ from you. She may be superior in some respects to MADMOISELLE KIKKUP, but they're all in the same boat. After all, it's a matter of taste, as JEREMY BENTHAM says. Some good people leave a theatre when the ballet commences, and others won't go to a theatre at all.

Enter a closely shaved, sallow person, dressed in black.

Licensor. Ah! MONSIEUR FLON. (*To Dramatic Author. Excuse me a minute.*)

Monsieur Flon. I come, Sir, to ask you what French plays will be licensed this year in London.

Licensor. Well, MONSIEUR FLON, I have every confidence in you as a manager, but I have looked over your *répertoire*, and I am rather afraid that most of the pieces you propose deal either seriously or comically with breaches of the Seventh Commandment, or with a state of society—I mean the *demi-monde*—which we in England think it more advisable to keep in the background.

Monsieur Flon (blankly). Then I can do nothing—can produce nothing!

Licensor (pleasantly). No, I do not say that; on the contrary, as the language is French—not English—and appeals to only a limited class; and as your actors are French—not English—I will make an exception, and you can play *Gavant Minard et Compagnie, Tue-la, Tricoche et Cacolet* (the scene in the house of *Fanny Bombance* is very funny as done by your people): and the others you've enumerated.

Monsieur Flon. Thank you much, Sir.

[*Bows, and retires joyously.*]

Licensor. I am sorry to keep you, MR. DUNNIPHOG; but —

Enter MR. CAKKLE, of the Royal Vasto Theatre.

Ah, MR. CAKKLE! you are bringing out a *Pantomime*. I have every confidence in you personally as a manager, but—you understand, I don't wish to interfere unnecessarily—but I think I had better come to your last *Dress Rehearsal*, as it is absolutely necessary I should hear what the men in the *Large Heads* say; and there must be some limit to the height to which the *Flap Family* kick their legs.

Mr. Cakkle (sweetly). If you honour us, Sir, with your presence, you can make the mark yourself, Sir, in chalk on the proscenium. Prompt side.

Licensor. Very well. Remember I have the greatest confidence in you, MR. CAKKLE, as a manager. Good morning, MR. CAKKLE! [*Exit MR. CAKKLE.*] And now, MR. DUNNIPHOG, as to this new *Opéra-Bouffe* of yours, at the Skolastikon Theatre, I have every possible respect for you as an author, you will understand that, but I find a direction about dancing the *Cancan*.

Dramatic Author (astonished). Really! Permit me. (*They refer to Manuscript.*) Excuse me. One of the characters has seen, for the first time, a dance at a *Fancy Ball* which he is trying to remember, but does not succeed.

Licensor. Ah, yes. (*Inspects the passage.*) Yes—true. But—you know what an actor might do with it.

Dramatic Author. I cannot see that that is good ground for refusing a licence to my piece, any more than it would be for refusing to license a theatre because a buffoon might misinterpret SHAKESPEARE. Who can say what improprieties might not be perpetrated by MISS SARAH KIKKUP as the delicate *Ariel*, by MR. GRINER in *Cahban's* drunken song and dance, or by the Clowns in the wide field allowed for any amount of tomfooleries and buffooneries in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. However, beyond the possibilities of liberties being taken by the actors, you have, as I understand, no further ground for withholding the licence.



THE SINEWS OF SPORT.

The Marquis (to Head Keeper). "NOW, GRANDISON, HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS WILL BE TIRED OF WAITING, WHY DON'T YOU SEND IN THE BEATERS?"

Head Keeper (sotto voce). "BEG PARDON, MY LORD, THE LONDON TRAIN'S LATE THIS MORNING WITH THE PHEASANTS—WE MUST HAVE HALF AN HOUR TO GET 'EM INTO THE COVERTS!"

Licensor. Well—no—except—yes—um—um. You will understand that I have every possible respect for you as an author, but you make one of your characters allude to the legend of *Apollo and Cyrené*.

Dramatic Author (smiling). My dear Sir, do the gods—I mean the gallery—study LEMPRIERE and the classical mythologies? Has the Pit, to a man, been to Eton, and been forced to read OVID, and do verses?

Licensor (stily). But the Stalls.

Dramatic Author. Sir, you judge by your own classical erudition. The *habitués* of the Stalls have probably forgotten all the Latin and Greek they ever knew, and only a few among the public would recognise the allusion to *Cyrené*. You, Sir, would license certain French pieces, because, as you said to MONSIEUR FLOU, they only appeal to a small and select class, and are in a foreign language. Precisely the same reasoning would allow *Apollo's* allusion to *Cyrené* to remain in my piece. I trust my plays may always be, as they have been till now, free of offence.

Licensor (conciliatory). My dear Sir, I am sure of it. You know that, personally, I have every possible respect for you as an author, but—but—it's just as well to have things explained. However, as we both agree about the *Cancan*, I must make it a *sine quâ non* that there be no mention of it, and no dancing it in your piece.

Dramatic Author. Sir, I am entirely of your opinion, and sincerely wish you success in the difficult task you have before you. But before I go—

Re-enter MR. CACKLE.

Cackle. O, beg pardon, I thought I'd just step back to ask, in order to prevent any difficulty—

Re-enter MR. BUMBLETOP.

Mr. Bumbletop. O! I thought that to obviate any misunderstanding, I would return to ask what—

Dramatic Author.

Cackle.

Bumbletop.

Licensor. Dear me! No! it's more this.

All Three. O, thank you! Now we know what to avoid. Good morning.

[Dances. They all join in. Exeunt dancing.]

LINES BY A STROUD ELECTOR.

WOT wrong there is in bribery, for my life,
I can't see nohow, no more can't my wife.
I ain't got no opinions to decide,
Wy I should poll on one or 'tother side.
What reason, wen I don't care witch to wote,
Can I 'ave better than a fi-pun note,
Unless in case the flimsy's ten or more?
Or else wot good's a wote to 'im that 's poor?
No wus a Member nobody can't be,
Because as 'ow he buys my wote o' me.
If I 've got any views about the State,
It is that property should 'ave its weight.
My candidate is 'im as buys 'is seat,
And pays the 'ansomest, and stands best treat.
That party is the Liberals, I suppose;
The more advanced the more as they bestows.
And so the Liberal cause and mine's the same;
Or Liberal, I don't know wot means the name.

DEPLORABLE.

AN imbecile Correspondent writes to express a hope that "the passage of Venus across the Sun was not a case of *sic transit*, considering the sea-sun of the year."



STALL-FED, BUT NOT STALL-CLAD.

Box-Keeper (to Country Visitor, who, on removing his Overcoat, reveals the glories of his Vest). "BAG PARDON, SIR, BUT I'M AFRAID YOUR WAISTCOAT AIN'T QUITE THE THING FOR THE STALLS."

Country Visitor (with indignant surprise). "NOT GOOD ENOUGH FOR A THEATRE! DANG YER IMPUDENCE! WHY, I HAD THAT WAISTCOAT MADE O' PURPOSE FOR CATTLE SHOW WEEK!"

CHRISTMAS CERTAINTIES.

THAT the mythical regions of Fairyland will be discovered near the latitudes of Drury Lane and Covent Garden.

That many young Gentlemen (from school) will fall hopelessly in love with angels in robes of gold and silver tissue, and wings of muslin.

That a very large number of "Diabolical outrages upon the Police" will be perpetrated upon Boxing-night, without attracting the official attention of the Metropolitan Magistrates.

That much valuable property—fish, poultry, and vegetables—will be wastefully and recklessly thrown about in many of the London Theatres between the hours of nine and eleven.

That many tons of Holly and Mistletoe will travel townwards by the railways.

That Turkey, in England, if not in Europe, will be the victim of a widely-extended massacre.

That there will be a large number of tiffs and jars during the blessed family gatherings of Christmas-tide.

That several thousands of tradesmen will do themselves the honour of enclosing "their little accounts."

That some one will try to kill the Waits.

That some one else will attempt to slaughter the regular Dustman.

That the inmates of the Workhouses will have one good dinner, and one good smoke for once in the year.

That too many children will partake too freely of all "the Delicacies of the Season."

That the Doctors, and Chemists and Druggists will for the next fortnight have more work to do than they can well manage.

And, lastly, that *Mr. Punch*, with a view to inaugurating for the whole world a happy new year, will end the year with his *Almanack*, and begin the next with his Sixty-eighth Volume!

SONG OF THE GENIAL SCHOOL-BOY.

O, THE Silver Birch is a bonny tree,
And the Sugar-cane is sweet,
And, as they both do grow for me,
May they flourish in cold or heat!

O, I like my bread both thick and stale,
My butter both salt and thin;
I'm uncommonly fond of watery ale,
And I love to be kept in.

What other fellows call beastly prog
Is the very stuff for me:
I like to look down on a man with his dog
When I'm robbing an apple-tree.

I like to be tunded twice a day,
And swished three times a week;
But, by Jove and Jingo, old fellow, I say,
Don't I hate Latin and Greek?

BISMARCK THE BATHMAN.

THE *Times'* Paris Correspondent states in a telegram respecting the Ultramontane representative whom BISMARCK chaffed in the Reichstag that—

"PRINCE BISMARCK's recommendation to him to use plenty of water has created much amusement, HERR GEORG being rather negligent as to his personal appearance."

This HERR GEORG, or JOERG, or JÖRG, whichever his name is, perhaps combines new-fangled Ultramontanism with antique sanctity, of which he may be imagined to live, intending to die, in the odour. The typical ascetic saint appears to have entertained a peculiar objection to water. With the exception of holy water, he seems to have been accustomed hardly ever to make use of water, except for drinking purposes, and to have made a point of specially eschewing water in connection with soap. But though the above-named Ultramontane Deputy may never wash himself, the Chancellor has given him a good towelling.

THE GREAT TOPIC.

THE Transit of Venus was "beautifully observed" at Indore. Astronomers in future will place more reliance on Indoor observations.

AN EXAMPLE TO MINERS.

HERE is a pleasant little anecdote extracted from a local paper:—

"A disgusting story comes from Coniston of a miner, named HALL, who was discovered by a policeman worrying a dog with his teeth. The human brute has been fined ten shillings for his cruelty, and ten shillings for being drunk."

This beats BRUMMY. The alleged fight between BRUMMY and "PHYSIC" was after all reported as a remarkable, and not an ordinary, occurrence. There was nothing to show that fighting personally with dogs upon equal terms was MR. BRUMMY's habitual employment or recreation. His combat with the dog "PHYSIC" would seem to have been got up for the nonce, so that perhaps it was merely a casual episode in his career. But the account of MR. HALL is that he "was discovered" by a policeman worrying a dog with his teeth; just as the policeman might have discovered a burglar labouring in his vocation by forcing a door. This looks as if MR. HALL were in the habit of worrying dogs after their own manner, at least whenever he is the worse for liquor, which is probably very often. MR. HALL may be imagined in that state usually crawling about the streets on all-fours, biting all the dogs that come in his way, and having fights with them in the gutter. What an example to his associates of the debasing effects of drink! Miners should beware of taking too much champagne.

ROYAL AND LOYAL STOCK.

At the great Cattle Show the champion Short-horn Cow was the property of the PRINCE OF WALES. Another feather this in the Prince's cap!

SEASONABLE ENTERTAINMENT.—Waits playing Scales.

THE LORD MAYOR IN PARIS.



AS the LORD MAYOR of London has been invited to visit Paris in State, accompanied by the officers of his Court, on the occasion of the opening of the new Opera House; it is certain that the Monarch of the City will be received with the respect which every Parisian believes to be so eminently his Lordship's due.

We understand that the following programme (which has been evidently drawn up by a Frenchman with an intimate knowledge of the manners and customs of the English) will be found to contain most of the entertainments to be organised in his Lordship's honour.

First Great Festival.—Grand Military Review at Longchamps in honour of Son Altesse Municipale le Lor Maire de Londres.

The troops will be commanded, as follows during the manoeuvres: MARSHAL MACMAHON will direct the infantry, the "Cité-Marshal" will charge with the cavalry, and S. A. M. le Lor Maire de Londres will be at the head of the artillery.

Second Great Festival.—A Grand "Auction-Sale" (as in London) will be held in the Champs Elysées in honour of S. A. M. le Lor Maire de Londres. Wives will be sold as at "Smeethfeld." One of the "gentelmen" of the Court of S. A. M. le Lor Maire—M. le "Town Crière"—will be invited to preside.

Third Great Festival.—A Grand Tournament in honour of S. A. M. le Lor Maire de Londres will be held on the site of the Hippodrome. S. A. M. le Lor Maire de Londres will be invited to wear his ancient armour, and to take an active part in the combats. The "Cité-Marshal" may also be expected to practise the "Boxe Anglaise" with MM. le "Porteur d'Epée" and le "Commone-Serjeant."

Fourth Great Festival.—A Grand Ball will be given at the Elysée in honour of S. A. M. le Lor Maire de Londres. The programme will be composed entirely of English dances. The ball will be opened by S. A. M. le Lor Maire de Londres, who will dance the celebrated "Hlan-Fling," the national dance of the peasants of "the Province of Putné." During the evening the "Pas-de-Jig d'Irlande," and the "Reel des Montagnards Ecossais," will be danced by M. le "Cité-Marshal," assisted by M. le "Town-Crière." The entertainment will be brought to a conclusion by a grand performance of the world-famous "Englis-Naval-ornpipe" by the troupe "des Watermens du Lor Maire."

Fifth Great Festival.—State visit to the Grand Opera House. On this occasion S. A. M. le Lor Maire and MM. le "Town-Crière" and le "Commone-Serjeant" will be invited to wear their costumes de gala. S. A. M. le Lor Maire de Londres will be seated on the right of MARSHAL MACMAHON, who will have M. le "Cité-Marshal" on his left. The younger members of the Court of le Lor Maire de Londres will, after the performance, be invited to an *orgie foudroyante* given by the Committee of the Jockey Club, to the most distinguished members of the French theatrical profession, at the Café Anglais.

Sixth Great Festival.—Grand departure of S. A. M. le Lor Maire de Londres and his Court from Paris. The younger members of the Court (MM. le Town-Crière and le "Commone-Serjeant") will be accompanied to the Railway Station by the Jockey Club and their friends. After bidding them farewell, the Jockey Club will crown M. le "Town-Crière" and his illustrious colleague with wreaths of flowers. A special Guard of Honour will be mounted in the Court-yard of the Railway Station to receive M. le "Cité-Marshal" with salvoes of artillery. S. A. M. le Lor Maire de Londres will ride to the Railway Station on an unbroken "steeples-chaser," clearing several "fands" erected for the occasion on his line of route, and will thus have an opportunity of showing his national skill as a "gentelmen ridère." MARSHAL MACMAHON will meet his august guests at the Railway Station, and there will be a grand distribution of decorations. The President will accompany S. A. M. le Lor Maire de Londres to Calais. At every station en route the

train will stop (after the English fashion) that the travellers may partake of vins d'honneur of "wiskey-gins" and "raff-raff." At Calais there will be a grand banquet à l'Anglaise. Prominent among the plats will be the national *pièces de résistance*, "roebif, sirloin," "gigote saignants," and the *entrées sucrés* of "émince-pie," and "plom-puddin." After this the President will conduct his distinguished guests on board the Calais steamboat and bid them farewell. As the vessel starts for Dover, there will be a grand display of fireworks, concluding with a set-piece displaying "Vive le Lor Maire!" in gigantic characters; and not till the steamboat is quite out of sight will the President, after the three "ips" de rigueur, retrace his course to Paris.

SEASONABLE ADVERTISEMENTS.

A CERTAIN CURE FOR AGUE may be found in *Punch's Almanack*; for the jokes which are contained in it will set the sides so shaking that the sufferer will not feel the tremors of his ailment.

APPALLING RAILWAY ACCIDENT.—If the Gentleman with a handsome chestnut Whiskers, who was travelling from Wimbledon to Waterloo on Tuesday morning last, and by a most unlucky accident forgot to order *Punch's Almanack* at the bookstall before starting, will APPLY for it IMMEDIATELY at 85, Fleet Street, he will find himself most HANDSOMELY REWARDED for his pains.

GO, FORGET ME! and when sorrow O'er thy brow its shadow flings, Mind you buy, or beg, or borrow That which is the best of things: Namely, *Punch's Almanack*, For 'twill cure you in a crack!—*Thyours a loi, GRETNA GREEN.*

INFORMATION WANTED.—Persons of the Name of SMITH, BROWN, JONES, HOOBY, WALKER, TOMKINS, ROBINSON, and others, who are in Want of Information upon things in general, are recommended forthwith to apply for *Punch's Almanack*, which will be found to answer every expectation, as well as all the most momentous questions of the day.

MISSING.—An Old Gentleman, dressed in sporting costume, and wearing a bland smile and a gold-rimmed double-eyeglass, Left his Home, on Monday last (to enjoy a few days' pheasant shooting), and is reported by his Friends to have been MISSING ever since. If this should catch his eye, he is earnestly entreated to purchase *Punch's Almanack*, which is one of the best nerve-tonics ever yet invented, and may be thoroughly relied on to improve defective sight.

NO MORE GAS MONOPOLY.—The best substitute for Gas is *Punch's* brilliant *Almanack*; every single page whereof is so intensely bright and sparkling, that it will suffice to light up a whole drawing-room, and illuminate a dinner-table more than half-a-dozen burners of sixteen-candle gas.

THE BEETLE TO THE BUTTERFLY.—Come and meet me in the gloaming, while the green is in my eye: When the wild, wild waves are foaming, And the cows begin to cry! Rather a dull look-out, eh, darling? Then, please bring *Punch's Almanack*, and that will cheer us up a bit.

WIVES WHO BEAT THEIR HUSBANDS in Kindness and Indulgence, and all the nameless small attentions that tend to make home happy, will not forget, of course, to order *Punch's Almanack*, which, by promoting wholesome merriment, is certain to contribute to happiness and health.

JUMPING JEMIMA.—Go to Bath or Jericho, or Jerusalem, if you like. Only get a *Punch's Almanack* to amuse you on the way.—Yours, old girl, affectionately never, AUGUSTUS ARTHUR.

FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS REWARD.—Lost, by a Young Lady, on Friday evening last, while dressing for a dinner-party, a remarkably Good Temper, because her maid was slightly clumsy in combing her back hair. Whoever will prescribe a better cure for a lost temper than *Punch's Almanack*, shall receive, on application, the above reward.

THE MODEL INSECTS.

The following information is extracted from the *Post*:—

"**BEES AND ANTS.**—SIR JOHN LUBBOCK, M.P., who devotes himself a good deal to Entomology, has been lecturing on Bees and Ants at the Mid-Kent Natural History Society. His details in regard to Bees, the result of prolonged watching, are rather unfavourable to the character of the favourite insects, which he charges especially with selfishness and lack of sympathy with one another. . . . He found that the warmth or coldness of his body had much to do with their friendliness towards him. As to Ants, his observations entirely confirm the common opinion of their steadiness, perseverance, and industry."

We are not, then, forced to give up all faith in both of the insect-models held up for our imitation by moralists. It appears that we can still believe in our Ants, although the Bee has been discovered to be all hum.

MOTTO FOR VENUS IN TRANSITU.—"The observed of all observers."



ICICLES, and frost, and snow;
 Holly green, and mistletoe;
 Hasty kisses—
 Stolen blisses—
 Blushing misses, whispers low.

Blazing fires within the grates;
 Lads and lasses on their skates;
 Careless sliding,
 Graceful gliding,
 Pairs colliding, broken pates.

Laughter, which unceasing flows;
 Welcome, wheresoe'er it goes;
 Slipp'ry places,
 Footstep traces,
 Glowing faces, frozen toes.

Nipping breezes from the hills;
 Robins upon window-sills;
 Toil forsaking,
 Pudding making,
 Pastry baking—Christmas bills.

Pantomimes on Boxing-night;
 Princesses in dazzling white;
 Goblins scheming,
 Fairies dreaming,
 In a wondrous blaze of light.

Children's parties, where the fun
 Knows no end when once begun;
 Childish fancies,
 Timid glances,
 Dainty dances—over-done.

Christmas trees all hung with gold;
 Nuts and oranges untold;
 Fond caresses,
 Well combed tresses,
 Thin white dresses—deaths of cold.

Joyful bells, that gaily ring,
 And the glad some tidings bring,
 "Christmas morning,
 Carol-borne in,
 Heed the warning! Pray and sing!"

CANINE PROCLIVITY.



NE of the gentlemen, of whom, "Every one," says LORD BACON, generalising rather widely, "doth love a dog," and one who seems to love a dog rather overmuch, is MR. JAMES HOLDON, a pitman, of Rainton, near Durham. Would not HOLDON, by the way, be a somewhat apt name for a dog, particularly a bulldog?—and Mr. HOLDON appears to have a good deal in common with the fiercer bulldogs. Mr. HOLDON so loves his dog that he feeds him on mutton, which he refuses to his wife and children. He came home drunk the other night, and asked for the dog's supper. According to the *Newcastle Daily Journal*, in the report of an assault case, in which Mr. HOLDON was the defendant and the complainant one ROBERT STOKOE, heard before the Houghton-le-Spring magistrates:—

"His wife told him that the mutton he had purchased for the dog had been cooked for the children and herself. Upon hearing this he knocked his wife down, and commenced kicking her, when the complainant, who was in bed, got up for the purpose of rescuing the poor woman from further injury, when the defendant struck at him with a chair, inflicting severe wounds. Afterwards he took the complainant's silver watch, to which was attached a silver guard, a half sovereign, and a gold lion, and threw them into the fire, in the absence of the complainant, and they were, with the exception of the silver, burnt."

The foregoing statement was attested by the defendant's wife; and it also appeared in evidence that MR. HOLDON was accustomed to buy the best of mutton for his dog, never letting his wife and children have any, but, whenever his wife asked for a piece, knocking her down, whence, then and there, before the Bench, MRS. HOLDON appeared with a black eye.

In justice to MR. HOLDON, it is fit to say that it further appeared that, while he gave his dog the meat he denied to his wife and family, he ate nothing of it himself except the offal. But perhaps HOLDON prefers paunch to leg of mutton. Then, too, his dog is described as a "racer." It may pay him to keep a winning dog in high condition with prime mutton; so that MR. HOLDON is a gentleman whose love for a dog may not be wholly disinterested. The Magistrates considered his partiality for his dog and his conduct towards his wife and family and fellow-lodger altogether to constitute "a most disgraceful case." They fined him two pounds ten shillings, and costs, or two months' imprisonment; and perhaps it is to be wished that MR. HOLDON may have been unable to pay the money, and is now in gaol.

A Wise Prelate.

THE genial Bishop who excused himself from coming up to Town to vote on the Public Worship Bill, because he had got "a garden party," should have said "a lawn party." Nobody then would have felt the least surprised.

"CHLORAL" CORRESPONDENCE.

SIR,
 I HAVE read in the *Times* and *Pall Mall Gazette* the delightful effect of a dose of Syrup of Chloral on any one about to take a sea-voyage. Soothing Syrup! It will be lovely of course at sea, but, O! how charming on land! for directly my wife— But no matter, I shall use it on myself: and I shall hear, see, say nothing, and feel nothing. How aggravated she will be!

Yours, in high spirits,

A MEAN-SPIRITED CREATURE.

The Birdcage, Henpeckham Rye.

WELCOME, Chloral! with all my heart. Now I can go to a Concert of the highest Art and most classical music, and "smile and smile, and be a villain"—I mean deceive my worthy relative, for whose opinion I have a pecuniary respect, into thinking that I am, what I am not,

AN ARDENT ADMIRER OF BACH & Co.

DEAR SIR,

My only reason for not going much to Church is on account of the Sermons to which I am compelled to listen. Now, however, away I'll go with my little bottle of Chloral and sleep snugly all through it. Aha! Glorious! With my little bottle of Chloral—sounds like an old-fashioned comic song chorus, doesn't it?

With my chloral loral, chloral loral,

Chlorallyloral

Ri tol chlorali do!

Yours ever,

A LOVER OF COMFORTABLE DOCTRINE.

SIR,

Let me recommend every householder to take a strong dose of Chloral on Boxing-Day. I shall, not being

A TIPPER.

SIR,

Will the London Chatham and Dover and the Steamboat Companies generally supply "Chloral" regularly to the Passengers? They ought. If so, let 'em advertise at once, "A Full Chloral Service twice a day" between England and France. This will catch the Ritualists.

Yours sincerely,

ONE OF THE SURPLICE POPULATION.

CHRISTMAS HAMPERS.

(By a Growler.)

THE Christmas Snow and Rain in the streets.
 The Christmas Coals.
 The Christmas Rates and Taxes.
 The Christmas Boxes.
 The Christmas Waits.
 The Christmas Annals.
 The Christmas Country Cousins.
 The Christmas Amateur Theatricals.
 The Christmas Children's Parties.
 The Christmas Turkeys, Mince-pies, and Plum-puddings.
 The Christmas Champagne of economic dinner-givers.
 The Christmas Nightmare after.
 The Christmas Doctor's visits.
 The Christmas Family Quarrels, Buried Friendships, and Mournful Memories.

A CHALLENGE FOR £1000 BY MR. PUNCH.—Punch Office, Fleet Street, London, E.C. Mr. Punch had determined, after the success which had crowned his exertions during the last quarter of a century and more, to take a holiday for once and go out of town for a quiet day in the Country, but the pressing demands for his *Pocket Book* for 1875 being so enormous as to preclude all possibility of an idle hour, Mr. Punch has resolved to prove his gratitude and esteem for his liberal supporters and the public by offering them the very *finest Almanacks and Pocket Books* for 1875 ever seen, at the smallest possible percentage on the original enormous cost. In reality, these Works of Art and Genius are beyond price, are invaluable. They are adapted to the pockets of all. Hence the name so happily bestowed upon these Marvels of Literature. Mr. Punch's prices will appear so startling as compared with what the public have hitherto paid for works of treble the price and one-quarter of the intrinsic worth, that, to prevent any doubts as to the genuineness of the character of the goods sold by Mr. Punch, he offers TO FORFEIT THE SUM OF £1,000 to any person who can prove that any of the *Pocket Books* or *Almanacks* sold at his establishment are otherwise than they are represented by him to be. A sample *Pocket Book*, beautifully bound and splendidly illustrated, will be sent free of charge to any part of the kingdom on receipt of Two-and-Sevenpence in stamps, at the Office, Fleet Street, E.C.



PLEASANT FOR HIS PA.

Anxious Parent. "WELL, ARTHUR, WERE THERE MANY FAULTS IN YOUR LATIN EXERCISE?"
Arthur (just out of School). "O! LOTS!"

Anxious Parent. "DID THE LATIN MASTER ASK IF I'D HELPED YOU?"

Arthur. "YES; AND I TOLD HIM THAT PAPA HAD!"

Anxious Parent. "WHY DID YOU SAY PAPA?"

Arthur. "WELL, YOU KNOW—I WASN'T GOING TO EXPOSE YOUR IGNORANCE, MAMMA DEAR!"

A TRIBUTE TO A VENERABLE FRIEND.

"On the 12th instant, MR. JOHN GREEN, late of Evans's Hotel, Covent Garden, aged 73."—*Times Obituary Column.*

FAREWELL, poor dear old PADDY GREEN of Evans's! Thy departure from this life below, or rather from that peculiar life of thine beneath the surface of the pavement of Covent Garden, is a source of grief to thousands. How varied was thy knowledge! how marvellous thy store of literary and theatrical anecdotes of bye-gone times! How amusing thou wert, beguiling many an hour of the night with stories of thine own experience. How astonishing thy memory for names and faces! Of all people in the world there was not, there could not be, one like thee for thy place at Evans's. Thou wert "Mine Host" in full swing of generous hospitality. To pay for our chop or kidney, for our glass or glasses was such a pleasure as no payment for any other chop or drink in any other place could ever be. It did not seem like paying a waiter at the door, but like tipping a servant at the house of a friend where you have been most hospitably entertained and cheerfully served. What a Ducal creature thou wert, old friend, with thy princely wealth of snuff for all comers, thy warm-hearted pressure of the hand for thy special "Dear boys, dear boys," about whose hearths and homes thou wert, for the nonce, as deeply interested as though thou hadst been one of the family. But thou wert of the Family, of all families, for thy name was famous in all quarters of the globe, and familiar in the ears of those who never had, and never could get near to see thee in thine own court. And, be it remembered to thine honour, that

our good PADDY GREEN swept the midnight music platform of all its grossness, not at once, that had been impossible, but gradually, and with perfect and entire success. We of a past generation knew what it was, what he was obliged for a while to suffer it to continue, what he made it, and what he left it. Of what an ambitious scheme has made, and into what a new turn of modern taste has transformed, what once was the cosiest, pleasantest, most harmonious, and most truly melodious fire-side in London, 'tis not here the place to speak. For some time past such *habitués* of the old place as remained dropped in to call on PADDY and hear him talk over old times. *Le Roi est mort! Vive le Roi!*—this is the rule with crowned heads, but not with our beloved old friend and Gossip PADDY GREEN. There is no one to take his place. It is better so. Long ere this thou hast been welcomed on thy appearance in the Shades by those of thy dear boys who were by thee most loved and cherished. Thou hadst thy full share of domestic trouble and affliction, and didst bear thee bravely before the world. Farewell, "JOHN GREEN, late of Evans's Hotel, Covent Garden, aged 73." *Requiescat in pace.*

A MERRY CHRISTMAS AND A HAPPY NEW YEAR can be enjoyed by every purchaser of *Punch's Pocket Book* and *Almanack* for 1875.

NO MORE COLDS OR COUGHS!—*Punch's Pocket Book* is a real treat for the Winter, as a publication not to be sneezed at.

HOW TO SPEND A HAPPY DAY.—Read *Punch's Pocket-Book* for 1875.

SMELFUNGUS ON SKATES.

Of all things, what Papa most hates
 To buy his boys, must, sure, be skates.
 The price of boots and shoes he pays
 For trappings used perhaps three days.
 A youth's foot grows; and that foot-gear
 Will be too short for him next year,
 Though it might be his junior's wear;
 Then, like as not, the ice won't bear;
 And thus, on small amount of play,
 A sum of money's thrown away!
 'Tis true that, should the ice be thin,
 Your little boy may tumble in;
 And, if perchance he should be drowned,
 Skates will have saved you many a pound.
 Still, that reflection will impart,
 Perhaps, to the paternal heart,
 Not all the solace which it might,
 Viewed in a philosophic light.

DUE ELEVATION.

COMMENTING on the Dean of the Arches's judgment in the case of *Martin v. Mackonochie*, a contemporary reassuringly remarks that "with regard to class No. 1" of the charges brought against the reverend defendant, "SIR R. PHILLIMORE ruled that the charge of undue elevation was not proven." Everybody but the bitterer section of the Nonconformists, and the Teetotal Prohibitionists must surely rejoice to find a Clergyman of the Church of England, whether Ritualist, Broad, or Evangelical acquitted of misconduct so very scandalous as that of undue elevation. At the same time, it is not saying too much to recommend all reverend gentlemen who persist in setting their Bishops at defiance and breaking the law, to keep themselves within the bounds of sobriety. This they will do if they will carefully confine their practice of elevation to endeavouring to elevate their hearers.

A MINE OF WEALTH.

LADY DUDLEY has been robbed of one of her jewel-cases; but while LORD DUDLEY retains his "black diamonds," the loss is not irreparable.

PLACE OF RESIDENCE FOR LODGERS.—*Border-land.*



INCIPIENT CHINAMANIA.

"O, MAMMA! O! O!—N-N-NURSE HAS GIVEN ME MY C-C COD-LIVER OIL OUT OF A P-P-PLAIN WHITE MUG!"

STEAKS IN TOWN.

"A receipt, dated 1776, was produced for a payment of two shillings for eight pounds of steak."—*Times' Law Report.*

O PROGRESS is a noble thought,
Our glowing hopes to kindle!
With rifled guns our wars we've fought,
We've heard the words of TYNDALL.
We've seen the Church go merrily round
Through High, and Broad, and Low:
But we sigh for the steak at threepence a pound
Of a hundred years ago.

We ride by steam at a penny a mile,
And talk to our friends by lightning;
We skate without ice in splendid style,
So a cold bath is not frightening;
And as there isn't a cook to be found,
For they all to College go,
We long for the steak at sixpence a pound
Of fifty years ago.

Why 'tisn't as many years ago
We dwelt in Temple Cloisters,
And used to the cosy "Cook" to go
For steak and sauce of oysters:
But such juicy cuts at a modest price
No more the Cook can show:
And gone is the steak at eightpence a pound
Of twenty years ago.

With lots of science, not much use,
Our luckless brains we pester:
But none of our "ologies" help to produce
Two oysters for less than a tester.
And this Yule-tide, if you wander round
To the butchers' shops, I know
You'll scarce find the steak at a shilling a pound
Of but five years ago.

CHRISTMAS "CRACKERS."

THE whole of the Monument will be illuminated with coloured lamps and Chinese lanterns, between the hours of eight and twelve on Christmas Eve.

The principal dish on the POPE's table, on Christmas day, will consist of a noble baron of beef, supplied by a beast born and bred on LORD ACTON's Shropshire estate.

All the Bishops will assemble to see DR. COLENSO off.

In the Christmas Pantomimes and Burlesques, the young persons who take part in the dances will wear thick dresses coming down to their ankles.

Her Royal Highness the DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH will be serenaded by the Waits.

MR. GLADSTONE and ARCHBISHOP MANNING will exchange Christmas Cards.

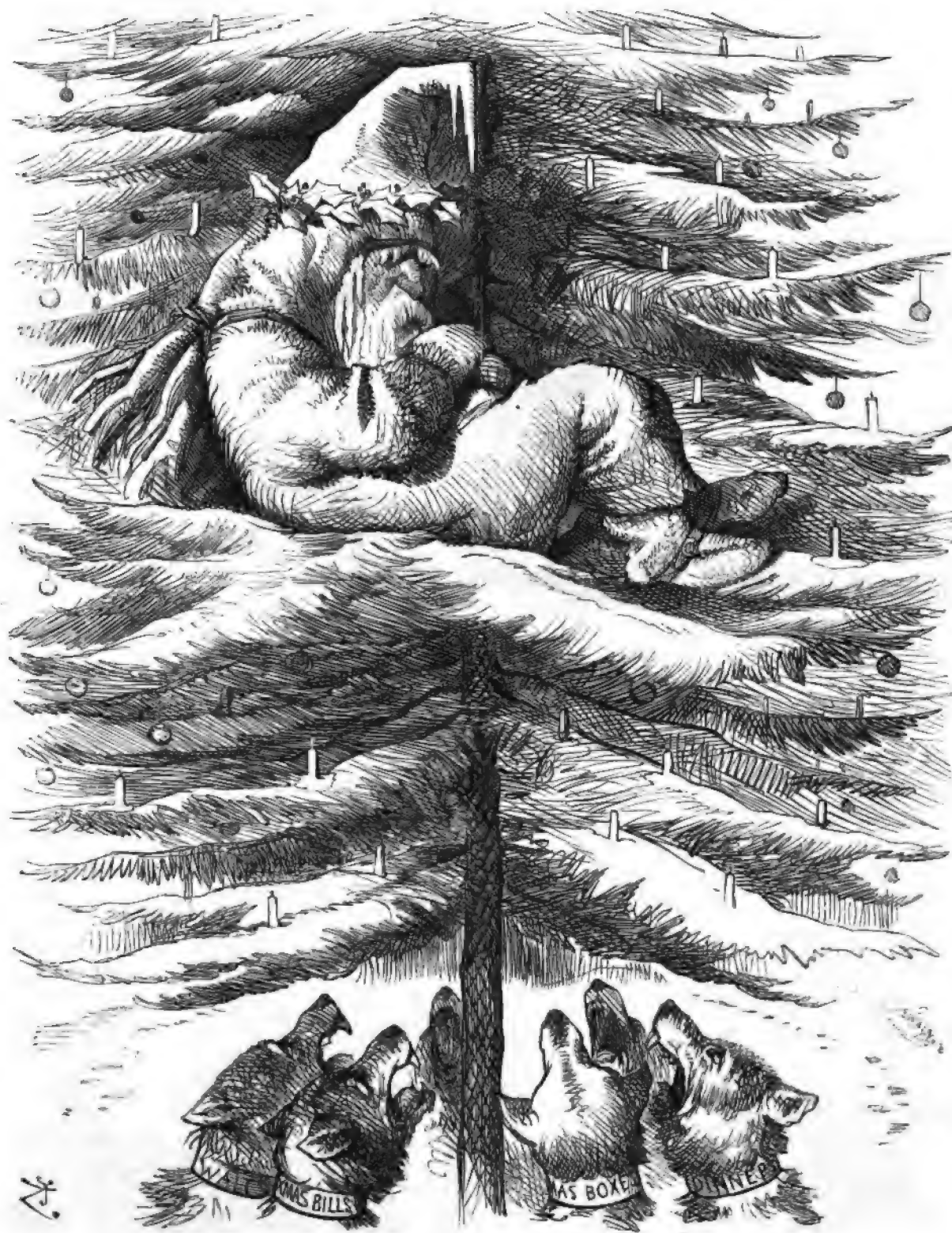
The LORD MAYOR, the Sheriffs, the Recorder, the Mace-bearer and Sword-bearer, Gog and Magog, and the rest of the Civic Dignitaries, all in their state robes, will play publicly at Snap-Dragon in the Guildhall, as usual at this festive season.

It is calculated that the strings of sausages, sold in the London Market alone, during Christmas week, reached to upwards of sixty-four miles.

The Directors of the Bank of England will present a new half-crown to every applicant wearing a respirator, and carrying a flag embroidered with the City Arms, who can give satisfactory proof to their Solicitors that he is of kin to the Founder. The loving cup will be passed round in the Bank Parlour on this interesting occasion, and a display of fireworks will take place in the evening, weather and the state of the funds permitting.

With reference to the proposed Arctic Expedition, we are authorised to announce that the most complete arrangements have been made to photograph the North pole on a scale hitherto unattempted.

"CHRISTMAS NUMBERS."—The people who look forward every Christmas to the annual delight of seeing *Punch's Almanack*.



CHRISTMAS UP HIS OWN TREE!!!



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